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BORDERLAND

A Quarterly Review and Index

1897

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD

VOL. IV.

"To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the sea-shore while the immense ocean of Truth lay unexplored before me."—ISAAC NEWTON.

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1. Phantasms of the Living. Vol. I. } Podmore, Myers, and Gurney.
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PERIODICALS.

Psychical Review, 78-79.
Journal of the Society Psychical Research, 82 to 97.
Revue de l'Hypnotisme.
Annales des Sciences Psychiques.
Psychische Studien.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE [xiv].

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RELIGION [xix].

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SPIRITUALISM (General) [ii].

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La Revue Spirite.
Moniteur Spirite et Magnétique.
Morgendæmringen, 1893.
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Annali Dello Spiritismo.

SCIENCE [xviii].

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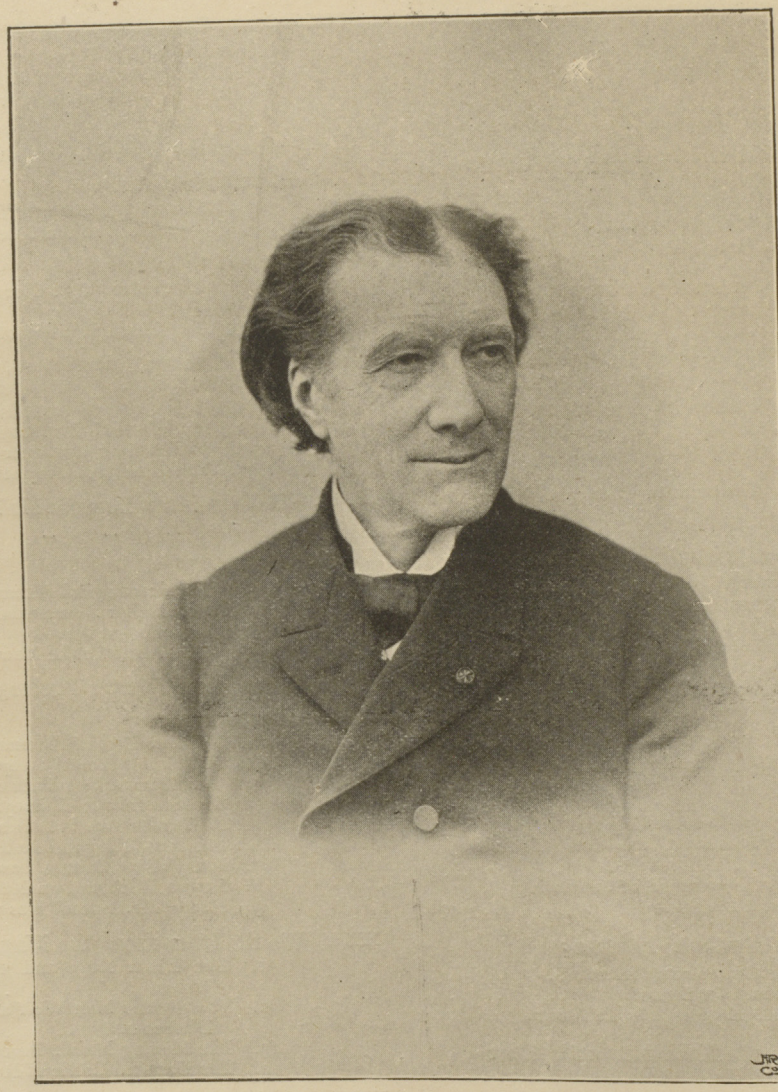


From a Photograph by] [*J. Boyer, Paris.*

VICTORIEN SARDOU,
Medium and Dramatist.

[*See p.* 12.

BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1897. No. 1.

I.—CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

THE NEW YEAR.

IN beginning the first number of the new volume, I am reminded that this is the third New Year's number which it has been my privilege to publish. Before another three years are over I hope we may have added no inconsiderable expanse of the at present unreclaimed region of Borderland to the domain which belongs to science. We shall progress all the more surely if we abstain from wasting precious vital force in worrying against the provoking materialists on the one hand, who close their eyes to the plainest facts, and against the not less provoking spiritualists on the other, who are so sure of their conclusions as to be sublimely indifferent to the duty of supplying evidence for convincing other people. If we could but solidly reclaim one per cent. of the region that now is within sight, we should achieve wonders. And we shall achieve wonders—whereat possibly no one will wonder more than ourselves.

SPIRITUALISM ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

The serious treatment of Spiritualism on the Stage, after all the ignorant, morbid, and often contemptuous presentation of one of the most prominent topics of the day, is a matter of real consequence, not only in the immediate instance, but as a precedent sure to be followed, if only by reason of our slavish imitation of French drama.

The author of the new play shortly to be produced in Paris, M. Sardou, is an avowed Spiritualist, and to any part created by him, Mdme. Sara Bernhardt as heroine, is certain to do justice.

"I am a convinced Spiritualist," says M. Sardou, "and have been one for a long time. For forty years I have taken up the subject of Spiritualism. You have before you a man who has seen everything in these matters. I have seen flowers fall from my ceiling. I have even been a surprisingly good medium, and have done a great deal of slate-writing. To-day the greatest savants in the world—geologists, chemists, and most renowned physicists in England—are beginning to believe in these inexplicable phenomena."

FROM THE SÉANCE ROOM TO THE LAW COURT.

France and Germany each, in their characteristic fashion, testify to the all-pervading presence of the psychic atmosphere. In Germany, where the national genius is more military than theatrical, we find the same subject to the fore in connection with duelling, and Courts of Honour, culminating in sentences of imprisonment and fine. It were in this wise: Dr. Evers, a member of a Spiritualist society, was present at a séance with Baron Ehrhardt. During the experiments Dr. Evers did something that the Baron declared was a breach of his word of honour. For making this statement the Doctor challenged the Baron to a duel. The latter declined on the ground that the Doctor was not good enough to go out with. Appeal being had to a Court of Honour, the Baron's plea was dismissed, and he was, in effect, ordered to fight. Thereupon the Baron challenged the Captain who presided over the Court, who declined to defend in the field his action as a judge. The Baron, with the aid of a first lieutenant and some journalists, denounced the Captain and the Court over which he presided. The Captain sued the Baron and his friends for libel. The case was tried at Dusseldorf at the end of October—the result—the Baron, the lieutenant, and his journalistic allies, were all clapped into gaol, with sentences varying from four months to nine, and fines beside. What it was that Dr. Evers did at the séance does not exactly appear.

PROFESSOR CROOKES' PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

The address of the retiring President of the S. P. R. is to be given on January 29th, the next General Meeting. It is sure to be of consummate interest and value, and an account of it will appear in the April number of BORDERLAND. That of Professor James, of Boston, given last year, is fresh in the memory of all who heard it. So far the S. P. R. has been singu-

larly fortunate in its list of Presidents—Professor Sidgwick, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Professor William James, of Boston, and Professor Crookes, a handsome representation of Philosophy, Politics, and the Arts and Sciences.

THE SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE AND ITS COMMITTEES.

It is good news to learn, on the authority of our excellent and well-informed contemporary *Light*, that "the Council of the Alliance contemplate the appointment of special Committees for investigating, as thoroughly as possible, some of the more important problems in which all Spiritualists cannot but be interested." And not Spiritualists only, but all human beings. I await with sympathetic interest the publication of the list of these Special Committees and the names of their members.

THE MIRACLES OF MATTER.

While Spiritualists are endeavouring to prove that spirits have bodies material enough to be seen and photographed, materialists appear to be busily engaged in proving that matter is capable of acting in a fashion that almost suggests that matter itself is spirit. We have heard of sex in stones, and now we have, on the unimpeachable authority of Sir Joseph Lister, the following statement as to the capacity of solid metals to come together and form one body in a fashion utterly inexplicable on all our old-fashioned conceptions of matter.

Professor Roberts-Austen, in the Bakerian lecture, brought before them astonishing evidence that metals are capable of diffusing into each other, not only when one of them is in a state of fusion, but when both are solid. They learned that if clean surfaces of lead and gold were held together *in vacuo* at a temperature of only 40deg. for four days, they would unite firmly, and could only be separated by a force equal to one-third of the breaking strain of lead itself. And gold placed at the bottom of a cylinder of lead 70mm. long thus united with it would have diffused to the top in notable quantities at the end of three days.

What a weird conception that of the solid gold travelling in particles to the top of a cylinder of lead. Why and how and wherefore who can say?

"THERE AIN'T NO SUCH PERSON."

Dicken's familiar doctrine seems likely to be accepted as the epitaph upon "Diana Vaughan." At the International Anti-Masonic Congress, held at Trent at the end of September, the question of Diana and her diabolical revelations came up for discussion, when her existence was roundly denied. Mgr. Kratzfeld, spokesman for the Archbishop of Cologne, spoke up and said:—

There is no such person as Diana Vaughan. He who wrote those revelations is a man who makes use of his knowledge of Freemasonry to give himself an air of truthfulness, but his aim is first to deceive the Catholics, and then after a while to publish a second book in which he proves that it was all an infamous lie. The whole thing would be a defeat of the Catholics and anti-Freemasons.

The whole fraud is now admitted. There is no Diana Vaughan. Madame Taxil is believed to have personated Diana. "Dr. Bataille" is none other than a Mr. Hacks, who keeps a restaurant, and laughs publicly at "the unfathomable stupidity of the silly Catholics whom I bamboozled." The whole story is told by M. Gaston Mery, in a pamphlet entitled "The Truth about Diana Vaughan," published at 35, Quai des Grands Augustins, Paris.

THE PRAYER TELEPHONE.

The *Wellington* (N.Z.) *Post* objects to my description of the Prayer Telephone in connection with Dr. Barnardo's work. He says:—

The whole thing admits of a very matter-of-fact explanation. We are told that upwards of 2,000,000 publications are sold or given out from the stores. These are sent all over the world—probably every householder in Wellington receives some of these appeals every year. As long as it is known that good work is being done subscriptions will be sure to flow in; indeed, it has been said that the money received may be depended on to bear a certain proportion to the number of appeals sent out.

That is plausible enough. But it is no explanation of the coincidences of prayer and reply. Neither does it explain Muller's still greater success, for Muller does not issue any appeals at all.

PROGRESS!

Among my old friends and helpers whose friendship and help I lost, to my great regret, some years ago, because of his strong disapproval of my investigation of BORDERLAND, was the Rev. C. F. Aked. It was, therefore, with a pleasant sense of progress that I read of him presiding over a meeting of the Pembroke Literary and Debating Society, Liverpool, summoned on October 19th, to discuss the question—"Is Spiritualism true?" Mr. E. W. Wallis opened the debate in the affirmative, and the Society, by a large majority, decided that he had made out his case. Another pleasant sign of the times was the proposal made by Canon Bardsley, of Huddersfield, on behalf of Canon Lowther Clarke, at the Wakefield Annual Diocesan Conference, "That the Lord Bishop be requested to appoint a committee of conference to consider the tenets of modern spiritualism." The resolution was withdrawn amid the usual cackling, but its introduction shows that the light is making way even in the darkest places.

THE DEPARTURE OF PROFESSOR FOWLER.

There passed away from amongst us last quarter, on September 2nd, in New Jersey, one of the few men who have made phrenology respected and respectable. Professor Fowler was an American by birth, and his long life was divided between his native country and the British Empire. He was an earnest, upright, and able apostle of phrenological science. No English-speaking man of our time ever addressed so many English-speaking men in so many different places of the English-speaking world upon any subject as Professor Fowler, unless, perhaps, it is George Müller, of Bristol, and he is a German, who does not confine his talks to those who speak English. Professor Fowler had, in his time, felt

the bumps of Dickens and Li Hung Chang, H. W. Beecher, and Baron Rothschild, Edgar Allen Poe, and Sir H. Irving. As Mr. Fowler succeeded in living and working hard for eighty-five years, it may be worth while to repeat here his prescription for long life.

1. Work hard, but easily.
2. Avoid worry and chafing.
3. Approach as near your ideal as possible and use the talents given you.
4. Do not live at too high pressure.
5. Keep within your income and your strength.
6. Take three meals a day, and let these consist largely of fruit, nuts, cereals, eggs, and milk.
7. Be a total abstainer.
8. Never smoke, chew, or take snuff.
9. Take regular exercise.
10. Remember that cleanliness is next to godliness.
11. Avoid strong tea and coffee.
12. Sleep the sleep of the just when you retire, and take one day in the week for a rest.

"BORDERLAND" IN FRANCE.

The autumn number of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* should be read by all friends of BORDERLAND. It contains two thoroughly critical appreciations of work done in our pages, both by Marcel Mangin, one on Mr. Stead's article "On the Formation of the Double," and the other, very long and exhaustive, on Miss X.'s account of the "Burton Phenomena."

HOW TO BREATHE—AND WHY.

A third pamphlet, completing the series of the lucubrations of Thomas Lake Harris, has now been issued by E. W. Allen. Its teaching has, at all events, the charm of novelty. It seems that a Great Change is coming very soon, on the lines of the Day of Judgment, with which Mr. Baxter and Dr. Cumming used to threaten us. In their case, the difficulty was complicated with theories about Napoleon and the Lost Ten Tribes. Now, the problem is much more concrete and personal. We are all to get ready, at once, not by purifying thought and conduct, not by attention to heart or brain, but by the education of yet other physical organs. We must train our lungs in the way they should go and learn to breathe properly, otherwise we inhale worse than microbes, we subject ourselves to horrors greater than pneumonia or bronchitis. "The Deil's awa' wi' the excisemen" simply because that useful member of the Civil Service had not had lessons from Mr. Thomas Lake Harris in the Science and Art of Inhalation.

HYPNOTISM AND THE S. P. R.

The Hypnotic Committee of the S. P. R. has received some valuable additions to its numbers, and it may be hoped that something more successful and original than the results of recent seasons may be laid before the public in good time.

Miss X. has lately been elected a member, and has declared her intention of *regular* attendance—a specially important point when experiment is attempted. The special direction in which she is interested is that of the value and limitation of the sub-conscious memory, and she will welcome any suggestions made to her in writing at the BORDERLAND office.

WANTED—SUBJECTS.

She would be glad of offers—in writing—of the services of suitable subjects of either sex. By preference, these should be young, healthy, and intelligent. No possible injury of any kind can follow upon such experiments, carried on by experienced hypnotisers, and never in the presence of less than three persons. They are all very simple in kind, and anything likely to make the subject ridiculous—a variety of experiment popular at entertainments—is carefully avoided.

The Committee includes, among others, besides Miss X. and another lady, three doctors, Mr. Podmore, Co Secretary of the S. P. R., and the Hon. Everard Feilding, a specially skilful hypnotiser.

BURTONIANA AT THE S. P. R.

The audience which gathered in the Westminster Town Hall on December 4th, to hear Miss X.'s long postponed reading of the paper she contributed by Lady Burton's special desire, is said to have been the largest present at any meeting of that society since its foundation.

The President, Professor Crookes, was in the chair. The very generous acknowledgment which he made as to the value and manner of the address, coming from so distinguished a spiritualist, as well as from a scientist of world-wide fame, should go some way towards bringing about the *rapprochement* between Spiritualism and Psychical Research, which both parties profess to desire.

Though as a spiritualist he may be supposed to sympathise with the attitude of the late Lady Burton, who professed the strongest conviction of the personal identity of the alleged author of the messages, Sir Richard Burton, yet, as a man of science, he could not fail to appreciate the standpoint of Miss X., who, while actively opposed to nothing except materialism, is, in her own words, "content to wait, and meanwhile to say boldly, *I don't know*."

A complete account of the experiences will be published in an early number of *Proceedings of S. P. R.*, omitting only those passages which Lady Burton herself indicated for omission, as too personal to herself, or to her immediate friends.

THE NEXT MEETING OF S. P. R.

At the next meeting of the S. P. R., Miss X. will make a communication which was unavoidably postponed last month for lack of time. The title of her address is not yet announced, but it is rumoured that its purport is to present the rival views of two peers on the subject of haunted houses; the policy of suitable and intelligent investigation, *versus* the policy of blindly giving the subject, wholesale, the lie.

Miss X., without attempting to decide where marquises and earls disagree, will contribute facts to the further solution, or it may be complication, of the problem.

II.—HOW TO FORM BORDERLAND CIRCLES.

A FRESH SUGGESTION TO INTENDING STUDENTS.

WHEN BORDERLAND was started, we attempted to form circles of BORDERLAND students. These circles were intended to be composed of groups of persons interested in psychical studies who would mutually assist each other by communicating the results of their experiences. Unfortunately the idea, although welcomed, did not work out as satisfactorily as it was expected. This was due to many causes into which we need not enter now. The first was the lack of a medium of communication that would enable members to keep in touch with each other. A quarterly journal cannot in the nature of things suffice for the requirements of such Circles. It is necessary to supplement them in some way, and the question arises, How can it be done?

A NEXUS BETWEEN CIRCLE MEMBERS.

A suggestion has been made, upon which I should be glad to have the opinion of my readers, to the effect that we should take a hint from the success of Sir Isaac Pitman and his staff, whose Ever-Circulator has been an invaluable adjunct of the *Phonetic Journal*. The advantage of this system is, that it can be adapted on the smallest scale, while it is equally capable of being developed to the most gigantic proportions. The principle of the Ever-Circulator is very simple. Let us suppose that there are ten people in various parts of the country interested in the study of psychic phenomena, let us say, crystal gazing. Each of the ten have a crystal, and they agree to compare notes.

A MS. CIRCULAR.

It would be impossible for each one to write nine letters to her or his nine fellow-students, but if the principle of the Circular were adopted, I should—on receiving the names of the ten persons who wished for a Circular for the study of crystal gazing, and who were willing to take the circular and pass it round the Circle, giving an account of their experiences, &c.—place them in communication with each other. The members of the Circle would have to decide how frequently the Circular should pass from hand to hand, &c.

HOW IT SHOULD CIRCULATE.

In the case that I am supposing, Miss X. would issue the first paper, the next person receiving it would add his or her contribution, and post it on to the next within two days, on a penalty of a fine of, say, penny per day for delay. By this means, allowing a day for the post between each member the ten would have had an opportunity of recording their experiences or asking their questions within a month. After completing the round, it would go back to Number One, who would then withdraw his MS. from the Circular, and put in its place the paper recording his experiences or observations during the month which had elapsed since the Circular had come round. He would then send on the Circular, which would consist of nine old contributions and one new to Number Two, who would in turn withdraw his contribution, and replace it by the record of the second month's experience, or the observations which he should have to make on the other contributions of the Circular. By this means, each person at the end of the year, would have ten of his own MSS., recording his own experiences, and would have in addition the advantage of having read the experiences, noted the observations, and received the answers of his nine fellow-members. Of course, it is quite possible and probable, that between the members of the Circular would spring up private correspondence, but this would be other and above the Circular, in which there is pooled the experience of all.

HOW TO START A CIRCLE.

There is no necessity for the circles to originate from this office. Any person who wishes to start a Circle or correspondence class, for the study of any particular phenomena, can communicate his desire to me, and I shall announce it in the next number of BORDERLAND, requesting correspondents to communicate directly with him. Each person would pay his own postage, and report any delay necessitating a fine to the secretary. By this means, students of psychic phenomena may be brought into friendly relationship in small manageable circles, all of which may be, I hope, affiliated to BORDERLAND, for I should at all times be glad to have an opportunity of communicating any important inquiry or valuable experience to the wider public of all our subscribers.

SUGGESTED CIRCLES.

As a beginning, I propose the formation of BORDERLAND Circles in connection with the following subjects, for each of which ten members will be required to complete a circle. For four of those the secretaries are ready, the other eight I shall probably hear from in the course of the quarter.

1. Automatic Handwriting—Secretary, W. T. Stead.
2. Crystal Gazing—Secretary, Miss X.
3. Phenomena of Trance.
4. Astrology—Secretary,
5. Palmistry—Secretary,
6. Hypnotism—Secretary, Miss X.
7. Water Finding—Secretary, Miss X.
8. Clairvoyance—Secretary,
9. Psychic Healing—Secretary,
10. Dreams—Secretary,
11. Psychic Photography—Secretary,
12. General

SUGGESTED RULES FOR "BORDERLAND" CIRCULARS.

1. Contributions to the Circular to be written on one side of the paper of uniform size.

2. Each member to retain the Circular for two days only, and then post it on to the next member in rota.

3. Any member of a Circle retaining the Circular beyond the two days, must place stamps to the value of penny per day for each day the Circular has been retained over time.

4. After the first round of the Circular, each member will detach his previous contribution, retain the same, and replace it with his new paper.

5. The correspondence pages will be allowed to run at the Secretary's discretion.

6. Any member failing to make any contribution, inquiry, or observation, to enclose sixpence fine in lieu thereof.

7. All applications for membership to BORDERLAND Circulars should be accompanied by one shilling entrance fee.

8. The Secretary of each Circular should be permitted, should more than ten members apply for admission, to form further Circles, and to appoint any one of the applicants to act as Secretary of the new Circular.

9. That the Secretaries of each Circle formed in connection with BORDERLAND, should undertake to request any member whose contributions seem to him to be worthy of a wider publication than that of the Circle of ten, to forward the same to the Editor of BORDERLAND.

III.—LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE BY "JULIA."

(Written automatically by "Julia" through the hand of W. T. Stead. See previous number of BORDERLAND.)

THE USE AND ABUSE OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PROPOSED BRIDGE ACROSS BORDERLAND.

December 5th, 1896.—My dearest friend, I am now going to give you what we think on this side is a word of advice which is much needed. You are very eager to make a Bridge, you say, between the Two Worlds. And we are more so. But when you say this, do you realise what it implies? what the realisation would effect? I am more and more convinced that the establishment of the fact, and the certainty of communication between this world and yours, may be described without exaggeration as the most important thing in the whole range of the possible achievements of mortal man. There is nothing like it for the far-reaching influence which it will exercise over all things. For it will modify thought, and thought makes the world in which you live. No one can understand how true that is when he is still immersed in matter.

ITS EFFECT ON THE FOCUS OF LIFE.

You must not, therefore, think that I am drawing back or wish in the least to deter you from the task to which you have set your hand. But before you seriously begin to bridge the gulf, I think that it would be only right to point out to you what it will do, or rather what it will bring about. For it will alter the Focus of Life.

The focus of life is at present, to the majority of men, confined between birth and death. The focus will be changed when once you make it clear, not as a may be, but as a scientific certitude, that we live here and can communicate with you. And when you alter the focus of life, what is it that you do? You alter the perspective of everything.

A CHANGE NOT ALTOGETHER GOOD.

You cannot realise how changed a world it will be. The change will, I know well, be for good and mainly for good. But no revolution ever was which did not do, incidentally, much evil, and your bridge will not be, any more than anything else, an unmixed benefit. You must be prepared for many disappointments, and you will often wish you had never touched the subject. The work of the bridge-builder is to cross the abyss. And abysses are abysses. They are not paradises. And the more useful the work the more it will be opposed. No, don't imagine that it is easy. Via Dolorosa, always Via Dolorosa—the dolorous way is the Via Crucis. But it is the way of Salvation.

Well, then, I will go on. First, you will alter the focus of life. That you see. The perspective, which is right when the focus is fixed by a limited line, becomes wrong when the line is drawn out indefinitely. You are impatient. But I will go on.

HOW IT WILL EFFECT THE CHURCHES.

Secondly, you will, in so far as you are successful, destroy as by a sudden—(Here I was interrupted). Where have I left you? No, it is nothing; you were rung off. Oh yes, I was saying that you will destroy, as if by a sword cut or razor slash, the whole theory of the future life that is conventionally held and believed by the churches. You will allow those of us who are here to speak as to what we know, and see, and feel. And it is not what you have been conventionally taught to expect. Now I do not think that you will find that what we have to tell you differs from what the more intelligent and spiritual believers have arrived at or have received by inspiration. The fundamental principles are the same. We have nothing to tell you that was not known to the seers, and that was not declared by Jesus. But we have to tell you that the ideas which have been received, and are still taught by many churches as to the future state of man, are simply not correct. They make you believe what is not true. And there is no doubt at all that if you succeed in opening the Bureau that is to bridge the abyss, you will render these ideas quite unbelievable by anyone.

A SERIOUS DANGER.

When you do that you run a great risk. And for this reason. These ideas, crude, raw, and false as they are, nevertheless, are probably the nearest approximation to the truth that many men can assimilate. That is what makes every transition from lower to higher truth so dangerous. Some cannot follow to the clearer statement of the same truth. And so they are lost. And when you once establish the truths of the continuity of existence, and the possibility of communication between the worlds, there will be a great gap—no, not gap—a great void left in the faith of many. This is the reason why these things are not revealed too suddenly. If you could do all that is on your mind to do at once, you would do more harm than good. It is only by slow degrees that the new truth must make its way. But that is no reason for refusing to recognise it. There must some one be the first, and there is never any good in flinching from what is your plain duty.

No. You must go ahead, but the consolation that will sustain you when you meet with disappointments, is that if you had made more haste you would have made less speed.

THE PLEA FOR RUTS.

What I want you to realise is that the great established ruts in which the truth has embedded itself cannot be destroyed without injuring for the time the truth itself. This is what I feel I must say to you.

For there is too much danger that if you expect too much and forget the shadow, if you are impatient and forget the slow processes of nature, you may give it all up. And that would be a crime. I will tell you at once what the result would be. When once your Bureau is established, and when anyone can get into communication with the disembodied spirits of their relatives or friends, there will be an immediate——

No! you are wrong. No, the chief result will not be the abolition of the old belief in hell, for that is already abolished. People don't believe in the hell of fire any more, and they have by their recoil forgotten that there is a real hell, which will be revealed very clearly by your Bureau. No! please let me say what I have to say without thrusting your questions in upon my message.

THE CHIEF RESULT OF THE BUREAU.

The chief change that will be made by the Bridge Bureau that you are desirous of making, will be to increase, to a quite inconceivable extent, the consciousness of the responsibility of life. You may think it strange that the verification of another life should increase the importance of this. But such is the fact, and you can never understand the importance of your life until you see it from *this* side. You are never, for one moment, idle from influencing eternity. You may think this a figure of speech. But it is not. You are, far more really than you imagine, making this world of ours in that world of yours.

YOU MAKE YOUR OWN NEXT LIFE.

Yes, this is a manufactured article, so to speak. You are, in the loom of time, weaving the fabric of this world. You make your next life. Yes, and you make your life here. You make your next life. You do it day by day, you do it hour by hour. You make your next life. To make that quite clear will be the chief result of the Bureau. You make your next life.

I wish I could express myself more clearly. You will say that this is the truth of all religions. Yes, and what all religions teach is truth; but you do not realise it, and you often deny it. If we could communicate with you, you would deny it no longer, for there is here no sudden transformation. You are as you were. There is no break of continuity. You start where you left off. What you are you remain.

Yes, you must let me write you what I have to say without interrupting me, as you do.

THE REIGN OF LAW ETERNAL.

What I see will be the result of the Bureau is to immensely deepen and strengthen the sense of the responsibility of life. This will be good, no doubt; it is what needs strengthening. But it will not be all good. There is a danger that you will make the reign of law seem as inexorable on this side as it is on yours, and the Fatalist will then have Eternity as well as Time. You will see that the will of God, which you decipher here and there as law, stretches unbroken from your side to ours. You will find that we, on this side, who have been able to see and feel and know that God is Love, will also tell you that love, no more on this side than on yours, precludes pain and sorrow and the phenomena of imperfection. We have not attained. We press forward to the mark of our high calling here as there. Think you that we are transfigured into the fulness of His glory because the earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved. Nay, verily. We are as we are. When our earthly garment decays we remain. The increase of this sense of the continuity of existence of the reign of law and of the responsibility of time for eternity and all that that implies, will be the greatest change that your Bureau can make.

THE INCREASE OF SERIOUSNESS.

There will be great and a determined seriousness of life. There will be much more seriousness in life. There will be no more the consolation that many have taken to themselves that death ends all. Death does not end all But it begins much, much. But do not let me dishearten you. There is much more good than evil. And if the Bureau should add to the sadness of those who know not God—for there is no escape from Him, not even in the grave—it will make the whole universe His temple, wherein the air, the light, the whole, is Love.

TO MAKE THE UNKNOWN KNOWN.

December 13, 1896.—When you are ready I will tell you more about what happens when you pass over to this side. Oh no, I don't want to write that for this number. I was only thinking about E. (a friend who lay dying), about her and the Unknownland. Why we want this Bureau so much is to make it a Knownland. That is what you will do more and more the more you make possible the communication with this side. "The Unknown known or the truth about the Beyond. What we have to expect." That surely is what you ought to feel is worth while getting to know about at first hand. You will find that the spirits who will communicate this to their friends through the Bureau will make very different statements. They will differ indefinitely according to their different temperaments and the manner of soul they are.

CONFLICTING AUTHORITIES.

They will make statements which will differ so much as to confuse those who think that the infinite multitude of individual experiences can all find a single expression. There will be any number of creeds based upon after-death experiences, which vary according to the character of the individual. The man finds this world very much what he has made it. We all make what we live in. And as everyone makes a different future life for himself they will all give you different versions of the life they lead. You will find as little uniformity here as on your side. But, nevertheless, you will find that the Bureau, and all who would use it, will agree upon certain things. They would differ endlessly about the laws, the theories, the possibilities, but they would agree about the facts of Being.

For instance, you will not find from us on this side any authoritative declaration as to any religion that will be reeognised as true by all spirits communicating. They are of all stages and phases, and the religion of some will be absolutely unthinkable to others.

THE CONTINUITY OF EXISTENCE.

But this you will find. There will be no spirit of any stage of development who returns to communicate through your Bureau, but will affirm that there is no breach or break in the continuity of individual existence. They will all tell you that death is a transition rather than a transformation, and that, although the transition is very important, it in no way destroys the life of the soul. All will tell you that. All will testify to the fact that they went on living a conscious existence, that was marked off by no gulf from the life they led here. There is, no doubt, a change. But it is of circumstance rather than of character. The memory appears to be quickened rather than dulled. The mind sees more clearly.

THE UNREALITY OF MATTER.

The phantasmagoria of matter disappears, and the masks and masquerading that conceal the truth dissolve away—that is important and that is universal. There is not one spirit who returns, who will not assert that the matter in which you are immersed is a vapour, a mere phantasm of the mind, which vanishes away and is not. Spirit alone is whether in the body or out of the body. And the soul lives, lives on. These two things; continuity of conscious identity and the hollowness of matter they will all tell you are known to them, are universal facts which they will attest one and all. Where we are there can be no mistake on these points.

What you are asking I understand. Yes, I understand. What you say is true. But all spirits do not realize its truth. What I said about Love being the breath of our life is true. But what is sad, is that there are multitudes here to whom it is as much an unknown thing as it is with you.

JULIA.

SOME COMMENTS NOT AUTOMATIC.

The observations made by "Julia" as to the dangers that might follow the establishment of a Borderland Bureau, if it were to be understood that our relations with the Invisible were to be governed on the principle of the Penny-in-the-Slot machine, so that any bewildered mortal might simply state his difficulty and receive instanter communications from the unseen world, are by no means unwarranted. The other day I received a long letter from a correspondent at the other end of the world, who, having heard of Julia's communications, sends me the request to ascertain from Julia answers to the following questions, which I have slightly disguised so as to avoid throwing any light upon the identity of the writer:—

1.—Does Julia know my brother, and what sphere he is in the present?
2.—Could I get into communication with him by writing, or any other way?
3.—Was I right or wrong in coming out here and living as I am doing now?
4.—Can you tell me what has been the history of John Gillam since he left my service?
5.—Was I wrong in the way I treated him?
6.—Will God ever hear my prayers on behalf of my wife?

To these six questions it will be noticed that two are requests that an Invisible Intelligence should pronounce final judgment upon the right and wrong of the action of a complete stranger in circumstances of which she could not possibly have any personal acquaintance. Merely because Julia is no longer in the body, my correspondent at the Antipodes is disposed to credit her, as a matter of course, with the possession of omniscient knowledge and infallible wisdom. I quote this inquiry, not by any means as an instance of the most unreasonable questions that are constantly asked when the Embodied begin to inquire of the Disembodied. The common belief of the inquirer seems to be that the disembodied world is a kind of spirit Enquire Within upon Everything, past, present, and to come, and that you have only to state a question, whether as to the canals of Mars, the lives of the Apostles, the cause of yesterday's indigestion, or the name of your future bride or bridegroom, to receive in a moment absolute authentic replies. It is quite obvious that such an abuse of spirit communication would be extremely mischievous.

It is effectually guarded against by a method which, although open to considerable misconception, is nevertheless extremely effective. Intelligences, whether disembodied spirits or elementals, or latent and unsuspected factors in our own subconsciousness, seem to delight in making fools of such inquirers by answering questions, which should never be asked, inaccurately, with perfect gravity, as if they were an authority imparting the most valuable information. This method of answering a fool according to his folly may seem somewhat crude, and to many objectionable, but a very little experience of it soon satisfies investigators of this kind that they are on a fool's errand. Possibly, if it were a custom for country bumpkins to ask the policeman at a street crossing what was the price of the jewels which the Queen wore on state occasions, he might find it easier to reply by stating any sum, at haphazard, rather than by endeavouring to convince the rustic that he had no information, and that the question was an improper one to ask. I do not state this, of course, as an authentic explanation. I only suggest it as a hypothesis which would account for many of the extraordinarily misleading answers that are given to those who endeavour to prostitute a means of communication with the Invisibles into a cheap and easy method of obtaining cut and dried answers to every inquiry which idle curiosity can suggest.

I have received several communications from correspondents concerning the last instalment of the letters from Julia. A friend and contributor, who has had a good deal of experience in psychic letters, writes:—

I think the "Julia" messages are *excellent*, and all the more telling that they are not written at all in your prompt, incisive style; but the advice is incisive enough. I *know*, by personal experience, the extreme value of her prescription. No one who has not tried it can realise what this simple *washing in Jordan* can do for one. It was the secret of the Quakers and all their illumination, and, as she says, even *five minutes* spent thus brings a harvest of results. It is not easy to concentrate one's spiritual thoughts inwards for even five minutes at first, but one

QUARTIER DES ANIMAUX CHEZ ZOROASTER.

An Automatic Drawing by M. Sardou.

IV.—WITH THE BORDERLANDERS OF PARIS.

BY MISS X.

PERHAPS the most serious work one accomplishes after a visit to Paris is that of disentangling one's memories. To be in Paris at the New Year is to carry away a bewildering memory of flowers and bonbons, of dinners and *déjeuners*, of shops crowded with women who have the manners of post-office clerks, of cabs that are warmed, of dogs that are unmuzzled, of streets that are clean, of churches that are the homes of the poor and the sad, of religion that knows seven days in the week, of bicycle riders that know their business, of coachmen that don't, of restaurants that suggest something other than indigestion, of a town that makes one think of London, as of a dear, dowdy old frump of a British matron, of infinite limitations but good-hearted at the bottom.

WHY THE BORDERLAND IS EXPLORED.

From generalities such as these, I would try to subtract some impressions of the Borderland of the Parisians. Paris is just now deeply concerned with the Borderland. She is deeply concerned with her own soul, a little hysterically perhaps, or perhaps one should say, with an emotionalism which, translated into English, would be hysterical, but which, among people unaccustomed to English reserve and self-restraint, is less self-conscious than the same would be with us, and the less morbid in consequence. One cannot talk with the Parisians, one cannot wander among their churches, observe certain tendencies of their art, without feeling convinced that there is a certain spiritual revival, a certain revolt against the materialism, which has dominated them so aggressively. Constantly one hears, as one lingers in any of thirty churches, each of which would make the fame of an English provincial town, that this or that object of devotion or of intrinsic value was destroyed in the Commune, but it almost always follows that, as far as possible, it has been recently replaced by individual piety, or by the ladies of Paris, or by the contributions of the faithful; the great church on the hill of Montmartre, moreover, which will yet take years to finish, stands as a monument of recent piety. London has over-decorated herself with an Albert Memorial, with new Law Courts, with a useless Imperial Institute, but she has not proposed to build another St. Paul's Cathedral on the top of Hampstead Heath, as an acknowledgment of our national sins, and a demonstration of religious zeal. Paris is definitely, but often unconsciously, thinking about her soul. "We do not occupy ourselves with these things, but we think it very amiable that others should do so," half a score of Frenchman have said to me within the last few days, which is much for a Frenchman.

For those who do not "occupy themselves" with religion, there are yet other outlets for reverence, for their admiration of the beautiful, of the ideal, of "the something not ourselves that makes for righteousness." The *petite bourgeoisie*, who crowd the Luxembourg and the Louvre on Sunday afternoon, pushing and excited, yet intelligently critical, are a very different crowd from that one finds at 'appy 'ampton insulting the Raphael cartoons. The votaries of *feminisme* mean something very different from the vulgar New Womanhood of certain clubs and certain magazines that make a decent woman wish she were a horse. There is a seriousness in the French acceptation of these subjects, so far as it has been my privilege to discuss them, which is positively pathetic, and the same seriousness (for, I believe, the same reason) pervades their attitude towards the occult.

THE ATTITUDE.

Of Spiritualism, pure and simple, as it is understood in London, I can find no trace. With infinite trouble I obtained the addresses of two clairvoyantes, but they were mere fortune-tellers; what is more I should think, from their extortions, that they were fortune-makers. From time to time, the class of phenomena, which we indiscriminately aggregate as Spiritualistic, is examined, investigated, by the researchers of Paris; Eusapia Paladino it may be, or Mlle. Couédon, but they are investigated rather than cultivated. The French spirit of inquiry seems to me broad, unprejudiced, systematic; again and again, I have been told "We have no Séances, *on ne fait pas des Séances*, we interest ourselves in phenomena that are spontaneous." They have a broad toleration for every variety of phenomena, automatism of every kind, writing, raps, apports, physical movements; no matter what form the externalisation may take, if only the evidence is fair and the sincerity apparent, there are educated and enlightened persons, who will examine it without prejudice, who do not dismiss a phenomenon as false because it is unfamiliar, who have the courage, not only to hold to what they know, but, moreover, to acknowledge what they don't know.

THE SPECIALISTS.

Nothing can exceed the kindness with which those who represent the various departments of the Borderland in Paris, have placed their information at my disposal. With every desire for precision, however, I find myself hampered by a difficulty of which the ethics of journalism appear to be ignorant; the difficulty of accepting hospitality and rushing into print with the information one acquires when one's friends are conceivably off guard. One cannot remind one's host, or the man who takes you into dinner, that you are interviewing him; on the other hand, one cannot utilise his conversation in detail without such reminder.

I must in certain cases, therefore, report my information in general terms, reserving the chapter and verse for any serious student who cares to ask for it. Other plans are, I am aware, in daily practice, but I find them, personally, impossible. Among those to whom I am indebted are Dr. Bérillon, editor of the *Révue de l'Hypnotisme*, and his assistant; Dr. Charles Richet, Corresponding Member of the Society for Psychical Research, Professor of Medicine in the University of Paris, also distinguished as a poet and novelist; M. Courmes, who is at the head of the Theosophical Society in Paris, and editor of the *Lotus Bleu;* M. Leymarie, the editor of the *Révue Spirite;* and to Dr. Dariex, editor of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, whom I have to thank for liberal help in studying the French aspect of the inquiry as a whole.

have also received the utmost kindness from several of his distinguished contributors, more especially M. Marcel Mangin, Colonel de Roches, and Madame Boissaux, who all assisted at the Eusapia inquiry, and whose views upon various aspects of psychical research are, it seems to me, deserving of the most serious attention. I could greatly extend this list, the object of which is not only to acknowledge my indebtedness, but to distribute my responsibilities!

M. SARDOU AND SARAH BERNHARDT.

Our great disappointment in Paris has been the postponement of Sardou's forthcoming drama, which is to deal with spiritualism from a serious point of view. It was announced for the end of December, but its appearance before the spring seems doubtful. One month hence, two, three, are spoken of; but I hope at least to be able to give some personal account of it in the April BORDERLAND.

If the stage is really to return to the position it held both in classical and mediæval times, and to be a source of education and instruction, then surely occultism, psychical research, as one of the most pressing questions of the day, ought to be fairly presented. So

SARAH BERNHARDT.
(From a Photograph taken in Sydney, 496, George Street.)

far, nothing of the sort has been done, either in France or England; on the contrary, the extraordinary amount of misinformation—the climax of ignorance—now rampant on such subjects, is mainly due to the novel and the play. That English people should tolerate the hypnotism of *Trilby*, or of another play now on the London stage, *His Little Dodge*, is an offence to science and art.

M. Sardou knows his subject, and will treat it seriously. As one of the original group which interested itself in the work of Allan Kardec, one may naturally expect some degree of *parti pris*. I reproduce on page 10 a specimen of the automatic drawing which used to be done through his hand by an intelligence purporting to be Bernard Palissy. That it will, however, be serious; and after all, "accurate," in connection with a subject of which we are all still ignorant, is only a relative term.

The plot is to be the outcome of a conversation upon phenomena in the first scene between two doctors, one inquiring, the other incredulous, and turns upon the means pursued by the one for the enlightenment of the other.

That the play will command attention from all, follows

from the fact that not only is M. Sardou the author, but that Sarah Bernhardt is the heroine. An ovation of almost unparalleled intensity revealed but the other day what Paris feels for this consummate actress whom M. Sardou was permitted to describe not only as the "great" but as the "good." Paris can be very enthusiastic!

We saw her the other night in *Lorenzaccio*, in the title rôle of Lorenzo di Medici, and we felt that she was more magnificent than ever. She owed absolutely nothing to mere adjuncts. She was dressed, from the beginning to the end, in black doublet and hose, and there was absolutely nothing in the way of *spectacle*. The interest was purely human, and created by her marvellous genius. The scenery, according to our English standard, would have disgraced the provinces; there was no orchestra, though for some mysterious reason some miserable instruments were played, out of sight, during the first scene or two, to one's great distraction. The custom of banging three times on the floor to announce the calling up of the curtain strikes one always as ludicrously primitive. But for acting, Sarah and her company are a revelation!

In view of the probable tendency of her new rôle it was specially interesting to watch Lorenzo's countenance and gesture while his mother was recounting a vision she had had on his account. One felt, especially in the recollection of her sleep-walking scene as Lady Macbeth, that should she be called upon to play the part of Seer, under whatever conditions, Sarah the Great will do it worthily.

HYPNOTISM IN PARIS.

Among the things "they manage better in France," hypnotism is undoubtedly one of the most prominent. While in England the physicians practising therapeutic hypnotism can be numbered accurately on the fingers of one hand, the number of students from various places who have systematically studied at the Institut Psycho-physiologique amounts already to over a thousand. While there is not in all England a single hospital to which patients can go for hypnotic treatment, there is in France the Institut already mentioned with its regular courses of lectures, its dispensary, its hospital, its library, and its museum.

It has been our privilege to spend some hours at the dispensary, which is on the lines of the famous clinique of Dr. Liébeault of Nancy. It has lately been removed to larger premises. We found it centrally placed among the poor of Paris, four large airy rooms *en suite*, crowded with patients suffering mainly from nervous diseases. Dr. Bérillon, with two assistants and a couple of women nurses, moved rapidly about among the patients distributing "suggestions." In one room four patients slept tranquilly in easy chairs; in another, two nervous paralytics were undergoing massage as an accessory means of cure, while a large electric battery was ready for work as a further accessory. Two or three medical students, in spite of the fact that Paris was taking holiday, were attentive to the great doctor, a slight, active man, whose every word and movement proclaimed vital energy and mental vigour.

The one decoration of the rooms was a pair of nearly life-sized busts, the one representing "Health and Sanity," the other "Morbidity and Vice." Truly, to psychologists they were a suggestive study. Indeed, it seems an inherent part of the method of the French psychologist to regard vice from the psychological, and not merely from the ethical standpoint. Pedagogic study and the treatment of the faults of the young are a very important part of the work of the Institut, and one day in the week is reserved at the dispensary for the treatment of children. Readers of the *Révue de l'Hypnotisme* will remember many accounts of the successful treatment of bad habits both of mind and body. Over fifty names of distinguished doctors appear on the cover of that magazine as contributors; and it is interesting to notice how very wide is the distribution of the observation and practice of hypnotism which Dr. Bérillon's list brings before us. There are the names of physicians in England, Scotland, and France, as well as every part of Europe, and even from Australia.

The Institut, of which this is the organ, arose out of the fact that, in 1888, Dr. Bérillon was authorised by the Council of the Faculty of Medicine to give a free course of instruction on the therapeutic application of Hypnotism. This, however, could not develop into practical work, and in order to get beyond theory it was necessary to have an opportunity of demonstration, and a regular dispensary was founded in the interest alike of patients and students. In 1892 regular and continuous courses of instruction were established, a body of distinguished doctors elected as professors, and a school of psychology brought into existence for the first time in human history. When one remembers the enormous importance of the value of psychology—the knowledge of the working of the mind—to parents, doctors, teachers, critics, priests, all who have the direction of soul and intellect, one is appalled to think how little is done in this direction.

The very titles of the courses of lectures are suggestive, such, for example, as the Psychology of the Deaf, the Mental and Physical Condition of Dipsomaniacs, Suggestion and the Law, the Psychology of Obsession, of Intimidation, and the Psychical Element in Disease. The treatment of subjects such as these, at the hands of experienced physicians, ought to yield very practical results.

Psychical Research has also its share of attention, especially in relation to thought-reading, lucidity, clairvoyance, and telepathic hallucinations.

Among the contents of the library it is satisfactory to observe the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research and *Borderland*.

The catalogue of books and articles published by students and collaborators fills over three pages of close print. Certainly this is one of the things they manage better in France.

THEOSOPHY IN PARIS.

The fact that the Report of the Society for Psychical Research on the phenomena of Mme. Blavatsky broke up the Theosophical Society in Paris is well known. Nevertheless, it has taken a new lease of life. The Society is said to be serious and enthusiastic, though not numerically important; and, it is alleged, is practically untouched by the Judge schism.

Its chief is M. Courmes, its organ the *Lotus Bleu*, known to our readers by occasional citation. Like the *Révue Spirite*, its contents consist largely of translations from other publications, notably from *Lucifer* and the *Theosophist*.

M. Courmes keeps in view the experiences of other investigators, and has definite views on many points. Spiritualism, he agreed, was at a low ebb in Paris, though Spiritism, the doctrine of Allan Kardec and of reincarnation, has a considerable following. Like other Theosophists he objects to all induced phenomena, and I was glad to hear him speak strongly against the

experimental as distinct from the spontaneous. "Spiritualism," he said, "is a chapter of the history of Theosophy, incomplete and inexact." Readers of a volume of lectures by Mr. Harrison, reviewed in BORDERLAND a year or more ago, may remember that he represents Spiritualism as an invention of certain mystics to supply a want of the moment, and distract attention from other lines of study for which the world was not prepared!

I asked him about Satanism. He explained, on Theosophical lines, the possibility of human relation with a low class of beings, but protested against the idea that Satanism was exclusively, or even mainly, French. "It is not very important anywhere," he alleged, "and certainly not more so in Paris than elsewhere. Such as it is, it is everywhere, but when the French occupy themselves with anything, all the world knows it." Diana Vaughan he believes to be a "Mrs. Harris," an invention of the journalists, and Huysman he cannot away with. We said *mille choses aimables* of Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant, and "Au revoir."

THE SATANISTS.

I got no further than this on the subject of Satanism, and I felt myself a bore whenever and wherever I introduced the subject. Queen Anne is dead; so apparently are the Satanists and Mdlle. Couédon.

All the same, it is worth while to the reader of *En Route* to spend a morning in the churches Huysman describes for us: Notre Dame des Victoires; S. Sulpice, with its quaint grotto picture behind the High Altar; S. Séverin and the Chapel of the Benedictine Nuns in the Rue Monsieur, the last at the hour of Office for the sake of the rare and careful rendering of Plain-song.

SPIRITISME.

It cannot be too forcibly realised that Spiritisme is not Spiritualism, and that the *Révue Spirite* is in no sense the French equivalent of *Light*. It is the organ of the school of Allan Kardec, the school that holds the theory of Re-incarnation, not as copied from Buddhism, but as "specially revealed" to a little group of inquirers about the middle of this century.

Allan Kardec, M. Leymarie tells me, was not the prophet of the group, as one might suppose from the prominence of his name, but the one who brought their theories to a system, who organized a method of presenting their "revelations" to the world.

We found his successor, M. Leymarie, the present editor of the *Révue Spirite*, in a charming *salon* opening directly on to a garden, surrounded by evidences of his love for art, flowers, animals, and little children—best of all possible letters of introduction. "Petites âmes qui s'évoluent," he called the sparrows for whom he had just provided food and drink. He told us the history of the *mouvement spirite*, and sketched the theories which are held by its supporters. They seem to be an ecclectic body, of broad views. "We hold a part of the truth, of the great whole," said M. Leymarie. "In different beliefs you find other parts—in uniting in brotherhood only shall we find the whole." I asked if, such being their view, they had any system of propaganda. "No," he said emphatically; "the convert whose conviction is less than absolute, brings in the wrong spirit, the wrong atmosphere. It is the same with séances. The public séance is a source of evil—we do not 'make' them. If you must have a séance, choose four persons—intimate friends, members of one family if you can—harmonious. Let there be two women (negative) and two men (positive). For four days let each address themselves to some friend who has gone, and ask for a communication which shall teach and elevate—not gratify mere curiosity or advise about every-day matters. Let there be no fifth person, or out of harmony you will produce disharmony by altering the balance and bringing in new currents. This, if you must have séances."

I said that personally I could very well do without, but that I liked the serious reverence of his point of view.

"Yes," said he, "we want reverence and seriousness, but we want also science and a high critical standard. Without accuracy of observation and of record, without the critical sense which arranges and eliminates, we are inharmonious and confused."

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT.

One cannot but wish that such sentiments were more common among English inquirers, that one were not in England limited to the Society for Psychical Research or nothing, if one would maintain the critical attitude, the only attitude possible to the thoughtful and the logical at the present stage of our ignorance of psychic subjects.

"Your Society is pedantic perhaps, pedagogic perhaps," a Paris savant said to me the other day: "but without the Inquisition we should not have kept the faith!" I recounted certain tedious fires through which I had myself passed as a witness, and in allusion to the effects upon others of certain experiences in which I had been personally interested, my friend reminded me, laughing, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

The talk of Science, in many cases, the utilisation of the methods of Science, in this connection, in Paris, is possibly, in some degree, the reaction from French emotionalism. As a listener while any theory is put forward, any well-evidenced experience related, the French savant is the most sympathetic, the most frankly interested imaginable. He seizes the points, he asks questions which show that he enters into the spirit of what you say, in a fashion that would take an average Englishman a week. Then comes the reverse side, the reaction; the welcome and always courteous, "Pardonez-moi, si je cherche des objections." Criticism is always a higher compliment than mere idle assent in that it assumes that you are prepared to meet it.

There is, of course, no greater representative of criticism in this direction than Dr. Charles Richet. It was my privilege to share in his investigation of Mrs. Piper, and I know something of his methods and his entire open-mindedness in inquiry. I have had lately in Paris valued opportunities of discussing recent developments of Psychical Research with M. Richet, and only wish, as no doubt do others, that it were possible for him to take an even more active share in the work of our society. It will be remembered that his hospitality and initiation made possible the first investigation of Eusapia Paladino, and that he took an active part in the reception of Mrs. Piper at Cambridge. Moreover, his name is a valued ornament to our list of Corresponding Members, but it would be a bright day for the Society for Psychical Research if it were feasible to add the name of Richet to a list of Vice-Presidents, which requires reinforcement, or a Council, which would cordially accept the help of a judgment at once so liberal and so calm. It can surely be only a

question of nationality or geographical distance that M. Richet is not already numbered in our annals with such men of science as Lord Rayleigh, Professor Crooks, Professor Oliver Lodge and Professor Wallace.

THE ORGAN OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

Talking of science in this connection, the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* occupies a position of special interest in Psychical research. It is more fastidious than BORDERLAND, less so than the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, while it selects from both.

One has to come to Paris to observe that there is more than the difference of nationality between *Light*, *Lucifer*, and BORDERLAND on the one hand, and the *Revue Spirite*, *Le Lotus Bleu*, and *Annales Psychiques* on the other. The group of thinkers represented by this admirable journal continued the investigation of Eusapia after Cambridge had abandoned it as wholly futile; they have had patience with the very mixed and inconclusive phenomena of Mdlle. Couédon; and they have not even drawn the line at the Sisters Bangs. They cannot be accused of prejudice or want of liberality of view. At the same time their general tendency is towards caution and critical accuracy; they realise that even from a medium who cheats, a seer whose phenomena are not always susceptible of evidence, an experience which is exaggerated and narrated with *parti pris*, there may be, nevertheless, much to learn. M. Dariex is very happy in his collaborators, with most of whom it has been my good fortune to discuss many interesting phenomena, always with the conviction that even when we differed as to details, their point of view was always that of "culture," sincerity, and the desire for truth.

THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Readers of BORDERLAND may remember a review, published last July, of M. Baraduc's book on thought photography. It is understood that he is still carrying on these experiments with a view to greater certainty and better evidence. His entire sincerity and desire for truth I have never heard called in question, but many who interest themselves deeply in all experiments of the kind, have regretted that his conclusions were somewhat premature, Great desire, however, is expressed in all quarters for encouraging experiments of this and similar kinds, and it has been my good fortune to assist at some carried out by a man highly distinguished in technical science, which go further, not only as to results, but as to extreme care in every part of the process, than anything I have yet seen or heard of. I have myself experimented considerably since the publication of Dr. Baraduc's volume, with the conclusion that such experiments could only be of value at the hands of a practical man of science. This very day, however, I have witnessed a process, which, for care in every detail, leaves nothing to be desired; but the *savant*, in whose laboratory the experiments were made, has far too much scientific caution to risk a premature conclusion, and it is, of course, not for me to forestall the publication of his methods and results.

PSYCHIC HEALING.

Half a dozen different friends, knowing of my visit to Paris, have been good enough to send me notice of an article in the *Globe* of Saturday, December 26th, giving a detailed account of "psychic healing" to be seen in Paris.

Paris, of all places, knows the value of psychic healing. From the time of Mesmer down to the hour of the opening of Dr. Bérillon's dispensary this morning, there have been large numbers of French men and women ready to receive, and to profit by, methods of this kind. One is not astonished, therefore, to read such an account as the following:—

The Zouave Jacob, who made himself so famous many years ago by the miraculous cures he pretended to work on suffering humanity, and who is still living in some out-of-the-way corner of Paris, has found a rival who goes by the name of Père Jourdain. He resides on the heights of Montmartre, where the inhabitants are full of his miracles, which are said to have done everything, save that of turning a wooden leg into flesh and bone, but it will probably come to that ere long. On arriving at the house, we are ushered into what is called the "Salle des Séances," which is a dark room on the ground floor. Round it are arranged a series of forms, with a stove in the centre. These are the only apparatus that Père Jourdain makes use of in his performances; they are certainly not calculated to strike the imagination of the patients. On the walls are a crucifix, and notices recommending silence during the operation or announcing the hours of the sittings. At this moment there were several sick men and women in the room waiting to undergo the operation. Père Jourdain, it appears, does not pretend to cure everybody. All he can do is to expel the evil spirit, release the patient from its baneful effects, and thus render him strong and healthy. The spirit, however, is often rebellious.

Père Jourdain was perfectly willing to be examined. His conscience was quite at rest, and to respond to our curiosity, he spoke in a loud voice before the patients who remained to be operated upon. First of all we were shown the treatment applied to a tall thin young man, whose malady nobody seemed to know, but that was of little consequenee, seeing that the object aimed at was to expel the evil spirit. Père Jourdain stood erect in front of the patient, who remained still and motionless on a form with his back against the wall. The operator first of all looked straight into his eyes; then he touched his forehead, and made mysterious signs; and finally, withdrawing a few steps, he held out his long arms towards him. It was at this moment that Père Jourdain resorted to his great "coup"; with his arms extended, and his hands open, he passed his "magnetic fluid" over the body of the young man, as if he was rubbing it. This performance was repeated several times. He then puffed some more "fluid" into the face of the patient, and the operation terminated, having lasted five minutes. "Do you feel better, young man?" he asked. "Yes, I think I do," was the answer. "Then come again to-morrow," said the magnetiser.

Père Jourdain next turned towards us. He is a man of fifty, and has a most intelligent head. With his rough features, long beard, and meditative mien. he resembles some old prophet of ancient times. "There have been so many stupid things said about me," he remarked, "that I am happy to have the opportunity to tell you who I am and what I do. First of all, I can neither read nor write, and cannot even distinguish the name of a street. Consequently I have learned nothing from books. It is a gift I have, and which is within me, to cure others. Where does this gift come from? I do not know. I discovered it at Chelles, in the Seine-et-Marne, while I was working there as a woodman. One day I came across a sick man; I looked into his face, and he became better. Many persons were cured after I had touched them. As I had made so many miracles at Chelles, I determined to come to Paris. This was fifteen years ago, and since then I have magnetised and cured hundreds of sick people who have despaired of recovery. When I arrived in Paris, I had some money of my own. It was therefore not a profession that I wished to follow, but only to make use of my 'fluid' to heal others. To do good was my only object. At the beginning I had only a few patients, and they were chiefly neighbours, but gradually the whole of the district knew me; sick persons of all ranks in society came to see me, and to-day they may be numbered by thousands. I can flatter myself that I have cured 60,000 patients. You have just seen how I operate. I may add that sometimes I magnetise sugar for those who are too sick to come

to me. A small vase of pieces of sugar is brought to me; I pass my fluid over the sugar, and then it is eaten by the patients, who often get cured by it."

No one who has studied the value of suggestion can doubt that there is probably a certain, even let us say a considerable, amount of truth in this story. The spontaneous cure of nervous diseases is a fact with which Lourdes and Holywell, and many less creditable, but, nevertheless, credible experiences, have made us familiar; and of which the discovery of the power of suggestion offers us, in considerable degree, an explanation. I had, therefore, every desire to interview Père Jourdain—though why "Père" I fail to understand, seeing that he is a peasant and not a priest.

It is a curious illustration of the extraordinary lack of balance, of relation, so to speak, of the information with which the foreign correspondent supplies us, that we could find no one in Paris who had ever heard of Père Jourdain. I asked various persons in a large gathering of those interested in psychic phenomena; I asked doctors, journalists, police; I asked the biggest gossip I know in Paris, but could hear nothing of Père Jourdain.

"But these charlatans find themselves at all corners of the street," said my friends; and, in truth, especially during the holiday time at the beginning of the year, "at all corners," in the open spaces about statues, wherever the police permitted such gatherings for the moment, one observed men and women grouped around the vendors of quack medicines, who shouted and screamed the advantages of pills and lotions, after a fashion calculated, like many English advertisements, to suggest disease sufficient to fill every hospital in Paris.

Next we pilgrimaged away and away up to the hill of Montmartre. The fiacre is not adapted for long distances, and the Montmartre end of Paris is not aristocratic, and knows nothing yet of wooden pavement.

Rattle their bones
Over the stones,
Only *des Anglaises*
Whom nobody owns!

India-rubber tyres, or less frequent interruption of tramway lines, might have made us more kindly in our criticism. As it was, we thought the expensive new church, the national vow so glorious in idea, terribly like a railway station, and the "Adeste Fideles" at Vespers terribly out of tune.

What is more, we never found Père Jourdain. That is four days ago, and none of the many friends who have promised to get his address for us, have achieved its discovery. To the correspondent of the *Globe* be the sole honour.

THE PARIS MEDIUM.

Just as the occult and psychic journals of Paris have their special differences, so the Paris medium has a *cachet* of her own. I have seen three, but they have, like their sisters in London, so strong a family likeness, that the description of one will suffice.

She lives, naturally, in a quartier bourgeois; one does not expect to find a professional medium about Hyde Park. One makes the weary ascent of an exquisitely clean staircase, having ascertained that she is at home from a concierge to whose cat or birds, as the case may be, one offers civilities.

The clairvoyante opens the door herself; there is no slavey, smart as to cap and apron, doubtful as to shoes. She is matronly, her French is excellent, her manners perfect. She is dressed after the fashion of her class, she is self-respecting and not a "lidy." She wears a neat black dress and shawl, and a daintily clean cap. She ushers you into her waiting room, and begs you to give yourself the trouble to be seated. She will be ready for you in an hour, in half an hour, what will you. There are many other persons waiting, but for ladies so *bien mise* she will do all that is possible. We wait half an hour in a small room which has two windows and six doors, a table, two mirrors, six chairs (machine-carved after a night-mare dream of Gothic architecture), a lamp that smells, a floor that shines, a faureuil which defies the human anatomy. There are no antimacassars, no "ornaments," no Japanese fans, no reminiscences of Irish stew and stale tobacco; order and cleanliness can no further go.

She enters. What will we pay? We'll pay for the whole bag of tricks we say, only by the time we have got that sentiment into French we have become involved in exaggerated compliment. Shall she begin with the demoiselle to right? By all means. In a moment we have, on the table, Tarot cards, *le grand jeu*, the little game, a magnifying glass for inspecting the lines of the hand, two basins containing coffee grounds; all are used in turn.

"The demoiselle to right has ancestors?" (she admits it). "Ancestry very noble, all that there is of the most elevated. She deserves a far more exalted position than she at present occupies." (She does not deny it.) "She has an enemy, a friend; she will have a letter; she has had perplexities connected with a piece of paper; she must tranquillise herself, all will come right. Is it not that this is true?" (She admits that it is all true though not greatly surprising). "Ah, but here is a monsieur! how he is *comme il faut!* He has the hat of a general," not that she knows the English costumes, he may be in the administration, it is certain he is of the most noble. He has had one wife, but Mlle. is, &c., &c. He is older than she, between two ages, old and young. He has a child, even perhaps two, sons, or it may be daughters.

"The *dot* of Mlle. is, of course, all that is desirable, but that makes nothing to him who has the millions."

"Only miserable francs," says the demoiselle to left, enviously. They begin to translate the miserable tenpences, but their attention returns to Mme., who is promising horses of the most magnificent. The demoiselle to right thinks here is something worth having, and grooms and stables are thrown in with a liberal hand.

Mlle. can stand no more, for the present, of such intoxicating luxuries, and she descends to definite questions of this week and last, of events of this year and next.

There is never one moment's hesitation as to reply. We go from cards to coffee grains, from the Tarot to the palm of the hand—certainly, she gives plenty for the money!

It has been agreed that while one of us should be sympathetic, responsive to fishing, moderately ready to accept hints, the other shall be stolid and mute. The other has a fortune far more varied. She makes up in quantity what she lacks in quality. She has no monsieur of the most distinguished, but she balances him with five more ordinary. They are tall and short, fat and lean, a doctor, an author, an artist, a man of affairs, a man of no profession. She, too, has a letter,

a paper, a journey, treachery in her own family, a faithful friend, she is going to take cold, and so on.

One of us speaks English and French with equal facility. Mme. does not commit herself to the nationality of her surroundings.

On our way home we discuss the phenomena, and I subsequently note down as interesting or suggestive—

1. That though one cannot say that Mme. is in any degree entranced, she, nevertheless, shows evidences of exaltation. She declaims our fate in a monotonous voice, and in language far superior to that of her ordinary conversation. If we interrupt there is a definite pause, while she seems to recover herself.

2. That while there was no doubt abundant "fishing," as usual, there was also evidence of thought transference for which no fishing could account. For example, this sort of thing occurred frequently: Madame takes up a card.

"Here is a lady with fair hair, waved in front. She lives in your house." By way of experiment one of us thinks of a lady with fair hair waved, but who does not live in her house, and she is correctly described in detail.

The demoiselle to whom is assigned the general who may be a civilian and most likely a peer, is told that he has an invalid child. She thinks of a delicate boy of her acquaintance, the child becomes a boy, and his ailments are described in accurate detail.

Again, one of us asks for some definite fact in past or future. Madame seizes the hand of Mademoiselle, and at once "perceives" that the current of her whole life has been changed by the sudden death of a near friend; "an event such as happens but once in a lifetime," she asserts, which is true.

"There is also another death which approaches, a person very old, a Monsieur. He does not suffer, he dies because he is so old, an ecclesiatic high-placed. His death will again make change of place, all a removal. You will be much happier, you will no longer remove yourself so frequently"—all of which is also highly probable.

3. I observed her carefully when she had the cards, or the coffee grains, as the case might be, in front of her. Her eyes were fixed, she saw nothing, they were merely dramatic accessories. While the Tarot cards were spread out she of course handled and moved them about, but she merely or mainly repeated what had already been suggested. So far as she was in any degree a Seer, her powers appeared to be intuitive, to follow no mere arbitrary rules of palmistry or divination.

4. There was no talk of "spirits." I asked definitely how she received her information, was it from *l'au delà*? "Mais non," she said decidedly; "seulement je me trouve parfois lucide."

Of physical phenomena, materialisations and the like, they seemed to know nothing.

"But that is the foolishness that the Americans make," said one, and I was snubbed into silence.

Probably we could have done the thing cheaper at a country fair, but it gave one a good deal to think about! The mediums were very expensive but they were clean and decent, like a good deal else in Paris. One pays the more willingly when one's senses are not offended.

THE HIGHER IDEAL.

After all, as a friend said to me the other day, the study of the mere HOW in these things, is after all a study of classifications only, of the same genre with conchology or postage stamps, more or less barren of value unless it leads somehow to a knowledge of the WHY. This is perhaps not the place for discussion of this side of the question, all the less because the writer, like the preacher, has, for the moment, the pulpit to himself, and after all the lesson to be learnt, the truth to be told, is personal to the mind that thinks it.

Paris, which gives us much else, gives us also those who think seriously on the human and super-human side of what, to the less serious, may be solely the supernormal or even the super-natural. The memory of what one learns from discussion with such as these, is like other spiritual experience, "nothing to speak of."

Much of it has been given to us in a form which, like the utterance of ancient wisdom, has no meaning except for those who speak its language. To such the pictures of the great French painter Tissot, may tell even in crowded Bond Street some of those things which, as another great artist has said,

'Tis we musicians know."

X.

THE "LIBRAIRE SPIRITE" IN PARIS.

Those who are accustomed to get their foreign books and magazines at the Libraire Spirite des Sciences Psychiques will thank us for pointing out the change of address to 42, Rue Saint-Jacques, near the Sorbonne.

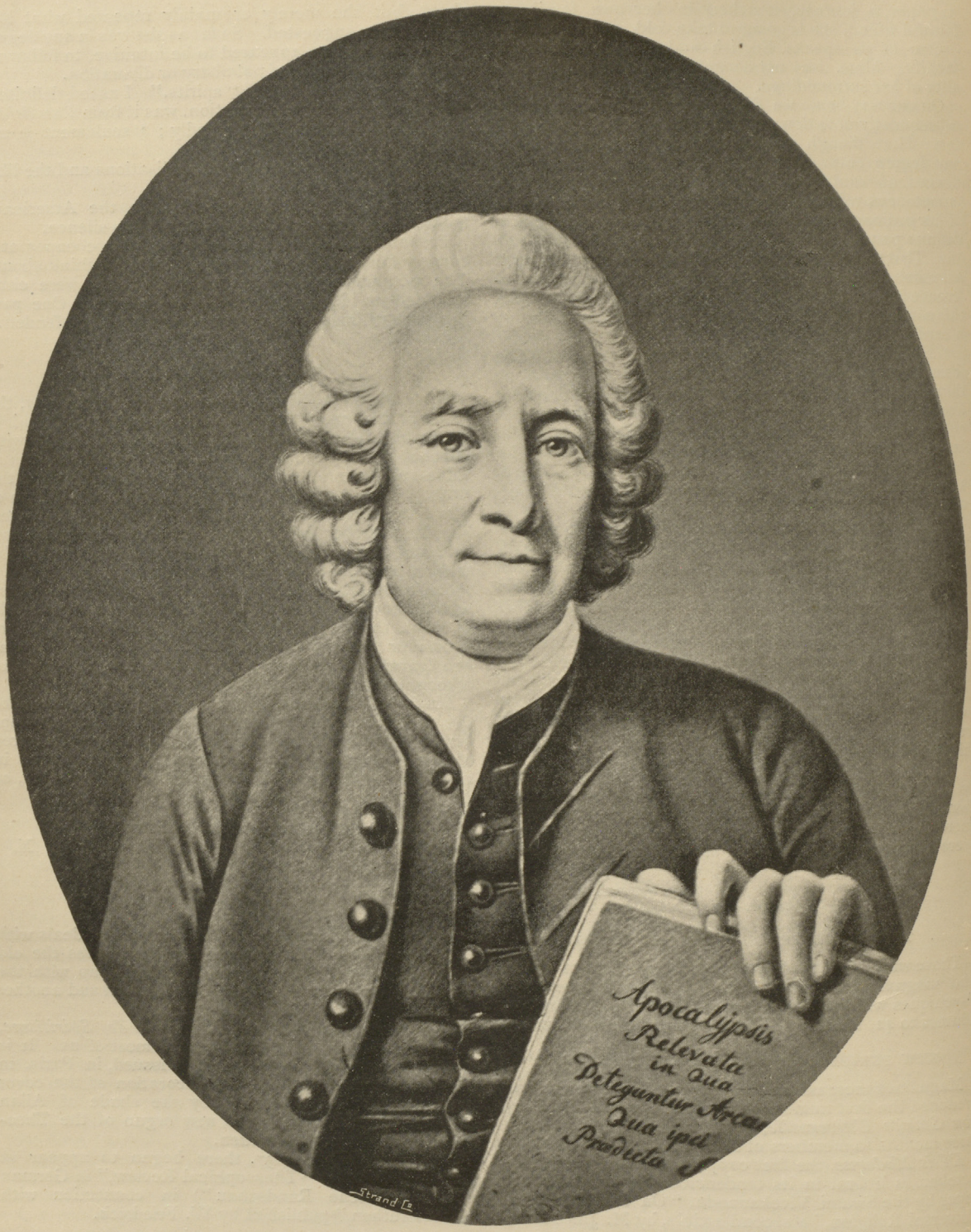
NEW PERIODICALS OF OCCULT RESEARCH.

Magazines increase and multiply. This quarter has produced the first number of *Le Bulletin de la Fédération Spirite Universelle*, which is to be issued every three months to members of that body.

L'Isis Moderne, the first copy of which appeared in October, is liberal in its tendencies. It opens with a paper by the Swami Vivekananda, "On the Ideal of a Universal Religion," a second article, by M. Jules Bois, is on "Modern Spiritualism," a third writer deals with "The Kabbala," an American Judge revives the old story of Mary Fancher, and it finishes up with the analysis of two articles, one by Mrs. Besant and another by Professor Max Müller.

The *Revue Scientifique et Morale de Spiritisme*, though in its fifth number, is new to most of us. It is one of the best of its class, and is issued, in Paris, in the middle of the month. The decoration of the cover suggests that it is inspired by the shade of Allan Kardac. *Theosophia* is the new organ of the Theosophical movement in Sweden.

On January 1st, 1897, there began to appear at Leipzig a monthly "Theosophical Review," in German ("Theosophische Rundschau") in connection with "Lotusblüthen," published by W. Friedrich.



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

V.—OUR GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

HE who exclaimed, "*Cogito, ergo sum*," had been fifty-four years dead. The night of the century of "no faith" was already starred by Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz; Christian Wolf was hardly yet at school, when young Swedberg appeared upon the scene. Voltaire, Rousseau, Kant, and Fichte were yet to come. Belief in the Invisible was at its lowest ebb; the "Everlasting No" had obscured the heavens with wide-spread sable wings; and the forces were hiddenly preparing what culminated in the French Revolution and the deposition of the Christian religion.

HIS YOUTH.

Son of the "good Bishop Swedberg," young Emanuel received an excellent religious and secular education; studied with brilliant success at the University of Upsal, and travelled abroad for four years before settling in Sweden as Assessor of the Metallic College, an office held by him for thirty-one years. He enjoyed frequent intercourse and personal friendship with Charles XII. of Sweden; and was held in universal esteem for his profound learning.

Writing to a friend, he says:—

I resigned it [the Assessorship]; but I still retained the salary annexed to it, as an appointment for life. My sole view in this resignation was, that I might be more at liberty to devote myself to that new function to which the Lord has called me. On my resigning my office, a higher degree of rank was offered me: but this I utterly declined, lest it should be the occasion of inspiring me with pride. In 1719, I was ennobled by Queen Ulrica Eleonora, and named *Swedenborg*; from which time I have taken my seat with the Nobles of the Equestrian Order in the Triennial Assemblies of the States of the Realm. I am a Fellow, by invitation, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm; but I have never sought admission into any other literary society, as I belong to an angelic society, wherein things relating to heaven and the soul are the only subjects of discourse and entertainment; whereas the things which occupy the attention of our literary societies are such as relate to the world and the body. . . . I live, besides, on terms of familiarity and friendship with all the bishops of my country, who are ten in number; as also with the sixteen Senators, and the rest of the Nobility; for they know that I am in fellowship with angels.

QUALIFICATIONS.

The following excerpt from the oration delivered in the Swedish Academy of Sciences, by the Chevalier de Sandel, on the occasion of Swedenborg's death, shows at once the position he held in the estimation of his learned peers and colleagues:—

Represent to yourselves in Swedenborg the happy union of a strong memory, a quick perception, and a sound judgment: represent to yourselves these excellent qualities united to an ardent desire and encouraging hope of acquiring the most profound attainments in Philosophy, in all the branches of Mathematics, in Natural History, in Mechanics, in Anatomy, and even in Theology; let us not forget his skill in the Oriental and European languages; let us recollect the force of habit, acting in him in concert will the use of reason, especially in respect to the order in which he arranged his thoughts . . . .; add to all this an excellent heart, as proved and formed by the rules which he had prescribed for his conduct, and which I have found noted down in several of his manuscripts; which are these: 1. Often to read and meditate on the word of God. 2. To submit everything to the will of the Divine Providence. 3. To observe in everything a propriety of behaviour, and always to keep the conscience clear. 4. To discharge with fidelity the functions of his employment and the duties of his office, and to render himself in all things useful to society. Such were the characteristic traits of Swedenborg's mind; and whoever thinks there is the least exaggeration in the delineation of them, must, in some shape or other, be the victim of prejudice . . . . Where others would have discovered a deficiency of intelligence and a confusion of ideas, Swedenborg has displayed an astonishing assemblage of Knowledge; which he has arranged, according to his system, in such order, that the elements themselves would have striven in vain to turn him out of his course.

HIS PURPOSE.

It is not our place to take even a passing glimpse at the wells of science and philosophy at which this eminent scholar drank so deeply. He who, by sheer reason, could accurately locate our solar system in the milky way; who could make anatomical discoveries of which many a modern surgeon would be proud; whose skill conveyed a heavily laden vessel fourteen miles overland; who discovered the science of crystalography; whose care, method, and calm reason are apparent in every page of his monumental writings; would surely mould his life upon a purpose. Winding tortuously through all his studies and investigations, we find a definite aim which he consistently followed with all the strength of a trained intellect. He went in quest of the soul. To find the soul he wielded the scalpel in Holland under the best anatomists of the day; and ransacked the philosophers from Plato to Descartes. In vain. Knowledge of the soul can come only through revelation; and to this earnest searcher the revelation was vouchsafed.

WAS HE MAD? TESTIMONY OF COUNT HÔPKEN.

In answer to enquiries regarding Swedenborg, Count Hôpken, one of the founders of the Swedish Royal Academy, wrote to General Tuxen:—

I have not only known him these two and forty years, but also some time since daily frequented his company. A man who, like me, has lived long in the world, and even in an extensive career of life, must have had numerous opportunities of knowing men as to their virtues and vices; but I do not recollect ever to have known a man of more uniformly virtuous character than Swedenborg. He was always contented, and never fretful and morose, although throughout his life his soul was occupied with sublime thoughts and speculations. He was a true philosopher and lived like one. He was gifted with a most happy genius, and a fitness for every science; which made him shine in all that he pursued. . . . He possessed a sound judgment upon all occasions: he saw everything clearly, and expressed himself well on every subject. The most solid memorials and the best penned, at the Diet of 1761, on matters of finance, were presented by him. . . . He might, with or without reason (which I do not venture to determine) be accused of having given a warm imagination too free play in his revelations; but, for my part, I have nothing on which I could found this conclusion. . . . He assured me, on his hopes of salvation, "that no imagination produced in him his revelations, which were true, and from what he had heard and seen!" It may be so; the church cannot judge of mysteries; nor can I.

HIS OWN DECLARATION.

In the early pages of his *Arcana Cœlestia* Swedenborg wrote—

I am well aware that many persons will insist that it is impossible for anyone to converse with spirits and angels during his life in the body; many, that such intercourse must be mere fancy and illusion; some, that I have invented such relations in order to gain credit; whilst others will make other objections; for all these however I care not, since I have seen, heard, and had sensible experience of what I am about to declare. Man is created by the Lord, so that during his life in the body, he is capable of conversing with spirits and angels, as indeed occurred in the most ancient times; for being a spirit clothed with a body, he is one with them. But, because in process of time, mankind so immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things, caring for almost nothing else, the way to effect this became closed; nevertheless, it is again opened as soon as bodily things are removed, and then man is introduced amongst spirits, and associates with them.

Here is calm foresight and clear rational statement, which, if indicative of madness, is at least as acceptable as much that is termed sanity.

TESTIMONY OF THE SHEARSMITHS.

Mr. and Mrs. Shearsmith, at whose house in London Swedenborg died, to rebut a malicious report concerning him, made an affidavit before the Lord Mayor, dated November 2nd, 1785, to the effect "that he enjoyed a sound mind, memory, and understanding, to the last hour of his life."

I.—SOME "BORDERLAND" EXPERIENCES.

A FIRE AT STOCKHOLM.

Kant, the philosopher, wrote to an enquiring lady of quality thus:—

The following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof, and to set the assertion respecting Swedenborg's extraordinary gift out of all possibility of doubt. In the year 1756, when M. De Swedenborg, towards the end of September, on Saturday at four o'clock P.M., arrived at Gothenburg from England, Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock M. De Swedenborg went out, and, after a short interval, returned to the company, quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, at the Sudermalm (Gothenburg is about fifty miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house!" This news occasioned great commotion through the whole city, and particularly among the company in which he was. It was announced to the governor the same evening. On the Sunday morning, Swedenborg was sent for by the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely; how it had begun, in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. . . . On Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gothenburg, who was despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him, the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning the royal courier arrived at the governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss which it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately it had ceased; for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock.

What can be brought forward against the authenticity of this occurrence? My friend who wrote this to me has not only examined the circumstances of this extraordinary case at Stockholm, but also, about two months ago, at Gothenburg, where he is acquainted with the most respectable houses, and where he could obtain the most authentic and complete information, as the greatest part of the inhabitants, who are still alive, were witnesses to the memorable occurrence.

I am, with profound reverence, &c., &c.,

EMANUEL KANT.

SEER AND QUEEN.

M. Thiebault, a French *savant* of the School of Voltaire, and Professor in the Royal Academy of Berlin, published the following account:—

I know not on what occasion it was that, conversing one day with the queen on the subject of the celebrated visionary, Swedenborg, we (the members of the Academy) expressed a desire—particularly M. Merian and myself—to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. I on my part related what had been told me respecting him by Chamberlain d'Hamon, who was still alive, and who had been Ambassador from Prussia both to Holland and France. It was "that his brother-in-law (the Count de Marteville), Ambassador from Holland to Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery, which she remembered had been paid in her husband's lifetime; that the widow, not being able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenborg, who, she was told, could converse with the dead whenever he pleased; that she accordingly adopted his advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity, and at the end of a few days, Swedenborg informed her that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day, at such an hour, as he was reading such an article in Bayle's Dictionary in his cabinet, and that his attention being called immediately afterwards to some other concern, he put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he left off, where, in fact, it was found at the page described!" The Queen replied that, though she was little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she nevertheless had been willing to put the power of M. Swedenborg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof; that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and that it was one of those that mostly had excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it; but that M. Swedenborg, having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside, and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the court of Stockholm. She added that what she had said was of a nature to render it impossible that the Prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips; that, some days after, Swedenborg returned, when she was seated at cards, and requested she would give him a private audience, to which she replied, he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but Swedenborg assured her he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the Queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. De Schwerin (who also was present when she related the story to us) to accompany her; that they accordingly went together into another apartment, where she posted M. De Schwerin at the door, and advanced towards the farthest extremity of it with Swedenborg, who said to her, "You took, madam, your last leave of the Prince of Prussia, your late august brother, at Charlottenberg, on such a day, and at such an hour of the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery, in the castle of Charlottenberg, you met him again; he then took your hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words——." The Queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added, that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced; and she called on M. De Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said; who, in his laconic style, contented himself with saying, "All you have said, madam, is perfectly true—at least, as far as I am concerned."

WESLEY ASTONISHED.

While the Rev. John Wesley was engaged in preparing for his great circuit, in company with some other preachers, a letter was placed in his hands, which ran thus:—

"Great Bath Street, Cold Bath Fields.
"*February*, 1772.

"SIR,—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favour me with a visit.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,
"EMAN SWEDENBORG."

Mr. Wesley frankly acknowledged to the company that he had been very strongly impressed with a desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had never mentioned that desire to anyone. He wrote for answer that he was then closely occupied in preparing for a six months' journey, but would wait upon Swedenborg soon after his return to London. The Seer replied that the visit proposed would be too late, as he, Swedenborg, would go into the world of spirits on the 29th day of the next month, never more to return. The prophecy was fulfilled, and the two eminent theologians never met on earth.

The foregoing well-attested facts, sufficiently astounding in a century so slightly acquainted with the phenomena of the Borderland, are clear evidence of the possession by Swedenborg of powers at least equal to those of the best clairvoyants of our own period. Taken together with his vast intellectual attainments, and with psychical experiences and investigations extending over a period of twenty-nine years, they entitle him to a respectful and thoughtful hearing. Yet, although so well arranged, so voluminous is his spiritual philosophy, and so extensive are his records of spiritual-world experience that it is impossible to do them full justice within the limits of this brief sketch.

II.—AN OUTLINE OF HIS TEACHING.

TRANSITION.

While fulfilling the duties of the Assessorship of Mines, and sharing in the government of his country, Swedenborg's urgent mind was pressing onwards step by step towards the Invisible. In 1741 he wrote his *Clavis Hieroglyphica*, in which he propounded and proved the law of correspondence existing between natural and spiritual things. The same year saw his *Intercourse between the Soul and the Body*, which discarded the doctrines of "Physical Influx" and "Pre-established Harmony," and accepted the only possible alternative doctrine of "Spiritual Influx." Matter, he taught, was the subject of "extension"; spirit, the subject of "impletion." Spirit in-fills—flows into matter, and gives it the appearance of vitality. The laws of the spiritual world were already filtering through into his mind. But influx of spirit into matter spells involution, and involution in its turn means evolution; hence his volume on *The Worship and Love of God*, a prose poem, the autumnal expression of his entire previous work, and a forecast of a philosophy the external side of which has been developed by Darwin, Wallace, and Drummond. From physical studies he had advanced to the very threshold of the Unseen, and could take no further step apart from open vision.

THE CALL.

In a letter to his friend, the Rev. T. Hartley, Swedenborg wrote—

I have been called to a holy office by the Lord Himself, who most graciously manifested himself in person to me, his servant, in the year 1743; when he opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day.

Speaking of his wonderful "Memorable Relations," he wrote in 1768:

I solemnly declare they are not fictions, but were truly done and seen; and that I saw them, not in any state of the mind asleep, but in a perfect state of wakefulness; for it has pleased the Lord to manifest Himself to me, and to send me to teach the things relating to the New Church [Dispensation], which is meant by the new Jerusalem in the Revelation; for which purpose he has opened the interiors of my mind and spirit; by virtue of which privilege it has been granted me to be in the spiritual world with angels, and at the same time in the natural world with men, and this now for twenty-five years!

HOW POSSIBLE—RATIONALE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

The form of man's spirit is the human form . . . . Although the spirit is in a human form, it does not appear to man after its separation from the body, nor is it seen in man whilst living in the world, because the eye, the organ of bodily sight, is material; but that which is material sees nothing but what is material, and that which is spiritual sees what is spiritual; when, therefore, the material principle of the eye is obscured,* and deprived of its co-operation with the spiritual [eye], spirits become visible in their own form, which is the human form, not only spirits who are in the spiritual world, but also the spirits of men while they are alive in the body.

Thus the gulf between matter and spirit is bridged over; and the Seer at last treads, with no hesitating step, the confines of the illimitable world of soul. This "Spiritual Columbus" sets out to explore that no longer "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," and to re-appear each now and then, laden with strange produce of an unfamiliar clime.

UNIVERSAL—TWO WORLDS.

There are two worlds, the spiritual and the natural [or physical]. They are perfectly distinct, and communicate only by correspondences [*i.e.* the law of adaptation to the inflowing of force]. Thus, heat in the physical world, corresponds to the force of love in the spiritual world; and light in the physical world, corresponds to the force of wisdom in the spiritual world.

Spiritual heat *is* the force of love; and spiritual light *is* the force of truth. So every physical object corresponds with some spiritual principle, which has distinct and tangible existence and form in the spiritual world—a world which is composed of spiritual substances, as the physical world is composed of physical substances.

A RE-DISCOVERED ORB.

While astronomers are searching for a gigantic solar centre for the material universe, Swedenborg has already taught that all realms, both physical and spiritual, have their common centre, and at the same time their origin, in a vortex of transcendent etheric activity, presenting a photosphere in comparison with which that of the physical sun is as darkness; and which may be appropriately termed the spiritual sun. It is the first expression of the infinite ardency and glory of Him who, to *human* beings, must ever be the God-man; the first pulsating and vibrating centre of all finite being; the intensity of Deity radiated for creative ends. The human mind and spirit are subject to changes of state, comparable to the alternations of heat and cold in the body; such changes have their origin in the relation of the human spirit to the spiritual sun, as heat and cold in the body depend upon the relationship of the latter to the physical sun. Such an explanation of mental changes is simple, rational, and in harmony (or in correspondence) with physical laws; and is well worth consideration. Apart from reason, however, Swedenborg avers, "That the Lord really appears in

* As, for example, in hypnotism, trance, &c.

heaven as a Sun, has not only been revealed to me by angels, but also on several occasions by actual sight." The universe is thus God-centred—a vast Theocosm, in which the Eternal is no longer arbitrary governor, but Divine-organic heart; is, in fact, to the universe, as the brain to the body, or as the soul to the brain. The spiritual sun is not God: it is the "first emanation" from God, and the first mediate cause of creation.

PLANES OF BEING.

Emanating from the spiritual sun is a radiation of force, producing a series of successive planes of life and consciousness; each successive plane being more inert, or less living, than the one before it, until, on the physical plane the equilibrium between action and resistence is attained. Each plane is as a soul or vitalizing principle to the plane beneath, or external to it. The whole spiritual realm is thus contained within the material plane or universe, which is the footstool of God, the ultimate and resting place of the entire round of being. It is to be observed, however, that one plane does not merge by thinning or sublimation into the plane above it; just as sublimated water on the physical plane, does not become physical ether; each is discreted from the other, as the soul is distinct from the body, or as mind-substance is different from physical substance. And the whole, being a form of the forces of love and wisdom emanating from the spiritual sun, and thence from God-man, is in the widest view, a grand man—the *Maximus Homo*. We have thus the following series—

ESSENTIAL DEITY.
Deity as God-Man (The "Lord").
Spiritual Sun.

Radiating Forces of Love and Wisdom. Universe.	Radiating Forces of Love and Wisdom. Man.
1. Plane (Heaven) of Love.	1. The Primal Germ (above the highest plane of consciousness, and first receptacle of Spiritual Solar radiation.)
2. ,, ,, ,, Intelligence.	Spiritual. 2. Receptacle of Love-force.
3. Plane (Heaven) of Use.	Spiritual. 3. Receptacle of the force of Wisdom.
4. World of Spirits (Intermediate State.	Spiritual. 4. Receptacle of Executive force.
5. Interior Natural (astral).	5. Natural or Common Mind (Plane of ordinary consciousness).
6. Physical Ethers.	6. Spiritual Body.
7. Plane of Matter.	7. "Astral" Body.
	8. Physical Body.

FORMS.

The heavens as a whole take their form from their Divine human cause. They are human because the elements which constitute them are human, viz. the spiritual forces (love and wisdom), emanating from the spiritual sun. Each heaven is a specialised form of good and truth; and each individual angel is a specialised form of the heaven to which he belongs, partaking of both its quality and its substance. So also each human being on earth is such a form, belonging interiorly to some heaven, and clothed with substances gathered from the lower planes.

KINGDOMS.

All life is dual, and pertains specifically to either good or truth, heat or light. Hence upon every plane there are two kingdoms, the celestial or that which pertains to good or love, and the spiritual which pertains to truth or wisdom. On the natural plane, we have the solar heat and light; and in man we have love and thought, to which correspond in the body the two cerebral hemispheres, the two lungs, arms, and legs; also the heart in relation to the lungs, &c.. &c.; all of which correspond to the two kingdoms in heaven, and through them to the love and truth, or heat and light, proceeding from the spiritual sun. These two kingdoms in their origin are the cause of sex, each sex being a specialised form of love or of truth, and thus differing as the mind and body of man differ from the soul and external form of woman. The united action of love and wisdom results in the creation of the universe, as on the lowest plane the union of sex results in continued creation by reproduction.

CONJUNCTION OF PLANES.

This is effected in two ways, or rather by one method of which there are two aspects. The one is Influx—the inflowing of spiritual spheres or forces from one plane to another; the other is the correspondence (adaptation) of one plane with another. Says Swedenborg, there are two kinds of influx, the one immediate, which proceeds unaltered right through creation from the creator to matter, comparably as the ether flows through all natural substances, from the atmospheric air downwards; the other mediate, which operates upon the minds of the dwellers upon any given higher plane, and, modified by them, passes on to produce results in the minds of those upon the adjacent lower plane. This inflowing, however, is effected along the line of correspondence. Thus where the structures of the physical body are seriously injured by disease or accident their correspondence with spiritual forces is destroyed, and influx either produces no result or excites action which must perforce be irregular; so also with the mind. Perfection therefore lies in correspondence between the planes on the one hand, and in the unceasing inflow of life (force) on the other. Hence conjunction of man with God results from complete correspondence between the human will and the Divine love, between the human understanding and the Divine wisdom, and between the human life and the Divine operation or providence, for then perfect inflowing of the Divine forces can take place, by virtue of which the whole spiritual and mental constitution is reduced to a state of order and harmony. Content for the present with this brief survey of the mechanism of the universe, we pass on to the review of some of the more important teachings and experiences of Swedenborg in relation to the individual man.

THE PASSING OVER.

The inmost communication between the spirit and the body exists in the respiration and in the motion of the heart. When these two motions cease, the separation of the spirit from the body takes place instantly. As soon as this motion ceases, man is resuscitated; *i.e.*, the spirit is withdrawn from the body, and is introduced into the spiritual world. The manner in which this is effected has not only been explained to me, but has been demonstrated by actual experience; for I was myself the subject of that experiment, in order that I might fully comprehend the process. I was brought into a state of insensibility, and thus nearly into the state of dying persons, whilst yet the interior life and the faculty of thought remained entire, that I might perceive and retain in memory the things which befell me. The respira-

tion of the body was almost taken away, while the interior respiration, which is that of the spirit, remained. The cardiac function of the spirit was instituted through the law of its correspondence with the realm of love. Angels of that realm were also visible; some at a distance, and two near my head. All affection proper to myself was thus taken away, but thought and perception still remained. I continued in this state some hours, and the spirits who were around me withdrew, supposing that I was dead. I perceived also an aromatic odour, like that of a dead body embalmed, which serves as a protection against evil spirits. Then it was given me to perceive most intimately, and to feel, that there was a drawing, and, as it were, a pulling out of the interiors of my mind, thus of my spirit, from the body; and it was told me that this proceeds from the Lord, and is the means by which the resurrection is effected.

THE SPIRIT-MAN.

That the spirit of a man, after its separation from the body, is itself a man, and in the form of a man, has been proved to me by the daily experience of many years; for I have seen, heard, and conversed with spirits thousands of times. When man dies, and thus passes out of the natural world into the spiritual, he takes with him all things that belong to him as a man, except his terrestrial body. He is then in a body as he was in the natural world, and to all appearance in the same body, since neither touch nor sight can detect any difference [*i.e.*, to those on the same plane]. When spiritual beings touch and see spiritual things, the effect is exactly the same to the sense, as when natural beings touch and see natural things; and therefore when man first becomes a spirit, he is not aware of his decease, and believes that he is still in the body which he had when he was in the world.

A spirit also enjoys every sense, both external and internal, which he enjoyed in the world. He sees as before. He hears and speaks, smells and tastes as before; and when he is touched he feels as before. He also longs, desires, wishes, thinks, reflects, is affected, loves, and wills, as before.

A SPIRIT'S MEMORY.

The natural memory also remains, for spirits retain everything which they had heard, seen, read, thought, in the world from earliest infancy to the close of life; but since the natural objects which are remembered cannot be reproduced [under normal conditions] in the spiritual world, they are dormant, as is the case with man in this world when he does not think about them.

There exist conditions, however, under which the natural memory can be awakened in the spiritual world. For example, a certain person,

Shortly before his death, destroyed his neighbour secretly by poison; and this crime was thus brought to light. The murderer appeared to dig a hole in the ground, out of which a man came forth like one coming out of a grave, and cried to him, "What hast thou done?" Every particular was then revealed; the friendly conversation of the murderer with his victim; how he gave him the cup; the train of thoughts which led to the murder, and the circumstances which took place afterwards. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known."

PROGRESS OF THE SPIRIT-MAN.

When the spirit first enters the world of spirits, he retains the countenance and tone of voice which he had in the world, because he is then in an exterior [*quasi* earthly] state.

The other-world habits of thought and life have yet to be acquired: the man is still but the embodiment of what he has felt, thought, done, and aspired to do, on earth. This is the first state after death,

Gradually the countenance is changed. The substances composing the spiritual body are more plastic than those of earth, and more readily yield to the moulding influences of the moral and mental nature. The man enters into the possession of his real inner self; thinks as he feels, and acts as he thinks. Masks, artificialities, pretences, and hypocrisies are thrown aside—are impossible to be retained under the pressure of the now liberated forces within the soul. The "ruling love," whether good or evil, presses to the surface, and so re-models the spirit-body that it is no longer the image of the earthly shell, but the very expression of the man's fundamental desires and aspirations. This is the spirit's second state.

The third and final state is when the last vestige of inconsistency between the inner man and his outer mind and shape has been discarded, the spirit gravitates, by a kind of spiritual "selection," to the society of those constituted like himself, whose loves are his loves, whose thoughts are his thoughts, whose modes of life are his own. If radically good, *i.e.*, loving good and truth and usefulness, he enters that "heavenly society" to which he is exactly adapted; but if evil, *i.e.*, in the love of self, he sinks to some congenial society of men whose manhood is inverted, there to enter into the fruition of an evil life.

The world of spirits into which he enters at death is intermediate between the two extremes of humanity commonly known as Heaven and Hell. It is the revealing-ground—the threshing-floor on which the grain is separated from the chaff—the scene of the judgment which each must undergo. Intermediate between the world of spirits and the state of extreme evil is a condition in which they are whose hearts are good, but whose intellect has been distorted by persistent adherence to some false system of thought and belief. Such persons suffer various troubles and anxieties exactly adapted to the restoration of their minds to harmony with the laws of spiritual truth—not artificial dogma—as known to angelic men.

The last and lowest state is that of confirmed selfishness. And who shall say through what processes of disintegration and re-creation they pass, whose inmost spirit has been given over to evil?

The simple-minded who have merely followed the lead of false teachers; that vast multitude who have been devoid of opportunity either to receive instruction or to appreciate the moral law; the victims of heredity, morally and mentally diseased or atrophied from birth; —all these are breathed upon by the gentle spirit of divine manhood, and the dry bones live.

The laws obtaining in the spiritual world are everywhere the laws of spiritual cause and effect: the arbitrary, the fictitious, the inappropriate, have no existence. The spiritual forces of love and truth operate freely in all directions, from the most general to the minutest particular; and produce their unimpeded and legitimate effect.

OUR BABIES. PARENTS, TAKE NOTE!

Was it a devil from the deepest inferno who inspired that doctrine about there being "infants in hell, a span long." What says Swedenborg?

"Be it known, therefore, that *every infant*, wheresoever he is born—whether within the church or out of it, whether of pious parents or of wicked parents—*is received by the Lord when he dies and is educated in heaven.*" "When infants die they are still infants in the other life. They possess the same infantile mind, the same innocence in ignorance, and the same tenderness in all things. The state of infants excels that of all others, because they are in innocence, and evil is not yet rooted in them by actual life." "They walk without previous teaching, and speak also." "As soon as they are raised from the dead, they are carried up to heaven, and delivered to the care of women angels who, in the

life on earth, loved infants tenderly, and at the same time loved God: and the infants love them as their own mothers. Every mother-angel has as many infants under her care as she desires under the influence of a spiritual maternal affection.

In due time they are transferred to the care of suitable instructors, who train them in such a manner as to call forth their native capacity, to implant principles and ideas of practical goodness, and to strengthen their moral fibre. Living and realistic representations of spiritual principles are among the means adopted. They become more adult in proportion as they are perfected in intelligence and wisdom, and in due time blossom forth into beautiful youths and maidens.

III.—THE PSYCHIC PROPHET OF THE MODERN WORLD.

All the phenomena familiar in the séance room of to-day were experimentally known to Swedenborg, excepting, perhaps, materialization, though of the principle in which this phenomenon finds its explanation he was perfectly cognisant.

INSPIRATION.

I have been informed in what manner the Lord spoke with the prophets, by whom the Word was given. He did not speak with them as He did with the ancients, by an influx of spiritual light into their interiors, but by spirits who were sent to them, whom the Lord filled with His aspect, and thus inspired with words which they dictated to the prophets.

By the filling of the spirits with "His aspect," we must understand the suppression of self-consciousness, or its removal to the plane of what we have termed the "Primal Germ" of manhood in the individual. The spirit filled with the divine influence from the Lord, knows no other than that he *is* the Lord, and that what he speaks is divine; and this state continues until he has delivered his communication. This was not influx but dictation.

TWO KINDS OF VISIONS

Differing from those ordinarily experienced. The first, the "being taken out of the body," is a state between sleeping and waking.

When he is in this state the subject cannot know but that he is fully awake, all his senses being as much awake as in the most perfect state of bodily wakefulness, not only those of sight and hearing, but that of touch also, which is then more exquisite than in the normal state of wakefulness. In this state spirits and angels are seen to the life and are also heard to speak and even touched —the physical body ceasing to be an obstacle. This is the state referred to in 2 Cor. xii. 3. I have been let into this state only three or four times, that I might know the nature of it.

The other is the being "carried by the spirit to another place."

Walking through the street of a city, and through the country conversing at the same time with spirits, I was not aware but that I was equally awake and in the enjoyment of my sight, as at other times, so that I was walking without mistaking my way. At the same time I was in vision, seeing groves, rivers, palaces, houses, men, and other objects. But after walking thus for some hours, suddenly I was in bodily vision, and observed that I was in another place. While this state continues there is no reflection on the length of the way, were it even many miles; nor on the lapse of time, were it many hours or days; nor is there any sense of fatigue; the person is also led through ways of which he himself is ignorant, until he comes to the place intended.

SWEDENBORG'S PSYCHIC STATE.

Not only the physical body, but the spiritual form also has the capacity for breathing—each upon its own plane of being. When the spiritual form learns to breathe while the man still dwells in the material body, and when the eyes of the spirit are opened, he has the power of sustaining continuous and extensive intercourse with the inhabitants of the spiritual realm. Swedenborg records:—

I was first accustomed to this internal breathing in childhood while I was saying my morning andevening prayers. . . . . Afterwards, also, when heaven was opened to me, so that I could speak with spirits, I was so fully introduced into this breathing, that for an hour I did not draw any breath (externally). By this means it was possible for me to be present with angels and spirits.

From this it is clear that Swedenborg was more than an ordinary clairvoyant. The functions of his spiritual body were so far instituted during his life on earth as to render his existence dual. He stood for twenty-nine years upon the Borderland, and communicated fully and completely at will with either world; and from that vantage ground, could acquire and transmit reliable information regarding the laws and conditions of the spiritual world.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Spirits have been allowed to see through my eyes into this world, and to see objects as distinctly as myself; and also to hear what was said by men speaking with me. It has several times happened that, to their great amazement, they have seen through me the friends whom they knew when in the life of the body, and desired that I would tell them (the friends) what was their condition in the spirit world. This, however, I was forbidden to do, and for this, besides other reasons, that they would have said I was out of my senses, or would have thought that what I told them was the invention of a delirious imagination. At first the spirits were so astonished at their ability to see through me into the world, that they called it a miracle of miracles, and were filled with joy that communication was thus opened between earth and heaven; this delight, however, only lasted a few months, the thing grew familiar to them, and it now occasions them no surprise.

The Seer also relates how spirits were sometimes permitted to write through his hand, but states that he was careful to accept nothing upon the mere dictum of either spirit or angel. He allowed himself to be taught "by the Lord alone" by the ordinary means of perception and intelligence.

DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM.

In some earths (planets) angels and spirits appear in a human shape and speak with the inhabitants; but in this world it is dangerous to converse with spirits now, unless man is rooted in a true faith, and is led by the Lord; the reason being that evil spirits, personating spirits, fanatical spirits are eager to present themselves, and with deceitful arts to render confusion worse confounded. "Some persons," says Swedenborg, and experience proves, "are visionaries and fanatics, and believe every spirit whom they hear to be the Holy Spirit, when yet they are fanatical spirits."

Under normal conditions spirits are no more conscious of their presence with man than man is aware of the companionship of spirits. To speak with spirits is dangerous, because "they then know that they are with men, which otherwise they do not know; and evil spirits are of such a nature that they regard man with deadly hatred, and desire nothing more vehemently than to destroy him, both body and soul."

UNCONSCIOUS DECEPTION.

Spirits may be so intimately associated with a person on earth as to share, unconsciously to themselves as well as to him, the use of his memory. The man's memory, with all its contents, becomes as their own; they know no otherwise than that it is their own. When, therefore, they speak with him, they do so from his memory, and from his thought, and also from those sources (as the minds of other men and books) to which his mind introduces them. A natural consequence is that a communicating spirit can do no other than reflect the medium's own thought and memory, while he imagines that he is giving information to, or through, the medium, from his own untrammelled mind.

Says Swedenborg:—

"In order to convince them that the information was not from their own minds, they were asked by what means they knew how to speak with me in my mother tongue, when yet, while in the body, they had no acquaintance with it; and how they understood the rest of the languages in which I was skilled, when yet they knew none of them; also, whether they believed those things were from themselves. I read to them also in Hebrew, which they understood as well as myself, even those not advanced beyond childhood. It was also shown that all the scientific knowledge I possessed pertained to them also. They have their own independent knowledge, but cannot bring it forth, the object of this being that they may be of service to man on the basis of his own mental possessions."

Again—

"The spirits associated with man adopt his beliefs and prejudices, whatever their quality, and this in matters of religion as well as those pertaining to the moral and civil; this is the case, in order that the man may remain in freedom, and may not be disturbed by the proper individuality of the spirit."

OUR SPIRIT COMPANIONS.

Every person has with him, habitually, four spirits, two of whom are good and two evil. The good ones are the associates of his better self—his incipient angelhood; the evil are the companions of his selfish nature—his incipient devilhood. These spirits act as mediums between the man on the one hand and the spiritual macrocosm of good and evil upon the other—the respective influences being transmitted through their minds to his own ("mediate influx.") By one spirit of each quality he is connected with the wide realm of love, by the other with the realm of intelligence.

The same spirits are not his companions through life, they are changed at intervals marked by the various stages in his mental and moral development. The highest angels are his spiritual comrades during earliest infancy, and sometimes become visible in the shape of little infants, for the encouragement and cheering of the baby-mind.

The writer, while nursing a dear little girl during her fatal illness, observed that she suddenly ceased moaning and was gazing forth into space. Presently the most exquisite smile he has ever seen upon human lips, lighted up her countenance, and she exclaimed, "Baby!" in a tone of utter satisfaction. The vision soon faded away and she returned to her weariness and pain, soon to be finally released. Swedenborg was not mistaken.

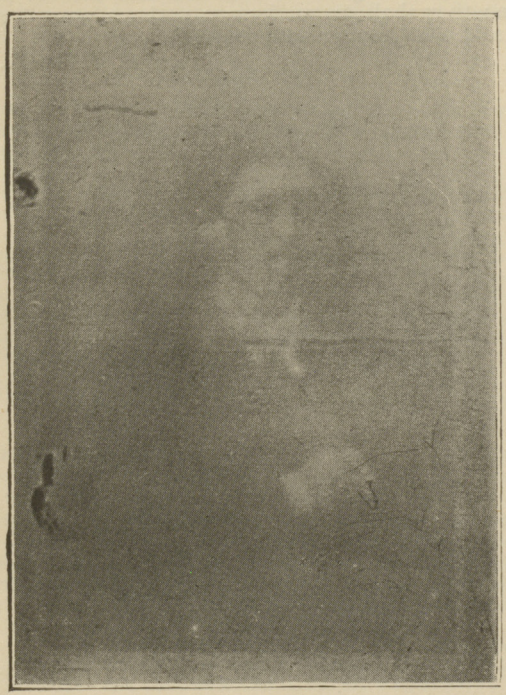
FINAL.

It would be impossible in so brief an essay to follow the Seer through a vast, rational, but labyrinthine philosophy; through a thousand records of spiritual experience; through amazing descriptions of the scenery, occupations, governments, social states, language, and recreations in the world of spirits, heaven, and the nether realms. Enough has been written to vindicate his reputation, not only as a renowned Borderlander, but as an explorer of regions far beyond; and as one, in ignoring whose voluminous teachings modern psychic investigators are guilty of great folly, if not of actual intellectual crime. We conclude with Swedenborg's own mild admonition to the prejudiced: "Read my writings with attention and without prejudice; they shall answer for me; perhaps you will see reason to change your sentiments."

G. H. Lock.

No. 13.

No. 14.



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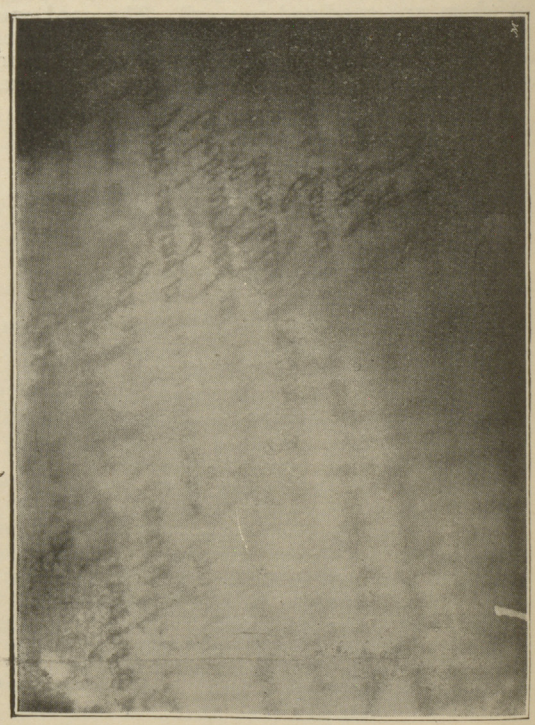


Spirit Writing.

VI.—PSYCHIC PICTURES WITHOUT THE CAMERA.

A CONFIRMATION OF THE DORCHAGRAPH DISCOVERY.

THE discovery first made by Mr. Traill Taylor, subsequently verified by Mr. Glendinning, that for the production of psychic pictures no camera is necessary, is now established beyond all controversy by the remarkable series of experiments a report of which Mr. Glendinning communicates to our readers in this number. The name Dorchagraph, to distinguish them from photographs, was given them by Mr. Glendinning, but he is not satisfied with the name, which is a hybrid, and incorrect to boot. It is not the dark that takes the pictures, although they are taken in the dark. For the present they must be called Dorchagraphs or remain nameless. Whatever name they are called we have here a discovery which throws that of the X rays into the shade, for it is much more marvellous to photograph an object that does not exist, save in the thought of the operator, than to photograph a coin that has lodged in a man's throat, or a bullet that is concealed in his leg. I am disposed to regard this achievement of Mr. Glendinning's, coming on the heels of the experiments of Mr. Baraduc and of Mr. Lacy, as the most suggestive and most promising advance that has yet been made into the mysterious region of psychic photography. But now, without more preface, for Mr. Glendinning's Report.

HOW I OBTAINED PSYCHIC PICTURES.

BY MR. A. GLENDINNING.

IN October opportunities occurred to me for experiments in Dorchagraphy. The series of twenty-six prints sent herewith for your inspection show the results. Abnormal images were obtained on about three-fourths of the plates used. The failures were mostly when employing a camera. In the later experiments an abnormal image was developed on every plate. The time occupied in holding the plates varied from a few seconds with some to half a minute with others, but the "precipitation" or "flashing" of the image on each plate appeared to be instantaneous. The number of persons who took part in the experiments at one time was sometimes two, sometimes three, the total number present (including myself) was four—always the same persons. The others I designate A., B., and C., but for your own satisfaction I give you, in strict confidence, a note of whom my friends are.

THE MEDIUM.

Mr. A., through whose help these pictures were obtained, is thoroughly opposed to the teachings of modern Spiritualism, and also to the practice of mediumship, but he knows that the phenomena are real—both mental and physical—and he has consented to my sending you some particulars regarding our experiments, *on condition that I do not claim the results as an argument or demonstration in favour of Spiritualism.* This condition I shall observe.

THE MODUS OPERANDI.

The prints Nos. 1 and 2 show the results of the initial experiments. These two plates were held by A. in the usual way, my hands being held, one above the other below his; after these plates were developed, an idea occurred to A. as to how the pictures were produced; his interest being thus awakened, I was glad to leave the subsequent arrangements with him.

All the plates were not held by A., but they were nearly all held as and when he directed. For instance, No. 3 was taken out of a packet just as received from the manufacturer, each plate being secured by him from light in a black paper envelope, at a signal from A. the plate (in its envelope) was held by B. to her forehead for fifteen seconds. No. 4 was treated in like manner by C. for ten seconds, and No. 5 by B. for ten seconds. No. 7 was held by A. for ten seconds; this is the first of the series in which a face appears. No. 8, was held at the corners by A., B., and C., and so on of other plates.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PORTRAIT.

Mr. A. was informed (impressionally, I suppose) that No. 14 is from an oil-painting of Cardinal Wolsey, of which there are several—one in the Vatican, one in Paris, one in Hampton Court, and one in London, in a street called Jermyn Street, or a name like that. There is not a public picture gallery in Jermyn Street, but the portrait may be in a private collection; or perhaps the shadow or elemental was professing to have knowledge which he (or it) did not really possess. Mr. A. has never been in Jermyn Street; when he received the name (by impression) he asked me if there is a street of that name in London. Neither has he been in Hampton Court, or in Paris, or in Rome. B. thinks the portrait is like an oil-painting of the Cardinal which is in Hampton Court Palace. Previous to the negative being obtained, A. described the form (or shadow) as present in the room. He also described other forms (or shadows) which he saw in the room. Print No. 13 is identical with one of the descriptions given by A. before the negative of it was obtained.

W. HAXBY'S PORTRAIT. THE RUBY TEST.

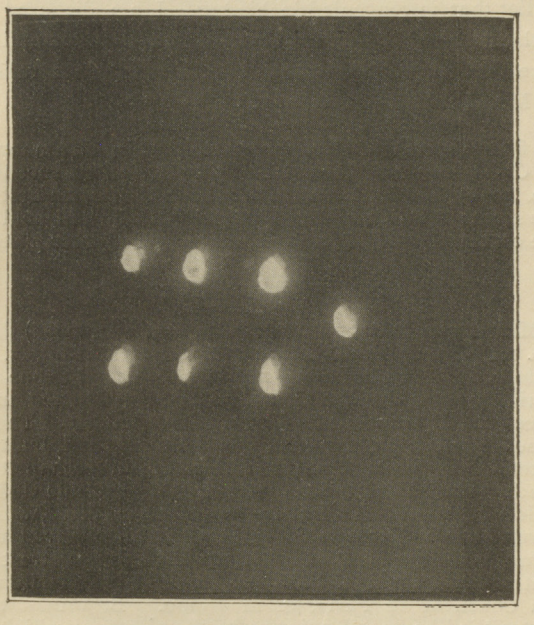
Two of the pictures deserve special notice. The first of the two, No. 15 on sheet, is unfortunately so "fogged" that it is hardly suitable for reproduction in BORDERLAND. The plate was taken by me from a new packet, and wrapped in a long strip of ruby cloth to exclude actinic rays. No one was with me when I did this, and no one except myself saw the plate till after I removed it from the fixing bath. It remained in its wrapper of ruby cloth in my pocket till I found an opportunity for the experiment. My object was to find out whether an abnormal image could be obtained on a plate enveloped in ruby cloth as easily as on a plate in a black envelope. The experiment was quite successful, the image obtained being a facsimile of a photograph of my friend, William Haxby, who died about eleven years ago; it has been

readily recognised as such by a number of his friends and acquaintances who have seen it.

In a well-lighted room, in presence of A., B., and C., I took the plate from my pocket, held it between my hands in the usual way, and requested A. to place his hands, one above, the other below mine; but he only touched one corner with his thumb and forefinger, for about five seconds, he then said, "You may now go and develop the plate, there is something on it, I saw it come." I entreated him to come into the dark room with me, as I did not think the "something" could be developed by me unless he were present; he replied that, in his opinion, his presence during development would make no difference, and that he must hurry off to the city. The "fogging" of the plate was caused by the flame of the candle shining directly on the plate while in the developing-tray, through an accident to the small ruby lamp.

THE CAMERA AT WORK.

No. 19 is also interesting. When my friend A. was leaving me to attend a meeting, he promised to return in three hours, and try another experiment. To my surprise he returned within an hour; he had not gone to the meeting (a bit of self-sacrifice on his part, for which I thanked him). He explained, "After posting my letters in the City, on my way to the meeting, I was confronted in the entrance-hall by an elderly gentleman who requested me to return home directly; I retraced my steps to the tramway-car, accompanied by the gentleman; he entered the car with me and sat beside me all the way, neither the conductor nor the passengers



No. 1.

No. 19.

seemed to see him. On leaving the car I walked quickly, and he tried to keep up with me, but I lost sight of him."

A GHOSTLY CLERIC.

When describing the stranger's clerical appearance, Mr. A. named specially his "tallish hat." I remarked he may have belonged to the Greek church, and that I had seen some foreign clerics in London wearing tall black silk hats without brims; "but," said Mr. A., "the hat was neither a black one nor a silk one"; and he told me where I could see a sculpture on a building of a head with a hat somewhat similar in appearance to the one worn by the stranger. Mr. A. was careful to explain that, in his opinion, the figure was neither a real man nor a spirit, but merely a shadow from the astral, animated by an elemental. While we were conversing, Mr. A. said suddenly: "Oh, here is the man!" I asked, "Where?" Mr. A. replied, "Standing between us just now." Having with me a small camera with single lens, for views, I went to my room for it, opened a packet of plates, put one in the slide, and then requested Mr. A. to ask our clerical visitor (or shadow) to sit in front while he (Mr. A.) uncapped the lens. No. 19 is the result.

ANOTHER VISIT PROMISED.

Our visitor was still in the room after we developed his portrait, so I said to Mr. A., "Judging by the costume he may have belonged to the Roman Catholic Church: I wish you would tell him that, although I have always been opposed to the leading doctrines of that church, I am greatly obliged to him for giving me his portrait, and I shall esteem it a great favour if he will return to-morrow afternoon, as I will borrow a camera with portrait lens and try to make a better picture of him." Mr. A. said, "I do not require to tell him, he hears you." "And will he come?" I inquired. "Yes," said Mr. A., "he will come, but you may not succeed in getting his portrait again." On the following day I borrowed a stereoscopic camera with portrait lenses. Mr. A. was delayed by a business matter, and my impatience became so great I was afraid I would spoil the *conditions*. I might have kept

myself in good humour by telling our clerical visitor of phenomena in a circle which I attended occasionally with a Catholic priest, but what was the use of doing so when I did not know whether our visitor was present, and when—not being clairaudient—I could not hear him reply. At length Mr. A. arrived, and, as he announced that our clerical friend was waiting, I set to work and obtained the negatives of Nos. 20, 21, and 22, having surmounted the difficulty caused by the crowding-in of other shadows, who, Mr. A. said, wanted to be photographed. Our visitor disappeared before it occurred to me to request Mr. A. to ask his name, but I hope yet to learn some particulars regarding his earth-life history—that is, if the picture really represents someone who has lived on the earth-plane.

HOW THE PICTURES ARE PRODUCED.

The following is Mr. A.'s statement as to how he believes such pictures are obtained.

My explanation of these pictures is, that they are simply reflections from the astral; and the Being or Spirit that directs the astral ray upon the plate, is merely an elemental, and may know nothing either of photography or chemistry. Astral light penetrates matter, and, of course, must penetrate the wrappings round the plates. But astral rays are actinic. Without pencils of solar light, the pictures on the plates would not respond to the chemical re-agents contained in the developer, therefore there must be solar rays getting at the plates, but it need not be the rays of our sun. There are two theories of light put forth by scientists, viz., the corpusculatory, and the undulatory, and on either hypothesis I could conceive of actinic rays penetrating to the plates invisibly, at least to so conceive, would not require a violent stretch of imagination, even as regards our solar light. Photology is still in its infancy. Some occultists believe in a universal sun, source of all astral light; and by the law of correspondence, everything objective is represented subjectively in that light. I am quite certain any picture, thought, or imagination, could be got on a plate by an occultist, if he were to select and train an elemental for that purpose; but I do not believe anything original can be got. All these pictures I am certain are copies, although I believe a conception in the mind might be obtained. To me an elementary, or elemental, is a devil or demon or intelligence possessing only one kind of life—*rational*—and lacking animal and spiritual life. Their high intelligence is always one-sided, and to train and use them is to gain knowledge by chaining one's self to them, and by becoming obsessed by at least one of them. Of course, you don't believe that, but I do, and the premium is too high.

I believe all so-called *Spirit* pictures are got as I have got these, though in many cases unconsciously so, as far as the medium is concerned. I mean by that, the picture is directed by an elemental, who obsesses the medium, even when the latter is not entranced. I do not believe an objective reality ever can or has been presented to the plates.

MR. GLENDINNING'S SUMMING UP.

The foregoing explanation was written in reply to my inquiry, "How can an elemental have knowledge of chemistry and of photography?" Mr. A. states his explanation is sound, although too brief to be of value except as a warning. In his opinion the return of the spirits of departed mortals is a hypothesis for which there is no logical standing ground. That is not my opinion. Mrs. A. thinks his explanation will suffice to account for all spirit pictures. I do not think so. Mr. A. does not believe anything original can be got in a psychic picture. I am certain that some psychic pictures in my possession prove the contrary. But I do not argue these points. And, more especially, I do not claim that any of the psychic pictures got by the help of Mr. A. prove spirit return. However, I believe that Mr. A. *knows* that high spirit intelligence not only exist, but can, and do operate on the earth plane—that this is not with him a mere hypothesis, but knowledge based on experience. On such a matter I do not question his opinion, I accept it—and do so the more readily because it throws light on some things that are beyond the range of ordinary psychic phenomena; but I cannot divest myself of opinions, which have been formed and matured through my own experiences extending over many years. Mr. A. knows this, so we agree to differ.

That these results prove to demonstration that psychic or spirit pictures can be obtained without the aid or presence of any acknowledged medium is undeniable, and should give pause to those scientists who, having no practical knowledge of psychical phenomena are yet, when discussing spirit photography, ever ready with the parrot cry of "Fraud."

PORTRAIT RECOGNISED.

Mr. Glendinning sent the portrait of No. 15 to two intimate friends of Mr. Haxby, one of them, Mr. Joseph Freeman, of Cape Town, without saying anything as to who Mr. Glendinning regarded as to the original of the likeness. Joseph Freeman writes on the 22nd December, "A glance at it was quite sufficient for me. I have not the slightest hesitation in naming Willie Haxby as being the original of that portrait. I do not think anybody who knew the young man at all intimately would fail to recognise it." The wife of Mr. Fred Freeman writes: "Mr. Freeman wished me to write to say that the enclosed photograph was recognised at once by each member of his family as being the likeness of the late Mr. Haxby, the great medium, who was a great friend during the latter part of his life."

Mr. Glendinning has, as he states, communicated to me the names of A., B., and C. B. I know. "A," who seems to be the medium in this case, is intensely hostile to Spiritualism. He holds, it would appear, a theory akin to that of most Theosophists. But his hostility to Spiritualism only adds to the value of his evidence. He appears to be a natural clairvoyant. The story of the shadow who met Mr. A. in the City, travelled home with him in the 'bus, and then came and stood or sat for his photograph, is extremely interesting. With a few more clairvoyants like Mr. A. the difficulty of believing in the existence of the Invisibles would disappear. On behalf of the readers of BORDERLAND I most gratefully recognise our obligations to Mr. A. for permitting the record of these experiments to be made public.

DORCHAGRAPHY AS A SOCIAL RAGE.

A CURIOUS REPORT FROM AMERICA.

THE Chicago *Times Herald* of November 22nd says:—

A new fad has seized upon society. Thought photograph clubs have been formed, with surprising and sometimes startling results. By fixing the gaze upon an undeveloped photographic plate, or even holding these plates in the hands, figures of persons and forms of a very extraordinary character have been produced when these plates were developed.

This is far and away more interesting than palmistry and

crystal-gazing, as these might by a prejudiced mind be attributed to imagination, but actual pictures on an actual plate cannot be so accounted for. The only alternative, in this case, is the assertion of fraud. This is done away with when the undeveloped sensitive plates are purchased at random from any photographer, or those on hand for use in one's own private camera are taken.

A brilliant society woman, who is up to date in everything, including the latest scientific discoveries, reflected that if Dr. Baraduc, the Parisian electro-therapeutist, could obtain these pictures and astonish the French Academy of Medicine with them, she ought to be able to do the same, since the method was simplicity itself and the cost not worth considering, nothing more being necessary than a box of plates and from two to a dozen people who were capable of concentrating their thoughts on a given person or subject for a few minutes.

Inviting a few trusted friends, a circle was formed and a box containing four unopened plates placed in the centre. The results were astonishing when the plates were developed. She was an amateur photographer herself, and did the developing. Luminous pictures made their appearance.

On the top plate no distinct form was visible, but in the shadowy outlines various figures and faces could be discerned by a lively imagination. On the next plate, however, there was a well-defined finger shape, across which lay a light figure that might be held to resemble a female. But the really startling pictures were those which developed themselves on the two middle plates. On these were distinct faces, recognised by members of the circle as perfect pictures of living friends they had held in their thoughts. In one case the photograph was that of a brother who had been lost at sea. A second experimental circle was held, the room was darkened and a new box of plates, unopened, was put into the hands of one person, and the hand of the hostess laid over it for about one minute. Then, without ever allowing the box to pass from her possession, they were developed, and this strange result was discovered :—All the plates had pictures, but some were positives and others were negatives. Two had to be transformed to a lantern slide before they could be printed from.

Society women are still women, and when they are able to obtain a photograph of someone they admire, yet don't care to ask for his picture, they experience a sense of power which borders on the supernatural. Sometimes the pictures obtained are of unknown men and women, and then the theory is that those are their affinities not yet encountered, but waiting somewhere in the future.

How is this photography accomplished? Dr. Baraduc's explanation is that every human being has the power of expressing conscious or unconscious thought exteriorly. He believes that a mysterious impalpable force resides in and emanates from the human body. In the sphere formed about us by this vital emanation our thoughts create forms which the sensitive plate seizes upon and retains. The discovery of the Roentgen rays was a preparation for this statement. Dr. Baraduc has proved his statement in regard to the existence of this luminous radiation by his magnetometers and by photographs, over three hundred of which he reproduced in his report read before the Academy of Medicine. "The Photography of Thought."

The society woman must have a thorough knowledge of these investigations and know that the magnetometers are small dials marked off with three hundred and sixty degrees. Over the surface of each dial moves a fine needle as carefully balanced and as free as possible. The dial is protected from all exterior influences by a glass globe. Not a breath of air can move the hands. These, moreover, are of specially prepared copper and are not subject in any way to magnetism.

The investigators points both hands toward the magnetometers and watches what follows. In about two minutes, if he or she is of normal temperature, he sees the needle nearest his left hand move away from zero so far as degree five. It is repelled. At the same time the needle nearest the right hand it attracted fifteen degrees. It moves toward the fingers of the right hand. The existence of the vital force is next demonstrated in a more definite manner. All light is excluded from the parlor or laboratory, and a photographic plate is interposed between the hands and the magnetometers. Under these conditions the nitrate of silver of the plate is incapable, according to all previous experience, of receiving any impression except by actually touching some substance. It would remain intact for an indefinite period. But here Dr. Baraduc's vital force comes into play. When the plates are developed in a bath by the members of the Thought Photography Club it is found that the one which was nearest the left hand has received one impression and that which was nearest the right another. It therefore seems that the vital force has not only penetrated the glass, but is luminous.

The photograph proves it.

Dr. Baraduc calls the vital force given out on the left side the "expir" and that attracted on the right side the "aspir."

The experiment has been repeated three hundred times, and in every case the photographic plate has shown an impression, varying according to the subject.

The members of the club are instructed that it is to be noted that while the left side exerts only five degrees of force, the right absorbs fifteen. There remains a difference of ten degrees accumulated in the system. This, according to Dr. Baraduc, is psychic force, which can be exerted on external objects by the will.

The most important part of his experiment is that when the magnetometers are taken away and a man places himself in front of a fresh photographic plate he extends his hands in that direction of the plate and is requested to think of some one particular thing with all the energy and concentration of mind of which he is capable.

At the end of a period, which various from two minutes to two hours, the plate is impressed by a sort of luminous cloud, in which the outlines of certain objects can be discerned. These vary in distinctness, according to the character of the thinker, and can only be expected to appear when he has fixed his mind on some concrete and clearly defined object.

The kind of thought photograph most easy to produce is a likeness of some person.

DR. BARADUC'S DISCOVERY.

LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR TO COL. OLCOTT.

IN the *Theosophist* for October there is published a letter which Dr. Baraduc has addressed to Col. Olcott, describing what he calls "The Photography of Life and Thought." The letter is edited with footnotes by Mr. B. Keightley. The importance of the subject justifies the reproduction of the letter, notes and all—the cross-heads are my own—in the pages of BORDERLAND.

DR. BARADUC'S TWO HUNDRED PLATES.

Dr. Baraduc writes :—

"The matter of my work is,—SUPER-SENSIBLE IMPRESSIONS UPON PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES. I possess two-hundred negatives on which are impressions produced by human emanations in the dark, with or without the use of electricity.

"In this total I do not include what has been done by others than myself, but only what has been done by myself personally or in my company. Among these I have fourteen or fifteen '*animules vie*,'* and twenty-five 'Psychicones'†; some thirty 'Iconographes' (or *anses de la Force vitale*), some

* This is one of Dr. Baraduc's technical expressions, which quite defy translation and are almost unintelligible without an elaborate exposition of his theories. Very briefly and generally, they seem to me something like the "lives" of which H.P.B. used to talk. On the reproduction of Dr. B.'s negatives they appear as small luminous spheres, softening in outline at the edges, where they tend to become cloudy and ill-defined.

† Another similar word, which in the Dr.'s vocabulary appears to denote what he believes to be the impression of the psychic nature (Kamic soul, not the Prana, or the mind-body apparently) produced either spontaneously or intentionally on a sensitive plate. These he gives in his book. All look like vague, dabby, luminous clouds, ill-defined and quite meaningless—to normal physical vision, anyhow.

'*cosniques*' * (the force-substances of Dr. Hirn) and a number of emanations at distance, of the fluidic 'aromal† body.'

"I have therefore a stock of examples sufficient to enable me to establish a line or general direction of investigation, and to induce future experimenters to follow it up.

WHAT M. BARADUC HAS PROVED.

"I wish to emphasise my discovery which bears on two main points:

"1st. The fact that a photographic plate can be impressed or acted upon by a vital force emanating from ourselves; the plate being influenced by the personal invisible light of our vital soul. (I say "vital soul" because the words Life, Light of the soul, have everywhere and always been synonymous; living soul, living light, etc., etc.)

"2nd. The visual demonstration of the fluidic atmosphere of what I shall call the human soul, subject to a more precise definition thereof, hereafter.

HIS THEORY OF VIBRATIONS.

"Around us, *when we are vibrating in the depths of our souls*, we induce, we attract, we aspire waves in the form of ellipsoidal curved surfaces drawn from the cosmos, which in form and delicacy are related to what we call a state of mind or soul,—dense, and darkened, or pure and luminous. We throw back into this same cosmos, emanations more or less gross or subtle according to analogous states of the vibrating soul.

"We thus have, objectifiable under certain circumstances, produced accidently or created by training, a zone, a fluidic atmosphere of Inspiration and Expiration which puts us into relation with the "Notself." *This is the fact I have established.*

"Biometry‡ had indicated it for the motion of life; the sensitive plate has demonstrated it for the light of life.

"We are not isolated in the cosmos: many forces, many entities surround us, may invade us, help or harm us, just as a good or bad gas affects the pulmonary respiration.

HIS WORKING HYPOTHESIS.

"I have therefore admitted as a logical deduction, the existence of an invisible light other than the (known) modes of energy. I have held that the vital soul of man was a centre of force maintaining its existence by inspiration and expiration performed with regard to the cosmos.

"By *human soul*, I have not, on the other hand, been willing to include under a single term the whole of extra-corporeal existence, and I have believed myself able, experiment in hand, to make a preliminary classification for my repeated observations.

"Obviously the vital soul is not the Ego, the Self, the Spirit, the Divine Ray, the being that persists throughout its corporeal and fluidic manifestations, which for these latter we include in a single definition, that of the *Human Soul*. In brief, the theory of the facts leads me to admit a trinity in man; body, soul (light of life) and Divine Spirit.

"The vibrations of this Living Soul induce in the cosmos a motion analogous to itself, in its polarisations either towards material concretion, since the soul makes its body, or towards the more subtle conditions of spirit to which it serves as the luminous envelope.

THE INVISIBLE LIGHT OF LIFE.

"I have desired to show that a similar fact, *the invisible light of life*, belonged to the history of peoples, religions and philosophies; each had had some imperfect vision or some slight sensation thereof.

"Therefore I have tried to form a *rock* of experimental fact where any and every partly revealed truth could rest a moment before setting forth again towards the new conquests of the spirit.

"I hope I have *established a fact*; every explanation of facts is open to criticism, but I believe I have led science out from the girdle of material metal which confined it, and have shown that after the gases and radiant matter, we needed to take up the fluidity or subtlety of the invisible lights, for *these exist* and prove their existence by their passage from the subjective into the domain of the objective; for man having now only eyes which see not (I mean spiritually), demands such proof."

DR. H. BARADUC.

PSYCHICONES.

Mr. B. Keightley says:—

The following extracts from an explanatory leaflet on "Psychicones" may be of use as throwing light on the possible nature of the impressions found on the photographic plate, on Dr. Baraduc's *modus operandi*, and lastly, on his theoretical reasoning:—

"The psychicone is the odic cloud of vital force imagined into form, by the psychic imagination. It is a creation of the spirit, which is independent of the material body, from which it emerges to impress itself on the plate.

"Psychicones are characterised by absence of features, of lines; they are a relation of light; a hazy form of odic cloud.....

Dr. Baraduc divides them into three classes:

"1st. The simple psychicone, a simple luminous movement, formulated within us and projected outwards.

"2nd. The double psychicone, coupled; a double luminous movement, polarised; fluidic parasitism.

"3rd. The spontaneous, intentional psychicone.

HOW TO OBTAIN A PSYCHICONE.

"Besides its ordinary use in photography, the ordinary photographic plate can be impressed by luminuous motions which are invisible to the eye, either in the dark, or in red, non-actinic light.

"With or without electricity, one can project upon a plate in the dark, an image clearly imagined, shaped, moulded by the mind.

"The mind, then, should conceive mentally with force and precision, the image to which it is going to give a fluidic body, and under a gentle pressure of the will this image escapes by the hand and impresses itself upon the plate.

DR. BARADUC'S CONCLUSIONS.

"The conclusions following from the above are:—

"1. *Physical*: The plate impressed exhibits a different character according as it has been impressed by electricity or by the emanations from the hand. These emanations show a form related to the image conceived, when it has been powerfully willed or moulded, and externalised.

"2. *Psychological*: The proof of the *possibility* of an image marked out in a manner more energetic according to the operator and the duration of the effort (two minutes to an hour), shows the intervention of a third factor in addition to the body and the vital force of the soul; to wit, the intervention of the creative spirit.

"3. *Pathological*: From this point of view the fluidic communion with the invisible, shows the danger of fluidic contagion, of the invasions of feeble souls by powerful emanations, and by wandering influences that have lived; for none of the human emanations lose themselves among these exhaled clouds of life.

THE USE OF ELECTRICITY.

"To assist externalisation, a weak electric tension such as the electric wind or breath may be employed as an intermediary between the hand (the body being in a bath of positive static électricity) and the plate, situated outside in a neutral condition.

"The thing seems like the issue of a soap bubble, produced in the tube of a straw by a gentle expiratory pressure; if the

*As above, but denoting, apparently, *any* sort of image produced by subtle means on a plate. Really, Dr. Baraduc ought to append in future to his books a glossary giving concise and accurate definitions of the new terms which he uses so freely. A new subject like this of course demands a special terminology; but surely the reader has a right to demand a ready and accurate means of finding out what the author means.

† An old term revived by Dr. Baraduc, but I am not sure whether he uses it in the old sense.—B.K.

‡ Biometry=Measurement of Life. Dr. Baraduc believes he has succeeded in measuring the life-force of a person by the relation of the angular deviation of two astatically mounted needles, suspended in an insulated and air-tight globe, and acted on by each hand of the person in question.—B.K.

breath is too strong, the bubble bursts: if the electricity is too intense, the plate takes up the scattered fragments of the image and the sparks of the electric signature.

"Thus during the operation one ought barely to perceive in the dark the sheaf of electric rays from the fingers. *Electricity is unnecessary* in the case of people whose imagination and will are powerful. Such persons in complete darkness project the images they create, and often their own forms or those of the persons they are thinking of. The plate receives and preserves the image produced. A certain amount of training is necessary."

SOME FRENCH THEORIES UPON THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE French scientists have been very busy with this subject, as is natural enough, France being the land of its birth, under Dr. Baraduc's auspices. Here are some attempts at explanation, as quoted in *La Lumière* for October.

HOW IT IS DONE.

It is clear that thought may be compared to a living force. . . . We dare not pretend to say that the active power of thought is entirely localised in the brain, since its effect is a repercussion throughout our whole organism. . . . For every mode of thought there is a particular sensation, why then should it be more difficult to fix this by drawings than for M. Lissajous to do the same for musical sounds? [We all know the pretty figures outlined in sand by musical vibrations. We were all doomed to the Polytechnic entertainments in our school-room days.] Besides, as the nervous centres of the brain are of higher temperature than the particles of matter surrounding them, and as the vibrations emanating from them have a greater rapidity of their own, they will consequently preserve that rapidity in the surrounding and colder air. When these heated vibrations are impregnated with the particular fluid which we may call Thought, they are in a highly rarefied atmosphere; the rapidity of their translation increases in gigantic proportions; the material form of the vibrations consequent upon the rapid repulsion of gaseous molecules is accentuated in similar proportions, and photography finally seizes upon the image of what we still consider intangible chimeras.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF DREAMS.

M. Radel, we are recently told in the *Eclair*, photographs the dreams of sleeping persons as well as the visions of persons awake. He considers, reasonably enough, that the definite establishment of the fact "is likely to revolutionise all the theories of religion and morality." It seems still more likely, when established, to revolutionise science!

M. Radel is by way of being a monist, that is, not exactly a materialist, and very much not a spiritualist, so we may expect him to say something original on the subject.

He believes in the Katie King phenomena, especially those that have been photographed, but he considers that the witnesses to spiritistic phenomena are to be classed among dreamers. They (in cases of what we call "collective" evidence) dream the same dream it is true, but this is because their brains are subject to the same excitation. The state of their nervous centres is the same in each, their attention being concentrated upon the same subjects.

This, M. Radel considers, is proved by the fact that he has photographed persons during these periods of momentary somnolence, and on two occasions there has appeared upon the plate the photograph of a dream figure which the sleeper remembered on awaking. As the dream was a moving picture the photograph was very much blurred. Dreams don't appear to be good sitters. (Cats, as a rule, are blurred from the same cause.)

Mr. Crookes's photographs, however, were not blurred, and M. Radel knows the reason. The man of science is a man of will, and in his dream (of Katie King) he willed that the dream should keep quite still. This is a valuable "tip." When a number of persons dreamt they saw Home put live red-hot coals into Mr. S. C. Hall's white hair, what would have happened if they had willed that dream to keep still? or in the case of the dream of Home flying out of one window and into another in those high "mansions" near Victoria Street.

I often look up at those windows and fancy I see that dream there still. Perhaps it is, who knows? It might pay the Army and Navy Stores to bring round a photographer and an easy-chair and let me dream again.

DREAMING OF A DREAM FIGURE.

Only a day or two ago, while a friend was hypnotically sleeping, I visualised silently the figure of a relative of his, standing beside his chair. After a few minutes he struck a violent blow with the arm nearest the figure, wakened spontaneously and said he couldn't bear having a person bending over him like that. During the entire ten minutes of his sleep, he had been dreaming of the relative in question, while I, awake, visualised her presence. What a chance for M. Radel!

WILLING A DREAM.

M. Radel says the fact of the photograph is a phenomenon of the will. History repeats itself—this is the way the old mesmerists used to talk. He says that "the form exteriorised by the thought is impressed upon the plate, because the person *wills* that the plate should receive the impression."

I can will a picture into a crystal, but I can't will it off the crystal on to the sensitised plate, yet, after all, a crystal picture is undoubtedly a waking dream!

It is to be hoped that M. Radel will soon tell us some more.

X.

VII.—PSYCHIC PICTURES WITH THE CAMERA.

SOME ACCOUNTS OF SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS.

MR. BOURSNELL'S SUCCESS.

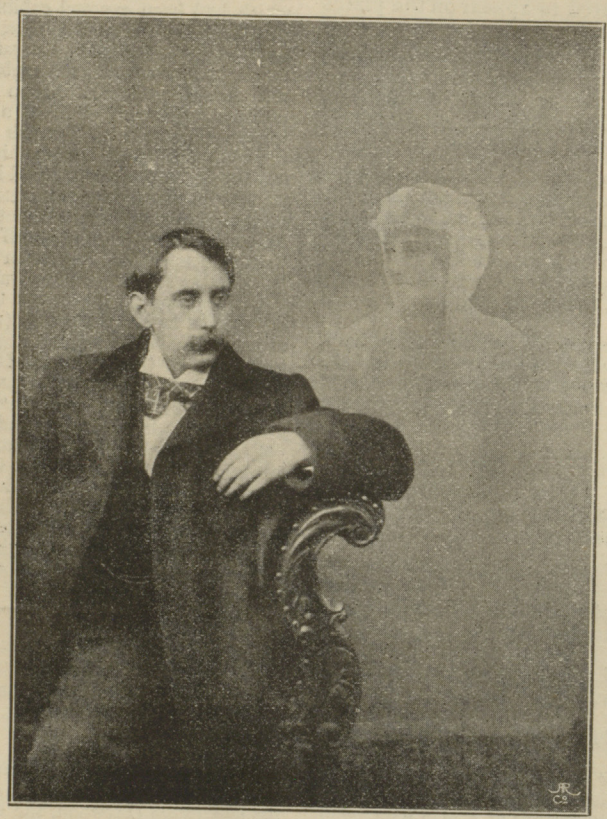
THE marvel of the Dorchagraph throws the shadow pictures of Mr. Boursnell somewhat into the shade. But the photographer of Uxbridge Roads keeps pegging along. A correspondent signing himself as "T. C. E," of Honor Oak Park, sends the following report to *Light* as to the results obtained by him, which contains points of special interest. T. C. E. sent to our contemporary these—

facts in regard to photographs showing spirit forms which had been recognized. I may state that all were taken by the photographer known as "Z."

Number I. was taken in November, 1895, and prior to this date, I had neither seen nor had any communication with "Z." The sitting was decided upon on the spur of the moment. The spirit form was minutely described by "Z." before the exposure, and his description was confirmed by the photograph. But I must tell you that the spirit form was first described as appearing in spirit robes, but that as I did not recognize "Z.'s" description she changed the dress, at my request, *to one she usually wore*. I was asked whether the form should be taken in spirit robes or in ordinary dress. I chose the latter, as you see. While this discussion was going on as to dress the plate was awaiting exposure in the camera!

Upon examination, though the form appeared familiar to me, I could not clearly identify it, as I wrote to my wife when I sent the photograph to her at San Antonio, Texas. She wrote back, saying, "It is no wonder you saw a strong likeness to someone you knew, seeing it is undoubtedly my grandmother. What puzzled you was the strong likeness to mamma." My wife and her sister recognized it instantly, as the representation of their grandmother, not only as to features and appearance generally, but also as to dress, which was the same as she used to wear in the morning—the shawl and neckerchief being particular features.

Number II. was taken in July, 1896, and as before, "Z." described the form before the exposure and stated that the flowers were held *up* in the hand. I asked my wife, who was with me, to hold out her hand and perhaps our friend would hold the flowers towards her. "Z." at once said, "Yes, she holds the flowers *down* now." As before, the plate at this time was awaiting exposure in the camera. My wife thought she recognised the form as soon as she saw the negative; but when the print was sent home, her partial recognition was confirmed, as being the portrait of a *cousin of her mother*.



A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. BOURSNELL.

At the same sitting when Number II. was taken two others were also taken, but the forms were not recognised. One was subsequently broken and "Z." asked us to call again, which we did, taking our son and daughter with us. When my daughter took the chair "Z." said, "That old lady is here again who was taken when you were here before." My wife at once said, "If she would *come front face* she would be more easily recognized." In a few moments "Z." said, "Yes, she now turns *front face*," and described her as before, holding the flowers up. I made the request that the flowers should be held down. The result is clearly shown in the photograph Number III. "Z." asked whether she—the spirit form—was not fond of knitting? This was admitted by my wife. "Because," said "Z.," "she has knitting needles stuck in her waist-band."

As to recognition, to us there is no room for doubt, and, therefore, the impossibility of their being other than genuine spirit photographs. And even had they not been recognized, the fact of such tests as changing the pose, on the spur of the moment, *after the plates had been placed in the camera*, is, to our thinking, such as to exclude all possibility of imposture.

The photographs which accompanied this letter, says the editor of *Light*, correspond exactly to T. C. E.'s description. Nos. II. and III. are certainly the same form, but one is taken almost in profile and the other full face.

MR. BOURSNELL'S CAREER.

Mr. Boursnell sends me the following notes of his experiences as a photographer. Mr. Boursnell began his career as a photographer forty-four years ago, with Mr. John Clarke, an actor of the old Strand Theatre, which was then under the management of Mr. Tom Payne. It was in the early days of the silver bath and the collodion process. All the plates that were spoilt during the day were cleaned up at night or the next morning and used over again. Many a time upon those plates they would get a half-face more than they wanted, sometimes a hand, and sometimes there would be two heads. This used to happen four or six times a week, more or less. The unwelcome apparition of these unwanted figures upon the plates exasperated Mr. Boursnell's partner. He declared that Boursnell did not clean the plates properly, and so it was arranged

that each should have his own plates. It was further decided that Mr. Clarke should take the photographs and that Boursnell should finish them. All went well until Mr. Clarke was called to rehearse at the theatre, Mr. Boursnell then being left in charge had to take portraits, when, to his infinite annoyance, the figures reappeared. When Clarke returned from the theatre and the plates were shown with the second figure upon them besides the sitter, there was a great row between the two partners. "You have been at it again," said Clarke, "why cannot you clean your plates?" Mr. Boursnell thereupon lost his temper, dashed the portrait under discussion on to the floor and solemnly damned the glass and the people too. From that moment shadow pictures never reappeared upon Mr. Boursnell's plates until about eight years ago, when he first made acquaintance with spiritualism, then to his great surprise the same forms which used to appear on the plates in the old days reappeared, and just about as frequently. They came about once a day or about five times a week. Such is the narrative that Mr. Boursnell sends me.

Mr. Boursnell sent me the accompanying picture, which he assures me was taken under the strictest test conditions. The sitter writes as follows:—

The enclosed portrait is that of myself. The psychic figure which appears with it is stated to have been seen not only by Z. but also by a lady clairvoyant who was present, and who recognises the figure as the one she saw clairvoyantly, with the exception that the figure as seen by her was minus the hood or veil, which covers the hair. The face is not recognised by the sitter or any of the friends to whom it has been shown, as that of anyone known to them.

The test was to turn upon the seeing, by a clairvoyant medium, of the figure which was to be obtained on the plate, and the subsequent recognition of the figure as the one clairvoyantly seen, and these conditions, with the exception noted, have been fulfilled.

MR. STARLING'S COLLECTION.

Mr. Starling sends me a parcel of shadow pictures which he has obtained by the aid of Mr. Boursnell. He divides these pictures into three classes:—

Firstly.—The living person of the spirit photographed, as in No. 34 and No. 7 for instance.

Secondly.—A portrait of a spirit made by spirit-power, held up by the sitter's side, to be photographed, as Nos. 2, 55, 56, 57, 43.

Thirdly.—A spiritual copy of a material picture held up at the side of a sitter by spirit-power, to photograph, as Nos. 43, 55, 56.

Fourthly.—A spiritual reproduction of a material object held up, &c., as Nos. 47 and 45.

Where it is a spiritual *portrait* or a spiritual *picture*, there is astral or empyreal light on the sitter in every case.

No. 54 I regard as an advance portrait of a man now living, in his *ghost* state, viz., the editor of *Light*, but I may be wrong.

Re No. 49.

This lady, a few days after being photographed, walked *materially* into his shop and asked Mr. Boursnell if she could go up to the studio. He opened the side door for her and went up, she following him, at top of the stairs he looked round at her, *she was not there*. He has never seen her since and he then remembered who she was, viz., the person he photographed with me a few days before.

THE CYPRIAN PRIESTESS ONCE MORE.

THE Cyprian Priestess, always the Cyprian Priestess! "Edina," in *Light*, of December 12th, reports the taking of the latest of her many pictures. "Edina" describes how Mr. G., of Edinburgh, accompanied by his mediumistic daughter, sallied off to Glasgow with a hand camera and some dry half-plates. These plates were placed by him in the camera in Mr. Duguid's presence in Glasgow. But Mr. Duguid was not allowed to have either plates or camera in his possession for a single moment.

Mr. G. placed the camera in position in the sitting-room, and asked his daughter to sit in front, while he directed Mr. Duguid to take off the cap as each plate was in succession exposed. On this occasion the six plates were in succession exposed while Miss G. sat; and the only part played by Mr. Duguid during the sitting was that, under the direction of Mr. G., he on each occasion took off the cap. At the close of the séance Mr. G. returned to Edinburgh, having the camera and six plates still in his possession untouched. On development certain abnormal appearances were found on more than one of the negatives, but these need not be here adverted to, because the sixth and last plate which had been exposed exhibited what I deemed to be unique results. On it were found depicted Miss G. in the centre as a negative figure; on her right again stood the "Cyprian Priestess," robed and posed as in the photo recently published in *Light*, also as a negative; while on the left of Miss G. was found a positive "picture"—that of a young and rather sweet-faced woman clothed in a dress with two rows of "trimming" round the foot of it. Both the psychic figures came out rather in front of Miss G., and partly covered her dress from view. So far as I am aware, this is the first occasion on which two negatives and one positive have been taken at the same exposure on one plate. To enable Mr. G. to print off these figures so as to bring out their personality, he had, he informs me, to make a second plate by contact; and in which he was able to transform the two negatives into two positives, and the positive into a negative. At my request he has printed off (1) A copy of the group complete as it appeared in the original negative. That is sent for the *private* inspection of the Editor of *Light*, as it contains the portrait of the lady. (2) He has also printed off, either for inspection or reproduction, a copy of the "priestess" as appearing on the original plate as a negative, and a copy of the same personage as she appears in the positive form. (3) He has also printed off the young lady on the left of Miss G., first as a positive, and secondly as she appears when taken from a negative, and these are now forwarded for inspection or publication. Mr. G. informs me that he has consulted three experienced photographers on the subject of this abnormal production, who each and all express themselves as greatly puzzled with its appearance.

LATENT FACES IN A PAINTING.

A CURIOUS incident that bears indirectly upon the photography of BORDERLAND is reported from Tennessee:—

The Tennessee Historical Society recently gave a company at Nashville an order for a copper seal, to bear the likeness of the late Judge Haywood, the historian. The society furnished for the purpose a portrait of Judge Haywood, painted by Mr. Lloyd Bronson, of Knoxville. The manager of the engraving department of the printing company promptly proceeded to photograph it.

To the naked eye the painting presents simply a strong likeness of a strong man, but the camera went deeper, and the consternation of the operator was extreme. He snapped his shutter, pushed the slide into position, and disappeared into the dark room.

In the usual manner he placed the plate in the acid and watched the picture develop. He saw the features of the subject appear slowly, and then he saw more. Turning the plate and tilting it, the faces of two babies and then the presentation of a beautiful woman came to light.

Plunging the plate into the fixing bath, he threw the door open and wondered, in the broad light of day, if he were dreaming. No, he could not be. There on the negative appeared the picture

of Judge Haywood, bold and strong, and beside him a beautiful woman and two lovely children.

In the ordinary run of daily affairs Mr. Gamble, the manager, is known as an eminently practical man, and not what is termed a spiritualist. But this marvel stunned him. He remembered the doings of spirits as promulgated by spiritualists. His mind dwelt particularly on the camera trick—the placing of an apparently black canvas before a person who is told to think of a loved one, upon which the camera is snapped, and upon it appears, misty but plain, the likeness of the dear dead one the person had in mind.

The plate had been especially selected by himself on account of the importance of getting a clear impression for the seal. There was nothing that Mr. Gamble could conceive that offered the slightest clue to a solution of the mystery.

Determined to clear up the matter, if possible, and prove to himself that his eyes had not played him false, he carefully made a clear, plain print, he showed it to a number of his friends. Among those to whom he confided his discovery was Mr. A. V. Goodpasture, clerk of the Supreme Court, a sage in Tennessee history, who remembered that Judge Haywood had visions and dreams in his day, and that in this relation the mysteries of life might be bared to those who could but lift the veil.

Robert J. Quarles, superintendent of the State Armory, and an enthusiastic member of the Historical Society, is another who has taken up the spirit picture for serious study. The high standing of all those whose names have been mentioned gives evidence that there is no suggestion of chicanery about the photograph.

The portait has been returned to its accustomed place, and though no sign of the spirit faces is visible to the eye, the framed photograph which hangs below it serves as a mute but effective proof of the existence of the spirit faces.

So far the American paper. But obviously the right thing to do would be to have the portrait photographed again by another photographer and compare results. Nothing is better known than the possibility of photographing the name of a ship that had been painted out so as to render it absolutely invisible to the eye. The lady and the children may have been painted out of the canvas on which the portrait of the judge was subsequently painted.

ODYLIC FORCE AND RADIANT MATTER.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

SIR,—During the last three months much interest has been excited by the discovery of Professor Rontgen that the light emanating from the radiant matter in a vacuum tube possesses the power of penetrating substances which are usually regarded as opaque. In connection with this it has been pointed out that Reichenbach claimed a similar power for his so-called "odylic force." Rather more than two years ago I entered upon a comparison between the phenomena of the vacuum-tube and the Reichenbach phenomena, and came to the conclusion that radiant matter (or rather, perhaps, I should say, the radiant energy associated with it), was probably only a concentrated form of odylic force. As the comparison may be of interest to your readers, I give it below:—

Vacuum Tube Phenomena (Gassiott, Crookes, etc.)	Reichenbach Phenomena. (Reichenbach.)
1. The discharge, in a low vacuum, is reddish-yellow at the positive pole.	1. The emanation is reddish-yellow at the positive pole of a battery, and the South pole of a magnet.
2. The discharge, in a high vacuum, is blue-voilet at the negative pole.	2. The emanation is blue-violet at the negative pole of a battery, and the North pole of a magnet.
3. Similar polarities repel, and dissimilar attract, each other.	3. Similar polarities repel, and dissimilar attract, each other.
4. The approach of the hand is often followed by the appearance of a bluish flame, originating at the point of the tube touched by the finger.	4. A bluish flame is one of the characteristic appearances of Odyle, which is seen in association with the human body and hands especially.

In addition to the above resemblances we may now affirm the following:—

5. The rays are capable of passing through substances impenetrable to ordinary light, such as wood, flesh (metals?), etc.	5. The emanations are capable of passing through substances impenetrable to ordinary light, such as wood, flesh, metals, etc.

Your readers may decide for themselves whether such a series of resemblances is sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the light of the vacuum-tube is probably simply a large quantity of odylic force or else a closely allied form of energy. The visibility of the one and the invisibility of the other to all but a small number of "sensitives" may be explained on the supposition that only a very small quantity of the force is concerned in the Reichenbach phenomena, so that only exceptionally sensitive persons are affected; while in the vacuum-tube large quantities of the force are exhibited, and, its effects becoming more massive, it is obvious to all. The value of all this to the student of the Borderland is that it was by this force that Reichenbach undertook to explain the phenomena of hypnotism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, &c.; and its identification with the light of radiant matter would serve to elevate another department of Borderland investigation from the domain of "superstition" and "morbid fancies" to which it has been relegated by so many students of science. For without undertaking to assert that Reichenbach's explanations are established, the opinion may be entertained that his views are treated with less consideration than they are entitled to.

In reference to the literature of the subject the vacuum-tube phenomena are discussed in various text-books of physics, such as Ganot's, Deschanel's, &c., and in the detailed accounts of investigations in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society;* while the Reichenbach phenomena are dealt with at length in the work of Reichenbach, the first and second editions of which were translated by Professor Gregory and Dr. Ashburner. The third edition, greatly enlarged, still awaits translation, but is available for those who are, happily, masters of German. A condensed statement of its conclusions, from the pen of A. J. Ellis, will be found in *The Zoist* for 1855-56; while a translation of the portion which deals with the relations of the Odylic force to clairvoyance, somnambulism, &c., has been made by J. S. Hittel, and is published under the title of "Somnambulism and Cramp."—I remain, yours faithfully,

E. D. BELL.

RONTGEN'S VINDICATION OF REICHENBACH.

THE *Harbinger of Light*, of October 1st, writing on the same subject, says:—

Dr. Kraft, writing to the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, alleges that the famous discovery of Professor Röntgen, is, in reality, a rediscovery of the Odic rays; the existence and nature of which

were first proclaimed by Baron von Reichenbach, upwards of forty years ago; when Dubois-Reymond, perhaps the most famous French physiologist of his day, cooly characterised his scientific labours, as "the most deplorable abberrations that had ever scattered the brains of a human being," and as "fables that deserved to be flung on the fire." And now comes Professor Röntgen, who demonstrates beyond all dispute, that these "deplorable aberrations" of Reichenbach, were really the revelations of a great scientific truth. In his *Der sensitive Mensch und sein Verhalten zum Ode* ("The Sensitive Man and his Relations with the Od"), published at Stüttgard and Tubingen, in the years 1854 and 1855, there will be found at p. 2252, the following passage:—"Madame K. was amusing herself by bringing the back of her hand near the conductor, so as to draw forth electricity with the tops of her fingers, when these, by reason of the odic current, became so transparent that she could distinguish with precision, the veins, the nerves, the tendons and the muscular ligaments. This may prove to be of incalculable efficacy in therapeutics, especially for purposes of diagnosis. For, given the possibility of rendering the body of every sick person diaphanous, by good sensitives, these will be in a position to discern, what internal organ may be morbidly affected, and what progress it is making towards amelioration or deterioration. Moreover the physiological processes of the body in health may be examined in the same way." Here we have the X rays accurately described, and their utility to the science of therapeutics clearly pointed out, more than forty yeaas ago, by the great chemist who discovered creosote and parafine; who was one of the first geologists of his day; and whose mind was also of such a practical character, that, in conjunction with the Count von Salm, he established large manufactories in Wurtemburg, and Moravia, which enabled him to amass a princely fortune. But the Baron von Reichenbach was a spiritualist; and therefore official science which was then, as it is now, materialistic to its finger-tips, received his discovery of what are now called the X rays with derision, and scornfully dismissed it, as the diseased product of a brain subjected to "deplorable aberrations!" It should be added that the very word "Od," expresses the idea of an all-penetrating force in Nature.

PHOTOGRAPHING SOUNDS.

WHAT with scientists and psychical researchers we are really getting somewhat mixed. Mrs. Besant no sooner shows us the colours of our thoughts, than an American professor explains that an angry emotion can be converted by chemical precipitation into a brown poisonous compound, and now to complete the general topsy-turveydom, we have photographs of sound.

Professor Graham Bell, of telephone fame, and his cousin, Chichester Bell, have discovered that a gas-flame or a jet of falling water reproduces by vibrations every sound heard and every word spoken near it. The two gentlemen named have devised an invention for collecting these tiny sounds. A jet of water plays near the sound as it issues, perhaps a musical air, perhaps a political speech, perhaps a private conversation between two great financial magnates which they would not have got out for the world. A little water from the jet falls upon a plate of glass and spreads over it in a thin film. The vibrations are repeated upon the glass in delicate waves. These are caught upon a sensitized tablet behind the glass plate, and reproduced by instantaneous photography. The water is slightly coloured, and the sunlight must fall upon the glass plate. By means of Professor Bell's apparatus the waves are re-translated into sound, and thus an exact copy of what has been said or sung is made. Properly utilised this invention will do away with the toilsome process of learning shorthand.

MR. LANG ON DR. BARADUC'S EXPERIMENTS.

Writing in the *Daily News* on Dr. Baraduc's lecture on his experiments in photographing thought, Mr. Andrew Lang says:—

Assuming, purely for the sake of hypothesis, that there are analogies in nature between subjective moods of the mind and physical facts now capable of scientific examination, then Dr. Baraduc's ideas may seem less extravagant than they do without the aid of this charitable assumption.

The Doctor told a French reporter that something "goes out of" a man at death. This, of course, is usually held by everyone who is not a materialist; the "spirit" goeth out, but that is not precisely what Dr. Baraduc seems to mean. He speaks of "a superior principle, which has not hitherto been admitted into the domain of physical science, for lack of registering apparatus." But now "the photographic plate reveals the Light of Life, and we can have a photograph of the vital force of men and beasts." In fact, Dr. Baraduc can photograph the very lights which the hero of Bulwer Lytton's tale was enabled to see in trance.

"Photography can register the invisible and fluidic energy of our vitality; this should be the aim of science in the future," says the Doctor, who registers the vital force of man by a "biometer." Man is a colony of cells, a heirarchy of consciousness. "Each of these little beings has a material body, and a little luminous soul. Suppose an exaggerated intercellular tension of all these little luminous souls, under stress of the will and the spirit, and you will have an escape of the whole fluidic force. In the same way, if thought is simply fixed on an image, this image of light will have a sufficiently powerful photochemical action to impress the film, and that in a fashion invisible to the human eye. "This," says the Doctor, "is what I call a 'psychicon' ('psyche' and 'eikon,' an image of the spirit), a luminous and living phantasm of the thought." If this be true, we have, in part, the rationale of "Telepathy," the thought of Jones impressing itself somehow on the thought of Brown, "standing at some considerable distance; standing, in fact, in quite another room." We have, too, the rationale of the hallucination of light, which accompanied the visions of the Maid of Orleans, and of many other visionaries, such as Pascal, Colonel Gardiner, Mrs. Wodrow, many lunatics, and the saints. Dr. Baraduc might be a mystic, not a photographer, and perhaps he is rather more of the former than of the latter. He does not profess to photograph thought, as people have said, but only to photograph "the image modelled with the light of life, by our thought, and externalised under the force of will, by the breath (souffle) of the spirit." Alas, we are now in full metaphysics; What is "will," what is "spirit?" These agencies are unrecognised by physical science. In any case, "this light of life is not the soul as conceived of by religion, but the sensible vital soul, the plastic and luminous medium," in fact our very old friend, "the animal spirits."

Though thus obviously "paying himself with words," Dr. Baraduc continues his photographic experiments on a live pigeon, as Miss Cobbe will be sorry to hear. He fixed up the poor bird, painfully agitated, with a plate on its breast, and got three kinds of impressions—first, things like the bursting of a shell ("proof of the wild terror of the fowl"), then whirls (tourbillons)—"the shudder of anguish," then mere lines, the passion dying down. Then the Doctor killed the bird, and the photographic plate registered nothing more. All late experiments gave similar results. Human heart-beats are also photographed—probably the Doctor can register the passion of love. Our fluidic body "doubles and contains our material body," and is obviously our "astral body." Such are the theories and experiments of Dr. Baraduc. They correspond to popular superstitions, and to the hypotheses of "many an old philosophy." This is not calculated to prejudice science in their favour, but, of course, anybody can repeat the experiments. The language employed by the Doctor is not the language of physical science, hypotheses "fingit" with a rather reckless alacrity. Moreover, it is plain that he must submit his plates to a microscope. He has apparently been photographing the pigeon's feathers in motion and taking the results for the agitation of "the light of life."

VIII.—MORE ABOUT THE BURTON MESSAGES. BY MISS X.

I.—A REJOINDER TO SOME CRITICS.

PERHAPS no clearer proof could be produced of the extreme shallowness of the average critic of psychical phenomena, than the reception by some of the newspapers of my address on "Some Experiences, apparently supernormal," delivered at the Westminster Town Hall on December 4th. How is the public to trust newspaper evidence as to matters of any doubt or difficulty, when statements so utterly without foundation are made as to what has just happened at their very door?

The *World* gracefully describes the meeting of the Society for Psychical Research as a "peculiarly nauseous recrudescence of offensive spiritualistic balderdash," and the narrative of the experiences as a "vulgar imposture." The *St. James's Gazette* was less offensive, but quite as stupid; the *Westminster* was the victim of a series of especially silly mis-statements—so silly on the face of them, as to be utterly unworthy of reply, and which I consequently ignored. At the personal request of the editor, however, I granted an interview to a representative of that paper on December 17th, which I reproduce below.

Silliness is so very common, and so very commonplace, that it is difficult to light upon any variety in the least new and original. Mr. Wilkins's criticism published in the *Westminster Gazette*, however, was almost clever in its entire ineffectiveness. Had he done me the honour to be present—and his patroness, Mrs. Fitzgerald, was cordially invited to send a representative—or had he even read the account of the phenomena, which Mrs. Fitzgerald professes (in a letter addressed to me) to have done eight months ago, he would not have found it necessary to "protest" against ten categorical statements which I never made. I not only did not make them, but I made nothing in the least like them, and I entirely agree with Mr. Wilkins that the ten statements are false and foolish from beginning to end by whomsoever they may have been invented.

It would be impertinent to waste the space of BORDERLAND over any sort of detailed refutation. The intelligent reader is referred for further information to the account published eight months ago, and to the *résumé* of my address at the Westminster Town Hall which appears below.

THE DECALOGUE OF INDICTMENTS.

The following is from the *Westminster Gazette*:—

(1) It is stated that the mausoleum is of "white marble, square.' It is not square, nor is it of white marble, but of dark Forest of Dean stone.

(2) "On the altar rests the coffin, which holds all that is left of Richard Burton."

The coffin never rested on the altar at any time, but on a place prepared for it to the left of the altar as you enter. Such a thing as a coffin resting on the altar would be contrary to Catholic usage.

(3) "The comradeship begun in the distant lands of the rising sun," &c.

This shows absolute ignorance of the most elementary facts of Lady Burton's life. She first met her future husband on the ramparts of Boulogne. They were married six years after in London, and they did not go to the East until eight years after their marriage. She never saw "the distant tents of the lands of the rising sun" (*sic*) until she went to Damascus in 1869.

(4) There is much about "Alice," the maid. It is a mere detail, but the name of Lady Burton's maid was *not* Alice, nor anything like it. I suspect the "Spirit" got mixed here.

(5) There are no crystals of Sir Richard Burton's at the British Museum (as stated). The crystals were left by Lady Burton to her sister, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

(6) The statement that, in consequence of the "communications," Lady Burton was "for some time unattended" by a medical man, is untrue. Of late years she was always attended by a doctor, sometimes by two or three.

(7) The directions of the "Spirit" that Lady Burton should "have a capable literary secretary, no mere type-writing clerk," is a cruel and most unjust reflection upon the young lady who was her private secretary and friend for the last six years of her life, a lady in whom she had implicit confidence, and whom she made one of her literary trustees.

(8) There is a lot of nonsense about a dead rose. Lady Burton never removed any dead rose from her mantelpiece. It was there to the day of her death for any casual visitor to see. It therefore hardly needed a special revelation for the "Spirit" to discover it. She was fond of keeping such relics. Many people are. There is nothing abnormal in this.

(9) The medical practitioner she is said to have "discovered" had no "rare name." It was an ordinary name and one well known in the medical profession.

(10) It is not true to say that after Lady Burton's death the cemetery authorities interfered and "concreted the door of the mausoleum." They took no action in the matter; the door is *not* concreted, and it can be opened with the key which is in Mrs. Fitzgerald's possession. By her dead sister's wish she alone grants or refuses permission for people to enter, and she very properly refused admission to certain spiritualists who wish to go and hold their unholy revels in the chamber of her sacred dead. In refusing such applications Mrs. Fitzgerald has, I am sure, the sympathy of all healthy-minded and right-thinking men and women.

1.—THE SQUARE MAUSOLEUM.

A photograph of the Mausoleum illustrates my article of April last. It is a copy of one which Lady Burton herself gave me six months before. Presumably, therefore, I was hardly likely to be ignorant as to its outline. Æsthetically it is a terrible production, a stone tent with stained glass windows!

2.—THE COFFIN ON THE ALTAR.

The altar is of the smallest, the coffin, naturally of the largest; moreover, on the occasion of my spending a dreary afternoon in the Mausoleum, the coffin was covered with a sort of gilt American-cloth table-cover. Lady Burton, on that occasion, used it for a table and took notes on it of the sitting. Was I likely to say, "It rested on the altar"? Is there any religion anywhere which would tolerate a coffin on an altar, even if, considering their respective sizes, such a feat of balancing were possible?

3.—"IN THE LANDS OF THE RISING SUN."

I never said a word about "the comradeship beginning in the lands of the rising sun," nor anywhere else. This is another pure invention. Readers of the BORDERLAND for last April may remember a postscript quoted from Lady Burton herself, as to where it did begin, if they are anxious in the matter.

4.—"ALICE THE MAID."

"There is much about Alice"—very certainly not the maid, whose name is very well known to me, as she

is often referred to in Lady Burton's many letters to me. Alice is called Z. in the account published last April, and her identity can there be studied at leisure.

5.—THE CRYSTALS.

The crystals are certainly not in the British Museum, and I was very unlikely to make any mistake as to where they are or to whom they were left, as Mrs. Fitzgerald is well aware. It is a point on which more may be said later. I am in possession of four letters from Lady Burton as to her wishes in regard to those crystals. I have also other information on the same subject.

6.—"UNATTENDED BY A MEDICAL MAN."

On this point I read, in the course of my address, quotations from letters to me and to another friend from Lady Burton, dated September 5th, in which she describes her relation with four doctors who attended her during the period in question.

This phrase again is a pure invention.

7.—"THE CAPABLE LITERARY SECRETARY."

Mr. Wilkins tells us, and I hear from other sources, that this person really existed, and that she remained with Lady Burton for six years. Nothing could be more satisfactory. This imperious order of the alleged Sir Richard was therefore scrupulously obeyed.

8.—"A DEAD ROSE."

It is satisfactory to have Mr. Wilkins's additional testimony to the existence of this dead rose, which I agree was a very harmless possession. I never made any statement as to its removal, though "Sir Richard's" order in this matter is one of those of which Lady Burton wrote to a friend on October 4th, 1895, saying that she had been making a list of all the orders given to her in the MS., twenty-five in number, and was carrying them *all* out as speedily as she could.

9.—"NO RARE NAME."

The name occurs but twice in the Medical Directory, and in regard to one family only in the London "Red Book." It is because it is "so well known in the medical profession," so honourably known, that I refrain from quoting it.

10.—THE AUTHORITIES INTERFERE.

I have not the faintest notion what the authorities have done, having neither asked nor desired permission to enter. Had I even entertained the smallest ambition of the kind I should certainly not have expected to be allowed to do so. In letters dated August 15th, 16th, 17th, October 4th, and November 25th, Lady Burton distinctly states that, to her deep regret, no séances would be allowed in the Mausoleum were the fact of that of August 5th known to the authorities.

My own sympathies were entirely with the authorities.

LADY BURTON'S WISHES.

Such are the indictments of Mr. Wilkins's protestations. They would have been more effective had they not been, not only utterly untrue, but utterly improbable, and of a kind as to which anyone who had read the article, or heard the address at the Westminster Town Hall, could without further information answer for themselves.

Mr. Wilkins has further stated that—

The "revelations" were so contrary to everything one knew of Lady Burton, and so completely opposed to all that she reveals of herself in the letters, diaries, and papers which have been entrusted to me for the purpose of preparing her biography, that I at once called Mrs. Fitzgerald's attention to them. Mrs. Fitzgerald is the sister and executrix of the late Lady Burton, and she lived with her during the last five years of her life. She is, therefore, much better qualified than anyone else to speak on the matter. It is at her request and with her authority that I am writing now to protest against this fresh endeavour of certain persons to advertise themselves at the expense of an honoured name.

The authority for the publication of these facts has already been stated in BORDERLAND, but I repeat it here.

After the four sittings, two at Mr. M. D.'s house and two at Mortlake, the notes taken at the time were read over and signed as correct by all who had been present. Lady Burton then proceeded to discuss their publication, which she earnestly desired, for a reason characteristically unselfish. "If I can have this privilege, why should not other sorrowing widows be encouraged to try?" she urged, when we represented certain difficulties as to immediate publication. Moreover, she desired that BORDERLAND should be the vehicle rather than the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, with the critical methods of which she was not wholly in sympathy.

Before leaving London I sent her a carefully typed transcription of the original documents. On August 1st and 7th, she wrote me detailed comments, asking that I would proceed to prepare a public statement, in which, while facts and names were to be slightly disguised, the story was to be told in its entirety.

On August 15th Lady Burton sent me some special directions as to "disguising facts." The "séance" was to be called a "sitting," probably "séance" struck her, as it must others, as a word of disreputable associations, and the Mausoleum was to be called "a tent." She reminded me that there were two tents, one in the burial-ground and one in the garden, and it was not necessary to particularise. She added that people used to suppose that she gave her tea-parties in the marble one. As her only reason for secrecy was the fear that the Mausoleum would be closed to her, it was not necessary to observe this injunction, in writing *after* Lady Burton's death.

On August 16th she wrote to the same effect to Mr. M. D., and on August 17th she wrote to me adding that the scene in the Mausoleum, of which she writes in most enthusiastic language, had left her with the power of personal communication with her husband. And she goes on to say that the closing of the Mausoleum would for this reason break her heart.

On September 5th Lady Burton wrote to Mr. M. D., through whom I transmitted the papers, that she had received them with the greatest delight and was about to transcribe three copies, one for herself, one for Mr. M. D., and one for me. She again expressed extreme pleasure in the episode.

On October 9th Lady Burton returned to me my typewritten copy of the originals, together with the copy specially prepared by herself for publication. She added certain details with a view to its publication, saying that she had drawn a red line through certain sentences she wished me to omit, without effacing them. She also explained that in her transcription, as she alleged by her husband's instructions, she had added

words and phrases where it seemed desirable, to make the sense clear.

She wrote again in the same strain to me on October 12th, and to Mr. M. D. on October 9th, adding to both that she could never forget the scene and should always long for more. I need hardly enlarge further, though it would be easy to do so, on the question of Lady Burton's views and wishes in the matter. In conversation she was, if possible, even more emphatic.

I can well understand that some anxiety may be felt by certain of Lady Burton's friends lest the whole of the proceedings and of her comments should appear in print, but I hasten to reassure them on this point, as, not only have we respected Lady Burton's views as indicated by her red pencil lines, but out of respect to her memory we have been, and intend to remain, reticent on various points, which she did not appear to regard, as we do, as of an entirely private nature.

THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"—A REPLY.

At the risk of some repetition of what has been more fully detailed above, I reproduce, in part, the interview which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of Tuesday, December 22nd:—

Miss X., whose publication of "The Burton Revelations" has created some sensation, and called forth a protest from Mr. W. H. Wilkins, which appeared in our columns, has, in an interview with a representative of the *Westminster Gazette*, made an interesting answer to the decalogue of indictments brought against her.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wilkins, who spoke for Lady Burton's sister, declared that the publication of the "revelations" was made "regardless of the feelings of the living and the wishes of the dead," and that the communications teemed with palpable inaccuracies and misstatements.

"I found in Miss X.," writes our representative, "a very practical, clear-headed woman, who, so far from being steeped in the morbid belief of latter-day spiritualism, regarded the origin of the revelations as inexplicable. 'I am inclined to believe,' Miss X. told me, 'that these were, in fact, mainly externalisations of sub-conscious information in my mind and that of Mr. M. D., who was formerly a friend of Sir Richard Burton's. But I know that this was not Lady Burton's view.'

"'Can you tell me,' I asked, 'if these revelations were published in accordance with Lady Burton's wish? The very contrary has been stated.'

"'It was by Lady Burton's own wish that these revelations were published,' answered Miss X. 'We arranged it all in one of the last interviews we had together. Mr. M. D. was also there, and could substantiate what I say. But if this evidence is not sufficient, I can show you passages in three of her letters and elsewhere, referring to the type-written account of the proceedings in the mausoleum, which I sent Lady Burton. And you will agree with me that the final and corrected edition was sent back by Lady Burton for the purpose of publication. Here is one of the letters,' said Miss X., handing me the document. . . . [One of those already referred to.]

"'Lady Burton,' continued Miss X., 'wrote to Mr. M. D. in the same strain, for she sent him also an amended edition of the proceedings. She went to this trouble that the revelations might finally appear in the form she wished.'

"'Why did not Lady Burton publish them in her lifetime?' I asked.

"'There was only one fact,' replied Miss X., 'that deterred her from doing so. I can show you four letters in which this is stated. [Miss X. then produced the letters in which Lady Burton expressed her dread of the shutting up of the Mausoleum.]

"'I waited some time,' concluded Miss X., 'after Lady Burton's death to publish the revelations, and even then I decided not to give the entire proceedings as set down by Lady Burton in the final edition.'

"'Then I conclude you were quite convinced that you were acting in accordance with Lady Burton's expressed wish?' I asked.

"'It was much more her wish than mine,' answered Miss X.

"'What about the alleged inaccuracies and misstatements in the communications?' I asked.

"'As to the statements,' answered Miss X., 'which form the subject of the first six indictments of inaccuracy, they must have been evolved from Mr. Wilkins's inner consciousness. They are not taken from the communications, nor did I make them in my address at the Westminster Town Hall, nor anywhere else. With regard to number seven,' continued Miss X., 'that Lady Burton should have a capable literary secretary, I conclude from what Mr. Wilkins says that she had a capable secretary, which was all that was required. As to the dead rose I am glad to have Mr. Wilkins's corroboration of Lady Burton's statement as to the existence of the relic.

"'One more point and I have finished. I never said that the cemetery authorities interfered and concreted the door of the Mausoleum. Lady Burton told me herself in writing that by the terms of her will the door was to be kept open for a certain period. I do not wish or intend to make application for admission. I was only there once, and that was by Lady Burton's special invitation. I think,' concluded Miss X., 'that this is quite a sufficient answer to Mr. Wilkins's absurd allegations, although I could go into the matter with much greater length and with documentary proof of my statements. That proof will, indeed, be forthcoming in the article that I am about to contribute to the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.'"

II.—A NEW VIEW OF THE CORAL BROOCH STORY.

I have repeated many times, that though perfectly open to conviction, I at present do not find myself compelled to believe that the spirit of the late Sir Richard Burton was in any degree concerned in what I still prefer to regard as a curious psychological problem, even after subtracting all that is explainable by thought-transference, subconscious observation, and possibly even, in some degree, of some strain of facts due to Lady Burton's anxiety to establish her point of view.

Perhaps, however, nothing in the whole series of incidents is so difficult to reconcile with my own view of the case, as one which, at first sight, looks like a breakdown in evidence otherwise well substantiated.

HOW IT WAS LOST.

It will be necessary to remind my readers of the details of the story of the coral brooch, and then to direct their attention to some special features of the incident.

It occurred on the occasion of the first sitting, July 25th, 1895 (present Mr. and Mrs. M. D. and myself), not on the Ouija board, but in the course of my own automatic writing. It was part of a test incident, which was afterwards described on the Ouija board "as the Alice trivialities"; and later, "Sir Richard" added, "I don't care a hang about Alice, only to prove to that Sidgwick-ridden Seer, hard to convince of what is under her nose! Alice is a test for her."

The phrases in question, were as follows, obviously addressed to Lady Burton:—"*You should not have given away my pin. You would not have lost it. . . . Alice lost it; pin.*" On a later occasion we had further, "*Alice had no business with my pin*," and were told that "*Isabel gave it*," and, again, that we were to look in the crystal in hope of recovering it. We asked, "Do you mean the pin?"—"*Pin is brooch*"—"What is it like?" "*Coral. One big piece. Pink.*" Note the description.

When the paper containing this was sent to Lady

Burton, she was specially impressed with this incident, and in a note of August 3rd to Mr. M. D., in which she urges him to introduce her to me (not realising that we had ever met, as Mr. M. D. had spoken of me only as "Miss X.") she begs that it may not reach "Alice" as she was anxious to recover the coral herself and that it should not again fall into "Alice's" hands. She sketches the brooch on the margin of the letter, representing it, not as in the above description, *but as a round piece with smaller stones encircling it.* As we knew it had been a stud, this struck us at the time as decidedly odd. Lady Burton described it to me afterwards as a remnant of a period "when men wore one swagger stud." I thought it must have been a very swagger stud indeed.

On August 7th, Lady Burton wrote again to Mr. M. D., describing some curious circumstances she had just heard from "Alice," connected with her previous attempts to recover the coral, adding that "Alice" had never told her this before—that she had in fact lost it in July, 1894, and that she intended to take "precious good care" that she should never have it again. She continues for more than a page on the same subject, and she also adds a note to the same effect in the MSS. copy. It will be remembered that when Lady Burton was at Eastbourne, she sent me a list of questions, to which she begged me to get answers.

THE FINDING OF THE BROOCH.

One was about the coral, which she was still very anxious to recover. After some delay, we one day (November 3rd) experimented on the board with these questions. Here is the result. The alleged "Sir Richard" began. "*Did you advertise coral?*"—"Hasn't she?"—"*No.*" "Do you want her to?"—"*Yes, Morning Post only.*" "How often? Once only?"—"*Yes.*" "Is she to give her name and address?"—"*Fiddle-de-dee, No.*" Remembering his previous contempt for the whole of this question, we asked, "Is this only a test of what you've told us?"—"*Yes.*" I delayed sending this for about a fortnight, as I hoped Lady Burton had forgotten about the questions, but she showed some anxiety, and I sent her the account of the séance in full. She was greatly pleased, and comments in a letter written November 25th, upon every detail. On the question of the brooch, she wrote that she would certainly advertise for coral in the *Morning Post.*"

On January 3rd she wrote to Mr. M. D. (who had meanwhile been abroad) as to the séance;—sending me her very kindest wishes for the New Year and a message that she had got back her brooch after a single advertisement.

On February 6th Lady Burton again wrote to the same effect to Mr. M. D. and also to myself.

On February 9th she sent me some curious details as to the alteration of the brooch, which she was assured was her own. She said the dealer was in the habit of buying from the London pawnbrokers, and that he evidently considered the brooch good enough to be made more of. He had, therefore, altered it from its original round shape, and had made it into the more fashionable "bar." Her explanation was accompanied by careful sketches. She also, again, repeated her account of "Alice's" loss and her own views of the fact.

I am bound to say that this story struck me at once as another example of Lady Burton's desire to support her theory of Sir Richard's communications at any cost, though at that time I was also prepared to believe "Sir Richard" wrong in his description, and to suppose Lady Burton right, though it seemed as if the stud must have been one of extraordinary size and detail, and demanding in its wearer a yet greater eccentricity than that commonly assigned to Sir Richard Burton.

However, she had got what she asked for. Here is a copy of her advertisement in the *Morning Post* of December 3rd:—

> REWARD.—Lady Burton lost on a Sunday in July, 1894, a Pink Coral Brooch, one large piece in middle, and smaller ones around; it was picked up in the street, and she has reason to believe it is in some of the pawnshops. If anyone having knowledge of this will communicate with her to 67, Baker Street, London, W., they will be rewarded. *December 2nd*, 1895.

It was not till some time later that we discovered the whereabouts of the jeweller in question in a town in Kent. A trustworthy member of the Society for Psychical Research was requested to interview him, and on April 30th he reported as follows:—

> The jeweller (a magistrate and respectable man) was rather amused to think that Lady Burton fastened upon it as really hers. He sent it as being fairly like the description given in the advertisement, but Lady B. at once pronounced it to be hers. The alteration seems to be a pure piece of assumption on Lady B.'s part to account for its being unlike. There is no evidence of alteration. He never told Lady B. it had been altered. She told him that it must have been. . . . Lady Burton's circumstantial account of the alteration is surprising in view of the extremely scanty evidence—in fact, there is nothing to justify the idea, as far as I know at present, except the fact that the recovered brooch was *unlike* the lost one. The jeweller and his assistant ridicule the idea of being able to recognise the coral alone. They think it would be absolutely impossible in this case; they could not recognise it themselves if placed among other good coral.

Further evidence to the same effect was furnished by "Alice" on November 2nd, 1896. On being asked for her opinion on the matter, she wrote:—

> It is quite true that Lady Burton gave me, after Sir Richard's death, his coral stud. It is also true that I lost it, and endeavoured by advertisement to recover it. I never did recover it. . . . . Mrs. Fitzgerald showed me a brooch that Lady Burton had bought, and accepted as the stud in answer to her advertisement of the loss. I laughed at the sight of the brooch. It had about a dozen stones in it. My stud was one coral, backed with gold for a pin to attach it.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INCIDENT.

Next to the prophecy of death I regard this as the most inexplicable incident of the whole series. Here is the fact, that a small and insignificant article (its insignificance is, in this case, of supreme importance) is correctly described, though, however, absolutely unknown to Mr. and Mrs. M. D. and myself, when no one else was present. The description was obviously not derived from the consciousness of Lady Burton, who consistently described it incorrectly from the very first. It should be made quite clear that this was *from the first.* I do not wish to suggest that she invented the description after receiving the brooch.

Nor, I think, can the alleged "Sir Richard" be blamed for the fact of her receiving a brooch obviously not the one lost, considering the terms in which Lady Burton so minutely described it.

THE PROPHECY OF DEATH. A NEW DETAIL.

The other most startling fact of the whole series, the accurate prediction of the death of Lady Burton, de-

rives new interest and importance from a fact which has but late'y come to my knowledge. I had always felt inclined to discount somewhat for self-suggesti n in this connection, knowing Lady Burton's extreme anxiety to fulfil the *soi-disant* Sir Richard's every command. It was not till a few days ago that I realised that Mr. M. D.'s last appointment with her was not, as I had supposed, on the day she died, Sunday 22nd, but on Palm Sunday, the 29th, *a week later!* Mr. M. D. writes, December 22nd :—

She wrote to me about a week before her death, saying that she was coming to London from Eastbourne—that she would be settled in Baker Street, and asking me to call and see her on Palm Sunday, when (she writes) we will talk over all that interests us.

Had she lived till then she would have exceeded by three days the time allotted in the prophecy, "not eight months," which was uttered on July 26th, 1895.

X.

ISABEL, LADY BURTON.

Husband, I come—I hear the call, I run
To meet the tinkling of his camel bells,
The dear dream-music, hope and memory's spells
Enravishing my happy spirit, won
To brighter journeyings beyond the sun
Where faith with love's imagination dwells,
Where joy's new song in other language tells
The blessing of us twain in God made one.

Fairest of women time nor grief could dim
Thine eyes' blue radiance, nor the smile that past
Through nature's travail to the light beyond;
The eternal heavens claim thee, by the bond
Of like to like, in bliss reknit with him
Thy soul's desire from girlhood till the last.

EMILIA AYLMER GOWING.

III.—A RÉSUMÉ OF MISS X.'S PAPER.

Miss X.'s paper on the Burton Case, under the title "Some Recent Experiences, apparently Supernormal," was read before the Society for Psychical Research, in the Westminster Town Hall, on Friday, December 4th. The Chair was taken by the President, Mr. W. Crookes, and the hall was unusually full.

The following *résumé* of the paper is taken from the January Number of the "Journal" of the Society.

"Miss X." opened her address by explaining the delay which had occurred in presenting this case to the public. By Lady Burton's special directions, a part of it had been published in BORDERLAND immediately after her death, but as her relatives objected to the further publicity of its presentation to the Society for Psychical Research she had, as a matter of courtesy, acceded to their wishes, and had delayed the matter for eight months. The critical and systematic methods of the Society for Psychical Research were not wholly congenial to Lady Burton, and the accounts of the phenomena which had been prepared at her dictation had not been originally intended for the *Proceedings*, though, at the special request of "Miss X." and Mr. M. D., she had consented to their adaptation for this purpose.

By their "adaptation" "Miss X." meant their restoration to their original form, the *ipsissima verba* of the original messages, which happily remained in "Miss X.'s" possession. While the MSS. had been in Lady Burton's care, she had dictated a careful transcription of such parts of their contents as she considered suitable for publication, omitting a great deal of matter of a wholly personal and private character which would of course remain unpublished. She had also supplied many words and phrases which rendered the messages more coherent, and which she alleges, in various letters, were dictated to her by the spirit of her deceased husband. However, such interpolations "Miss X." considered, were, from the point of view of evidence, undesirable, and she had therefore very carefully restored the original reading, though it was undoubtedly often disconnected and difficult to follow.

"Miss X." was anxious to state as emphatically as possible that in presenting Lady Burton's evidence she in no sense committed herself to Lady Burton's point of view, which was obviously that of a convinced Spiritualist. "Miss X." considered that the phenomena she was about to describe were, to a considerable extent, perfectly explicable on normal lines, given the hypothesis of thought-transference and subconscious memory and observation. Accidental coincidence, possibly, might explain certain details, and in regard to the small residuum she herself was perfectly willing to remain agnostic. Only very stupid people talk in these days about the "impossible," and she did not feel the hypothesis of spirit-return by any means impossible, having a very strong faith in what our fathers would call "special Providences" and in the Life of the world to come. In this particular instance she considered it, however, unnecessary. We had waited long for such alternative explanations as we now possessed, and as but a few years ago such a story as she had now to tell would have been inevitably classed as "spiritualistic" in every detail, she felt encouraged to believe that the time was not far hence when we should be able more exactly to classify even those incidents which perplexed us now, and perhaps to demonstrate and command their production. In what direction such classification might lie, was, she felt, unimportant, except to those who had a theory at stake;—having no such theory, spiritual or material, she herself was content to wait, and meanwhile to say boldly, "I don't know."

For the sake of brevity, she would, throughout her paper, preserve the form of personal statement which the messages had originally assumed. They purported to proceed from Sir Richard Burton himself, and for the sake of convenience she would use such phrases as "Sir Richard said" and the like, but she begged her audience to bear in mind that she did so for convenience only, and without in any degree committing herself to any theory as to their origin and source,—without, for one moment, admitting any necessity to suppose that the late Sir Richard Burton was in the very least concerned in the matter. Her audience were well aware that sub-conscious information was very frequently externalised in picturesque or dramatic forms, as, for example, in pictures in the crystal, in which an active visualiser could often perceive not mere pictures only, but scenes full of action; or occasionally writing, which though proceeding from the mind of the Seer would be, as it were, put into the mouth of some second person or even in the form of dialogues and conversations.

"Miss X." pointed out that the time at her disposal would not admit of any discussion of the details of the experiences. She believed that her own part in the story was, using the word in its broad, not its spiritualistic sense, that of a medium, that is to say, that the information, coming probably from various sources, was by her formulated and externalised only, that she originated nothing, and even that nothing was self-suggested. The subject, as a whole, was one in which her own consciousness seemed unlikely to concern itself. Sir Richard Burton she had never seen in her life, she had never read one of his books, and had no desire for his acquaintance, living or dead. She was fortunate enough to be interested in a very great variety of subjects, but was always bored by geography in general and African travel in particular. Her acquaintance with Lady Burton was of the very slightest—she had found her a charming and attractive woman, but they had little of common interest, especially in their point of view as to psychic phenomena.

Moreover, the special form in which the greater part of these messages had been externalised had been one not especially congenial to "Miss X." She had seen so much folly perpetrated in the name of automatic writing that she had always felt that planchettes and Ouija Boards lent themselves specially to self-deception; that such a very little automatism went such a very long way that the productions of automatic writers were often at best much on a level, as regards the relation of the parts of one's consciousness, with the nonsense-dreams suggested and aided by some subjective perception.

Further, in the first sitting, in her opinion the most interesting, in so far as it was the most spontaneous, two of the three persons present were personal friends of the Burtons, and had special cause for interest in African affairs. In the second day's sitting, in which a fourth person, Major Anstruther Thomson, had been added to the party, the results, undoubtedly interesting as thought-transference, were all within the knowledge of some one present, and the later sittings with Lady Burton herself were evidentially of much less value, as her presence may have suggested the answers to questions she herself asked, and they lacked the spontaneity to which "Miss X." attached so much consequence. Speaking for herself, she had little confidence in induced phenomena, including séances and experiments of any kind.

"Miss X." proceeded to relate in outline the experiences under consideration. An idle experiment with a Ouija Board led to a long series of messages, partly by means of the board, with the assistance of her friend, Mr. M. D., and partly by means of "automatic" writing by herself, always with the precaution of keeping the paper at arm's length, and beyond her range of vision.

These "messages" (using the word in the sense familiar to the Society for Psychical Research) purported to come from Sir Richard Burton, their object being to direct his widow how to make the best of the eight months of life, which, he averred, were all that remained to her, so as to carry on, as far as possible, some work she had in hand, and which concerned the fame and reputation of her husband.

In consequence of the expressed scepticism of "Miss X.," and apparently to induce her continued interest, "Sir Richard" submitted to a series of test questions, giving names of persons and places, with some personal descriptions, and sketches of character, of former friends entirely unknown to her. Moreover, "he" volunteered, as test information, the account of the loss of a brooch which was correctly described, together with some detailed statements as to its history.

After some consultation, it was decided that, as most of the statements could be verified only by some one having intimate knowledge of Lady Burton's affairs, she herself should be consulted in the matter, withholding only that part of the message which foretold her own death. By an unfortunate accident, however, the prediction transpired, a fact evidentially to be regretted, as it is impossible to exclude the possibility of self-suggestion in its accurate fulfilment.

Lady Burton expressed the most vivid interest in the phenomena, testified in detail to the accuracy of all the statements, was convinced of the personal identity of Sir Richard Burton as alleged in the messages, and earnestly begged "Miss X." and Mr. M. D. to pay her a visit at Mortlake, suggesting that sittings should be held in Sir Richard Burton's mausoleum, where, she alleged, she constantly conversed with him and where, she believed, it would be possible to receive answers to various questions which the messages had suggested.

"Miss X." and Mr. M. D., without at all committing themselves to the views of their hostess, were nevertheless willing to carry out this experiment and the results were very curious and interesting, though susceptible in great degree of explanation by "suggestion" in addition to thought-transference.

To Lady Burton's strongly expressed regret, Mr. M. D. and "Miss X." left the neighbourhood almost immediately, the one for Yorkshire, the other for Scotland, but later in the autumn another sitting was held for the express purpose of proposing a series of questions which she had prepared,—again with very interesting results, which will be given in detail in "Miss X.'s" forthcoming account in the *Proceedings*.

Lady Burton testified that, in her opinion, in addition to various general statements which she considered highly characteristic of her late husband, there were made, in the first three sittings, twenty-four assertions as to matters absolutely unknown to "Miss X.," and almost all unknown to Mr. M. D. Major Anstruther Thomson testifies to the accuracy of the answers to all his test questions. On each occasion careful notes were taken and afterwards transcribed and signed as correct by all present. The original notes were largely annotated by Lady Burton, and as has been already stated, a special copy compiled from these was prepared by her for publication. There are also over a score of letters from her, critical and corroborative.

It is worth especial mention in view of the theory that self-suggestion may have aided in bringing about the exact fulfilment of the prophecy of Lady Burton's death, that "Miss X." received a letter from her just before her return to London, expressing the hope of frequent intercourse, and that Mr. M. D. had an appointment with her for the very day* on which she passed away.

"Miss X." concluded by saying, "I have called these experiences 'super-normal.' In the super-natural I have no belief. It seems to me that it is in the *nature* of a thing that we may look for its limitations. But things act often in some fashion that is unfamiliar to us, in consequence perhaps of the exertion of undeveloped powers or of new combinations of powers already known to us—hence the possibilities of the super-normal lie in wait for us on every side. The manner and the reason of such exertion we shall know when the right time comes. Knowledge is the reward of labour, and our waiting task is that of careful observation, careful record, and, I think, above all, suspended judgment and an open mind."

In a few words at the close, thanking "Miss X." for her very interesting address, the Chairman remarked that he had never heard a paper more carefully or scientifically thought out or more clearly expressed. He had himself been acquainted both with Sir Richard and Lady Burton, and he considered that some of the so-called "messages" were characteristic, though the language in which they were expressed was, as a rule, of a less forcible type than that to which Sir Richard's friends were accustomed.

* Mr. M. D. has since discovered that the date was, in fact, a week later.

IX.—SOME PSYCHICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

THERE is nothing like personal testimonies. I begin with this article a new feature in BORDERLAND in the shape of the autobiographies of psychics—devoted, not to the narrative of the normal incidents of life, but rather to the description of the supernormal phenomena which they have observed or experienced since their childhood. I shall be glad to receive life stories of this nature from any of our readers. Adequately supported, this series will not be one of the least useful and instructive that it has been our privilege to publish.

I.—THE EXPERIENCES OF AN ACTRESS.

I HAVE often thought I should like to tell you of a few strange things that have happened to me. I do not pretend to understand them even now, and suppose I never shall—at least, not this side of the land of shadows; but every word is true. I can only tell them as they occurred to me. You can judge for yourself.

STRANGE SOUNDS PRECEDING DEATHS.

The first took place when I was just eight years old, in 1854, the last in 1892, so they have spread over a pretty long period. In January, 1854, my dear mother lay dying—it was Saturday night—and we were all up in her chamber, no one expecting her to last till morning. The rest of the house was quite deserted. Suddenly there was a loud crash, seemingly downstairs. My father and brothers went down, but soon came up again to resume their watching. But I remember feeling very frightened, thinking robbers had broken in. Of course, being so young, they did not say much to me about it, but I could see both father and mother (who was quite conscious and heard it like the rest) knew very well what it was. At about the same time mid-day on Sunday my mother left us.

The next happened when I was nearly five years older, in December of 1856. I was spending Christmas at the house of my second elder brother. I was to stay overnight, and slept alone in a room running off the same lobby as the one that was occupied by my brother and his wife. My father had been very ill for a fortnight previous. About three in the morning I was wakened by a dreadful noise; it sounded like a big iron ball bounding from stair to stair. After bouncing against my door I heard it roll away in the direction of my brother's room. Soon I heard his voice, telling me to get up; he wished to speak to me. I did so. He asked me if I had heard a noise. I said "Yes. Whatever was it?" He said he did not know. It had woke him up. But he could find nothing to account for it. However, we had best both get into our beds again. I did so, and suppose he did the same. In the morning we talked it over, and soon after he went out to see how father was. It was some hours before he returned, and then only to tell us that father had passed away about three that very morning—in fact, just at the time that we both heard that awful noise.

A GRANDFATHER'S APPARITION.

My next experience was that of sight, not sound. A little over a year after father's death I was staying with some friends for a few days. The eldest daughter and I were chums. It was her birthday, and we were all to go to the theatre. In those days that was a *very* rare event, and I was all excitement with delight. I was ready long before the time to start. The others took things pretty cool, and did not hurry themselves. Someone wanting something from a room below, asked me to fetch it; eager to oblige those who were about to give me such a treat, I ran out of the door almost before the request was framed; but I was just as soon in again, and the door banged to. Standing just outside on the top stair, leaning on his stick, and dressed just as I had always seen him, stood my grandfather. Of course I thought it was the old gentleman in the flesh. What frightened me was seeing him here, in that house in Red Lion Square, so far from his own home at Hampstead, which I had never known him to leave. He was my father's father, and nearly ninety years old, but able up till the last moment to potter about the grounds of his house. I assure you I did not think it was anything unreal till someone opened the door, and then he was nowhere to be seen. However, I soon recovered from my fright, being much more interested in getting to the theatre than talking of my grandfather. But in a day or two after I heard the old gentleman was no more; he had died that evening.

TRANSPARENT PHANTOMS—DOG AND MAN.

The second time I saw something was in 1867. I had been about two years married. My husband, a professional, was away in the country. One day my mother-in-law came to see me; in the evening I walked home with her. She was living in the neighbourhood of Lorimore Square, Walworth. We were in the Kennington Road; to shorten the distance we went through Chester Street, Mansion House Street, and, crossing Kennington Park Road, away up New Street—this brought us round past one end of the old Surrey Gardens (then shut up). Just at that spot a considerable gap occurred between the houses; there was a wooden fence some six or seven feet high, pretty well covered with posters of all sorts; when about the centre of the fence I stopped to fasten up a shoe-lace that had worked undone. I stooped with my face to the fence, thus bringing my head within a very few inches of it. My mother stood beside me, looking about and chatting away. In raising my head I was astonished to see the forms of a man and a large black dog standing between me and the fence. Starting up with a cry of fear, I looked the man square in the face. He was a stranger to me. He was dressed in rather old-fashioned clothes, and wearing a black cloak and silk hat; the cloak had fallen back, leaving his right arm free; his right hand rested on the dog's head; but through both creatures I saw the fence. They were sitting in shadow. Had they been real, in rising I must have butted the man in the stomach; I was so close to them. My companion, hearing my exclamation, looked up and saw them also. We hurried away, and I took care not to return home that way. The next day I went and examined that fence, but could see no gate or opening anywhere. And please note I could see the fence through the things; it was like looking through smoke.

A PHANTOM IN SILK.

On another occasion I was in the dressing-room of the place where I was directress of a troupe, in company with five or six of my girls, waiting for our turn to go on the stage. The room opened off a short lobby, that in turn opened off the outer lobby, through a swing door; facing that door was a flight of narrow stairs leading to the green room, as it was called. Of course, to reach those stairs one would need to pass our dressing-room door. Just outside the swing door was a pay box, so anyone entering there had to do so in full sight of the man in charge, who, of course, was not supposed to allow strangers to pass. We were all chatting away when we heard the swing door open, then close; then the swish, swish of a stiff silk dress brushed past our door and above the stairs. We all heard it, and I waited, expecting any moment to be called down, as sometimes the foreman's wife came to the hall, and wishing to see me about something, would go down to the green room to wait till I was at liberty to see her. Not receiving any summons, I at length ran downstairs, only to find the room quite empty, and gas turned low as usual when not in use.

Going up again I went to the man at the pay box, and asked him where the lady was that had just gone downstairs. He stared at me, and said no one had gone down that evening, neither had he heard the door open as we had. I was sure someone had gone down. He was quite as sure no one had, so there it ended for the time. That night my husband came (as he often did when able) to meet me. Two of my girls lived in the same direction as ourselves, and we all walked home together, one of them pairing off with him, the other with me. Going up Greek Street, we were in front of the other two. It was a lovely moonlight night, but the street was deserted but for ourselves; getting to the top we halted to say good-night—the girls were going further on across Oxford Street—as we were parting, the lady who had walked with my husband whispered to me: "Madam, I heard that noise again, and so did Mr. S. He turned round to see who it was." "Nonsense, Wartz!" I replied. She declared she had. So as soon as we were alone I said to him: "Harry, what did you turn round to look at just now when you were with Wartz?" "Oh!" he said, "I heard the rustle of a silk dress, and looked to see where it came from, as I had not noticed anyone pass us." Was not that very strange? He had not heard a word of the former incident in the theatre till I told him then. We agreed it was very strange, but nothing ever came of it that I can remember.

AN APPARITION BEFORE DEATH.

While in that place I saw a short old gentleman, once when peeping through the curtain to see someone I knew in front. Someone spoke to me; turning round I saw a man standing beside me, but he vanished in an instant. Again in the green room, that time pretty well dressed, having a moment to spare, I ran down to spend it there. On entering I saw at the other side of the room an old gentleman talking, I thought, to one of my girls. Speaking to another of them I asked who the stranger was that was talking to Jenny. "I don't see anyone talking to Jenny," she replied. "Oh!" I said, "that one in the brown hat, with his back towards us." Again she said she did not see him. Just then I was called to attend the stage. When I entered the room again he was no longer there. Later on I asked Jenny herself who he was. She assured me she had not seen or spoken to anyone of that description that night; indeed, had not noticed any stranger present. I said no more. A few weeks afterwards she was absent one evening; the next some friends of hers came to tell me she was dead. The previous night, when hurrying to catch the train to get to business, she was taken ill at the station, carried home, and passed away before midnight. Strange, wasn't it?

A DOUBLE CRASH BEFORE DEATH.

A little more and I will finish. In 1881 we were living near St. George's Road, Southwark. My husband was in the provinces. I had a short engagement at the South London. One Monday morning in November I was startled out of my sleep by a terrific crash at my bedside. Striking a light I looked about, but could see nothing to account for it, so went back to bed. On the Wednesday morning about the same time I was wakened again; this time the noise was even louder. Too nervous to sleep again I got up, and, lighting the fire, stayed in the other room. For days I felt wretched. I was sure I had lost a relation. I had not written to my brother for years. I did so then, asking news of himself and my sister. He answered at once. He was well, so was my sister when last he heard from her, but his own wife had died rather suddenly the week before; taken ill on Sunday, she grew so bad that at three on the Monday morning they thought she had left them. After lying like that for half an hour she rallied, but passed away at the same time on Wednesday morning. That accounted for the crashes I had heard.

THE PHANTOM VOICES OF THE DEATH-DOOMED.

The Christmases of 1883 and 1884 my husband was at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham; he was engaged for the run of the pantomime, and as his stay was likely to last three or four months, I went down with him. The pantomime was most successful, and morning shows were given almost up to the last. One day in March, desiring his company to visit the town, I arranged to meet him after the performance at the stage door. It was already growing dark when I started out about five. Just after turning up a street (of which I have quite forgotten the name)—but it was opposite Day's Music Hall—I heard my husband call out my name quite loudly. Thinking I must have passed him, I at once called back: "Yes, Harry; where are you?" Looking round I could not see him; and one or two were regarding me curiously, which added to my confusion. On reaching the stage door I found he was not yet out of the theatre; indeed, I had to wait for him nearly ten minutes. I never told him about it; he had grown tired of my uncanny visitations, and a wee bit frightened. We soon after that returned to our old lodgings in St. George's Road. In July of the same year I had been out one day shopping; returning home I let myself in, having a latch key, and was walking upstairs when I heard my old landlord call out: "Mrs. S." Not stopping to think, I replied: "Yes, Mr. T." Then found he was not to be seen; retracing my steps I knocked at the kitchen door; was told to enter; did so, and saw that person with his wife seated there. Asking if he had called me, they said no; indeed, had not heard me come in. I thought I must have been mistaken, and went upstairs. Mr. T. died in August. Some weeks after, under similar circumstances, I was again called by name. This time twice; as before I answered: "Yes, Mrs. Y.," thinking it the voice of a fellow lodger, also a professional. As before I was alone. Going to her room I found she was not even in the house—was

away at rehearsal, in fact. That poor lady died early in 1885, a short time before my own husband passed away, which happened in April of 1885.

Now, sir, what can you make of all this? All three were alive and in their usual health when I heard their voices; all three were in their graves within a year and a month. Since coming to Scotland I have heard the noise I have referred to once; that was in June, 1892. I wondered who it was then. The mail of the following September brought me news of the death of my elder brother, who went to Sydney when I was a child, and died there the 22nd of June. I have no more to say. These things have occurred to me. I have written nothing but the truth. If they be merely coincidences they are strange ones. I do not pretend to understand them at all.

F. S.

II.—THE VISIONS OF A DUTCHMAN.

STRANGE experiences I have had since my earliest youth. Psychic by heredity, my mother was very religious. Once in the morning she awakened and saw her deceased mother sitting before her bed. My father was sceptical, though at his deathbed he made me move the curtains for he seemed to see there things which sometimes frightened him, and sometimes delighted him. When he had fallen seriously ill, he saw the apparition of men entering with a coffin. He was angry that there was made so much haste with it, and said "before the 25th (October) all will be over." This came true, for that date he was in his grave. None of my brothers or sister had ever mystical experiences besides perhaps my eldest brother, who in his dreams heard his dear dead mother speak to him.

ODD PHANTOMS.

When about 7 or 8 years perhaps, I, with my youngest brother, was in the evening brought to bed upstairs, when it seemed to me that a tip of a black gown was flying away. Looking down the stairs I believed I saw the devil; afterwards one of my brothers was brought home very ill and wounded. About 12 or 13 years old, as I was going home from school, and passing over the large park-like square at which we dwelt, suddenly in the midst of day in bright sunshine and blue sky, I heard behind me the rustling in the air as from a large bird. Looking back I saw really such a beast of a colour of dirty white; as soon as I turned my head it stopped and vanished in the blue air. Only a few yards separated it from me.

A MOTHER'S DOUBLE.

On coming home (at the Hague) unexpectedly, I found my mother sitting on the table in her bluish gown without stirring at my entering the room. Soon after she came from another room laughing and friendly as always, rejoicing at my coming over. Till this moment it is not clear to me how it was I saw her sitting on the table in that bluish gown. Years after, when thinking of it, it struck me I had seen her ghost. Nothing particular happened, though my mother was in the latest times of her life, for about two or three years later she died.

A MOTHER'S GHOST.

My mother died in March. Some months later about June, about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, I lay reading in my bed one of the books of the astronomer, Camille Flammarion; it was already bright sunshine. Suddenly I heard some noise or rustling and happening to look up I saw my dead mother crossing the room inside the window from one corner to the other. She was larger than in life and enveloped in a bluish light, streaming and beaming in a glorious blue bright light. I heard her pass, and she looked like a glorious queen, looking down as in deep thought. It was a lovely sight, and I shall never forget it in my life. Of course, it lasted but one or two instants. I remember having seen formerly in my youth our former queen, the first wife of our late King William, Queen Sophie, walking along the terrace at Schevemingen; she was a stately woman full of dignity and majesty, surrounded by several servants and lackeys in bright clothing. Now whenever I think on the holy apparition of my sainted mother, I think also on that stately walking of late Queen Sophie, but it was still much more beautiful, glorious, and bright. Things went better for me afterwards.

A GHOSTLY KISS.

One night, weeping *in my sleep* over the loss of my mother, I suddenly felt somebody come and kiss me on the forehead. Directly I was quiet and consoled; all happened in my sleep, and I will never forget it.

A BUDGET OF EXPERIENCES.

About a year later, I having removed to other rooms in another part of the town, I was sitting in the evening at perhaps 10 or 11 o'clock, reading my newspaper, when suddenly, happening to lift up my eyes, I saw near the ceiling two eyes like points, looking angry and sending down two rays, sharp and defined of light blue and white light, and then it disappeared. Afterwards things went bad and good. I removed to other rooms, where the first night sleeping I awoke by heavy knockings on my chamber door. I found in that house her who became my wife. Very soon we were engaged, and I had to leave the house. There grew a coolness, and in another room I heard my betrothed sobbing; on this very moment I saw a white female figure floating from without through the window along the wall, with face lifted upward as in high agony; it had a white greyish colour. I gave lessons in the house, and while speaking with my scholars, sounds and sighs were heard by me, and some of them unpleasant sounds, as coming from uncivilised female people—that happened after the coolness was already over. A year later we married, and have a very happy marriage.

APPARITION BEFORE DEATH.

Shortly after my father came to die. One evening at about 11 o'clock, sitting alone at the table, I believe reading a book or newspaper, I happened to lift up my eyes and saw my father floating along the wall, and he had the appearance of many years ago, when I, as a young child, had seen him coming in the morning out of his bed and clad in his shirt. Just so I saw him in a yellowish clear light float on the wall as in deep thought. Some days afterwards, I with my wife was sitting quietly in the room. We both suddenly heard the noise of the street door being opened and falling back but not shut in the lock, seeming as if the wind had opened it a little. "There now," I said to my wife, "the servant has forgotten to shut the door." When about half or a quarter of an hour afterwards my wife went into the corridor, *she found the door shut in the lock*. My father after a few days died.

THE PORTRAIT THAT SMILED.

Once, a Sunday morning, being one instant alone in the room, it was again bright sunshine, I looked intently to the portrait of my dear deceased mother. *She turned her face and smiled at me.* It was a broad cloudy smile which I found later back in the face of *Bismarck*, in one of his latest portraits made on his 80th birthday.

FIGURES ON THE WALL.

Once, on a Sunday, it was in December, 4 o'clock, getting dark already, that I, happening to come in the room next to that in which we generally sat, I saw on the wall, say five human forms, being four of them good and one of them evil. The four good were of a bluish light, had long beards and prayed fervently, not alone with their lips but with their whole forms which could be seen about till the middle or somewhat more, they seemed to me to be saints, the fifth was yellowish, had a small *hat* on his *head* and looked scornfully and defying. The whole soon vanished, but for my lifetime I will remember that vision.

THE RETURNING GRANDMAMMA.

My little boy when about three years old, several nights awakened crying and weeping very sadly. Asking him what was the matter, he always said, "O 'ma (grand'ma) is coming and will do me harm coming in my bed." My wife and I said "Nonsense," but over and over it happened, he weeping very very sadly and softly. I asked how is she looking there, and then he said invariably, "She has a green umbrella." When the second child was to be born, I slept with him in another room and there again in the bright light, in the morning awakening, sat between our beds with her back towards me, an old woman, I *saw her grey hairs*, but instantly it vanished. I learned my child the prayer, "Me moar den greden God loat Torgen" (Whoever only lets care the good God, &c.) and since the child was quiet in the night.

THE VISION OF THE UNBORN SOUL.

When the second child was to be born in the night of the 3rd to 4th June, I walked to and fro through the rooms, and about 3 o'clock when daylight again came back the blue light streaming in and the sky already blue, so that the tower of a neighbouring catholic church already could be seen again from the window, I came in the room and suddenly felt aware there was somebody else in the room, I wondered and looked up. There stood in the blue coming daylight at the window looking quietly to the tower of the said church, a little snowy-white cloudish figure large about one and a-half yard. I was much frightened and hastily went back. Shortly after the child was born. And whenever I look my young child in the eyes, I think on that snowy white creature I have seen in the night of his birth. He is a much intelligent child and everybody stops to look at him.

One evening sitting quietly reading I looked up and saw the face of my father in the window curtains looking at me, his face was deep blue and seemed made of flowing water.

A PREMONITORY DREAM.

Another time, several nights I found myself in a kind of great warehouse, and bright yellow sunshine was there. At last I found myself in a room in the presence of a gentleman, who seemed to be very anxious, and he rubbed his hand slowly as in deep care over his forehead and bare skull, on both side of this the hair being black. Shortly after a gentleman came back from our business in India (one of the elefants !) with an incurable disease and, when I saw him, though very ill, he had the same appearance as the gentleman in my dream. After nearly a year or half a year he died, and at night, near the morning, I saw a fine yellow light on the wall near my bed. I said to my wife, "Now Mr. X. is dead." As I, when going to my office, walked that morning along his house, I saw the shutters before the windows and the windows opened, then I knew the poor man was dead.

Once a night I saw passing through the canal before my office a large black boat, it made noise when coming, all was dark and dreary. A lot of prisoners sat on the boat and there stood soldiers on the boat to take care of them.

My father was always very busy. Once I saw him in my dream sitting on a table very busy at work with office books, the whole in a church of crystal.

Once my father came in my dream an instant singing a fine song, though in his lifetime he only could whistle in a bad way.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Still what of another who spoke about such things. (I speak seldom or never to others about these things, only my wife who dislikes it). A friend of mine told me that his grandfather told the following story. After Napoleon I.'s defeats riots everywhere began, also here in Leyden the mob was chasing the French officials, and a little French woman came beseeching for shelter her husband being killed. She was taken in and after the danger was over she before going away said: "Money I have not to spare, but I will give you the assurance that none of yours, nor your sons, and further descent will ever be forced in conscription, which foresaying to this very day to the letter is fulfilled, none of that family being in military service, though being spread everywhere."

MISCELLANEA.

The same man told me that his mother when very sorry for the long ago, her mother, and the loss of money that there came from that mother, suddenly was surprised by the appearance of her dead mother, that consoled her and showed the place where the papers were hidden, which secured to her the money.

An old aunt of mine talking with an acquaintance of hers over the sickness of a child, suddenly saw a white dog leaping through the house and then the women to each other said: "Now the child is dead," and when they went out to see, the child was really dead.

C. P.

III.—MADAME D'ESPERANCE.

The life story of this well-known Materializing Medium will shortly, I hope, be published in the shape of a Psychic Autobiography. Madame D'Esperance called upon me last quarter, but we had only a hurried interview. Afterwards I was glad to see that *Light* has obtained and published in outline, some account of the way in which this fellow mortal began to know that the invisible world is as real as that which is visible. In her case it seems indeed as if the invisible world was at first the more real of the two. From her infancy

Madame D'Esperance dwelt among the spooks, seeing them moving in and out among men as real and as human as her own parents.

AN EARLY DISCOVERY.

So far as I know, the first real thought I ever took in connection with these experiences was when the necessity arose for defining and separating them from the experiences of the workaday world; when I came gradually to the understanding that the world in which I spent most of the day was not the same world that the people round about me inhabited. The discovery did not trouble me. I fancy I was rather proud of being the sole proprietor of a world to which my nurse and others of the workaday world had no *entrée*; where the people were kinder and quainter. It was a wonderful land, and I never tired of relating its marvels and beauties, till one day I was told that I was "old enough to leave off romancing and weaving absurd stories."

It took me some time to understand that my stories were not believed, but when I did my indignation was boundless. I learned, however, at last that there are some things it is as well not to talk about to everyone; so I gradually left off translating the voices of the wind or the songs of the birds, which nobody believed, or only called romancing—a word which I grew to hate.

A CHILD'S SHADOW LAND.

To compensate for this I took much more comfort in my human (?) companions, who inhabited what I called my "shadow" land, though they were anything but shadows to me. They were always kind. If I passed them on the stairs, or in the old-fashioned rooms, they greeted me with friendly smiles. They seemed to like to have me watching them as they moved about, and this I often did. Sometimes strangers came, but for the most part I grew to recognise them all, and loved them dearly.

One old lady who frequently occupied a seat near the chimney corner attracted me; she looked so sweet and gentle in the quaint white head-dress and lace fichu she wore, as she sat with swiftly moving fingers under which a stocking was always being formed. The vision fascinated me as I observed, time after time, how the deft fingers manipulated the yarn and the glittering needles, till the idea came to me that I might learn how to knit from watching her.

I teased my nurse to supply me with the necessary materials, and then tried hard to imitate the movements of my shadow friend.

PROTECTED FROM GHOSTS BY SHADOWS.

They said our house was haunted, and gruesome stories were told of the ghosts who perambulated in many empty rooms. I was horribly afraid of ghosts. I didn't know what they were, but all the same, I was afraid of them; afraid to move from one room to another without my shadow friends for company; afraid to be left alone in bed unless I saw the friendly face or smile of one of them, and felt certain they would protect me from the dreaded ghosts. With them I knew no fear; dark rooms had no terrors for me. I would spend hours in the haunted rooms, content to know that my shadow friends were an all-sufficient protection against the ghosts; but without them I was the veriest coward. This seeming inconsistency gained for me the reputation of being "queer."

Madame D'Esperance had her ears boxed for describing the old lady from shadowland who knitted so quickly in the chimney corner. But she got over that. What filled her child soul with horror was the assurance given her by the doctor that "other people see these things but they are mad." From that moment she shuddered with dread whenever she saw them, believing each apparition was a proof that her reason was going. At last to her great delight, she found that they appeared but seldom and almost entirely vanished.

THE ESSAY WRITTEN IN SLEEP.

When she was at school, she had a very curious experience. She had to write an essay on Nature.

My attempts at writing only resulted in wasted paper, headaches, or miserable tears at my non-success, I began to despair of ever producing a readable sentence. Every morning I rose with the determination to write something before night, and each night I went to bed resolved to keep awake to think out something before morning; but thoughts would not come—neither in the daytime nor in the night.

At last, when it had reached to within three days of the allotted time and I had still done nothing, I was driven to my knees and prayed long and earnestly that God would send me thoughts. When I went to bed that night I took with me candles, paper, and pencils, intending, when the other girls were asleep, to light my candles and begin to write; but, alas for me, they would not let me have a light, and, in despair, I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning, when miserably gathering up the scattered sheets of paper from the floor where they had fallen, I discovered that they were covered by closely-written lines, which turned out to be a charming, well-thought-out-essay. This, after due consideration, I was allowed to send in as my work, the handwriting being unmistakably my own, though the ideas were clearly from a wiser and older head.

My story of how I had prayed for thoughts to be given to me, together with my known somnambulic propensities, was accepted as the probable explanation of the otherwise mysterious occurrence.

THE SHADOW PEOPLE REAPPEAR.

Some years later, when I had exchanged the busy, occupied life of eldest daughter in a large family for that of a young wife who for several hours a day was left to her own company, I was horrified to find the shadow people reappear, and I began to be tormented by the old fear of a diseased brain. I never spoke of these strange visions, I was too much afraid of people thinking me mad; but the weary secret was a torture to me.

At last she began to hear about spiritualism, at first she scoffed but soon she learned the truth, and a great peace and rest came to her. She got automatic writing and then she began to sketch the portraits of the shadow people.

These were generally done in the dark, as I found that the darkness acted as a background, throwing into strong relief every small detail of the figure I tried to sketch. At first I was as much surprised as anybody to find I had actually succeeded in making a tolerably accurate drawing under such conditions. I did not understand how I did it; all I knew was that to me it was not dark. Most of the portraits so drawn were identified and claimed by the friends of the portrayed person, so that out of some hundreds drawn I only retain a half-dozen or so which were not recognised.

A MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

After experiments for five or six years, they began to experiment for materialization. At the fourth sitting:—

Those sitting outside the cabinet declared that they saw a hand, then a face, appear between the openings of the curtains. I (sitting in the darkness) saw nothing, and was distinctly incredulous. I went outside the curtains to have a look, but found to my dismay that my limbs would hardly bear me. I did see a face, but sank into my chair immediately, feeling strangely weak and powerless; and a sort of far-away-from-everybody-sensation frightened me very much. While in the cabinet I heard the remarks of the people outside distinctly, though they seemed to be speaking miles away. They were talking to the owner of the face I had seen, inviting him to come out, but he declined on the score of having no clothes.

During the interval between that evening and our next meeting, my friend, Mrs. F., and I manufactured some garments out of some old garments which we intended to place at the disposal of our strange visitant should he come again. The garment was taken to the séance room and hung up within the cabinet, ready for use when the spirit came. He did come, and examined the garment critically, but was evidently not so pleased with it as we

were, for he rolled it up and threw it out into the room; afterwards stepping out himself fully clothed in a robe of purer, finer, and more graceful fashion than that we had provided. This was the beginning of a—to me—new phase of mediumship, and, curiously enough, the more it was cultivated, the more difficult it became to obtain any other kind of phenomena, showing that the one phase was cultivated at the expense of the other.

HOW MADAME DEMATERIALIZES.

It may be interesting to add to Madame D'Esperance's account of her psychic experiences, a summary of the illustrated article published in *Light* of November 21st, on her Dematerialisation. The article itself is a review of a French translation of M. Aksakoff's book.*

Madame D'Esperance arrived at Helsingfors in December, 1893, to give a materializing séance at the urgent request of spiritualists of high social standing.

At this séance M. Aksakoff maintains and proves to the satisfaction of our contemporary, that the materialized spirits were made up of human materials obtained by them from Madame D'Esperance's body. During the materialisation her legs appear to have evaporated!

Although Madame D'Esperance was suffering, she held the séance, and her own letter, addressed soon after to Mr. Aksakoff in St. Petersburg, gives an excellent idea of what happened. Her statements, says *Light*, are completely corroborated by the sitters, and M. Aksakoff vouches in the strongest terms for her entire truthfulness. In the letter she says:—

MADAME D'ESPERANCE.
(*From a Photograph by Mr. Boursnell.*)

The peculiar thing about this séance consists in the disappearance of half of my body, which I only found out by accident. My head, or rather the nape of my neck, was giving me a gool deal of pain, and I crossed my hands behind my head to support it, which seemed to relieve me. My arms got tired in that position, and wishing to rest them on my knees, I found that my legs were gone, and that my hands, instead of resting on my knees, were on the chair. That frightened me a little, and I wished to know whether it was true, or if I was dreaming. There was light enough, so I called the attention of the person sitting next me to the strange thing; he examined the chair, and so did four of the others, and they all declared it was true, and that only the upper part of my body was really there. The chair had only my dress on it; my arms, shoulders and chest were in the proper place above the chair. I could speak, move my arms and head, drink water, and even feel my legs and feet although they were not there. During all this time the forms came and went, but they only showed themselves; hands of different shapes and sizes touched those who were nearest the cabinet. I think it must have continued an hour, from the time I first discovered my strange condition, which was long enough to verify it, and quite long enough for me, who did not know if I would ever get back my legs and be able to go home, a doubt that made me very nervous.

A peculiarity of Madame D'Esperance's mediumship is that, by a bargain with the spirits, she never goes into trance, and always sits outside the cabinet; and, although she becomes passive to the point of indifference, she always knows all that goes on. Now, as mediums are generally out of sight and in an insensible condition, Mr. Aksakoff thinks that partial dematerialisation may be a far more frequent phenomenon than we at all suspect.

The bulk of the volume is devoted to the correspondence between the author and the various persons present on the occasion; and in it the whole matter is thrashed out and winnowed with a care and minuteness that are calculated to meet every objection.

The importance of the "case" is that it corroborates the theory of Mr. Aksakoff and others about the source from which the "spirits" draw the substance for their materialisations. That theory, briefly, is that there are three degrees of materialisation. In the first degree, we have "invisible materialisation"—invisible to the multitude, but not to the clairvoyant. In the second degree, we have the visible and tangible materialisation of hands, faces, and other parts of the body. In the third degree we have full forms, in all cases the matter must come from somewhere, and M. Aksakoff believes it comes from the medium.

* "Un Cas de Dématérialisation Partielle du Corps d'un Médium," Enquête et Commentaires; par M. A. AKSAKOFF; Traduit de l'Allemand Paris: Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, 11, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Price 4fr.

X.—SOME STORIES OF MEDIUMS AND THEIR EXPLOITS.

UNDER this head I gather from time to time the more remarkable stories which reach me either from correspondents or from other sources. Friends who have first-hand information as to remarkable mediums are requested to communicate with me.

I.—MRS. BURBANK, OF QUEENSLAND.

MR. A. H. BURBANK, Government Surveyor, Mount Gravatt, Brisbane, Queensland, feeling encouraged by what I wrote about his wife, sends me the following additional statements about her mediumship :—

1. Mrs. Burbank will be standing in circle (own family, with, say, four other friends) and say to me, "Yes, your dream (pointing to one) was a reality, you were with me in the spheres, while I was lecturing—the room was circular, roof a dome of sapphire, you saw me robed, and the robe was hung with pearls which 'chinked' as I moved." On referring to the friend he avers that it was a perfect description of his dream. She seems to see every thought and action in the room, whether darkened or otherwise.

2. One evening she described two gentlemen (one of them she never saw before) who were thirteen miles away—related their conversation, part of which was a jockey being killed that day—she saw the vision of the lad lying on our parlour floor, and described him accurately—on reference all was correct.

3. If, say, we have four friends, she will stand before them and tell each his gift, and in four instances they have developed them. Let me take one case for instance. A young man (a surveyor) whom we had known as of strict Church of England faith, visited us for a few days, during which time he attended our sittings, and was so improved with the general results that he commenced to investigate. As I told you before, Mrs. Burbank is controlled to play all sorts of music (which, by-the-by, has developed wonderfully). This friend, P., was so affected one evening that he wanted to get up and sing to the music in a language he did not know. It appeared that his affinity (an Etruscan) evolved the music, and his soul recognised it as familiar. Mrs. Burbank told him that his chief gift lay in impressional speaking and writing, and that one stood near him ready to help him, and she described the spirit's appearance and gave the name as Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Redcap, Yorkshire (this was only given last night, and we know of none, nor have we the means of ascertaining the identity—we have had so many verified that we cease to seek for further tests), and that he would control P. to write and speak, and then Mrs. Burbank's control (Soel, a Hebrew female, who lived time of Pyramids) gave three subjects. P. sent next day and obtained about six pages of foolscap on each subject in the three days he sat.

The matter given was all opposed to his early teachings, and he said that he never gave a thought to the subject or the context, but that each word came inspirationally. Next evening he spoke, but in a low voice, and rather nervously—but it was well to the point.

Another sitter, a youth, she saw could spirit-travel, and has developed him in that direction—she has also tested him with visions of incidents of past life—for instance, during a dark séance I asked him (as a clairvoyant) what he saw, and he said, "I see Mrs. Burbank tied to a stake, she is left to die, and I see myself bringing her food, but her head droops and she cannot take it." Mrs. Burbank (Soel) then said, "That youth sees perfectly." This one, my student (Mrs. B.), was so martyred, as a few days afterwards was the youth; the other student you have (P.) was martyred likewise some time afterwards—the two souls (youth and Mrs. B.) came to earth and bore home that of P.

The souls of these see what happened in previous lives, they are so gifted.

Often an embodied soul will come into our room, and this Soel will embrace and convene with a disembodied one. Mrs. B. *feels* the contact of the hands of the embodied soul.

4. Scientific subjects—like "action of different foods in the blood," will be given, lasting an hour or more.

5. One control at the piano played (in the dark) a piece with the two hands and left heel, and then would play with one hand, and placing the left heel on the rung of the chair, and resting left elbow on knee, would act as if smoking a cigar and looking round. He gave the name of Mons. Julien, and said he played in the Vaudeville gardens. Mrs. Burbank gave two evenings in Brisbane, and had a Lipp grand piano—Samuel controlling—all said it was artistic music, &c.

While controlled she can be seen clairvoyantly walking round the room, and she tells me that could she tap my knee by signs she could register the thoughts of every one present—for she knows them accurately, but when her spirit returns to the body it is but as a dream, and no permanent knowledge exists. When Dean Monmouth controls and stands before the audience, Mrs. B.'s spirit goes round the room, reads the thoughts, and then the control adapts his text to it. Many sitters have told me that "such and such a text was the very one they long had wanted explained." She travelled to Mars last night, and described a terrible war lasting six years—so terrible that the bodies could not be got rid of, and that a hot, dry, and scorching wind was blowing over them and drying them.

A noise occurred which brought her back. She plays and sings in the dark better than in the light. She is never in trance, but nearly normal. Till six months since we never read a book on spiritualism, and I now find that the majority of our teachings and results agree with (fairly) what I now read. Her musical friends say that if she learns the notes on the violin, they will play that instrument also; we have one now, she learnt the notes and then played off by note "Ah, che la Morte" and several others, but not under control. It was quite normal. In twelve months more we hope that she may play in the dark unknown music as she does now on the piano.

II.—EUSAPIA PALADINO AND HER "ASTRAL" HANDS.

A COMMITTEE, comprising M. Sully Prudhomme, of Académie Française; M. Desbaux, Director of the Odéon; Professor Richet; M. de Rochas, and Dr. Dariex, invited Eusapia Paladino to Paris to hold some further experimental sittings, which commenced on September 15th.

Similar phenomena to those previously occurring in her presence were repeated—movements of objects at a distance, lights, and levitation of a table above the heads of the sitters, without contact of the medium's hands, and remaining suspended while two of the committee endeavoured to press it down. These experiments will be fully described in the "Annales des Sciences Psychiques."

Another series of sittings was subsequently held at Bordeaux, at the residence of M. Maxwell, Deputy Attorney-General of Grenoble, who had invited Baron de Wateville, Count de Grammont, and M. de Rochas to assist. *Questor Vitæ* thus summarises the results allowed in *Light*, November 26th:—

The committee decided to take the phenomena as presented, and to concentrate their attention upon the observation of the process by which movements of objects at a distance were effected without contact. The result of their investigations in

this respect was a unanimous conclusion that movement of objects at a distance from the medium is effected by means of "astral" hands projected from the medium; while the movement of objects close to the medium, such as the levitation of a table without contact, appears to be effected by means of an invisible force which flows through the medium's hands. M. de Rochas considers that this conclusion constitutes an important contribution to our knowledge with regard to the production of psychical phenomena.

While both of Eusapia's hands were being held by M. de Rochas, his face was held and squeezed with considerable force by an "astral" hand. Hands were inserted under his arms, and he was lifted up off his chair, the chair being placed over his head, upon his shoulders. Other members of the committee were touched in a similar way, one of them seeing the fingers that were held over his face and eyes.

As to whether the hands thus materialised and projected to a distance from the medium were those of Eusapia's own "astral" form or not, M. de Rochas could express no opinion.

Eusapia, at the request of M. de Rochas, held her hands some inches above one end of the table, which was then levitated. While so suspended in the air, M. de Rochas pinched the intervening space between the table and the medium's hands. The sensation of the pinch repercated to Eusapia, who uttered a cry of pain; showing thereby that an invisible connecting medium passed from her hands to the table, carrying sensation and dynamic energy. It is, therefore, possible that these astral hands are materialised thought-forms, projected through the medium by means of an invisible vital circuit which is known to carry dynamic energy and sensation.

The presence of an operator external to Eusapia was, indeed, verified several times during these experiments, when his face and beard were partly seen. One of the committee entered the cabinet behind the medium on one occasion, and was "handled" to a very palpable degree. This intra-normal operator assumed the name of "John King," and informed the investigators, through his subject, that he was an ex-Egyptian.

M. de Rochas pursued further his researches into the identity of process existing between electricity and the vital emanation radiated from the medium. It was found that the passing of an electric current from a Wimhorst machine by means of a chain, one end of which was fastened to the subject's shoulder and the other to the table, gave considerable additional strength to the phenomena. Eusapia in her normal state objected to the use of electricity, but when in intra-normal or "secondary" state, her control asked that it should be used.

M. de Rochas found Eusapia very susceptible to mesmeric influence and suggestion. He reproduced the usual visual and auditive hallucinatory phenomena with her. Indeed, he discovered that it saved time to mesmerically induce her into the secondary, or trance state, rather than to wait till she was entranced by the invisible operator, who, however, then took control of her. M. de Rochas also produced the phenomenon of the "exteriorisation of sensibility" with her, which formed into a column at her right side. He was, however, unable to proceed through the process of developing this into the "double," because the invisible operator seized upon this vital emanation and used it for his own purposes in the production of the phenomena already referred to.

The positive value of these experiments, as compared with those at Cambridge and with the mere negativeness entailed by persistent and determining scepticism, stands self-evident. Indeed, as M. de Rochas observed, in this respect, and therein confirming the criticism of Ochorowicz, "If a considerable number of experimenters in different places affirm the reality of certain phenomena they have observed, while a few others fail to obtain them, the probability is that the latter did not know how to establish the conditions necessary to obtain the phenomena in question."

III.—THOMAS WILD OF ROCHDALE, AND HIS SIAMESE TWIN.

A VERY curious story is told in the columns of *Light* concerning the medium, Thomas Wild, of Rochdale. A correspondent writes thus concerning this remarkable medium:—

Thomas Wild is one of twin brothers, born in the year 1842, conjoined by a ligature, best understood by recalling the Siamese twins. The two children were separated soon after birth, and Edmund, the other child, only survived about three weeks. Here we have a fact for our philosophers to dwell upon. Edmund, the twin brother of our remarkable friend, Thomas Wild, claims that Thomas's body is as much his as it is Thomas's, and when he controls he does so absolutely: and Thomas is removed outside his physical organism, and remains standing by while Edmund converses on the one side with friends "passed on" and on the other side with those waiting here for communications.

The remarkable feature of this service is that the names, ages, sometimes the cause of death, but always the place of residence, are given in connection with each communication—the town, street, and often the number of the house.

IV.—MRS. GRADDON AND HER PATENTS.

MRS. GRADDON is one of those mediums who make practical use of their mediumship. She is a widow, and she claims that her husband, who was an inventor, has given her, since his death, designs of machines which she has patented. She tells the story as follows in *Light*, January 9th, 1897:—

On the morning of April 20th, 1886, before I was a Spiritualist, about a fortnight after the death of my husband, who was himself an inventor and keenly interested in all mechanical appliances, I was standing in the breakfast-room discussing with my children and the servant the question of dinner, with a view to which I had been chopping up some veal. Suddenly I was conscious of a very curious sensation. Hardly knowing what I did, I called excitedly for a pencil and paper, which were brought. Then I sat down, and my hand was made to draw a diagram of what I afterwards saw was a chopping machine. After long consideration, and acting on the advice of friends, I decided that the idea indicated by the diagram was a practicable one, and proceeded to patent it and have a model manufactured. Then I got a City firm to take the matter up, and entered into an agreement with them, under which they paid me £50 down and undertook to take out the foreign patents and put the machine on the market. Unfortunately, within three months afterwards they went into liquidation. Now that contingency had been provided for in the agreement, under which, in such an event, the sole interest in the invention reverted to me. But when I took steps to enforce this, I found it would cost me £300 to pay off the commitments into which the firm had entered with foreign patent agents and others before I could regain control of my patent. Try as I would, I could not raise the money, and eventually the patent lapsed. In the meantime, however, I had come into contact with some Spiritualists, and had begun to investigate for myself, with the result that I rapidly developed as a medium. I then discovered what I had previously suspected to be the case, namely, that the idea of the chopping machine had been given to me by my husband; for I should tell you that when he was dying he had promised me, at my earnest entreaty, that if it were possible for him to come back to me from the world of spirits he would do so. This was the method he had adopted to provide for his widow and children; but it seemed then that his effort had been in vain. In the meantime, however, other means were provided for our maintenance, and I was told that when the proper time came he would communicate to me the design of another machine of the same kind as the first, but of a more perfect character. I received that design last April, on the same date (the 20th), and at about the same hour, that I had received the first invention ten years before. Instead of writing the letter, my hand at once began to rapidly outline the design of a machine, and I saw the long-expected invention had come at last. These are not the only inventions I have received by automatic drawing.

XI.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF PSYCHIC GIFTS.

REPORT OF A YEAR'S WORK AT HERTFORD LODGE.

MR. THURSTON'S interesting attempt to develop psychic gifts by opening a kind of Psychic College at Hertford Lodge, Battersea, has frequently been noticed in BORDERLAND. The following report of the first year's experimental reunions has been kindly supplied me by Mr. Thurston. For the cross-headings Mr. Thurston is not responsible. The results attained are very suggestive, and indicate the possibility of the general developing of psychic gifts by study and attention. If we paid as much attention to the development of the sixth sense as we do to fashion plates and the odds on the turf, we should probably be able to use that sense with the same confidence with which we use our eyes and ears.

MR. THURSTON'S REPORT, 1895–6.

A SERIES of seventy meetings of ladies and gentlemen was held in my house at Hertford Lodge, Albert Bridge, S.W., from November, 1895, to the middle of July, 1896. Our object primarily was to develop by systematic practice the mental gifts commonly classed as psychic and subsidiary to this to discover by experiment the methods of practice most conducive to this development and most feasible of adoption in mixed companies.

A.—THE SUBJECTS AND METHOD OF STUDY.

The psychic gifts we practised were not only the powers of absorbed inner attention and exaltation of the subconsciousness, but also the more positive ones of clear visualisation by the mental eye and thought-projection into the minds of others.

STUDENTS—NUMBERS, ATTENDANCE, AND RESIDENCE.

The attendance sometimes amounted to sixteen, sometimes fell to four. But the average attendance was the more workable number of eight or nine. A record of each meeting was made by me from notes taken at the time and submitted for correction and confirmation at the subsequent meeting.

In the course of these experiments many interesting and curious facts were continually cropping up which tended to support theories like those of thought-projection and telepathy. But as our primary object was to exercise ourselves in these faculties on the assumption that they exist, and not to tabulate facts to support these theories, our facts are not the results of arrangements exact enough to make them of much evidential value. But meetings like these may become a forcing-bed for the very facts which at present are only obtained sporadically.

The persons attending were residents in London. The majority were ladies. This was due to two causes. Persons of that sex are more anxious to develop these psychic qualities and the hours arranged being in the afternoon suited their leisure more.

SUBJECTS STUDIED.

Of the seventy meetings twenty-five were arranged especially to practise clairvoyance and thought-transference, twenty-four psychometry and thought-projection, twenty-one automatic writing and table-movements.

I shall first describe the methods of procedure, which we found by course of trial the most convenient to adopt.

At the meetings for clairvoyance we always began by dividing ourselves into two groups, each to take a turn at a twofold practice. The one was to develop the habit of attention, which by concentration intensifies all impressions coming from external sources and retains them in clearly visualised pictures, until they can be seen by the mental eye as distinctly as by the sensory eye: the other the kind of impression which by becoming abstracted from external impressions devotes itself to receiving those from internal or subconscious sources, and then projecting them into the external sensorium until they become forms of imagination or hallucination according to the greater or less hypnotic state attained.

The strengthening of these two faculties by practice I consider the first step in acquiring that interchange of mentality which constitutes the basis of clairvoyance.

VISUALISATION AND TELEPATHY.

A screen was arranged across the room. On one side a picture was set up against a dark background. Not more than four conveniently, whom I called the visualisers or operators, engaged themselves intently gazing at this picture, every now and then closing the eyes to see if the picture could be seen mentally with precision and correctness. Meanwhile, the others sat on the other side of the screen with pencils and memorandum slips by their side and tried to attain the absent-minded frame of mind. To attain this passive state there are different methods. They may be classified as gazing at external points as a bright disc, crystal or mirror, or at internal points such as a spot visualised in the brain or a fixed idea or vision. In all cases the attention must be kept passively and abstractedly without straining the eyes, but watching through some part of the brain as through a frame. The state of abstraction may also be attained by closing the eyes and going in imagination to some distant spot in space and resolutely remaining there. But if one wishes to sense any thoughts in the immediate environment mind wandering must not be indulged in.

THE SENSATION OF PASSIVITY.

If the right state of passivity has been induced, the percipient ought to feel a warm calm dreamlike state of mind, with sometimes also a sense of clouds or fumes wreathing from the brain. The difficulty always is to get the creative faculty of the brain quite dormant. To attain this one requires to distinguish the difference of feeling existing in the consciousness when the creative fancy is at work and when it is not. I left it to the discretion of each percipient to use the method of inducing passivity the most congenial, but I found that practically

in a mixed assembly they all preferred the method of gazing internally, whether closing the eyes or not.

SIX-MINUTE TURNS.

It requires properly some time for a person coming from a busy state of life to acquire this passive hallucinatory state of mind—some quarter or half hour at least. But practice enables one to do it in a shorter time; and the exigencies of the time at our disposal as well as the fact that the other group could not meanwhile keep their attention on the strain without tiring compelled me to allow only about six minutes to the concomitant gazing practices.

If we had been meeting for the sake of getting phenomena, of course, we should have arranged a longer time, but, as our object was for each one to practise, this arrangement worked very well and was the only one possible to give each group a turn at each practice.

Again, if we had been meeting to prove thought-transference, obviously the most successful plan would have been to have selected the best operators to be always operators, and the best recipients to be always recipients; but this plan would not have carried out our main object, consequently, at the end of each experiment, the first set of operators took their place at the table among the recipients, while a new group of operators went behind the screen and gazed at another picture set up there, until in this way everyone in the room had practised both forms of attention.

"WRITE DOWN WHAT YOU SEE!"

In every case, at the end of the six minutes, the operators left their side of the screen and stood at the back of the recipients and without any contact or word tried either to project the mental picture into the brains of the sitters, or else built up the idea as it were in relief upon the table. Then the recipients were required to jot down on the memo-slips any impressions or pictures, however vague, which had occurred to them, and to sign their record. Strict silence was maintained from the commencement of the gazing until the last note had been written, and then the records were compared with the originals and all points of resemblance noted. All the original slips were retained by me, and whenever they bore any striking correspondence to the picture, were pasted in my book of records made from the notes.

THE BEST SUBJECTS FOR EXPERIMENT.

With regard to the subject of the pictures we generally arranged to have one a portrait or figure—fancy or from life—and one, a scene or landscape. We found that the fewer the details the better the result. Thus a single figure in a striking dress or attitude was a better picture to use than a crowd of figures. Once or twice for experiment we used a statuette.

At first we gave no indications whatever to the recipients as to the kind of picture being projected, but after a while we discovered it was a better practice to begin from the more easy to the more difficult; we experienced that if I announced the kind of subject so as to narrow down the internal attention to look for certain details only, such as the dress of the figure, the pose, the mood, beginners obtained more successful results, and were not only encouraged, but taught the right attitude of mind.

Consequently, we fell into the plan of announcing the subject by a few general particulars, such as whether figure or landscape, or whether fancy or from life. In every case I carefully recorded the exact words announced in these hints.

PICTURE-TRANSFERENCE BY TELEPATHY.

This preliminary practice of picture-transference by telepathy took up generally the first half of the time. In the time remaining we all sat passively in silence round a table and tried to penetrate clairvoyantly into the mental and psychic environment of the other sitters, noting and remembering any scene or face we saw in connection with them, or any name or phrase that came into our head or may have been clairaudiently heard. At the end I wrote down whatever each chose to record and whatever correspondences with veridical circumstances were noteworthy.

THE CLASS FOR PSYCHOMETRY.

I shall now describe the procedure at the meetings for psychometry. Our first practice was to psychometrise objects held in the hand. This consists of a kind of absorption and concentration of the inner attention into other points of time or space or personality, and to sense by intuition any peculiarities of mood or environment which the adopted consciousness presents.

The development of this attention to the subconsciousness is a valuable addition to the mental education, and our object being thus to practise and not to prove psychometry, we made no attempt to establish any theory as to its cause.

We found by experience that the best objects to practise upon were letters in which the writer was in striking circumstances or showed some strong emotion or mood, or else trinkets or relics once in the possession of some strongly marked personality. These letters or other objects were brought by various members. It was the rule that all letters tendered should be taken from their original envelopes and be put into fresh covers. Without doubt this made the process of sensing the more difficult, but it removed the chance of assistance from other faculties as graphology. The psychometrist was allowed to hold finger and thumb inside the cover against the writing, or to place the object against the forehead. We sat round a table, and each having a letter or object allotted to him, recorded any impressions on paper.

The psychometrist was usually informed of the sex of the writer, and sometimes was required to investigate on particular lines. In such cases the facts were noted by me.

When all had finished, I read out each statement and marked against it the judgment as to its correctness given by the bringer of the letter. I kept and filed these annotated slips and noted any striking points in my record book.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

After this practice at psychometry we finished proceedings by a brief practice at thought-transference. We generally decided first some particular class of objects for selection.

At first we used to pair off in groups of two; and each individual would take turn to be operator, and project the object, mentally selected, into the thoughts of the other, holding the hand, steadily gazing into the eyes, forming the shape and other qualities clearly in the thoughts, and resolutely refusing to allow the

ideas of any associated object to rise in the mind, repeating the word, mentally, all the while.

The mere practice of doing this is an excellent discipline of the mind, independent of any immediate successes, and the other practice of trying to be in sympathy with another mind is as excellent a training.

At our latest meetings we modified this plan of action.

It was found in practice that the thought of a strong operator sometimes affected the listener of other pairs. The only way to obviate this was for each pair to operate separately; but the time at our disposal was against this. So we made a new disposition. One person selected the object mentally, and the rest all listened inwardly, and then silently wrote down the name of the object sensed. Then, all the answers being first recorded, the projector was asked to name the thing projected.

AUTOMATIC EXPERIMENTS.

As regards our procedure at the meetings for automatic movement there is not much to state.

The first part of the time was occupied by each of us holding a pencil, planchette, psychograph, or ouija-board, and trying to get names or surnames written automatically, which might give some proof of impress from psychic sources.

The last part of the time we gathered round a small table and tried by tilts or raps to get similar proofs of psychic impress operating, whatever be the cause, from within outwards.

We did not experiment as to the causes; we wished only to attain the power of getting these results more readily; and when that is attained, we shall doubtless be in a better position to satisfy ourselves as to the causes immediate, mediate, or remote, whether they be born of our own intelligence, or of an intelligence within our intelligence setting in action some unconscious cerebration or nervous outflow, or whether they be effected by some mysterious forces outside of ourselves, emanating from unseen organisms gaining temporary power to act on our grade of matter by the fact of two or three being gathered together in unanimity of expectation.

I will now pass on to recount some of the most interesting of our experiences in each set of practices.

B.—RESULTS ATTAINED.

As regards to transference of ideas by the picture-gazing method, there was scarcely a meeting that did not elicit some indications that the dominant idea in the mind of the operators was being felt in some way by the percipients.

PICTURES TELEPATHED.

On some days these indications were more manifest than others. It depended on so many things—on the passivity of the percipients and the activity of the operators, on the number of practices and the length of time allotted, on the simplicity or complexity of the subjects selected, and, lastly, on the weather and other factors that tend to disturb the mental state.

(1) FIGURES AND GROUPS.

The following are some specimens of the best results:—

On December 16th, the operators were visualising a photographic reproduction of a well-known picture by Edward Bisson—a dark-haired maiden, with gauzy drapery clinging on body, but hooding head and shoulders, arms folded, clasping flowers to the breast, and two winged cupids fluttering near holding out flowers.

The subject was announced to the percipients as a "Fancy Female Portrait." No mention was made of the cupids or flowers.

One of the percipients wrote down the following impressions as received. I add, in brackets, my judgments as to correctness.

"I see a girl (right) standing (right), one arm raised (wrong), clinging dress (partly right), birds (winged cupids) and flowers (right), dark hair (right)."

On the same day the next set of operators visualised a reproduction of a well-known picture—a girl in a panelled room, pensively striking a chord on a spinnet, while one elbow and knee rests on a high-backed chair. Time, last century.

It was announced to the percipients as "Another Fancy Female Portrait." No mention was made of the occupation of the figure, yet the idea was transferred to two percipients.

One wrote down:—"I see a girl (right) playing some musical instrument (right), looking upward (wrong), dress confined by a girdle (right), columns in distance (no)."

A second wrote:—"I get the impression only of a lady playing some musical instrument."

On February 3rd, the subject before the operators was one of the Bassano series of fancy portraits made from real life called Love's Eyes—head and shoulders of a girl with large eyes, looking up, and with plentiful curling hair over head and down shoulders.

It was announced as "A Female Portrait." No mention was made as to whether it was full length or not. It was required to find all the details. Three percipients were fairly near the mark.

One wrote:—"I see the head and shoulders (right) of a lady about twenty-three (right), oval features (right), straight nose (right), square, open forehead (no), hair appears waved (right), eyes full (right) and dark (right), mouth small (right), decided lips (right), dress low, but not clearly shown (right)."

A second precipient wrote:—"A girl's head only (right), with fair hair (right), wavy (right), hanging over each shoulder (right), eyes large (right), mouth small (right), nose straight (right), white garment around shoulder (right), oval-shaped face (right), pointed chin (right), dimpled (?)"

A third wrote:—"A girl with long fair hair (right), looking upward (right), dark dress or mantle (no), small, straight nose (right), small mouth (right)."

On March 23rd, the subject being visualised was Rossetti's Beata Beatrix—a picture too well known to need description. It was announced as "Photo of a figure—to find sex, dress, &c." A percipient caught the leading points of the subject well, writing:—"A female figure (right), sitting (right) or kneeling (?), dark hair and eyes (right), sad expression (right), dark blue drapery (right) and black lace (?), hands clasped (right)."

On the same occasion, the two groups having reversed positions, the picture set to be visualised was the portrait of Macchiavelli, from a Florence gallery. It was announced as a "Portrait of a male."

A percipient wrote:—"A tall figure (right), standing (right), robed like a pontiff (right) or apostle in some Roman sort of dress (somewhat so), has a key or crook

in hand (?), on his head a biretta (right), face smooth (right)."

Another wrote:—"A monk in religious habit (right), tonsured head (not visible), cypress tree in background (no)."

On June 1st, the subject was a portrait of the son of Lord Manners, as exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1896. It was announced as a "Portrait of a child—to find sex, dress, attitude."

A percipient wrote:—"The child is a boy (right) in Lord Fauntleroy dress (right), fair brown hair (right)."

Another wrote:—"I see a persistent view of a foot in a brown or yellow shoe (right), with part of the leg in black stocking half way to the knee (right)."

On June 13th, the subject was another of the Bassano series called St. Cecilia—a fair lady in classical dress, holding a lily; background, a pattern on the wall forming the semblance of rays round her head. It was announced as "Portrait of a lady—to find dress and background." A percipient caught two of the salient features.

"I see a figure of a woman in white (right), robed, with halo (right) or large hat (very like it), straight hair, hanging (no), large lily in hand (right)."

The above are all examples of single figures reproduced. I will now give some of composite groups. They were more difficult and less often tried.

On May 11th, the subject was a photograph of two Japanese wrestlers. It was announced simply as a "Photo of two figures from life—to find the peculiar attitude." A percipient got a good impression as follows:—

"I see a Japanese man (right), standing (right), with a Japanese lady (sex wrong) kneeling on the left (nearly so); the latter had green skirt, black bodice (no)."

Another percipient was near the mark. "I see two acrobats (right), one standing on the other's head (no), both dressed in tight-fitting black clothes (nearly naked, dark skin)."

On May 25th we had a very composite subject. It was a picture called "The New Woman," in which a group of merry Swiss or Tyrolese boys and girls are holding up a girl riding a bicycle down a mountain road. It was announced as a "Landscape, with group of persons, of both sexes, in action."

One of the percipients got a good transference, writing:—"I see a group of happy young people (right), one or two raised above the rest (right), arms of several uplifted (right), dressed as workgirls in short skirts (right), several with neck-kerchiefs loose round throat (right), children dancing round a May-tree (no), several of the boys in shirt-sleeves (right), all are merry (right), grass land (right), river in distance (no, but white road like river)."

Another percipient also partly caught the idea, thus: "Trees with white blossoms (wrong), white mountains in the distance (right), figures in short costume (right) dancing, and others reclining (wrong), a bright happy tone (right)."

On the same occasion another picture was announced, "Photo of Two Female Figures—Fancy." It was a well-known picture called "Towards a Better Land," an angel uplifting a beautiful female with flowing hair and upstretched arm.

The following was written by a percipient: "I see a woman with flowing hair (right), and dress blown by the wind (right), looking out to sea (sea below), as if in search of a ship."

Now I will give some specimens in which the subject set was scenery. The best result was with interiors.

(2) BUILDINGS AND LANDSCAPES.

On February 10th a subject was announced "Photo of a Building." (It was a photo brought by a lady of the interior of a large Catholic church.) Four out of six percipients got near the mark.

The following was written by one: "I see the interior (right) of some large building (right), columns with Gothic arches (right), perhaps the interior of some cathedral (right)." Another gave: "Columns and arches (right), a memorial stone lying flat, with inscription on it (?), stained glass and windows (right)." A third wrote:—"Interior of St. Paul's arranged for a funeral." A fourth, "A white building with arches (right), small indistinct figures (?), dark background (wrong)."

On May 4th a subject was announced "Townscape." (Photo of Plaza of St. Mark's, Venice.)

One of the percipients wrote down: "The chief impression I get is of some building ecclesiastical (right), roofs and fretted work of some sort (right). Then I see distinctly the façade of some large cathedral (right), with some windows round and others rectangular (right). Next I see a figure in kingly robes (there was a statue in the centre—conspicuous in the photo), then figures of angels and apostles (?). Finally I am strongly impressed there is a plaza of a town in Italy somewhere in the picture like the one of St. Mark's, Venice (right), in front there is a campanile (right), and a single tree somewhere (wrong), also a bird's nest, but why? It seems incongruous" (no nest in photo, but there is a tree with old nest just opposite the window of my sitting-room, which might have been unconsciously recently observed). The percipient also has visited Venice, a fact which might have aided him to catch the impression so definitely.

Sometimes we tried a combination of landscape with figures.

On March 30th a subject was announced "Landscape with Central Figure." It was an engraving of a picture called "Solitude." A German peasant girl, like a Marguerite, seated in a large punt moored by beds of reeds in the marshes beside a river. She is all alone. Her head is bowed, the sun is setting.

A percipient wrote: "A lake or river (right), with landscape on left side (?). A girl (right), in front, in short petticoat (right), something bright on head (wrong), blue hills behind (wrong)."

Again, on May 18th, a subject announced "Landscape, with a Male Figure." A picture called "Contemplation." A hooded monk is pacing a wide stretch of sand beside the sea, hands clasped.

A percipient wrote: "Tall figure (right), in Eastern costume (wrong); long hair and beard (wrong), beside a long stretch of sand or sea (right), standing (right), in prayer or adoration (right)."

Another lady member wrote: "I see a young man (right), with short dark hair (hooded), standing in a lonely spot (right), with loose robes (right), looking sad (right), undecided (?), long staff in hand (wrong)."

The above will be enough examples of this picture transference. I could give you several more, but these are typical of our best results as yet.

SOME SOURCES OF ERROR.

Of course, on every occasion there were percipients who could see nothing or saw more facts wrong than right. But sometimes these very errors were themselves very instructive. They showed in what way the mind

had been acting in a wrong direction. I will give some cases that illustrate this.

The following show a common fault on the part of the percipients of letting, unconsciously it may be, the creative fancy remain active at work. The mind listening and groping inwardly all right succeeds in catching quite correctly some striking detail of the picture, and instead of remaining passive to see other details, lets the fancy be stimulated into activity by the suggestion received, until it amplifies the one point into a picture of its own. A similar process is seen in dreams—a state of mind very akin to clairvoyant and somnambulic states.

On March 16th the subject being visualised by the operators was an angel blowing a huge trumpet that coiled round the neck. One of the percipients, half apprehending the idea of the trumpet, amplified it into "a person with a fur round his neck, struggling with a python." Another, also, made it into "a figure holding a bow."

On January 27th there was a failure very instructive to us. The operators were looking at a group announced as a "Group of Persons," that had a Christ with a halo round the head, and on each side an angel with outspread wings. One of the percipients wrote down: "I see a central figure of a man in long robes like a Roman dress. On his head is something like a helmet with eagle's wings on each side. Also I see two swans with outspread wings sailing each side of him." Here he had evidently apprehended the idea of the outspread wings of the angels twice; but his fancy had first woven it into the notion of wings to a helmet, and afterwards into two swans.

Another instructive failure was on February 24th. A lady had brought a photo of a church and graveyard to be visualised. Conspicuous in the picture was a tombstone of pyramidical shape. It was announced as a "Landscape."

A percipient wrote down: "I see a pyramid standing in the desert with other indistinct shapes, one is, perhaps, a sphinx."

In this case the mind had caught the shape of the tombstone from some operator's mind, but had gone on to elaborate the scene of the pyramid in the desert.

It also shows another source of error, viz., the tendency of the somnambulic mind to apprehend form without the right idea of size. Consequently it magnifies or minimises. Thus a tombstone became the size of a pyramid. Again, on another occasion a shrub became a tree.

Another instance of partial apprehension being built upon by the creative faculty, will be noticed in the very first case quoted (December 16th), where two winged Cupids are turned into two birds.

Sometimes, apparently, one detail only is apprehended by the percipients without awaking the fancy; but the fault is that the mind rests there without discovering the whole picture. An instance of this may be noted in the case of June 1st, quoted above, where a portrait of the son of Lord Manners was being visualised, and a percipient saw only the foot correctly.

All cases like the above, where one detail is seized to the exclusion of the rest, are, perhaps, due to a fault on the part of the operators. These, when trying to visualise a subject as a whole, are apt to concentrate their attention too exclusively on some one detail.

This is somewhat unfair to the percipients who catch this one point and not the rest. But it is a very difficult one to avoid, especially when the attention is on a great strain. Indeed, some psychologists affirm that it is impossible for the attention to take into the consciousness more than one detail at a time; the idea of a comprehended whole being attained only by a rapid apprehension from point to point. They have illustrated this argument by an ear listening to a concerted orchestra.

Another common error on the part of operators is, when looking at a subject, to let the attention wander on to some associated idea. Some have confessed to this straying of thought, when the extraneous idea, and not the original, has turned up in the minds of the percipients.

There is one more source of error of the percipients to notice. It is that of catching ideas from their immediate neighbours and not from the persons on the other side of the screen.

A notable instance of this occurred on May 25th. A portrait of Fra Angelico was being visualised, and by an error of judgment it had been announced as "A Male Head. Religious subject." Now this word religious was objectionable for two reasons; it limited the subject too much, and was so suggestive that it started the irrepressible fancy to work.

In the mind of one of the percipients it immediately caused a picture—the Christ crowned with thorns, by Guido—to start in my imagination. Feeling this to be a suggestion of the fancy, and annoyed that such a suggestive word had been mentioned, I banished the false picture by my will, and subsequently caught a fair impression of the right subject writing down: "I see a figure in a long monk's robe with hood (right), and a pastoral crook (no); also a library with bookshelves and illuminated scrolls and missals (wrong)," but a lady who had brought the photograph and was among the operators confessed that her thoughts had wandered to the library of San Marco in Florence, where she had seen the original of the portrait hanging. On comparing notes afterwards it was found that no less than four out of the five other percipients had got the idea of the Guido Head immediately, and had not changed from it, thinking it to be the right one.

This might have been a coincidence of everybody's fancy starting the self-same picture, but I am inclined to think it was a case of telepathy from the wrong source.

The remaining percipient obtained the impression quite right at once, writing "a monk with hood surrounding the head (right), sad expression (right), eyes upraised (right), and hands clasped (right)."

Another curious mistake on the part of a percipient is worth briefly noting. A lady, instead of seeing the picture being visualised, gave a very accurate replica of another picture which I had previously selected and stowed away as the next subject for practice that day.

C.—CLAIRVOYANT MIND READING.

I will now pass on to record some of the experiences we had in the other practice at these clairvoyant meetings, the looking into the psychic surroundings, so to say, of the others present.

Observing and listening with the inner mind, some saw pictures and faces, and some heard names and surnames and spoken words, and on comparing notes at the end we discovered that often these sights and names had correspondences with events that had either recently occupied the mind of someone present or been connected with it in the past.

I will begin with some of the most striking cases of the first kind :—

On May 11th, a lady, Miss C., recorded that she had seen behind Mr. F. a vision of him looking at a lady in a coffin. Simultaneously, I had received the impression and recorded a voice saying the surname Parkinson or Parkins.

On comparing notes at the end Mr. F. said that a few days before he had attended a funeral of a lady and had looked at her in her coffin, and that her name was Parkinson.

Miss C. was a complete stranger to Mr. F. and lived in another part of London. I also knew nothing of his private affairs, meeting him only in my rooms.

Again, on May 25th, a lady, Miss M. W., recorded that she had seen behind the same Mr. F., a tall, portly gentleman in military uniform, bald-headed, with cocked hat by his side. Also that she heard the name Fanny Burton.

Mr. F. stated that he had a friend and relative of that exact description, called General Fowler Burton.

I must state that Mr. F. was an utter stranger to Miss W., and that it was a curious coincidence that the next day he received a letter from this man's daughter saying that her father was ill.

On June 1st, Miss W. described behind Mrs. B. an old woman with strongly marked features and checked shawl carrying a basket. Now Mrs. B. had been annoyed by just such an old woman as she had come to the réunion, but had not mentioned the fact to anyone.

On December 16th, Miss P. and Miss B., both members of this society, were present. I knew nothing of their private life, but looking into the surroundings of Miss P. I described as living in her house a woman, tall, elegant, about thirty or so, dressed in long silk mantle, fur-trimmed, reaching down nearly to her feet. She recognised this as a good description of her lady's maid and her dress. Behind Miss B. I saw a tall old gentleman, whom I recognised as Mr. Wedgwood, a person deceased I had once met and who—a fact I did not know—had been a great friend of Miss B. Then another lady present said, to my surprise, that she too had been a friend of the deceased and had in her pocket, at that moment, a letter from his daughter.

On May 18th, a young lady, a stranger to me, was sitting next to me. I described in her environment a building like the interior of the South Kensington Museum and a series of tapestries and a throne with a canopy. The lady acknowledged she was a student at the Museum and studied the tapestries there—a fact unknown to me.

On March 23rd, another young lady was next me, and I saw in connection with her the front of a great building or temple with great columns and steps leading up to it. She said she had been seeing in her mind a vision of a similar building, a sort of Egyptian Temple.

On March 30th, Mrs. S. had come a stranger to the meetings for the first time. Behind her Mrs. E. saw a lady with long features, rather sharp, hair white and parted, in black dress and thick veil, being wheeled in an invalid chair by a stout man with a red face. Mrs. S. recognised the description as that of her sister, of whose house in the country she had been thinking. Now I, too, had been looking into the surroundings of this lady and had recorded a picture of a country house, and gave particulars of its appearance, which she said was just the house she had gone to in mind. I also had recorded that I had seen, too, a girl who had passed away about sixteen, with fair hair down her back, who seemed to tell me that she was her daughter and had done a certain thing which I detailed. Mrs. S. acknowledged the description and facts about her daughter to be correct.

On June 15th, a lady, Mrs. G., had come a stranger to me for the first time. I recorded that behind her I had seen a good-looking girl, an inmate of her house, dressed in black dress, white cap and apron, so that I could not decide whether she was a servant or hospital nurse. She had curly fair hair.

Mrs. G. said that very week she had had to dismiss a servant girl of that description for an annoying cause, and that, curiously, on leaving, the girl had declared that she was going to become a hospital nurse.

On June 1st, a young lady, a stranger to Mrs. B., saw behind her a benevolent-looking old man, with white hair, white beard, rather long Roman nose, brown eyes, named Samuel or Stephen.

This is a good description of her husband, as I also can vouch for, having seen him. His Christian names are Simeon Stephenson.

The above are all more or less indications of reading the consciousness or subconsciousness of those around us.

CLAIRVOYANT VISIONS OF THE DEAD OR ABSENT.

Sometimes the names and descriptions of unknown personalities have been given and have been recognised by the one in connection with whom they were seen as departed friends or relatives.

Thus, for instance, I gave :—

On November 18th, the name (Sarah) and personal description of a favourite great-aunt of Miss M. W.

On December 2nd, the name (Annie), personal description, age, and occupation of a favourite servant of Mrs. I.

On January 27th, the name and surname (May Brown) of a friend of Mrs. I.

On February 24th, the personality and peculiar Masonic ring of the husband of Mrs. C. S.

On February 27th, the description and peculiar dress as in an old portrait of the mother of Mrs. O.

On same date, the name (Willie) of a brother of Mr. O., also cause of death and town (Wagga-Wagga) where he died.

On same date, the name (Maudie), age, and description of a daughter of Mrs. T., also description of her brother, also the name and description of an old servant of hers.

On March 2nd, the name (Ellinore), age, and personal description of a sister of Mrs. H.

On March 16th, the name and surname (Geo. Mitchell), of a friend of Mrs. C. S.

On May 16th, the name (Eva), description of a sister of Miss G. and other facts about her mother.

On May 25th, the name (Ludwig), description and occupation of an uncle of Miss F. and the fact that he lived in Hamburg.

On same date, the name (Mary), and description of a sister of Mr. W.

On June 1st, the name and surname of a nephew of Mrs. F. (Wyndham Mallett).

On July 4th, the name (Rosamund), age, and description of a previous wife of the husband of Mrs. C., also the description in peculiar details of her dead mother-in-law.

I can state that all the names and facts were previously unknown to me.

Miss M. W. also gave :—On May 18th, the name and

surname (James Frazer) and personal description and name of his wife (Annie) of Mr. F.

On June 29th, the name of the mother (Adelaide) of a gentleman present, who had felt his mother's presence and had mentally asked her to impress her name on the mind of someone and had noted on paper the fact he had done so.

Mrs. B. gave:—On May 25th, the description, behind a lady, of a man holding up a hurt, bleeding finger. (The lady's father had died of blood-poisoning caused by cutting his finger in a dissection case.)

Mrs. C. S. gave:—On May 25th, the name (Emily) and description of a sister of Miss D. (This sister was also seen on the same occasion and described by me and a certain fact of something she had done was heard, stated, and found to be true.)

A FIND IN MEDIUMSHIP. MRS. T.

One of the most noteworthy cases of clairvoyance was given in the Sunday series of meetings by a lady, Mrs. T., in trance, and speaking as if with another personality as Mrs. Piper does.

A certain gentleman had come to this meeting with the wish to find a clairvoyant, who could reveal to him something about a certain document which he had brought in his pocket without telling anyone the fact. It appears that this gentleman's father, when alive, had discovered a family letter, which led him to believe that a large sum of money had been left by an ancestor, several generations back, who had fled from Spain to the Netherlands. This money had been entrusted to some religious body there with the proviso that it was to revert to his descendants after so many generations with compound interest. The heads of this body had carefully concealed this agreement, hoping thereby that no claim would be made. But this gentleman's father learning about it accidentally had consulted, some fifty years ago, in Paris, the famous clairvoyant Alexis, and had been told the exact words of the agreement and its whereabouts, but had been advised to leave it to his sons to make the claim.

The papers bequeathed to him by his father about this affair were in this gentleman's pocket, unknown to the others present. But Mrs. T., while entranced, described the father as present, giving details of his appearance, and stating that he had come about the will in the Netherlands the papers of which were in the gentleman's pocket opposite. Then the entranced lady seemed controlled by the personality of the father, who gave his son advice on the subject, using words and expressions which the gentleman recognised as those his father used. This was the first time Mrs. T. had ever met this gentleman.

I may say in passing that this Mrs. T. promises to be an exceptionally gifted psychic in other ways beside clairvoyance, but of these hereafter. I will now pass on to records of results in Psychometry on Tuesdays.

D.—PROGRESS IN PSYCHOMETRY.

In this branch of our experiments it is not so easy to collect cases worth publishing. We were all beginners groping at the subject, and we found it easy enough to a certain extent to get general impressions as to the character of the writer of the letter we were holding. But such general details might be guessing or thought-reading or generalities which might fit any character. However, now and then we caught some specific details which brought the inner sense more to the proof. Those who came most regularly to these meetings certainly found their powers in this respect increase. In my case it was decidedly so.

I had never tried the practice before, but I discovered that by continually practising to forget one's personality and to assume that of the writer, by observing what new sort of consciousness came over one, the mind found new feelings come as convictions without knowing the wherefore. Then practice induced habits of groping on set paths of inquiry, such as what age, what bodily presence do I sense, what is the room like round me as I write, what the household? Am I satisfied with my surroundings? Are my spirits elated or depressed, calm or irritated? What are my emotions—is there any love, anger, ambition?

The more it was trained the more rapidly the attention could glance round in this way and get responses that were astonishing as much to the psychometrist as to the interrogator. Of course, there are sources of error to eliminate by practice. One of the most frequent of these is to start off on the wrong tack into time and space, and get into the interrogator's world instead of that of the writer or owner of the thing held.

One requires, also, a certain amount of courage to make statements backed merely by a vague sense or intuition rather than by knowledge gained in the usual way.

There is no doubt mind-reading explains a large quota of successful results, but even this explanation makes them interesting. On November 26th I handed Mrs. B. a piece of coral which I had picked up in some of my travels and asked her to discover where it came from, at the same time recollecting in my own mind the place. In half a minute she wrote, "This piece of coral comes either from the Andaman Islands or the Bahamas."

This latter name rather spoils the case; otherwise, since Mrs. B. was quite a stranger to me at the time and had no reason to know that I had ever visited that out of the way part of the world, it is curious that the very place is mentioned right.

Mind-reading may also explain the following similar cases. On December 10th, Mr. W., a stranger to Miss D., handed her his watch-chain, and asked her to discover about a previous owner.

She wrote down the following answer (the judgments of Mr. W. as to right (R) or wrong (W) are appended to each remark): "The person to whom the chain belonged has passed away—died on a voyage or abroad (R). He was a strong character, courageous (R), and a true friend (R), went through some stirring scenes, probably in the army" (R).

On January 28th Mrs. B. handed to Miss S. a ring she had bought of a Brittany fisherman, and asked her to discover how it came into her possession. She wrote down: "I connect it with a fisherman and rushing water. I wonder if the former owner died in the water."

On March 31st I handed Mrs. T. a turquoise stone unmounted, which I bought of a wandering Indian tribe whose encampment I visited one day at Tuticorin, in the very south of India. She wrote: "This stone has something to do with a black man for I see a scene of lots of trees and palms (R), and Mr. Thurstan there with something white on his head" (R).

On May 19th Mrs. B. brought an old watch to psychometrise. No one but herself knew anything about it. It was given to Mrs. F., who wrote: "I

think the owner of this watch spent his life on the sea. I feel a strong influence of the sea, and feel that the owner was on a man-of-war and saw a lot of service."

This was quite right. It had belonged to a great naval officer, a friend of Nelson.

There were several other cases of successful answers about objects held in the hand, but the above will suffice as typical cases. As regards the sensing of letters also, sometimes distinct details were caught which made the psychometry noteworthy. Some typical cases of these are now given, with the judgments of the interrogators appended.

On February 18th I handed a letter to Mrs. B., which I had received from a young bride, thanking me for a wedding present. I gave Mrs. B. the problem to find the personality and surroundings of the writer. Mrs. B.'s answer was: "I gather the lady who wrote this letter is young (yes), and is going to be married soon (letter written eve of wedding-day), and probably going a long journey (had just come from one) across the sea (yes). She has been in India or Australia (she was born and educated in India, and afterwards settled in Australia with her father). She is happy and rather *exaltée* (yes), sees everything *couleur de rose* (yes). She is tall (yes), slender (yes), has bright blue eyes (yes), graceful, and holds her head rather high (yes)."

On March 3rd I was given a letter to psychometrise from a Parsee lady, who resides in London and is known as a good public singer. I wrote: "I get the impression of a young lady (yes), of someone who has recently had the hair down the back (she wears her hair so), dark brown or black (black), slim and graceful (yes), over medium height (yes), dressed in black dress (no). As to her nationality she seems to speak English generally, but perhaps comes from India or some warm colony (from Bombay), although I feel something Scottish in her nature (the lady addressed in the letter was Scottish). Her heart is happy and good. She is well educated (yes), endowed with talents and grace (yes), very feminine in appearance, but masculine in thought and love of action (yes). She is not married (widow)."

On March 24th Mrs. C. S. brought, in a blank envelope, some verses composed and sent to her by a poor old woman in an almshouse. This was somewhat different from the usual letter, but nothing was said to this effect. It was given to Mrs. T. to psychometrise. She wrote: "I sense a woman not very well educated (right), writing a poem or hymn of the Salvation Army type (yes). Possibly the poem is really a form of begging letter (possibly). The woman's whole surroundings seem poor (yes). Although the person makes use of God's name, I do not feel it is in a genuine manner (possibly). I feel hot and highly excited."

On the same occasion Mrs. C. S. had been given by me a letter to sense which had come from a young man retired from the Navy who has set up as a professional magnetiser. She wrote: "I feel a strong magnetic influence with this letter (right), a sensation of warmth and sleepiness—not a pleasant influence (a mesmerist). The writer is about thirty (right), strong (yes), but not very tall (right), nor dark (right), of very powerful will (yes), and force of character (yes), not spiritually developed."

On the same date a stranger lady, introduced by a member, handed me a letter taken from her pocket and placed in a blank envelope. I wrote: "I get the feeling of a very educated man (yes), one who has been to a university (yes), and belongs to some cultured profession, as the Bar or Church (Bar). He is between thirty and forty (just over forty, but looks young), writes from a villa with a small garden (right), where sometimes they hang out washing to dry, which has been annoying him (the lady knew there was a cottage opposite where there was a laundry). The sea is not far off (right: Weston-super-Mare). I feel as if I had been watching ships pass to and fro (probably). He is not altogether contented or well (true). His mind is restless (yes). He wants to leave his surroundings (true). I feel a burning sensation in my breast. I gather he must be tormented by some restless idea or may suffer from indigestion (yes). He is fond of the person he addresses (yes). He is quick, steady, honourable—has much literary talent and genius (all true). His character has strong individuality (yes). He is generous, but might be more enlightened spiritually (yes)."

On March 31st Miss W. handed me a passport that had been carried by a governess to Roumania. It was placed in a blank envelope, and no intimation was given me. I wrote:

"The only impressions I get are connected with some office with a high stool in it and maps on the wall (? the office where passports are issued). It is near a bridge in London (Foreign Office, near Westminster Bridge), and that it is some agreement or certificate like that of marriage or birth (a passport). There seems also some educational influences, as if of someone who teaches (right—a governess) who is not quite content with her position (right)."

On May 19th, Mrs. F. gave me a letter from a lady friend. I gave the following diagnosis:

"The writer is a young lady (yes), very refined, elegant, smart in society (yes), has great tact (yes), ease of deportment, aptitude for artistic execution (yes), also manual dexterity (yes), can ride, bicycle, dance, skate, and play music well (yes). She would manage a household well and gracefully, for she is very practical (yes), yet she has great ideality and spirituality (yes). She lives among trees and parks (yes), in the country, much alone (yes). She is not married yet; there is a sense of superiority about her that drives off advances of the other sex (right). I feel an intense happiness burning in her and she must have a capacity for intense feelings (yes), although she hides it by a fashionable gay abandon (yes). She is in good society (yes), has travelled (yes), has been educated and resided partly abroad (yes). She is handsome, rather tall (yes), elegantly dressed (yes). She lives in a country house with grounds of good dimensions and sees much country life (right). She is coming to stay in town for the season (the letter was about it but she has decided not). She has a father alive (yes), but no mother (yes), and no brother (right). She is fond of flowers and travelling and enjoys good health (right)."

On June 22nd a lady visitor, a sister of a member and a stranger to me, pulled a letter from her pocket from a gentleman and asked me to psychometrise it, I wrote:

"I feel a man rather advanced in life, as the hair is turning grey (right), yet the vital magnetism is strong and warm as of one who has a strong physique (right). The figure is upright and military-looking (right), although I do not think he is military in profession (right). I see a persistent view of some park with hawthorns in bloom—also a brick town house and garden. It is as if he had a house with that park view or had been walking in a place like Kensington Gardens before writ-

ing the letter (he writes from a Piccadilly Club; he might have walked in Hyde Park), I also get a sense of tropical trees and ferns, as if he had been in India (No, but perhaps the trees in the Park). In manners he has plenty of the "suaviter," and would make a good diplomatist (yes). He has great mental power and facility (yes), is very orderly (yes), and has rather too much of officialdom for boldness of action (true). He is kind and affectionate (yes), has an element of the feminine in his love of social amenities (right). He is always well dressed (yes). He has been married but I do not get any sense of a wife with him now (right). At any rate there are no children in his house now (right). He is in good health (yes), and has taken several long voyages (no)."

On one occasion (May 12th), we made an experiment to get results after eliminating that factor of immediate thought-reading, which, of course, spoilt the above successes as proofs of the psychometric gift.

A letter had just reached me from an unknown correspondent, asking permission to join our circle. Here was a chance. I handed the open letter round to be read and five of us tried to get at the personality of the writer—our remarks to be subsequently verified. We all judged her mental characteristics right, but that was probably from the style and handwriting. We all got her age nearly right, and three the fact of her being unmarried. I also recorded a mannerism of hers, "pursing her lips when speaking, the upper rather overhanging the lower." This turned out to be correct and is noteworthy.

POSITIVE PROJECTION ON BLANK PAPER.

At some of our latter meetings some of us tried a new practice, which had the advantage of developing positive projection as well as receptivity, and also tended to demonstrate the psychic gift. Previous to the meeting we took a blank sheet of note paper and keeping it in our hands for a length of time, tried to impress on it all the feelings of radiant happiness we could conjure up at will, on the other in a similar way all the feelings of unhappiness, then we wrote two numbers on the different sheets so as to know them privately. At the meeting we handed them to some member to distinguish which had the happy and which the unhappy impression.

There have not been enough experiments to come to any definite conclusion, but so far they are satisfactory.

On the four occasions I submitted paper magnetised in this way, the following were the results.

On May 5th, three ladies successfully distinguished them, none failed.

On May 12th, two successful, none failed.

On May 19th, one successful, two failed.

On May 26th, one successful, none failed.

Altogether out of nine tests, seven were successful.

As regards the practice of projecting ideas into the minds of others our attempts were made in too informal a way to make it of any use to tabulate them for scientific purposes, but I have done so to discover our comparative merits and see how far practice improved them. It is satisfactory to find that the persons who had been the most regular in attendance are the very ones who head the lists. But some who have the highest percentage of successes as operator have the lowest as percipient; some the reverse; some have good percentages as both, and some as neither.

TABLE TURNING.

It only remains to record our experiences in the Sunday series of meetings which were held to practise automatic writing and make experiments in table turning, tilting, and rappings.

As regards the first, we tried to get some proof by names or messages of the external inspiration of our writings. But there was not much success in this way.

On one occasion I wrote down the name of an old schoolfellow, dead, of Mrs. T., and on another that of a sister of hers. Once some messages were got by three persons using an autographic instrument called Pytho. But the chief interest of the gathering always centred in the second part of the proceedings.

On every occasion there were different combinations of visitors. At many of these we got messages in the usual unsatisfactory way of tilting of the table while our hands rested on it, and sometimes we heard faint raps but could not get them to respond intelligently. But unexpectedly one day, June 7, Mrs. T., the lady whose psychic powers I have alluded to so frequently being present—we were surprised by raps coming loud and distinct, and giving intelligent messages as I called the alphabet. We then tried sitting away from the table at some distance round it. But the raps came equally clearly and intelligently. Then following the directions given by these raps, three gentlemen and Mrs. T. held our fingers, lightly resting on the top of the octagon table, and it rose a yard or so in the air and remained so some ten seconds. All this was in the full light of the summer evening about 8.30 P.M.

Pleased with this result, the same party agreed to meet the next Sunday evening. We obtained the phenomena of raps and strong upheavals as soon as we had sat round the table. We again all sat away some three feet clear of the table and requested the upheavals to continue. They did so and gave messages by three vigorous tilts as I called the alphabet. The raps also came under the same conditions, not a hand or foot being near the table and the light being clear. Owing to the vacation ensuing, this party did not meet again. I may, however, state that following the directions given at this last meeting, I have recently started a new series of meetings to experiment in this manifestation of mysterious forces, and this time only with Mrs. T., her husband, and one other lady, and already in the broad light of the afternoon we are getting messages on a table far removed from us as well as on the table in front of us, and are having objects carried by our unseen visitants from this house to other houses as I have reported in *Light*, November 1st; and we are promised by our unseen visitants to develope still more definite manifestations of their presence and power, if the present conditions continue.

FREDERIC WILLIAM THURSTAN, M.A.
Hertford Lodge, Albert Bridge, London, S.W.

In reply to enquiries from all parts of the world, Mr. Thurston writes:—

I can only say to such what I say to you here in this country—start institutions on similar lines in your own districts, and I am sure, if you persevere, you will find people come in to join from where you least expect it, and gain results in the development of your personal character as Spiritual beings which, I hope, will even exceed the little beginnings in this way which our meetings have, at least, shown possible.

II.—A SPIRITUALISTIC HOTEL.

A correspondent, signing himself Professor Lucien Pusch, Director, sends me the following notice of the

opening of what he describes as the First Spiritualistic Temple in Europe :—

Thanks be to God and the high Spirits that through their influence it has at last become possible for us to found a Temple in one of the most beautiful parts of Europe, at Bodensee, Ober Ward, St. Gallen, Switzerland. It is, at the same time, an academy for psychological search in every direction, and thus fills a long-felt want. It will be open summer and winter, and possesses every convenience for visitors. Private rooms, with excellent board, will be rented very reasonably. The building also possesses large halls for lectures, etc. For terms and particulars, address

PROF. LUCIEN PUSCH, *Director*,
Ober Ward, St. Gallen, Switzerland.

It is interesting to see that, even if this be only an advertisement of an enterprising hotel keeper, that Spiritualists are sufficiently numerous to make it worth Prof. Pusch's while to strike out in this line.

III.—A PROPOSED TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MEDIUMS.

Madame D'Esperance contributes to *Light* the following suggestions for the formation of a Home and Training School for Mediums.

1.—The object of the new Home to be the education and development of mediums, through whom the inhabitants of the spirit world can work for the regeneration of humanity.

2.—To educate children from earliest infancy in the knowledge that all life and goodness are from God, and that communication with God and His spirit messengers is the first aim of earthly existence.

3.—That in order to become a medium a pure, holy life, that is consecrated to this end must be led.

4.—That the great object must be to attain the perfection necessary to become the medium for faithfully transmitting the messages from the spirit world to this.

5.—That no creed nor dogma is to be taught, but that the whole education be directed to the existence of a Supreme God and Creator, the immortality of man, and the possibility of communication with angels.

6.—The inmates of the Home must be the children of healthy parents who have led honest, God-fearing lives, and whose progenitors, as far as can be ascertained, have committed no crime. This is necessary in order to save the teachers from having to contend against any hereditary taint, either physical or moral, in the child thus to be brought up to the service of the Almighty and His angels.

7.—The children must be given willingly by their parents at as early an age as consistent with health, and every facility must be afforded to such parents to assure themselves of the little ones' well-being.

8.—The home of the children to be plain, simple, but comfortable. Clothing to be strictly in accordance with hygiene. Food, as far as consistent with health, to be fruits, grains, and vegetables.

9.—Physical health is to be considered as important as moral purity for the proper understanding of God and His works.

10.—If, after a time, a child shows signs of being entirely unsuitable for the work for which it is being educated, either through the development of any physical or moral deformity or disease unfitting it for the end in view, it is to be given up to its parents and another taken in its stead.

11.—The education of the children to be as comprehensive as possible, including all branches taught in the best schools. If any child shows a talent for a special work of art, every facility to be given for its study.

12.—The whole education of the children to be based upon the fact that, as it is by the will and love of God that all things exist, it is the clear and imperative duty of all to study and work to fulfil his laws and devote the talents given them to the service of God and His creatures. They should be taught that to work for fallen humanity is the greatest service they can render to God, and that it is their special duty to prepare both their souls and their bodies to be fitting instruments for this end.

The foregoing suggestions are put before the public for the purpose of eliciting the best opinions and advice of all interested in the subject, so that the plan may be developed and made as complete and perfect as possible in all its details, and immediately carried into execution.

E. D'ESPERANCE.

The most obvious criticism is surely that the best home is the child's own home. With the exception of the last clause of article 2, there is nothing in the proposed rules which would not be accepted by all intelligent religious parents. So that it comes to this. The best training school for mediums is simply to superadd to the training of a good home the teaching that it is possible and right to hold communion not only with God, but also with His Spirit messengers.

XII.—SOME EXPERIMENTS IN BORDERLAND.

SCIENCE AND THE LIFE BEYOND.

MR. HERBERT BURROWS lectured the members of the Spiritual Alliance, on November 20, on Science and the Life Beyond. Mr. Burrows' view is that the Spiritualist will be able to overcome the Materialist by the aid of the Higher Clairvoyance. The following extract gives the pith of Mr. Burrows' position.

Here, then, was the best scientific materialist position. The universe one, under the reign of law, no miracle possible. Force also one, constant, unalterable in its totality, capable of being modified in direction only. The five-sense universe part only of the great complex whole, the finer invisible forces seemingly multiplying on every hand. Matter only known as the cause of a state of consciousness, that consciousness non-individual after death, and then the gulf which means annihilation. Was it possible to bridge it over? That was the crux, the question to which the spiritualist and the occultist had to give a definite and decided answer.

When the late Professor Tyndall, in his celebrated Belfast address, said that in matter he discerned the promise and potency of all terrestrial life, he was very careful to avoid the term "dead matter." The true scientist knows that there is no such thing. To him, as to the spiritualist, the keynote of the universe is *life*. Every atom of what was called matter, everything in the universe, exhibited the phenomena of life in different stages of manifestation. No one knew what that life was. It had been known by different names in different stages of the world's history. Some people called it God. "I do not," said Mr. Burrows, "give it that title; I prefer to say that I see in the universe life as its keynote, and that although I do not know, and cannot know, what it is in its essence, I can study it in its manifestations. I can study them in myself and in the forms of Nature by which I am surrounded, and can thereby appreciate the saying of the old German metaphysician, that "God sleeps in the mineral, dreams in the vegetable, and wakes in man."

Where, then, did their thought lead them? They could accept and rejoice in all the conclusions of physical science, which took them step by step to the invisible universe, and by a positive hypothesis based on rigid scientific experiment they could bridge over the annihilation gulf. Suppose that it were possible to throw the body of a man or woman into a state so far resembling death that it should present practically no real difference to the physiological observer, that it should be rigid, insensible, that the circulation of the blood should apparently have almost ceased, and the electrical and chemical activities of the organism be correspondingly reduced. Suppose, further, that in spite of all this, life, thought, and consciousness could not only manifest as keenly and actively as in the case of ordinary living men and women, but even more keenly and actively, as evidenced by the fact of a person in such a condition seeing and accurately describing scenes and incidents occurring hundreds of miles away. If that could be proved, then a tremendous blow would be given to the materialistic philosophy, which depended on the constant ratio of brain activity and consciousness. Such, however, were the circumstances under which what was known as the "higher clairvoyance" was manifested, and it was to the higher clairvoyance he looked to form one of the chief buttresses of the bridge he desired to construct between spiritual and material science. He supposed the majority of those present were acquainted with the supposititious case he had quoted as being an actual fact; doubtless it had come within the experience of many of them. Indeed, he gathered from what had been told to him that such facts had been under the personal observation of some of them for many years. Now, as he had previously remarked, one experience was worth a million non-experiences, and although the phenomenon referred to was absolutely no proof whatever of immortality—it was not even, in the nature of the case, a proof of continued existence—yet if, as was shown, life, thought, and consciousness could exist and function under such conditions, it irresistibly led to the intellectual conclusion that when the brain moulders away the life, thought, and consciousness can still exist, because if they did not depend on the activity of the brain in life they need not do so after death. The material hypothesis was that the organic life was in direct ratio to the activity of the brain; but the occultist knew, on the other side, that in many cases the manifestation of consciousness and thought existed independently of cerebral activity, and he was even more justified in propounding his positive hypothesis from this set of observed facts than the materialist was in drawing his negative hypothesis on the other side. Some of them might think that this was a very lame way of putting the matter. But he wished to put his conclusions into a form that would be appreciated by the scientific thinker.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED.

MR. WILLIAM ROUTH, of the Rand Grange, Bedale, Yorkshire, has written two letters to *Light*, which are worth noting as a record of the experiences of a scientifically-minded man, who honestly attempted to investigate spiritualism and failed. His first letter was as follows:—

It appears that Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace has complained in the *Echo* of the somewhat flippant treatment of a work of his by Mr. H. B. Samuels, a correspondent who admits that he has himself none but mere general impressions on the subject of Spiritualism. But Dr. Wallace goes on to ascribe *all* want of belief in spiritualistic phenomena to want of examination.

Now, I fully recognise that no sensible person can allow himself to denounce the belief in question without patient investigation at first hand. So much it is only fair to admit; though it seems to be not everyone who admits it.

Still, it is simply begging the question to take for granted the result of such investigation beforehand. As a case in point I venture to put before you my own experience.

Some years ago a dozen or so of inquiring spirits, of whom I was one, agreed to make a genuine effort to invite phenomena of this nature. We all met with perfectly neutral minds, so far as we were aware; that is, we were neither consciously biassed in favour of the reality of these manifestations, nor yet against it. We were ready and desirous of being convinced, but resolved that there should be no element of imposture.

We assembled in no frivolous spirit, but in a serious mood; *e.g.*, though we were all men, smoking was excluded; and I need hardly say that alcohol was out of the question. The greatest possible silence, too, was observed, and the light was purposely dim.

The meetings lasted for about two hours, and we adopted all suggested means of facilitating communication.

And what happened? Well, nothing. We were not discouraged all at once at our want of success, but continued to come together during a considerable series of evenings. But eventually, inasmuch as the spirits had never taken any notice of us at all, nor vouchsafed a revelation of any kind, our friendly attempts to meet them were bound to cease.

I will not deny that before the end of our séances a certain sceptical tone of bandinage began to prevail; but then this was fairly accounted for by the spirits' obstinate and protracted silence.

Now, what would Dr. Wallace have us do? Ought we still to go on suspending our judgment, or are we warranted now in adopting the *premature* criticism of Mr. Samuels, that "Spiritualism is humbug"?

Of course it may pertinently be replied that none of us happened to be mediums. Professionally we certainly were not, though more than one of us exhibited temperaments generally looked on as favourable to mediumship. But as soon as "Mr.

Sludge" comes on the scene there is an end of all confidence in results. Can you, or anyone, tell us what to do?

To this the editor and various correspondents replied by telling him to try, try, try again, to which Mr. Routh replies as follows:—

In your issue of October 24th is inserted a letter from me under the heading, "Advice Wanted." I thank you for this consideration, as well as for a courteous notice which subsequently appeared in your columns. Since then I have had time to think the matter over, and desire now to submit to you certain points suggested by your criticism and that of your correspondents.

Your expression "Try once" seems to imply that the effort referred to was confined to a single experiment, not to a series of experiments. But I put it to you, sir, does it not stand to reason that the time must come when people feel discouraged, and desist? As a parallel case, supposing I were testing a particular atmosphere for traces of ozone, and found none after several attempts, I should be warranted in concluding that it was useless to go on testing any longer.

Again, a passing allusion made by me to "Mr. Sludge" appears to be distasteful to you. But surely you will admit as freely as anyone that such a type exists, and it is the very prevalence of such a type of men which more than anything else discredits the phenomena which you hold to be genuine. It therefore becomes the first business of an earnest investigator to eliminate imposture of that sort, or the possibility of it. Here I think all must be agreed.

One point more. I ask it in no scoffing nor sceptical spirit: but can anyone tell me in what direction lie those blessings which I am assured that nothing but Spiritualism can confer?

To Mr. Routh's second letter no answer seems to have been made but one or two points may fairly be taken. 1.—If Mr. Routh went on testing a particular atmosphere for traces of ozone, and found none after several attempts, he would not be warranted in concluding that it would be no use to go on testing any longer. If other men, after testing the same atmosphere, had found abundant traces of ozone, Mr. Routh would, under those circumstances conclude that his apparatus was faulty. But this brings us to the second point. Mr. Routh objects to apparatus, because some of the human apparatuses used at séances have been proved to be faulty; therefore, he will have none, *ergo*, he will get no results. I do not say, of course, that the attendance of Mr. Sludge is necessary, but the presence of a medium, whether professional or otherwise, is indispensable. Mr. Routh's experiments have failed because no one of the circle appears to have had the mediumistic gift. Therein he was exceptionally unfortunate. In most cases experience shows that in every average circle of ten, there will be at least one who is more or less mediumistic. Mr. Routh's final question is not a difficult one to answer. To be assured of the continuity of existence and of the persistence of the individual after death; these are surely blessings which Spiritualism can claim to confer—if it be true, of course. Mr. Routh may differ, but the universal instinct of mankind affirms that it is a blessing and not a curse to achieve such a victory over death and the grave.

TWO EXPERIMENTS THAT SUCCEEDED.

LILIAN WHITING, author of "The House Beautiful," corresponding from Boston, November 18th, with the *Chicago Interocean*, gives the following account of her experiences in keeping up communication with the spirit of a departed friend. She does not name the friend, but it is to be presumed from what she says, that it was Miss Kate Field, a well-known American newspaper correspondent. Miss Whiting's experience is so simply told that it may be well to reproduce it here. She says:—

Within the past six months there passed to the world beyond, a woman of the most exquisite combination of qualities; one whose exaltation of spirit was of an exceptional order. The devotion of love that followed her persisted beyond the line that divides the Seen from the Unseen. Never for an instant was she lost from the most vivid and tender memory. One who had held her in supreme devotion began at once to strive for communion. There they were, spirit to spirit—one in the visible world, one in the invisible. The thought of the one in the former constantly sought the response of the one in the latter. And not in vain. Telepathy, the spirit language, began to make a silent conversation possible. The consciousness of companionship, the perfect rapport, was established. This in itself brought perpetual comfort, and enlarged all the interests of life; reading, study, work, social life, took on a new aspect and a higher charm, because every joy was doubled in this invisible but exquisite sense of companionship. Besides this, a medium of a very rare quality was found, who, with her senses locked in a deep trance, lent her hand for automatic writing. The friend on the invisible side began to communicate this way also, and to relate much of interest regarding the conditions of the next life. Those descriptions are valuable, and the unusual degree of close relation which the two persons—one in the Seen and the other in the Unseen—have established—triumphant over death—is due to these facts: First, the unusual genius of the one who went into the Unseen for entering into a new and interesting method of correspondence. Again, the strong rapport that existed between the two persons, and a not unimportant factor was the persistence and faith of the one in this world.

On one occasion of the writings the question was asked of the one in the Unseen, "Can you read writing—ordinary MS.?" the reply was: "Of course I can, but I can read your soul better. I see your thoughts most clearly." Again the question was asked, "Can you—the spiritual beings in the spiritual world—read our books—the general literature here?" To which was replied, "No, dear, not exactly, yet the idea is understood by us." "Can you hear me if I read aloud to you?" "Yes, perfectly. Speaking aloud has an effect. It reaches us better and clearer." "Is the other life as different from ours here as we have thought?" "Oh, no, dear; it is just like going from one room into another. It is so beautiful, and there is such freedom and clearness of thought. I never struggle with my own mind here. And the travelling is delightful. The sensation of riding through the air is delicious." "Is the communication between you and myself more direct than is usual between two who are on the different planes—the Seen and the Unseen?" "Yes, it may be said to be, because there are few persons who are so near each other." At one sitting the spirit friend took the initiative and wrote: "Dearest ——, come near to me and answer a few questions." The questions were asked—regarding the disposition of certain things and other matters, showing the clear memory and perception of events and circumstances, as would have been shown had the friends met in this world after a separation.

Undoubtedly, this part of life is the mere experimental, the rehearsal, as it were; the larger realities and truer significance are beyond, and between the two worlds communion is about to be established.

A London Borderlander sends me the following narrative, which he vouches was given him by a lady of integrity, whose statement he unhesitatingly accepts as authentic. It is interesting as showing the possibility of communications from the other side even when there is no expectant receptivity on this side, and when the previous acquaintance between the two communicating personalities had been very slight. Here is the lady's letter.—

Dear L,——Do you remember the afternoon in April, '89,

when we parted at the Munich Station, and you settled me in a carriage of the Dresden train, with some oranges as refreshment for the coming journey? I never told you of an acquaintance I made then, or what a curious revelation came of that meeting. So here goes. The weather was still so cold that soon after starting I tried to shut the window, and being assisted by a gentleman, thanking him, broke the ice (to use a figure of speech), and we were soon chatting merrily together. He was a German, and evidently glad of a chance to practice his English, for he entertained me for hours with long descriptions of his business-life and home pursuits, etc.; also much about his mother, of whom he seemed very fond and proud, and even expressed the wish that I might know her some future time. Well, to cut a long story short, at last we arrived at our journey's end, and on parting he presented me with his card, and said in shaking hands "Auf, Weideroehn," but that was not the last of Mr. Goetz, for the following year brought me many reminders in the shape of books, cards, finishing with that awful enormity, "a funeral notice," announcing the death of his mother, then no more, so the whole incident passed finally out of my mind.

During the summer of '91 I was staying with relations in Switzerland, at Oberhoffen, and as we were all interested in occult science, we tried having séances among ourselves, Dr. H—— being the only outsider. Miss C—— acted as medium. One evening we were all sitting quietly together, Miss C——, as usual, with her paper and pencil. Soon she commenced writing, and for some time we received numerous messages from friends "passed on," then the pencil was quiet for a few moments, then wrote rapidly a short sentence, and stopped. Miss C—— looked at me and said, "What stuff is this? I can't read it."

Dr. H—— raised the paper and replied, "It is German!" but, said C—— again, "I can't write German." "Well," continued the doctor, "It is in German text, and a message for Miss H——" (meaning me). The translation is, "I am sorry not to have met you when on earth.—Signed, E. Goetz." The party all turned to me for an explanation, but it was some time before I remembered the name, and connected it with my travelling companion of April, '89, and the "funeral card," received a year later. *My* friends in the room were quite ignorant on the subject, and I can testify the thought *never* came to me. Was it not strange? and don't you think it a good proof—of—*What?*

Yours,

F. H.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF MATERIALISATIONS.

GEN. LIPPITT last quarter published in *Light* the reports of some important experiments which he has been conducting with a materialising medium of the name of Miss Jennie Hatch, of Onset. Gen. Lippitt says:—

During an investigation of the subject of spirit return continued through forty-four years, the almost total failure of my nearest spirit friends to prove their identity by returning to some memory of their earth life has been to me a constant source of distressing doubt, and especially at their coming at materialisation séances, when spirit forms are very rarely so made up as to be recognised. My spirit daughter has often told me that the presence in circles of uncongenial or inharmonious elements is sufficient of itself alone to prevent such proof being given; and that if I could only give them the right conditions they could do much better. And this is why I lately arranged with a materialising medium for a series of séances for myself alone—an experiment I had never before tried. I kept full notes of all that occurred: writing them out sometimes immediately on my return to my lodgings, and, to the best of my recollection, never later than the next morning after a séance.

In the report I now make of these séances I have faithfully recorded everything said or done bearing on the question of identity, whether *pro* or *con*.

During twenty-two years of constant attendance at materialisation séances, in which the number of forms (or rather of appearances) seen by me must count among the thousands, in only *sixteen* instances were the forms so made up as to be recognisable by me from their resemblance to their appearance in earth life; and that of these sixteen forms only one was a woman.

On July 22nd, at the fourth séance of the series, I began the important experiment of giving to the respective spirits a written list of names to be conned over in their spirit homes, where their mental faculties would be in their normal condition, to serve as a reminder. It is important to add that in every one of these lists *bare names* alone were given, with nothing to indicate whether the persons who bore them were related to the spirit in earth life.

Lest it should be supposed that, on my hearing a name announced by a spirit as being recalled, the particulars that followed were read by the spirit in my own mind, I can only say that during my forty-four years of investigation of every phase of these phenomena, almost invariably the test I was hoping for, and so eagerly that it was almost at my tongue's end, *did not come;* and that when a test has come—a very rare event at materialisation séances—it has been, in almost every instance, unexpected and unthought of. And in these experimental séances never would there have been a mistake or a failure to remember could the spirits have read my mind.

If the pulse of a materialised spirit-form is very feeble, would not this of itself suffice to explain the mental confusion and want of memory by the spirits in regard to their earth life when asked for by a sitter?—the fact showing deficient cerebral circulation and consequently deficient cerebral power.

General Lippitt, in *Light*, of December 12th, describing his interviews with one of the materialised forms, says:—

I then went up to the curtain and talked with "Bp." She repeated what she had said before about the moulder artists in the band, and I asked: "What have they for their model?" "The spirit body." "How about the drapery?" "The making and the dematerialisation of it are instantaneous. At first it is like smoke. Its change into drapery is made by the spirit chemist through electricity." (She admitted that often, for want of sufficient power to build up an independent form, the same form is used by other spirits successively. I have often seen this; sometimes with slight alterations.)

A MESSAGE FROM "CISSY."

Mrs. Mellon's familiar materialized sprite, "Cissy," has sent a message to Mr. W. R. Tomlinson, which is worth noting. Mr. Tomlinson writes as follows to *Light*:—

Mrs. Mellon has been lately staying in the country with some near relations of my own for between five and six weeks; and a very amiable and highly appreciated guest she proved to be. During that period her control, "Little Cissy," took occasion to send me an especial message, to correct some observations I had made concerning herself in *Light* of April 4th last. I there observed: 'For five-and-twenty years she (Cissy) has been seen materialised by thousands of persons; and yet she is still a child in size, manners, and inclinations—when one reads of so many children dying young, who are said to grow to maturity in the spheres both in size and intellect."

I have now received the following message: "Cissy wished us to tell you that she is a woman, or is grown up in the spirit world; but that, when she materialises, she takes earthly conditions, and comes as a little child."

XIII.—GUARDIAN ANGELS UP-TO-DATE.

A STRING OF STARTLING STORIES.

GUARDIAN angels, according to the good theosophist, Mr. Leadbeater, have now to have their turn at rehabilitation. Of late a materialistic age has scouted the fact of their existence, and derided the "superstition" which is almost co-extensive with the human race. But theosophy is going to revindicate the reputation of these angelic guardians, and in a paper entitled "Invisible Helpers," in *Lucifer* for November, Mr. Leadbeater begins his labour of love. Guardian angels, or, as he calls them, "Invisible Helpers," who, however, become occasionally visible, undoubtedly exist to-day, as they have existed from the foundation of the world.

Even in this incredulous age and amidst the full whirl of our nineteenth-century civilization, in spite of the dogmatism of our science and the deadly dulness of our Protestantism, instances of intervention inexplicable from the materialistic standpoint may still be found by anyone who will take the trouble to collect them; and one very remarkable feature of these more recent examples is that the intervention has nearly always been directed towards the helping or saving of children.

THE ANGEL OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

An interesting case which occurred in London only a few years ago was connected with the preservation of a child's life in the midst of a terrible fire, which broke out in a street near Holborn, and entirely destroyed two of the houses there. The flames had obtained such hold before they were discovered that the firemen were unable to save the houses, but they succeeded in rescuing all the inmates except two – an old woman who was suffocated by the smoke before they could reach her, and a child about five years old, whose presence in the house had been forgotten in the hurry and excitement of the moment.

The mother of the child, it seems, was a friend or relative of the landlady of the house, and had left the little creature in her charge for the night, because she was herself obliged to go down to Colchester on business. It was not until everyone else had been rescued, and the whole house was wrapped in flame, that the landlady remembered with a terrible pang the trust that had been confided to her. It seemed hopeless then to attempt to get at the garret where the child had been put to bed, but one of the firemen heroically resolved to make the desperate effort, and, after receiving minute directions as to the exact situation of the room, plunged in among the smoke and flame.

He found the child, and brought it forth entirely unharmed; but when he rejoined his comrades he had a very singular story to tell. He declared that when he reached the room he found it in flames, and most of the floor already fallen; but the fire had curved round the room towards the window in an unnatural and unaccountable manner, the like of which in all his experience he had never seen before, so that the corner in which the child lay was wholly untouched, although the very rafters of the fragment of floor on which his little crib stood were half burnt away. The child was naturally very much terrified, but the fireman distinctly and repeatedly declared that as at great risk he made his way towards it he saw a form like an angel —here his exact words are given—a something "all gloriously white and silvery, bending over the bed and smoothing down the counterpane."

Another curious feature of the story is that the child's mother found herself unable to sleep that night down at Colchester, but was constantly harassed by a strong feeling that something was wrong with her child, insomuch that at last she was compelled to rise and spend some time in earnest prayer that the little one might be protected from the danger which she instinctively felt to be hanging over him. The intervention was thus evidently what a Christian would call an answer to prayer; a theosophist, putting the same idea in more scientific phraseology, would say that her intense outpouring of love constituted a force which one of our invisible helpers was able to use for the rescue of her child from a terrible death.

THE ANGEL OF THE DROWNING.

A remarkable case in which children were abnormally protected occurred on the banks af the Thames near Maidenhead a few years earlier than our last example. This time the danger from which they were saved arose not from fire, but from water. Three little ones, who lived, if I recollect rightly, in or near the village of Shottesbrook, were taken out for a walk along the towing-path by their nurse. They rushed suddenly round a corner upon a horse which was drawing a barge, and in the confusion two of them got on the wrong side of the tow-rope and were thrown into the water. The boatman, who saw the accident, sprang forward to try to save them, and he noticed that they were floating high in the water "in quite an unnatural way, like," as he said, and moving quietly towards the bank. This was all that he and the nurse saw, but the children each declared that "a beautiful person, all white and shining," stood beside them in the water, held them up and guided them to the shore. Nor was their story without corroboration, for the bargeman's little daughter, who ran up from the cabin when she heard the screams of the nurse, also affirmed that she saw a lovely lady in the water dragging the two children to the bank.

Without fuller particulars than the story gives us, it is impossible to say with certainty from what class of helpers this "angel" was drawn; but the probabilities are in favour of its having been a developed human being functioning in the astral body.

THE MOTHER DEAD BUT WATCHFUL.

A case in which the agency is somewhat more definitely distinguishable is related by the well-known clergyman, Dr. John Mason Neale. He states that a man who had recently lost his wife was on a visit with his little children at the country house of a friend. It was an old, rambling mansion, and in the lower part of it there were long dark passages, in which the children played about with great delight. But presently they came upstairs very gravely, and two of them related that as they were running down one of these passages they were met by their mother, who told them to go back again, and then disappeared. Investigation revealed the fact that if the children had run but a few steps farther they would have fallen down a deep uncovered well which yawned full in their path, so that the apparition of their mother saved them from almost certain death.

In this instance there seems no reason to doubt that the mother herself was still keeping a loving watch over her children from the astral plane, and that her earnest wish to warn them of the danger into which they were so heedlessly rushing gave her the power to make herself visible and audible to them for the moment—or perhaps merely to impress their minds with the idea that they saw and heard her. It is possible, of course, that the helper may have been some one else, who took the familiar form of the mother in order not to alarm the children; but the simplest hypothesis is to attribute the intervention to the action of the ever-wakeful mother-love itself, undimmed by passage through the gates of death.

This mother-love, being one of the holiest and most unselfish of human feelings, is also one of the most persistent on higher planes. Not only does the mother who finds herself upon the lower levels of the astral plane, and consequently still within touch of the earth, maintain her interest in and her care for her children as long as she is able to see them, but after her entry into Devachan these little ones are still the most prominent objects in her thought, and the wealth of love that she lavishes upon the images which she there makes of them pours down upon her living offspring still struggling in the world, and surrounds them with living centres of benefi-

cent orce which may not inaptly be described as veritable guardian angels.

THE ANGEL WHO SAVED A BISHOP'S CHILD.

Not long ago the little daughter of one of our English bishops was out walking with her mother in the town where they lived, and in running heedlessly across a street the child was knocked down by the horses of a carriage which came quickly upon her round a corner. Seeing her among the horses' feet, the mother rushed forward, expecting to find her very badly injured, but she sprang up quite merrily, saying, "Oh, mamma, I am not at all hurt, for something all in white kept the horses from treading upon me, and told me not to be afraid."

THE LADY BEAUTIFUL WITH THE LAMP.

A case which occurred in Buckinghamshire, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Burnham Beeches, is remarkable on account of the length of time through which the physical manifestation of the succouring agency seems to have maintained itself. It will have been seen that in the instances hitherto given the intervention was a matter of but a few moments, whereas in this a phenomenon was produced which appears to have persisted for more than half-an-hour.

Two of the little children of a small farmer were left to amuse themselves while their parents and their entire household were engaged in the work of harvesting. The little ones started for a walk in the woods, wandered far from home, and then managed to lose their way. When the weary parents returned at dusk it was discovered that the children were missing, and after inquiring at some of the neighbours' houses the father sent servants and labourers in various directions to seek for them. Their efforts were, however, unsuccessful, and their shouts unanswered: and they had reassembled at the farm in a somewhat despondent frame of mind, when they all saw a curious light some distance away moving slowly across some fields towards the road. It was described as a large globular mass of rich golden glow, quite unlike ordinary lamplight; and as it drew nearer it was seen that the two missing children were walking steadily along in the midst of it. The father and some others immediately set off running towards it; the appearance persisted until they were close to it, but just as they grasped the children it vanished, leaving them in the darkness.

The children's story was that after night came on they had wandered about crying in the woods for some time, and had at last lain down under a tree to sleep. They had been roused, they said, by a beautiful lady with a lamp, who took them by the hand and led them home; when they questioned her she smiled at them, but never spoke a word. To this strange tale they both steadily adhered, nor was it possible in any way to shake their faith in what they had seen. It is noteworthy, however, that though all present saw the light, and noticed that it lit up the trees and hedges which came within its sphere precisely as an ordinary light would, yet the form of the lady was visible to none but the children.

All the above stories are comparatively well known, and may be found in some of the books which contain collections of such accounts; but the two instances which I am now about to give have never been in print before, and both occurred within the last ten years—one to myself, and the other to a very dear friend of mine, a prominent member of the Theosophical Society, whose accuracy of observation is beyond all shadow of doubt.

SAVED BY AN ANGEL VOICE.

My own story is a simple one enough, though not unimportant to me, since the interposition undoubtedly saved my life. I was walking one exceedingly wet and stormy night down a quiet back street near Westbourne Grove, struggling with scant success to hold up an umbrella against the savage gusts of wind that threatened every moment to tear it from my grasp, and trying to think out as I laboured along the details of some work upon which I was just then engaged. With startling suddenness a voice which I know well cried in my ear, "Spring back!" and in mechanical obedience I started violently backwards almost before I had time to think. As I did so my umbrella, which had swung forward with the sudden movement, was struck from my hand, and a huge metal chimney-pot crashed upon the pavement less than a yard in front of my face. The great weight of this article and the tremendous force with which it fell make it absolutely certain that but for the warning voice I should have been killed on the spot; yet the street was empty, and the voice that of one whom I knew to be seven thousand miles away from me, as far as the physical body was concerned.

CONVEYED OVER HOUSETOPS BY ANGEL HANDS.

The other case is a very much more striking one. One of our members, who gives me permission to publish her story, but does not wish her name mentioned, once found herself in very serious physical peril. She happened to be in a certain town where an illegal demonstration of some sort was taking place, and, with the best possible intentions, though with more courage than discretion, she placed herself between a riotous crowd and a body of police whose orders were to disperse the mob. Duty must be done, whatever stands in the way, and in spite of our member's presence the police charged that crowd. In an instant she found herself in the very centre of a dangerous fracas, and, seeing several men struck down and evidently badly hurt close to her, was in momentary expectation of a similar fate, since escape seemed quite impossible. Just then she felt a sort of semi-unconsciousness seize upon her, and as the thought flashed into her mind that she must somehow have been wounded without knowing it, she experienced a sensation of being lifted into the air, and at the same moment, as it seemed, she found herself standing quite uninjured and entirely alone in a small bye-street parallel with the one in which the disturbance had taken place. She still heard the noise of the struggle, and while she stood wondering what on earth had happened to her, two or three who had escaped from the crowd came running round the corner of the street, and on seeing her expressed great astonishment and pleasure, saying that when the brave lady so suddenly disappeared from the midst of the fight they had felt certain that she had been struck down.

At the time no sort of explanation was forthcoming, and she returned home in a very mystified condition; but when at a later period she mentioned this strange occurrence to Madame Blavatsky she was informed that, her karma being such as to enable her to be saved from the consequences of her well-intentioned rashness, one of the masters had specially sent some one to protect her in view of the fact that her life was needed for the work.

Nevertheless, the case remains a very extraordinary one, both with regard to the great amount of power exercised and the unusually public nature of its manifestation. It is not difficult to imagine the *modus operandi*; she must have been lifted bodily over the intervening block of houses, and simply set down in the next street; but since her physical body was not visible floating in the air, it is also evident that a veil of some sort (probably of etheric matter) must have been thrown round her while in transit.

THE SECRET OF INVISIBILITY.

If it be objected that whatever can hide physical matter must itself be physical, and therefore visible, it may be replied that by a process familiar to all occult students it is possible to bend rays of light (which under all conditions at present known to science, travel only in straight lines unless refracted) so that after passing round an object they may resume exactly their former course; and it will at once be seen that if this were done that object would to all physical eyes be absolutely invisible until the rays were allowed to resume their normal course. I am fully aware that this one statement alone is sufficient to brand this article as nonsense in the eyes of the scientist of the present day, but I cannot help that; I am merely stating a possibility in nature which the science of the future will no doubt one day discover, and for those who are not students of occultism the remark must wait until then for its justification.

The process, as I say, is comprehensible enough, but the phenomenon still remains an exceedingly dramatic one, while the name of the heroine of the story, were I permitted to give would be a guarantee of its accuracy to all my readers.

But these stories, all referring as they do to what woul

commonly be called angelic intervention, illustrate only one small part of the activities of our invisible helpers.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

WHO ARE THESE ANGELS?

In *Lucifer* for December, Mr. Leadbeater continues his paper concerning "Invisible Helpers." He begins by saying—

Help may be given by several of the many classes of inhabitants of the plane. It may come from Devas, from nature-spirits, or from those whom we call dead, as well as from those who function consciously upon the astral plane during life—chiefly the Adepts and their pupils.

SOMETIMES DEVAS.

But the Adepts are far too high and mighty to waste their time in acting as mere guardian angels of mere mortals, and the Devas also are capable of so much higher service that they seldom play guardian angels. There are exceptions, however:—

In the course of the investigations recently undertaken into the various sub-planes of Devachan, a Deva was found in one case teaching the most wonderful celestial music to a chorister, and in another, one of a different class was giving instruction and guidance to an astromoner who was seeking to comprehend the form and structure of the universe.

These two were but examples of many instances in which the great Deva kingdom was found to be helping onward the evolution and responding to the higher aspirations of man after death; and there are methods by which, even during earth-life, these great ones may be approached, and an infinity of knowledge acquired from them, though even then such intercourse is gained rather by rising to their plane than by invoking them to descend to ours.

The cases in which assistance is given to mankind by nature-spirits are few. The majority of such creatures shun the haunts of man, and retire before him, disliking his emanations and the perpetual bustle and unrest which he creates all around him.

NOT OFTEN THE DEPARTED.

But if Adepts, Devas and nature spirits are all ruled out, Mr. Leadbeater allows very small opportunity for help from the spirts of the departed. He admits that it is possible that the spirits of the departed may help on rare occasions, but such help can only come from—

Those who are still lingering on the astral plane, and still in close touch with earthly affairs, as (probably) in the above-mentioned case of the mother who saved her children from falling down a well. But it will readily be seen that the amount of such help available must naturally be exceedingly limited. The more unselfish and helpful a person is, the less likely is he to be found after death lingering in full consciousness on the lower levels of Kâmaloka, from which the earth is most readily accessible.

Again, many of the departed who wish to help those whom they left behind, find themselves quite unable to influence them in any way, since to work from one plane upon an entity on another requires either very great sensitiveness on the part of that entity, or a certain amount of knowledge and skill on the part of the operator.

USUALLY DOUBLES OF THE LIVING.

Who then are the guardian angels? It is rather startling to learn on Mr. Leadbeater's authority that the people who do the bulk of the guardian angels' work are none other than the doubles or astral bodies of living people themselves. According to this theory we are all potential guardian angels to somebody else, and at the present moment, who knows, but that the reader of these lines is all unconsciously the praying guardian angel of some one else every time he falls asleep.

Now the man who has not yet developed the link between the astral and physical consciousness is unable to leave his denser body at will, or to recollect most of what happens to him while away from it; but the fact nevertheless remains that he leaves it every time he sleeps, and may be seen by any trained clairvoyant either hovering over it or wandering about at a greater or less distance from it, as the case may be. The entirely undeveloped person floats shapeless and inchoate above his physical body, scarcely less asleep than it is, and he cannot be drawn away from it without causing serious discomfort which would in fact awaken it. As the man evolves, however, his astral body grows more definite and more conscious, and so becomes a fitter vehicle for him; in the case of the majority of intelligent and cultured people the degree of consciousness is already very considerable, and a spiritually developed man is as fully himself in that vehicle as in this denser body.

Most people at this stage are so wrapped up in their own train of thought—usually a continuation of some line taken up in waking hours—that they are like a man in a brown study, so much absorbed as to be practically entirely heedless of all that is going on around them. And in many ways it is well that this is so, for there is much upon the astral plane which might be unnerving and terrifying to one who had not the courage born of full knowledge as to the real nature of all that he would see.

HOW TO BECOME A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Sometimes a man gradually rouses himself out of this condition—wakes up to the world around him, as it were; but more often he remains in that state until some one who is already active takes him in hand and awakens him. This is, however, not a responsibility to be lightly undertaken.

If, however, the task is undertaken and the risk is faced and a man is enrolled as one of the Band of Helper Spirits while his grosser body is wrapped in slumber, he himself, or rather the astral part of him, is kept going pretty hard. The most part of his work is done for men, but he has also to assist the process of evolution all along the line.

A duty towards these lower kingdoms, elemental as well as animal and vegetable, is distinctly recognised by our Adept leaders, since it is in some cases only through connection with or use by man that their progress takes place.

But naturally by far the largest and most important part of the work is connected with humanity in some way or other. The services rendered are of many and various kinds, but chiefly concerned with man's spiritual development, such physical interventions as were recounted in the earlier part of this article being exceedingly rare. They do, however, occasionally take place, and though it is my wish to emphasize rather the possibility of extending mental and moral help to our fellow-men, it will perhaps be well to give one or two instances in which friends personally known to me have rendered assistance to those in sore need of it.

A MIRACLE IN MATABELELAND.

In the course of the recent rebellion in Matabeleland one of our members was sent upon an errand of mercy, which may serve as an illustration of the way in which help upon this lower plane has occasionally been given. It seems that one night a certain farmer and his family in that country was sleeping tranquilly in fancied security, quite unaware that only a few miles away relentless hordes of savage foes were lying in ambush maturing fiendish plots of midnight murder and rapine. Our member's business was in some way or other to arouse the sleeping family to a sense of the terrible danger which so unexpectedly menaced them, and she found this by no means an easy matter. An attempt to impress the idea of imminent peril upon the brain of the farmer failed utterly, and, as the urgency of the case seemed to demand strong measures, our friend decided to materialise herself sufficiently to shake the housewife by the shoulder and adjure her to get up and look about her. The moment she saw that she had been successful in attracting attention she vanished, and the farmer's wife has never, from that day to this, been able to find out *which* of her neighbours it was who roused her so op-

portunely, and thus saved the lives of the entire family, who, but for this mysterious intervention, would undoubtedly have been massacred in their beds half an hour later; nor can she even now understand how this friend in need contrived to make her way in when all the windows and doors were found so securely barred.

Being thus abruptly awakened, the housewife saw the sky red with a distant conflagration. She at once roused her husband and the rest of her family, and, owing to this timely notice, they were able to escape to a place of concealment near at hand just before the arrival of the horde of savages, who destroyed the house and ravaged the fields indeed, but were disappointed of the human prey which they had expected. The feelings of the rescuer may be imagined when she read in the newspaper some time afterwards an account of the providential deliverance of this family.

TWO BROTHER HELPERS.

Another instance of intervention of the physical plane which occurred a few months ago makes a very beautiful little story. Among our band of helpers here in Europe are two who were brothers long ago in ancient Egypt, and are still warmly attached to one another. In this present incarnation there is a wide difference in age between them, one being advanced in middle life, while the other is as yet a mere child in the physical body, though an ego of considerable advancement and great promise. Naturally it falls to the lot of the elder to train and guide the younger in the occult work to which they are so heartily devoted, and, as both are fully conscious and active on the astral plane, they spend most of the time during which their grosser bodies are asleep in labouring together, under the direction of their common Master, and giving to both living and dead such help as is within their power.

ASTRAL ANGELS OF THE LIVING.

I will quote the story of the particular incident which I wish to relate from a letter written by the elder of the two helpers immediately after its occurrence, as the description there given is more vivid and picturesque than any account in the third person could possibly be.

"We were going about quite other business, when Cyril suddenly cried 'What's that?' for we heard a terrible scream of pain or fright. In a moment we were on the spot, and found that a boy of about eleven or twelve had fallen over a cliff on to some rocks below, and was very badly hurt. He had broken a leg and an arm, poor fellow, but what was still worse was a dreadful cut in the thigh, from which blood was pouring in a torrent. Cyril cried, 'Let us help him quick, or he'll die!'

MATERIALISING FOR A SURGICAL OPERATION.

"In emergencies of this kind one has to think quickly. There were clearly two things to be done; that bleeding must be stopped, and physical help must be procured. I was obliged to materialise either Cyril or myself, for we wanted physical hands at once to tie a bandage, and, besides, it seemed better that the poor boy should *see* someone standing by him in his trouble. I felt that while undoubtedly he would be more at home with Cyril than with with me, I should probably be more readily able to procure help than Cyril would, so the division of labour was obvious. The plan worked capitally. I materialised Cyril instantly (he does not know yet how to do it for himself), and told him to take the boy's neckerchief and tie it round the thigh, and twist a stick through it. 'Won't it hurt him terribly?' said Cyril; but he *did* it, and the blood stopped flowing. The injured boy seemed half unconscious, and could scarcely speak, but he looked up at the shining little form bending so anxiously over him, and asked, 'Be you an angel, master?' Cyril smiled so prettily and replied, 'No, I'm only a boy, but I've come to help you'; and then I left him to comfort the sufferer while I rushed off for the boy's mother, who lived about a mile away.

AN ASTRAL GUIDE.

"The trouble I had to force into that woman's head the conviction that something was wrong, and that she must go and see about it, you would never believe; but at last she threw down the pan she was cleaning, and said aloud, 'Well, I don't know what's come over me, but I must go and find the boy.' When she once started I was able to guide her without much difficulty, though all the time I was holding Cyril together by will-power, less the poor child's angel should suddenly vanish from before his eyes. You see when you materialise a form you are changing matter from its natural state into another—opposing the cosmic will, as it were and if you take your mind off it for one half-second back it flies into its original condition like a flash of lightning. So I could not give more than half my attention to that woman, but still I got her along somehow, and as soon as she came round the corner of the cliff I let Cyril disappear; but she had seen him, and now that village has one of the best attested stories of angelic intervention on record!

HOW THE ASTRALS APPEARED TO THE MOTHER.

"The accident happened in the early morning, and the same evening I looked in (astrally) upon the family to see how matters were going on. The poor boy's leg and arm had been set, and the great cut bandaged, and he lay in bed looking very pale and weak, but evidently going to recover in time. The mother had a couple of neighbours in, and was telling them the story; and a curious tale it sounded to one who knew the real facts. She explained, in very many words, how she couldn't tell what it was, but something came over her all in a minute like, making her feel something had happened to the boy, and she must go out and see after him; how at first she thought it was nonsense, and tried to throw off the feeling, "but it warn't no use—she just had to go." She told how she didn't know what made her go round by that cliff more than any other way, but it just happened so, and as she turned round the corner there she saw him lying propped up against a rock, and kneeling beside him was the "beautifullest child ever she saw, dressed all in white and shining, with rosy cheeks and lovely brown eyes"; and how he smiled at her "so heavenly like," and then all in a moment he was not there, and at first she was so startled she didn't know what to think; and then all at once she felt what it was, and fell on her knees and thanked God for sending one of his angels to help her poor boy.

"Then she told how when she lifted him to carry him home she wanted to take off the handkerchief that was cutting into his poor leg so, but he would not let her, because he said the angel had tied it and said he was not to touch it, and how when she told the doctor this afterwards he explained to her that if she had unfastened it the boy would certainly have died.

AND TO THE BOY.

"Then she repeated the boy's part of the tale—how the moment after he fell this lovely little angel came to him (he knew it was an angel because he knew there had been nobody in sight for half a mile round when he was at the top of the cliff just before—only he could not understand why it hadn't any wings, and why it said it was only a boy)—how it lifted him against the rock and tied up his leg, and then began to talk to him and tell him he need not be frightened, because somebody was gone to fetch mother, and she would be there directly; how it kissed him and tried to make him comfortable, and how its soft, warm, little hand held his all the time, while it told him strange, beautiful stories which he could not clearly remember, but he knew they were very good, because he had almost forgotten he was hurt until he saw mother coming; and how then it assured him he would soon be well again, and smiled and squeezed his hand, and then somehow it was gone."

BECAUSE WHY?

An interesting fact afterwards discovered by the investigations of the writer of the letter throws some light upon the reason why the help was rendered by these particular agents and no other. It was found that the two boys had met before and that some thousands of years ago the one who fell from the cliff had been the slave of the other, and had once saved his young master's life at the risk of his own, and had been liberated in consequence; and now, long afterwards, the master not only repays the debt in kind, but also gives his former slave a high ideal and an inducement to morality of life which will probably change the whole course of his future evolution.

XIV.—SOME GOBLIN HAUNTED HOUSES.

A GRUESOME HORROR FROM THE FAR WEST.

A CORRESPONDENT in California sends me the following very weird story of a haunted house in Kansas. My correspondent has copied out the MS. of a friend, who had the somewhat doubtful privilege of living in the house for a year and a-half. There are elements in the narrative which raise it far above the ordinary average of stories of haunted houses. That fearsome white cat with the woman's eyes, which so mysteriously appeared and disappeared; the unwanted bed fellows who sometimes slept on the top of the bed-clothes, and who sometimes pulled them off in order to make themselves comfortable on the floor, to say nothing of the nameless brute which seemed impervious to rifle bullet, constitute congeries of the gruesome and the grim which are not often combined in one story.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE NEAR PILOT KNOB.

THE remains of a two-storey house and a two-storey barn was all that was left of a once beautiful place. It was in a very dilapidated condition; over the door and window-spaces were nailed great thick boards. In the room I afterwards used for a dining-room, and also in the servants' quarters, I noticed a portion of the floor had been taken up and laid at one side of the rooms.

THE WHITE CAT WITH A WOMAN'S EYES.

Looking in through the front hall-door, I noticed a big bundle of bedding and the largest cat I ever saw, sitting on the roll. The cat was pure white, with big brown or black eyes; they looked to me like the eyes of a human. I called F. (my husband) to see the cat and bundle, as I thought some one must be inside; we called the cat, but it did not move, only looked steadily at us. F. said the house must be used by hunters, but we could not account for the great cat. We looked at the barn and a bit around the yard, but never went out of sight of the house. Before I stepped into the buggy, I thought I would take another look at that big white cat with the human eyes; when I looked in cat, bundle, and all had disappeared. F. did not know what to say about it. However, we took the place; carpenters, painters, &c., set to work, and when we took possession of our country place all was very nice, cosy, and comfortable. We had fine large cellars, with all conveniences that a cellar could have; a huge cistern under the kitchen, and everything convenient. Besides the gardeners and other men-servants, I had a very large, strong English maid.

THE STRANGE NOISE IN THE ATTIC.

I thought I would be so content and happy there, and so I would have been had not it happened as follows:—We heard so many strange noises that we could not account for; the attic I used as a store-room; often I would hear what seemed to be a number of people walking about in an excited way up there. One day when I was all alone but for my two babies, I heard what seemed to be heavy iron balls rolling from one end of that attic to the other, until it shook the whole house. When I was young, and neither nervous nor imaginative, I was not cowardly—not afraid of anything; I thought only, "Why, what can that be? we have no iron balls up there!" I locked the children into a room, and went up to see what was wrong. One of the boxes that had been stored away, tightly nailed up, was open and all its contents scattered around, and that same big white cat, or one just like it, with human eyes, sat in the box with its paws on the edge, looking at me just as it did the first morning I went to the house. I called it, "Pussy, pussy!" it did not move, but looked steadily in my eyes, I thought, "That is not a cat, at least, it is not a natural cat; and whatever it is it could kill me and then kill the children!" and I went down stairs and locked the doors. When F. and the servants came home I told him. To reassure me he said it must belong to one of the neighbours; the nearest lived about a mile away. He went upstairs and found the windows fastened just as we had left them; the things were all in the box and it was nailed up fast. No iron balls there, nor anything else that could make that trundling noise, although it had continued all that day.

THE SPECTRE WITH THE ICY HAND.

One night, not long after, or rather it was just before dawn, we were awakened by most unearthly screams. F. could not decide what it was, but I said, "Oh! it is Ellen!" (the English maid). He ran to her room, with his pistol, and I with the nightlamp. We thought some one was murdering her. She was standing about the centre of the room, looking like a ghost; her eyes looked as if they would burst from her head. F. asked her what was the matter; she said nothing but kept on screaming; I pushed her down into a chair; I told her to go to bed, that she had had nightmare. She said nothing, but looked round with a wild stare, shaking all the while till her teeth chattered; she was holding her left wrist with her right hand; I tried to pull her hand loose, but could not move it. I at last got her to my room as best we could, and had her lie on the lounge the rest of the night. The next morning she told us that she would leave at once; that she would not stay in that house another night for any consideration. She said, the night before she had been lying awake for some time, looking out of window at the flowers in my garden—it was bright moonlight—and thinking she had never seen such a lovely place, nor such flowers. She heard some sound in the room but did not speak, for she thought I had come there for her, and she would not startle me by suddenly showing she was awake. Then she felt some one touch the head of the bed and turned to see, and looked straight into the face of a woman who was bending over her. This woman took hold of her left wrist with a cold icy hand; then she "was sure it was a dead woman," and she did not know anything more until we were talking to her, but she could not speak to answer us. We could not prevail on her to stay with us, even until I could get another maid, although she had been devoted to me before that. She begged me to move into the city and leave that house, or I would regret it deeply.

THE SPECTRE APPEARS AGAIN.

The day after she left me F. brought me a maid—an Irish girl—who had lived with me once before, for three

years. Her name was Maggy. We, of course, told her nothing about Ellen's experience. She slept in the same room, and on the same bed that Ellen had used. F. and I had not mentioned what had happened, not even to any of my own family.

AN INVULNERABLE MONSTER.

One night soon after, F. spoke to me, asking if I could tell what noise it was we heard. I thought it sounded like some one filing iron; he thought the same thing. He believed that some one was trying to file the stable-door bars, to get to the horses; we had some very fine horses; the gardener and the other men were all married, and they slept at home, down in the hollow where their houses were. F. said he would go and see what it was; I insisted that he should not expose himself (this was soon after the close of the Civil War, when dubious characters were prowling about, who often drew out the men from a household by some noise, and shot them on sight, Y.H.A.), but he should stand in the porch in the shadow, and I would go, as surely no man would be so mean as to shoot or harm a defenceless woman. He finally agreed to stay there and cover me with a rifle, while I should go, for if he went and anything happened to him, I would be left the worse off. I took a pistol and went; when I was about midway between the house and barn, an animal of an immense size came around the lower part of the barn and started towards me. F. said, "A bear! run to the house, quick!" but I could not move. I stood perfectly still and could only gasp, "What is that?" It came about half-way between me and the barn; F. cried, "Shoot it! shoot it!" as he ran to me. We both fired and hit it every time; I could hear the shot strike it each time; we shot six or seven times; when the balls hit it, it sounded like a dried buffalo hide. It walked leisurely along, did not increase its gait in the least, but went down into the bushes and out of sight. F. and I agreed that it could not have been any living thing, and stand all the shots we gave it. The next morning we looked to see the tracks its feet made, but did not find the slightest impression, and it always remained an unsolved mystery to us. It was not in the least like any animal we either of us ever saw, either in collections of wild beasts or in pictures.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ICY HAND RETURNS.

Maggy had been with us some time when, about the same time in the A.M. that Ellen had screamed we were aroused by screams from Maggy. F. snatched the pistol and I the lamp. When we reached her room she was standing in almost exactly the exact spot in the centre of the floor where Ellen had stood, her face white, her eyes wide open, shaking violently, her left wrist clasped in her right hand. She acted precisely the same in every respect as Ellen had done. We took her to my room and kept her on the couch. She did not speak that night. After she had done her work the next morning, she told us in almost the same words that the other girl had used, that she was awake and looking out of window, thinking about the beauty of the garden and the brightness of the moonlight, when she heard some one in the room; she thought it was I come after her, as the bells were not good, and turned to see, and looked into the same dead woman's face that was bending over her from the head of the bed; also how she took hold of her left hand with "a dead cold hand," and then she knew nothing more until we had her with us. She told us we would have to get another maid, as she would not stay in that house another night. She told me, the same as Ellen had done, "You would better move away from here, or you will be sorry some time."

THE GOBLIN BIRD.

Soon after this papa went out to Pike's Peak on business, to be gone some time. I invited mother to bring Mollie and Willie (my brother and sister) and come and stay with me, so neither of us would feel lonely, as father was gone also. She accepted and came. Mother insisted that she would sleep upstairs, as it would be cooler than on the ground floor. She chose a room directly over my room, and everything went nicely for some time. One morning, about the same time (hour) when the other things had happened, mother was awake with her face towards the window, when an enormous bird alighted in the window and filled it completely. She thought it was an eagle, but a very large one. Willie (the little boy brother) slept in her room near the window, and she was afraid it would jump on his bed and frighten him, but she feared it might be worse if she did anything to startle or anger it; so she lay still and watched it until daylight. All the time it sat looking into room; it had a queerly shaped head and large brown or black eyes.

THE GHOST AND THE BED-COVERS.

The next morning, again about the same hour, she heard steps in the room; at first she thought one of the dogs had been shut into the house unnoticed, and had strayed into her room; she called the names of the dogs, and when none came to her, she knew it was not our well-trained dogs. She turned in bed and the bed-clothes pulled tight, and she could not move them. All at once the covers dropped to the floor: she put down her hand to get them, and touched a person; she was not alarmed, thinking it was Willie. She let him lie, as it was warm, but as soon as it was light enough to see she saw Willie in his bed, and on her bed-covers on the the floor, was the impression of a body large enough for an adult. She did not disturb them until F. and I had seen them. She said she was not frightened, but after that she occupied a room on the ground floor until papa came back home, and they went back to their city residence, and I was again left alone, but for my two small children and the servants. F.'s business often kept him in town until late, when he would always get Hillis (my younger brother) to come out and stay with me. We had now fitted up for a guest-room the chamber the maids had occupied, and would put gentlemen in it.

SEEN BY A FOURTH WITNESS.

Hillis slept in this room; one morning about the time that the girls had frightened us so badly, we again heard such frightful screams. We hurried to Hillis; we found him in the centre of the room, and exhibiting precisely the same peculiar appearance and actions that the others had done. We took him to another room, and the next day he told us exactly the same story they had. I asked him why he did not speak to the woman and ask her what she wanted. Speak! he said; he would like to see the person who would speak to the sight he saw then, staring straight down into his eyes. He urged us to move from the house.

POLTERGEISTS FIRING PISTOL SHOTS.

Often during the day I would call the gardeners and ask them what was the hollow pounding we heard;

they always said they had supposed it was some one pounding in the house. It sounded like pounding on a big empty box. One night whilst Hillis and I sat together, a pistol shot sounded close to the glass-door of the room; we saw the flash, too; both of us ran to the door, and thoroughly searched the house and the dooryard, but not a trace of anyone could we find. Yet hardly had we seated ourselves again, when we heard the report again, and saw the flash, both much plainer and clearer than before. We ran out again, but could find nothing.

A WARM BODY IN THE CELLAR.

One day I went down into the cellar, having taken a sudden notion for some apples stored there; as I was raking away the straw from about them, I put my hand on what felt to me like the body of a woman. I had gone down without a light, knowing the cellar perfectly. Of course I flew up the stairs fast, thinking some tramp woman had found a way into the cellar; as I went, I heard the straw being tossed about wildly, and even after I reached the kitchen, the girls and I all thought we could even hear the straw tossed up against the floor of the kitchen, or the ceiling of the cellar. When the men went down to investigate, they found no sign of disorder, except on top of the straw the impression of some body about the size of a woman's person; also the straw was very warm, as if from animal heat. This puzzled them greatly, as there was no way for a woman to get into the cellar without being detected.

THE SPECTRE SEEN BY TWO MORE WITNESSES.

One day Mollie (my sister) brought a friend out to make me a visit. They two slept in a room next to mine. Soon after they retired, the friend was heard to say, "Who is that?" and then Mollie cried out in an alarmed way, "S., is that you?" When I answered that I had not been in their room, they both rushed into my room, and said they were "lonesome," and would not stay in the other chamber; next morning, they said that, while they were still awake, but not thinking of feeling fear, something moving in the room caused them to open their eyes, and they both saw a woman leaning over the *foot* (the italics are mine; the notes go on to say that the position of the bed was such that "the woman" could not take up her usual situation at the head) of their bed, looking down in their faces. This made the fourth time this same woman had been seen by members of my family. The door of the room wherein the woman had been seen by three different persons opened into the hall, where I had seen the big white cat, the first day I visited the house; so, too, did the door of the room where I put M. and her friend to sleep. I forgot to say that in every case where the woman was seen, she wore a white cap with a frill around the front. About this time, F.'s business called him to another part of the State, and he arranged for Hillis and Draper (another brother) to stay with me until his return.

THE CLIMAX OF HORROR.

One day I took the children and went to mother's to pass the day, leaving D. at home to oversee things, and take care of the house. We had no maid or cook at this time; it had become very difficult for me to get woman-servants. I returned late in the afternoon; when arriving in sight of the house, I saw D. at some distance from the house, walking up and down the road, which I thought very strange of him. I told the driver to go faster; when we reached D. he looked very pale; I asked him if he were ill, but he said he was quite well. He said no one had called to see him—when I asked if any one had come. In the course of conversation during the evening, he advised me quite urgently to move into town; our town house was let, but, he said, I should give notice to the tenants, and forfeit the rental; or else take for the time one of our other houses in the town. He was quite insistent, but I was sure he had some good and kind reason for his advice. He was a very quiet man, never became excited, even when he was most worried. I acted on his advice, gave notice to the tenants, and had our big town house renovated and put in order for our occupancy. When F. returned, D. met him and had a long talk with him before I saw him. We removed into town almost at once. It was quite late in the afternoon when we ourselves left the house, having sent all the people and things I was taking on before. I stayed to take a last walk through my beautiful garden. When we were some distance away, we heard, it seemed to be in the house, the most terrible noise. I cannot explain (describe?) it, or compare the noise to anything I ever heard before or since. Draper looked back, and I was in the act of looking back, when he caught me and pressed my face against him, and said, "Oh! do not look back! you will be so terrified!" and unlike Lot's wife, I did not insist on looking back. And never, so long as they lived, could I induce either Draper or F. to tell me what they had seen when they looked back; for F. also turned and looked; he and D. were both as pale as death, and F. whipped the horses into a run, till we were out of sight. I afterwards learned that D. had told F. what he had seen and heard, the day he spent alone at the house, and they agreed that I must leave it.

LIT WITH INFERNAL FIRE.

Whilst we lived there, one of the neighbours, living about three-quarters of a mile away, told Hillis that often at night the house seemed to be burning; the interior would seem ablaze, and he could see flames leap from the doors and windows, but, on approaching the place, it would take back its ordinary look. It had this appearance of burning, seen from his house, often after we were living in it. F. tried to rent the place, advertised it in all the papers, told his friends about it, and had a great many applications; but just so soon as he located it, or took the applicants to see it, they would say, "What! not the haunted house, surely!" and some said they would not live in it for a bonus of one thousand dollars per month. We found, after we left it, that the house had for years had the reputation of being haunted, and people were very indignant at the man who had taken advantage of our ignorance to palm it off upon us. Several months after we left the neighbour who had told of the appearance of burning notified us that the night before the house had been burned in truth. He said that, although he was an old man, he felt so relieved over its being gone, that he felt like dancing for joy. We always believed that it was destroyed purposely, on account of its bad reputation. We lived in this haunted house a year and six months, and all the time the strange noises and other queer things were going on, and we were seeing that big weird cat every few days. I was not very much afraid then, but looking back now at it I feel very badly frightened.

ADDITIONAL MEMORANDA.

So far my friend. On my own responsibility, writes my correspondent. I will add a few observations to the above. I have transcribed the story as it was sent me, except that I have left out a few repetitions of the same thing, or here and there some comment on details which have no bearing on the appearances, and which probably were introduced as a commentary, on acoount of my knowing so well the people and the matters. The writer was in poor health at the time of the later occurrences—it was just prior to the birth of her third child—and so her people kept from her many things that happened. I have often heard her mother tell of her own experiences. She it was, you remember, who had the experience with the bed-covers.

A HEAVY GHOST ON THE BED.

She told me that this pulling off of the bedding was of almost nightly occurrence; she did not complain nor leave the house, because she felt that she must accompany her daughter, and was afraid of frightening her by the story. What finally drove her from the room was that every night, after hearing—and *feeling*—some creature moving about the room, it would approach her bed and lie down beside her outside the covers, which it held down so firmly that she could not pull them from under it. At first she thought it might be her little boy, who lay in the same room, but she could hear him breathing in his own little cot, across the room, and then the body was that of a heavy person. She saw the huge cat, time and again; it never made any demonstrations, but looked at her in a very bloodcurdling way, and would disappear in a most disconcertingly sudden fashion. I have heard five or six people, some not members of the family, but visitors to the house, speak of the immense horrible cat, and also describe the noise as of rolling or trundling cannon balls.

THE SPECTRE SEEN BY FIVE MORE WITNESSES.

Another scene which I have several times heard described by participants, evidently has been forgotten by the relator. One winter night a large party of young folk drove out to this house, bent on the festivity known in America as a "surprise party." During the evening a great snowstorm arose, and on account of the inclement weather, and the badness of one bit of the road back to town, the family kept over night as many as the house could be made to hold. Five young ladies, including the sister "Mollie" mentioned, were put to sleep on pallets, spread on the floor of the parlour, which was warmed by a large heater. In the middle of the night everyone was aroused by a chorus of screams from the parlour, and the five girls were found sitting up on their pallets, holding fast to one another and terrified almost into convulsions. They told exactly the same story related above, about the strange woman. They had lain awake to talk, as girls will, and all had seen her at the same time. I will say further, that I have heard six or eight tell their experience with this woman, and all spoke of her as wearing the cap described by my correspondent, but they also said she wore a dark dress—the women called it brown—with white flowers or sprigs, of an old-fashioned pattern. They all said, too, that she wore a most malevolent, not to say devilish, expression. This family was extremely conservative, and felt that there was a certain disgrace attached to the occurrence of such things in their household; this affords a good reason for believing their story, told by each and all, that they never told of these happenings even to outside members of the family—*i.e.*, not in the house at the time—so that each successive one who witnessed the phenomena was ignorant of what had befallen his predecessors. Two of the men, "F." and Draper, were sceptical, rather hardened men, who had been in the army; F. was a captain; D. held some rank which I do not remember. The women were very religious, conscientious persons, who would not lie for their lives. They were far from imaginative.

WANTED A CARETAKER FOR A HAUNTED HOUSE.

30, Basler Strasse, Freiburg im Breisgau,
Germany,
November 10th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you will give this letter publicity in BORDERLAND. I have on my hands a house in England, which is said to be haunted and for which I want a caretaker. The house is large and no distance from excellent and cheap schools. I want a caretaker who will undertake to remain at least three months in the house whatever may be heard and seen, and who will endeavour to find out what causes the sounds and possible sights. Such a person might make the house habitable in winter as well as in summer. I intend to return to the house myself in the spring and stay for the summer. Till May 15th an inquirer could find out any legends there might be about the house and concentrate his inquiries. If he did not finish this winter, a caretaker would be necessary during the following winter, and a fresh opportunity for inquiring could be afforded. I do not want to have anything to do with the professional ghost-hunters who offer their services for half-a-guinea a day and a fee of ten guineas in case of success. I can promise that the caretaker will hear strange things. About seeing I make no promises. I never saw anything myself. All efforts to detect trickery have been unsuccessful.—Believe me, dear sir, yours faithfully,

C. E. GLADSTONE.

POLTERGEISTS IN THE MIDLANDS.

ON Christmas Day the London papers reported that

The village of Edithweston, about five and a half miles from Stamford, has been the scene of a remarkable and at present unexplained phenomenon, and the whole of the district has been aroused. In one of the houses in the village loud and at times most uproarious noises have been heard at all times of the day and night, the sounds resembling those which would result from the knocking and banging of doors; and, notwithstanding the fact that the closest investigations had been made by persons of all ranks in society, there is up to the present moment no apparent reason for the noises.

The special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* went down and found nothing. But he thus reports at second-hand, the experience of the farm manager.

I must confess that I thought the idea of the sounds rather a childish affair at first. However, when I had experienced them several times I simply didn't know what to think, and that is still my state of mind. One watcher was outside the cellar door when there came such a pounding at it that he almost fell off his chair. The cellar was empty except for some potatoes, the door was locked, and yet here was the thumping. As soon as we heard

a knocking anywhere we ran to the spot, and often reached it almost as soon as the noise had ceased. But we saw nothing, not even the slightest mark on a door which had been recently varnished. To test this another door varnished at the same time was sharply hit with the hand, and a mark was left on the varnish. Even one of us would stand outside the front doors, another of us inside, and the hammering would go on between us, and we be unable to see anything. The servant girl—a girl of 14 or 15—would go into the kitchen and the rapping would begin there, or somebody would go upstairs and it would begin upstairs. "Here I am," the girl might call, in a half-merry voice, so common had the noises become—"here I am, come on you," meaning the noises, whatever they represented. It gave you an eerie feeling to be surrounded for a time with what you could not fathom, do what you might—with something which, gave no visible signs in any shape. We are all as sure as we live that there was no trickery, and so that affairs happened which, it being impossible to understand them, would be called supernatural. They stopped on the Wednesday as suddenly as they had begun on the Friday, and they have not occurred again.

That being so, writes the correspondent in conclusion, I could not myself have the opportunity of testing the visitation, but what I have written, may be regarded as a fair statement of all the available information. Two general conclusions therefore are apparent—first, that over a period of six days the sounds were heard; and second, that the ingenuity and resources of the community have been unable to trace them to any explanation.

THE GHOST OF SAN DONATO.

MR. J. TEMPLE LEADER'S VISION.

THE *Daily News* thus summarizes a famous ghost story of the Castle of San Donato:—

In the literary work of Mr. J. Temple Leader (of whom we wrote in this column a few days ago) is a ghost story, founded on fact, with Mr. Leader himself as one of the only two personages in it. A short time since, Mr. Leader sent a copy of it to the Archbishop of York. The adventure which it relates happened a quarter of a century ago. But as it is known to probably very few, we may state the facts. Mr. Leader was at the time on a visit to his friend the late Marquis Strozzi, at the Castle of San Donato, near Florence. There he first heard the story of the discovery of a youth's skeleton, or rather "parched-up mummy," immured in the wall of the Castle. "On the head was a broad-brimmed felt hat, like that in the well-known picture of King Charles I. of England. One of the workmen took the hat and wore it till it was worn out." But this is not an essential detail. There was a tradition, two centuries old, of a lover surprised by a jealous husband, a Strozzi. The reader will guess the rest. Mr. Leader was cautioned not to mention the subject in the Marquis's presence.

The next stage in the story is Mr. Leader's examination in a dusty, old disused room, of an old picture turned with its face to the wall. The name and date were erased. It was a picture of a beautiful young woman in seventeenth century costume—full length, of distinguished figure, and with "singularly bright and expressive eyes."

"Round the fair graceful neck was a very thin silk or plaited hair chain, supporting a very small medallion of a reddish colour. . . . When I called the Marchese's attention to it he looked at it with an embarrassed air, remarked that it was probably a fancy portrait of some stranger, and immediately turned it to the wall."

Now for the third stage. From the picture rooms, Mr. Leader, being an enthusiast for books rare and old, took with him a number of such volumes to his bedroom. An engraving in one of the books sickened him with its scene of a fiendish atrocity perpetrated by an Oriental upon his wife. Reading the story of this crime in his solitary room in the dead of night, Mr. Leader's mind, roused into curiosity by the previous incidents, and now shocked, was, we may suppose, approaching what the scientific folk who make such short work of ghosts call an abnormal state. However that may have been, while Mr. Leader was "thinking over the tortures of the victim," he was surprised "by a very slight sound as of rustling silk. 'Looking up from my book,' he says, 'I distinctly saw a female figure in a white dress, slowly gliding round the room, feeling the wall with her hands, as if searching for some particular.' At first he imagined that somebody was playing a practical joke upon him."

Then he recollected that he already had, "according to my custom," carefully examined the room, and found no outlet or inlet except the single door, which he had locked.

"The only suspicious-looking objects were two great cupboards let into the wall. Then, I confess it, there came over me that peculiar sensation called creeping of the flesh—'arrectæque horore comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.' I felt my hair standing on end, and my voice stuck in my throat. I tried to speak, and could not. At last I moved. At that moment the figure turned towards me, and I saw at once the image of the portrait in the old room; the same white figured silk dress, and the strange bright eyes with a feverish and melancholy expression. I started to my feet, and in so doing overturned and extinguished the candles. . . . There was the figure, which appeared to move in a light of its own—a sort of halo, as it seemed to me. Slowly it left the wall and disappeared in the bed—a great bed of the seventeenth century, with a carved walnut-wood canopy and red damask silk hangings."

Then Mr. Leader must have fallen into a trance or a deep sleep—

"So deep that I was only awakened by a loud knocking at my door. . . . As I was dressing I saw something on the floor; it was a little medallion—a garnet or very red amethyst, or a carbuncle or a ruby, I cannot say positively which—with a very thin gold setting and a very small chain, either of silk or plaited hair, with a tiny gold clasp."

When the medallion was handed to the Marquis he looked at it, says Mr. Leader, curiously and nervously, turning very pale. He returned it to Mr. Leader, remarking that it must have fallen out of one of the books, and requesting him to keep it. According to Mr. Leader's account the medallion was the original of the neck ornament painted in the picture. It would be curious to know whether the immured skeleton was found in one of the walls of Mr. Leader's bedroom.

Mr. Leader writes:

"I make no attempt at explanation. A quarter of a century or more has elapsed since that night. The vision haunts me to this day. Often at night I seem to be in that old bed with the apparition looking steadfastly at me with radiant eyes, and I wake with a start and in a fever, to wonder at the mysteries which perplex human reason."

Many years have passed since Mr. Leader penned the foregoing for the perusal of a lady friend. The pathological pundits would feel much less perplexed over the above tale than Mr. Leader. But it is a first-rate ghost story.

A GHOST OF THE CIVIL WARS.

A MEMBER of the Writers' Club sends me the following narrative of an experience she "enjoyed" some years since. She writes:—

I assure you I have seen a real ghost, and wonderful to tell, I did not feel in the least alarmed, but rather vexed, because it would keep its head turned from me, and certainly it took not the slightest notice of me, or my efforts to open up a conversation. I considered I was being very badly treated; anyhow, this is what happened to me.

One November I was paying a few days' visit to some old friends in ———, and had just finished my lunch, and we three women were chatting round a lovely fire of old logs, feeling most contented and happy with all the world, when our gossip turned to a new kind of Indian work, just in fashion, and as I had some with me, I said I would show them mine, and went directly, as it was growing dusk, but still light enough to see the colours of the silk. I must tell you that my two friends had bought the place recently, and for a very modest sum, including some beautiful black oak furniture, very old. The people to whom the estate belonged were leaving, to permanently reside in New Zealand, on account of the ill-health of Lady M. It was

a charming house, standing in about twenty acres of park land, well wooded with grand trees several hundred years old—the date over the principal entrance being 1500. The chief hall was paved with black and white marble, and from the back a carved double staircase opened on to a long and wide corridor, full of cabinets, China, weapons, skins, and armour. There were four windows looking into the park, and at each end double doors leading to the north and south wings, principally bedrooms. Facing the fourth window a few steps led down to another suite of rooms, looking out to sea. My rooms were here, and I made as much haste as I could, for the light was waning, found my Indian work, and hurried from the room, up the five stairs leading on to the corridor, when I saw approaching from the north end, a tall figure, dressed in a bluey grey kind of gown. I quite thought it was one of the ladies coming to find me, so with my work held out to her, said, "Here it is, and if we get close to a window, can see the colours even yet." But she did not turn her head, and continued looking over the gardens, and so slowly passed into the south wing, the door of which she pushed quite wide open; it closing quietly after her. I felt very astonished at such discourtesy, and went back to my room much vexed. On my return to the library a few moments later, I found my friends just as I had left them, knitting. I expressed surprise, as I was so certain the person I had met in the corridor was one or other of my friends, but both declared they had not moved since I left them. I noticed they appeared very much confused and distressed, and after a time they told me I had seen the "grey lady," and that she was a ghost! It seems they had purchased the Manor House, for so it was called, for very little, on account of the terrible noises constantly occurring, continual appearing of the "grey lady," and, in consequence, the inability to get or keep a servant for any length of time; but all these disasters only amused my friends; they did not believe in ghosts, and the noises were rats or cats. Now, they could not but believe me, and although not alarmed, were much put out that the pretty old place should have such a bad name, but anyway they determined to live it down! The story about the poor grey girl was this. During the time that Charles I. was imprisoned in ———, many fights came off between his friends and Cromwell's people, and in one of these skirmishes the then owner of the Manor House and his two sons were killed. The victors at once hastened to the house to *steal* all they could find. There a poor terrified girl was found hidden in a cupboard, whom they murdered, in the very room we were then in, and on one of the window-seats were still visible signs of the terrible struggle that had taken place so long ago.

THE GHOST OF THE WICKED COUNTESS.

MR. W. G. BOSWELL-STONE writes from "Dayrells," 47, Wickham Road, Beckenham, as follows:—

After reading p. 443, col. 1, in the current number of BORDERLAND, I referred to Hargrave's edition of the *State Trials* (1776-81), and found that, notwithstanding the "out of the question" of "An American Admirer," a garden near "Grey's Court," Henley-on-Thames, is the place where one might look for the ghosts of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. An Order of Council (dated from White Hall, on January 18, 1621) runs thus:—

"Whereas his Majesty is graciously pleased to enlarge and set at liberty the Earl of *Somerset* and his Lady, now prisoners in the *Tower* of *London*; and that, nevertheless, it is thought fit that both the said Earl and his Lady be confined to some convenient place: It is therefore, according to his Majesty's gracious pleasure and command, ordered that the Earl of *Somerset* and his Lady do repair either to *Grays* or *Cowsham*, the Lord *Wallingford's* Houses, in the County of *Oxon*, and remain confined to one or either of the said Houses, and within three miles compass of either of the same, until further Order be given by his Majesty."—Hargrave's *State Trials*, vol. i., col. 367.

"Grays" is, I suppose, "Grey's Court," in Rotherfield Greys, a village situate two and a-half miles west of Henley. Lord Wallingford was William Knollys, created Viscount Wallingford in 1616, afterwards (1626) Earl of Banbury.

A HAUNTED CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

AN extraordinary story, says the *Rock*, is going the rounds of the Dublin clergy. It is stated that a lady, who is in the habit of attending one of the cathedrals, has lately seen the figure of a deceased member of the chapter sitting in his place in the choir. To add to the mystery, one of the members of the staff of the cathedral has asserted that a similar appearance of the same person has occurred to him. The story is told by a dignitary of the city, who himself is regarded as no mean authority on such spiritualistic mysteries.

A POLTERGEIST IN SCOTLAND.

A SCOTTISH Borderlander writes me as follows:—

The village of Cardross, as you will know, is situated between Dumbarton and Helensburgh, and down a lane of that village is situated a labouring-man's house, the dwelling-place of one who is gardener to a gentleman residing in a small mansion-house, and upon whose ground the gardener's house is built. A high stone wall surrounds both mansion-house and gardener's house, the back of the gardener's house serving as part of the wall which runs down the lane. At the lower end of the gardener's house is a gate giving admittance to the same; at the higher end a larger gate leads in to the mansion-house. This gardener's house, like the most of working-folks houses in Scotland, is divided, as you will know, into "kitchen" and "room," a but and a ben, as we say, has a "set-in" or built-in bed in each apartment, and is one storey high, with a washing-house built behind the kitchen part of the house, the back of the kitchen-bed being a joint wall for washing-house and kitchen.

On the last Sunday evening of July a knocking was heard as if coming from behind the wall of the kitchen-bed. The Wednesday night following it was again heard; then on Sunday following. Almost continuously since then up till the beginning of September this knocking was heard. Then it ceased as suddenly as it came. The knocking usually began by regular blows as if given by a heavy hand on a wooden wall, and was easily heard all over the house. The kitchen window looks out into the lane, and people standing there could hear it distinctly. While beginning by single heavy blows in succession, these were usually followed by quicker blows as represented by the spoken words, "Peter-dum-Dick." On one occasion a lady visitor happened to say, "Gie them a wee quicker," and quicker they came; on another occasion someone asked them louder, and louder they came; and on another occasion the knocking came as in polka time. The knocking usually began about nine in the evening, and continued at more or less regular intervals until twelve, one, two, three, and four o'clock in the morning.

Quite a *furore* was created over the affair. It got into the local papers, and crowds from all over the district came to hear. Sometimes the inside of the house would be filled, and outside many others wandered. One night six young men, one having a revolver, sat on a narrow stair watching, and got so frightened that they ran pell-mell into the kitchen where the others were. The police have watched the house, and every one has given his opinion, more or less ridiculous, but no light has come to clear up matters or explain.

I did not hear the knocking myself. I visited the house after it had continued for six weeks and stopped. Before writing you I called last Saturday afternoon to inquire if more was known about it. The people of the house are straightforward and simple-minded. They had nothing to add, save that twice in the week previous to my visit the knocking had again been heard.

Among your multifarious duties I hope you will find time to give a public friend of yours a reply.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES YOUNG,

Park Street, Renton, Dumbartonshire.

XV.—PSYCHIC HEALING.

MORE ABOUT COLONEL OLCOTT'S MIRACLES.

THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL PSYCHOPATHY.

COL. OLCOTT, whose "Old Diary Leaves" are among the most interesting contributions made to the periodical literature of the Borderland, describes, in the October and November numbers of the *Theosophist*, some of the healing miracles which he wrought in Ceylon in 1882. One of these, he says, revealed to him the true secret of successful Psychopathy or Mesmeric healing :—

THE STORY OF THE PARALYSED MISER.

The secret in question was revealed to me by an experience I had at a small village in Southern Ceylon, during this tour which we are now tracing. I think it was at Pitiwella, five miles from Galle, though I am not sure, having failed to record the case apart from others treated on the same day. My interpreter, secretary and servant, together with many other witnesses, will be able to recall the facts if my word is challenged, so it does not matter. A man suffering from hemiplegia, or paralysis of one side, was brought to me for treatment. I began on his arm, making passes along the nerves and muscles, and occasionally breathing upon them. In less than a half-hour I had restored the arm to flexibility; so much so that he could whirl his arm around his head, open and close his fingers at will, grasp and hold a pen, or even a pin, and, in fact, do anything he liked with the limb. Then—as I had been kept continuously at work on similar cases for several hours, and felt tired—I bade the Committee to make him take a seat and give me time to rest. While I was smoking a pipe, the Committee told me that the patient was well-to-do, had spent Rs. 1,500 on medical men without getting relief, and was an avaricious person, well known for his closeness. Now, of all things that are disgusting to the occultist, money-greed is one of the chief: it is so low and ignoble a passion.

SYMPATHY DESTROYED.

My feelings underwent an instant change towards the patient. The Committee, at my suggestion, asked him how much he had decided to give towards the Buddhist National Fund for schools. He whined out that he was a poor man and had spent much on doctors, but he would give one rupee! That capped the climax. I told them to say to him that, although he had spent Rs. 1,500 in vain, he had now had his arm cured gratis, and he might now spend an equal sum and see if the doctors would not cure his paralysed leg, and he had better keep the rupee he had just offered for Buddhist schools towards the doctors' fees. I told them to take the creature away, and never let me see him again. But the Committee, with one accord, begged me to recall my order, as the mere mention of money would assuredly be misconstrued and misrepresented by our bitter opponents, who could not say that I had ever taken a cent for my healings, or that they had been made by the Buddhist Committee an excuse to influence subscriptions. So after a while I had the patient brought before me, and within another half-hour had released his leg from its state of paralysis, and sent the man away walking as well as any one. My secretary took from him, it seems, a certificate of the cure, and I have it among the papers connected with that Ceylon tour.

THE LEG RELAPSED!

The Committee in charge of my work had arranged a series of loop tours of about a fortnight each, which brought me around each time to Galle, the central point. When this particular one was finished I was asking one day how it had fared with a certain few patients whose cases had more particularly interested me than the rest, and among others, I mentioned this miser's. The reply surprised me very much: the arm, they said, remained cured, but *the leg had relapsed into the paralytic state*. Although I had read of no similar case in the books on Mesmerism, the reason suggested itself at once—I had felt no real sympathy for the man after hearing about his miserliness, and therefore my vital aura had not vibrated along his nerves as it had when applied to the nerves of his arm; there had been a momentary healthful stimulus followed by a return to the state of nerve-paralysis. In both cases I had had exactly the same knowledge of the science and the same measure of vital force to transmit, but in the latter, none of that feeling of sympathy and benevolent intent which, in the case of the arm, resulted in a permanent cure.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Although I felt no sympathy for my patient I nevertheless did restore his leg to functional activity for the time being; I made him walk as well as he ever did. My will and skill were powerful enough for that, but not being moved by the third element, compassion, there was a relapse after the first effect of nerve stimulation had passed off. It seems to me that it also goes to prove that Mesmeric healing is not necessarily attributable to the exercise of faith, but rather to the transfusion of vital aura to the patient, and its operation under varying conditions within his system. Here was a patient who, if moved by faith in the case of his arm, must have been doubly so in the case of his leg, after the paralysis had been removed from the former; here were several bystanders whose minds and outward demonstrations of belief would follow the same rule; here, finally, was I, exercising the identical power and applying the same technical knowledge in both cases, and, if you choose to so regard it, silently making the self-same suggestion of possible cure, yet curing the arm and failing to permanently cure the leg. It is a most important bit of evidence in the question of psychopathic science, and well worth keeping in mind. I can conceive of no applicability of the theories of either the Salpétriére or Nancy Schools of Hypnotism to cases like the foregoing; it stands apart and is explicable only on the theory of a vital transfusion from operator to patient.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Finally—not to dwell for long on a subject whose importance well excuses my having given it so much space—the Ceylon case powerfully suggests the truth of the ancient teaching that kind thoughts sent out from one to another carry with them an almost magical power for good, while evil ones have the contrary effect. How much it behoves us, then, to guard ourselves from even thinking harm to our neighbours, and how easily we can grasp the idea that the old dread of sorcerers and workers of spells had a solid foundation of fact, and that the subtle powers of nature may be handled to the undoing as easily as to the blessing of men.

THE HEALING OF THE PARALYTIC.

I had a number of equally interesting subjects. Among them, a young Brahman, of probably twenty-eight years, who had been suffering from face paralysis for two years, sleeping with his eyes open because unable to close the eyelids, and incapable of projecting his tongue or using it for speech. When asked his name, he could only make a horrible sound in his throat, his tongue and lips being beyond his control. It was a large room where I was at work, and I was standing at one end of it when this patient was brought in. He was stopped just within the threshold by my committee, for examination. When they stated the case they drew back and left the sick man standing alone and looking at me with an eager expression. He indicated in dumb-show the nature of his affliction. I felt myself full of power that morning, it seemed as if I might almost mesmerise an elephant. Raising my right arm and hand vertically and fixing my eyes upon the patient, I pronounced in Bengali the words, "Be healed!" At the same time bringing my arm into the horizontal position and pointing my hand towards him. It was as though he had received an electric shock, a tremor ran through his body,

his eyes closed and re-opened, his tongue, so long paralysed, was thrust out and withdrawn, and with a wild cry of joy he rushed forward and flung himself at my feet. He embraced my knees, he placed my foot on his head, he poured forth his gratitude in voluble sentences. The scene was so dramatic, the cure so instantaneous, that every person in the room partook of the young Brahman's emotion, and there was not an eye unmoistened with tears. Not even mine, and that is saying a good deal.

MAKING THE BLIND TO SEE.

A third case was the most interesting of all. One Babu Badrinath Banerji, of Bhagulpore, an enrolled pleader of the District Court, had lost his sight. He was completely blind, and had to be led by a boy. He asked me to cure him—to restore sight, that is, to a man suffering from *glaucoma*, with atrophy of the optic disc, who had passed through the hands of the cleverest surgeons of Calcutta, and been discharged from the Hospital as incurable! Ask the nearest surgeon, and he will tell you what that means. Now I had never treated a blind man, and had no idea whatever as to the chances of my doing the patient any good; but in Mesmerism one can do nothing if one has the least doubt of his power to do: self-confidence is the one thing indispensable. I first tested the man's sensitiveness to my mesmeric current, for these were not cures by hypnotic suggestion that I was making, but downright honest, old-fashioned psychopathic—*i.e.*, mesmeric ones. I found, to my great satisfaction, that he was the most sensitive patient I had ever met with. Blind, unable even to distinguish day from night, and, therefore, unable to see my motions and take suggestions from them as to my purposes, he stood before me, and, as I advanced my finger-tips to within a half-inch of his forehead and concentrated my will upon my hand that it should be to his nerves as a strong magnet to the suspended needle, his head inclined forward towards my fingers. I moved them slowly away, but the head also moved, and so kept following them until his forehead was within a foot's distance from the floor. I then shifted the hand noiselessly to the back of his head, and at once he moved it upward and upward until I thus drew him backwards, so that he overbalanced, and I had to catch him in my arms to keep him from falling. This in silence, without a word or a sound to give him the clue to my proceedings. My way being thus cleared, I held the thumb of my clenched right hand before one of his eyes, and that of the left over his neck, and willed a vital current to run from the one to the other, completing with my body a magnetic circuit, of which one glaucomic eye and the optic tract, to its seat of development in the brain, formed parts. This process was continued for about half an hour, the patient remaining fully conscious always, and making remarks frum time to time as he chose. At the end of the experiment he could see a reddish glimmer of light in that eye. The other eye was then operated upon similarly, with the same result. He returned the next day for further treatment, and this time the light lost its reddish colour and became white. Persevering for ten days, I was finally rewarded by seeing him with restored sight, able to read with one eye the smallest type in a newspaper or book, to dispense with his leader, and go about like anybody else. A surgeon friend of mine, pointing out to me the signs of glaucoma, I found the eyeballs as hard as nuts, and set myself to make them normally elastic, like my own, which I did by the third day, by simple passes, and the holding of my thumbs, with 'mesmeric intent'—*i.e.*, with concentration of will upon the result aimed at, before the sightless orbs. This cure naturally created much talk, as the patient held every needed written proof of his malady having been pronounced incurable by the highest medical professionals; besides which, his blindness was well known to the whole community of Bhagalpore. Two medical men, graduates of the Calcutta Medical College, studied the eyes through an opthalmoscope, and wrote a report of their observations to the *Indian Mirror*, from which I think it was copied into the *Theosophist*. The sequel to the cure was most interesting and striking. His sight faded out twice, and was twice restored by me; the first time after it had lasted six months, the second time after a whole twelve-month. In each case I found him totally blind, and restored his sight with half an hour's treatment. To cure him permanently I should need to have him by me, where I could give him daily treatments until the glaucomic tendency had been completely extirpated.

Summing up his observations on his tour of Healing, Col. Olcott says:—

In all there had been sixty-four public addresses made within the space of about three months, and visits to most of the larger villages in the Galle (Southern) Province. I must mention the fact that whenever I found myself at a village on the seashore I would take a daily salt-water bath, as I found it wonderfully refreshing in the Mesmeric sense: no matter how much I might have overdone by healings, a plunge into the sea would restore my vital force within a few minutes. It is a hint that should not be lost by those who follow psychopathy as a profession.

THE EXPLOITS OF AUGUST SCHRADER.

THE New York papers, of November 2nd, report that August Schrader, the Wisconsin healer, visited New Jersey, and healed many persons at Salter's Park, Bayonne.

The crowds became so great as the day advanced that Schrader was compelled to go into one of the groves near the house, where he stood bareheaded among the autumn trees, like a latter day saint, receiving the people with unaffected grace and sending them away with smiles of hope.

A newspaper reporter says of Schrader:—

His face is extremely mild and reverential in expression. His hair, of a dark brown hue, is worn long, and has a tendency to curl. His beard, of the same color, is trimmed so as to make him represent in face and features the accepted appearance of Christ. His daily dress consists of a long black robe or gown, with large sleeves, and is worn loose. Across his chest a black silk sash is worn, and inscribed on it is:

"Divine Healer,
Schrader."

The method employed by the healer with those who did not mention the source of their trouble was first to press his right hand over their forehead for a moment, looking fixedly into the eyes of the patient. Then he put his hand partially over their eyes, and again pressed hard. He then pressed both the right breast and left breast, and then he finished up on the stomach. This he called blessing. When this was concluded he took the patient's handkerchief and held it in his hands. This he termed "blessing" the handkerchief.

"I do not profess to be successful in all cases," said Schrader, "but I have effected some wonderful cures. I do it by the power of prayer. It came upon me when I was thirteen years old that I had the gift of healing by laying on of hands, and I have been using my power ever since upon all who demanded my services. It is not needful that a man be godly to receive these benefits at my hands. Good and bad alike can derive the blessing. I am in the hands of the Divine Power, and whither it leads me I must go, no matter what my own desires may be. I am here to-day, but cannot tell where I shall be to-morrow."

There are the usual reports as to the persons healed. Schrader disclaims all power to work miracles, and refuses to attempt to restore limbs that have been lost.

A correspondent in Philadelphia, writing on December 6th, sent me the following lively description of Schrader's visit to that city, from which it would seem that the path of the psychic healer is by no means easy.

There has been a psychic healer by the name of Schrader in this city, but I knew nothing of it until recently, when one of the

clerks in the Bureau of Highways, where I am employed, was talking about it one day, and remarked that Schrader had laid his hands on this gentleman's head and the back of his neck, and he (this clerk) slept that night for five hours consecutively—something which he had not done for years, as he is troubled with insomnia He added that Schrader had now gone to the Dime Museum. Like other psychics Schrader had his troubles. At one place, the crowds of people who came wore a hole in the carpet, and the landlady refused to keep him after a day and a night. At another place the landlady poured water out of an upstairs window on the crowds who came. Well, I persuaded mother to go with me to the Dime Museum on Thanksgiving morning. But Schrader (if it *was* he) sent word that he would not appear on the platform of the Museum on "a prayer-day." So I got her to go on Saturday afternoon. But the real Schrader, so I afterwards learned from this clerk who was also there, did not appear. Instead, they fixed a man up with a long wig and auburn beard and a gown to imitate Schrader's peculiar dress. But he had a coarse face, and the wig and beard did not fit him, and he played his part wretchedly. He was a very evident fake. He mumbled something like "Molok-kolok-kolok-kolok" over me while he touched me—horrid old thing that he was. I was very anxious to see him, for I thought he might really be Schrader under a new name. But, oh that wig! You just ought to have seen it.

The clerk above referred to told me that the Schrader whom he saw, who helped him to sleep, was a fine looking man, with weird (evidently introspective) eyes, long hair upon his shoulders and a beard, that he wore a gown, and that he looked like pictures of Christ. I have inquired several times since about where the real Schrader can be found, but no one seems to know.

I wonder if Jesus of Nazareth—supposing him to be really an historical personage, as *you* do—met with similar adventures, and if his goings about in Palestine were due to the same cause as are Schrader's peregrinations between Philadelphia, New York, Jersey City, and other places within a radius of a hundred miles? It looks somewhat, doesn't it, as though the Gospel story were here repeating itself? Don't you remember how Jesus was for ever taking hasty departures, slipping away unobserved and re-appearing unexpectedly in another part of the country?

THE DOCTORS AND THE HEALERS.

The Medical Faculty in the New World as in the Old have scant patience with healers. If Jesus of Nazareth had been here to do the miracles in England or America that he did in Judæa, it is possible his worst enemies would be the physicians and surgeons rather than the Scribes and the Pharisees. When Schrader was healing in New Orleans, the Allopathic State Board of Medical Examiners served him with the following notice:—

You are hereby commanded, enjoined, and restrained, in the name of the State of Louisiana and of the Civil District Court for the Parish of Orleans, from practising medicine or pretending to practise medicine, or from prescribing or directing for the use of any person or persons, any drug or medicine or other agency for the treatment, cure, or relief of any bodily injury, infirmity, or disease, or deformity, by writing, print, or other methods, professing to cure or treat disease or deformity by any drug, nostrum, manipulation, or other expedient, in this State, without first having passed before the said board of medical examiners the satisfactory examination required by law, after presenting a diploma from a medical college in good standing, and without first obtaining and recording, as required by law, said certificates.

THE CHARMING AWAY OF WARTS.

Mr. J. J. Coghill, of Glen Barrahane, Castle Townsend, writes as follows to *Light*, on this familiar subject:—

During a visit made some three weeks ago to my married son, Mr. Claude Coghill, who resides at Athboy, in the County Meath, he showed me, as a great pity, that one of my little grand-daughters was greatly disfigured by an unsightly crop of warts on both hands, some fifteen or sixteen in number, and which all attempts to remove had utterly failed. He added, laughing, "I have a great mind to take her to an old man in this neighbourhood who is said to be able to charm away warts. The fellow is a mere ignorant peasant, but I have heard wonderful accounts of his powers."

To-day I have heard of the result of the visit. He tells me that every wart has disappeared, the sole treatment being the placing of the charmer's finger on each wart, accompanied by a mumbled prayer or incantation. They seemed to become flat under the pressure of the finger, and in a few days no mark was left. Three only resisted for awhile, bnt now these have gone too, leaving only a very faint trace, which he expects will disappear in a week or so, following the course the others took. The man asserts that he has had several hundred similar cases, and has never once failed to effect a cure.

AN EVANGELIST'S STORY.

THE following story of the way in which an Australian Evangelist was suddenly restored to health, is written by a friend in the *Southern Cross*:—

A cloud gathered and a shadow fell, which lasted for many a year. It was an insidious internal malady which cost him three weeks in every month, caused him at times to roll on the ground in an agony of pain, and compelled him to become the pastor of a small charge at Waverley, near Sydney, instead of an itinerant. I was holding a mission one winter for Rev. T. B. Tress at St. Peter's, Woolloomooloo, and we were just preparing for the after meeting when in came John MacNeil, all muffled up, and his face as white as a sheet: but he was able to tell us something worth hearing, with singular point and sweetness. About this time, a friend said to him, "A man like you has no business to be ill, with such a reserve of power for body as well as soul treasured up in your Lord Jesus!" He thought about it, but took no decided step, till, one Monday morning, he saw in the paper that a Mr. Barker, a Church of England clergyman, and a relative of the Primate, was to deliver an address in the city at 11 A.M., on "Divine Healing." Immediately he arose and went, heard the teaching, grasped the truth, laid hold of Jesus in His new capacity as "My Lord that healeth me," and went on his way rejoicing. He dined at one o'clock at the Y.M.C.A., taking the same food that the others did, and there and then offered himself as organizing secretary foor good old George Müller's mission, just then impending. A fortnight later the symptoms returned; so he went in to his chamber, locked the door, and, casting himself down before the Great Physician, said: "Lord, if I relapse into ill-health, it will not affect my honour, but it will affect Thine!" Then, stretching out his whole being on the promises of God, he claimed that power for service which lasted him without a break until his dying day.

XVI.—THE FUTURE.

PREDICTIONS, PROPHECIES, AND PREMONITIONS.

"I find, indeed, no people or nation, however civilized or cultivated, however wild or barbarous, that has not deemed that there are antecedent signs of future events, and some men capable of understanding and predicting them."—CICERO.

A FORECAST OF NEXT SESSION.

"TRIDENT," writing to me from the north of England, maintains that Lord Salisbury and the government over which he presides are likely to have a bad time of it next session.

A remark about Lord Salisbury's ill-health appeared in the *Speaker* in December, and all the papers generally seem to have taken very little notice of the statement. "Trident" thinks there is danger ahead. He writes, I think there is much truth in the rumour of Lord Salisbury's collapse; I have been looking for it for some time. Devonshire for the Premiership and Dufferin for the Foreign Office are my selections, judging from the influence of the "stars in their courses." Lord Salisbury is not of the robust, long-lived type of physique—he is too big and too stout, and has, I should judge from astral positions at birth, as well as from his general appearance, a decidedly weak and nervous heart. All this year he has been under malign auspices corresponding with the difficulties he has had to survive, I cannot say, surmount, at the Foreign Office, and which must have seriously undermined his health. It looks as if he and the Emperor of Austria would share in some popular diplomatic move, due to culminate satisfactorily about the 27th inst. The Austrian Emperor will get most "kudos" out of the affair.

This, however, will be only a little rift in dark cloud of affairs. Parliament meets on the 19th prox., under the auspices which prognosticate a very exciting time for the Foreign Office, judging from the date of opening and the martial influences predominating in the horoscopes of both Lord Salisbury and his "*alter ego*" in the other house, viz., Mr. G. N. Curzon. I see no hope of anything like a comfortable time till after March. Unfortunately for the value of these estimates of the future, I haven't the *time* which would go to amplify the effect of the influences already mentioned.

I do not wish you to infer that therefore I consider your estimate of Mr. Cecil in the "History of the Mystery" a necessarily unfair one; all I would insinuate is that you could not help being drawn to the man any more than you could help loving the woman whom you have made your wife, and as you are by nature her natural protector so you seem designed by Providence as the natural champion of the man with whose temperament you are so much in sympathy.

In Zadkiel's Almanac for 1897 you will find some very pertinent remarks anent the horoscope of our Queen, the Empress Frederick, Kaiser, Tsar, and Emperor of Austria.

The Kaiser, in particular, suffers from the same influences which will ruffle Salisbury and George Curzon. I hope we are going to have no more bother with him this next spring. He is an irritable and domineering personage in his best moods—one never knows when he may break loose.

MR. RHODES' HOROSCOPE.

"TRIDENT" puts forward an astrological hypothesis for the friendly relations which exist between Mr. Cecil Rhodes and myself. "Trident" says:—

If we had Mr. Cecil Rhodes' exact birth date, it should prove most interesting and instructive at the present crisis in his affairs, and it would probably furnish some explanation to me of the fervour with which you champion the cause of that great man. Just notice the correspondences between your horoscope and his—although of his I don't know the time.

(i) You were both born on the same date, July 5th, *i.e.*, the sun in exactly the same place in the heavens in both—a very strong natural affinity. (ii) The moon is within a few degrees (the same degree at noon) of the place of Mercury in your nativity, *i.e.*, he has great respect for your talents and literary influence. (iii) Saturn in his is exactly on the place of Venus in yours, and in his nativity Venus is exactly sextile (60°) to Saturn, consequently 60° from Venus in yours, *i.e.*, he should exercise a decidedly sobering, not unpleasant, somewhat awe-inspiring feeling in you—the foundation of genuine respect. (iv) Jupiter in his is within a few degrees of time (120°) from Jupiter in your horoscope. This again communicates a vibration which is entirely sympathetic to your temperament.

If the time of his birth were known, there might be shown other correspondences of day on which either of these gentlemen were born.

HISTORY WRITTEN IN ADVANCE; 1897

According to the Stars.

ALL three astrological almanacs devote considerable space to setting forth the marvellous manner in which their predictions have been fulfilled in the previous year, they all pay special attention to crowned heads. Zadkiel cautions the Queen against travelling abroad, and predicts a debilitated state of health. Of the Tsar and the Kaiser we are told that they will either quarrel or ruin each other, or meet with some calamity; neither is likely to enjoy a very long reign. Of the Emperor of Austria, we are told that he cannot expect to escape some trouble, a remark which it hardly needed an astrologer to make. It would be more remarkable to predict the contrary. Raphael warns the Queen against congestions and inflammations, which threaten an early fight for life. It is going to be a bad year for the Prince, especially at the beginning and end. Zadkiel does not anticipate war in Germany, but difficulties are chiefly financial. Of the Tsar Zadkiel tells us that his temper is bad. He is excitable and furious when provoked, and his opinion of himself is very very good, from which it would seem that the stars lie like less exalted authorities. Zadkiel prophesies no serious trouble for the Emperor of Austria; but the chief difficulty between the prophets is to be found when they come to Turkey. Raphael is a strong pro-Turk, and says that the Sultan is more sinned against than sinning, but he is still under some good influences and has nothing to fear for the next few years; but Zadkiel, on the other hand, boldly prophesies that the Turks are to be smashed up and driven out of Europe. When the astrologers disagree the people must decide. The existence of these three little almanacs, with the exception of Old Moore, sold at 6d., although neither of them contains as many pages as two of our penny novels or penny poets, is a fact which should be duly noted by those who wish to know what their fellow-countrymen read, and what they believe. To very many, these little almanacs are a much greater authority than the Bible, and are constanly consulted concerning all the minute details of life. The circulation of the *Times* newspaper is not a patch upon the circulation of Zadkiel or Raphael.

It is difficult enough to write history after the event, but it might be supposed to be more difficult to write it before the event occurs. Whatever the difficulty may be, it has been surmounted successfully by three different scribes, who, with no other guide but the voices of the stars, have no hesitation in writing out the history of the year six months before it arrives. It is true these historians in advance do not agree in their narrative, but in this they resemble those who write after the event. In order to enable the reader to follow these conflicting historians, I print the three—"Zadkiel," "Raphael," and "Orion"—in parallel columns, confining myself to their predictions for the first three months of the year. The method of all these prophets is the same. Under each month, they give a general description of the events which will occur in that month, and then afterwards they take a more general survey of the year under its quarters. It will be noted that many of the statements made by these historians of the future are tolerably safe predictions, as, for instance, "Zadkiel" remarked that in the East and in the West and in South Africa our path will be full of dangers. Equally safe is the prediction of "Raphael," that there will be much anxiety and trouble in foreign and colonial affairs; that the government will have its hands full. Equally true is it that the sun will rise in the East and set in the West, and that there will be many changes in both wind and weather in the course of the spring.

ZADKIEL.

When Mars made the long stay of 217 days in Gemini in the years 1864—'65 (the sign ruling the United States), the terrible fighting in the Shenandoah Valley took place. On the present occasion, Mars makes again a prolonged stay—of 208 days—in Gemini, viz., from August 16th, 1896, to March 21st, 1897. It may therefore be apprehended that the power of the red planet will again be proved by much bloodshed in Egypt, and blood-feuds in North America.

Mercury being in the ascendant, at this solstice, and in opposition with the Moon and zodiacal parallel with Mars, will cause great excitement in England, political strife, and great danger of foreign war. A powerful rival will push us hard, and the danger is that some overt act on his part will force war upon us. In the East and in the West, and in South Africa, our path will be full of dangers, during the ensuing winter quarter; and the wisest diplomacy will be required to avoid actual warfare. Venus in the second house promises an increasing revenue. The presence of Saturn and Uranus in the eleventh house threatens discord in Parliament, and much sickness among members of the Legislature; and discontent in the army. In London fires, murders, and suicides will be rife, in fact there will be many terrible and sudden deaths. Mercury in the ascendant promises well for the advancement of science; and several useful inventions will be perfected at the opening of 1897.

The Spring Quarter.

Mars, is ominous of foreign troubles, and treachery is to be feared on the part of a rival Power. We must not slacken our efforts to man the fleet and increase our army. The period of Army service should be lengthened. Colonial affairs will still give rise to anxiety, especially in Africa. Mars in the second house is ominous of greatly increased expenditure on armaments, etc., and increase of taxation. The weather of the spring quarter will be variable, at one time fine and too dry, and at another rainy and cold. The northern parts of Britain will have much wind and rain. Fish will be plentiful.

The Jews are returning to Jerusalem, and the Mohammedan power over that city is about to be broken—in 1897 and 1898; the latter year promises to witness the complete overthrow of the Turkish Empire.

RAPHAEL.

The Winter Quarter.

The Sun in Capricorn,
December 21st, 1896, 7.29 a.m.

When the Sun reaches the first point of the tropical sign Capricorn, the last face of Sagittarius will be rising, and the Sun and Mercury will be in the ascendant, the latter planet being in opposition to the Moon and in trine aspect to Jupiter; Venus will occupy the 2nd house, Mars and Nepture will be in conjunction not far from the cusp of the 7th house, Jupiter will be in the 8th, and Uranus and Saturn will be in close conjunction in the 11th. The latter position is not good, for it indicates treachery and deceit towards this country, and that the nations which we consider friends will prove enemies, and thwart and betray our interests. The occidental position of Neptune and Mars imply much anxiety and trouble in foreign and colonial affairs, and show that the Government will have its hands full. Although the revenue will be good, yet from the position of Jupiter there will be much distress in the land. There will also be serious earthquakes and colliery explosions in many parts. The public health will not be good. Pulmonary complaints will be very fatal; and an excess of deaths will occur from disorders in the intestines. Cancer will be more than usually prevalent and fatal.

The Spring Quarter.

The Sun in Aries, March 20th, 1897,
8.16 a.m.

The beginning of the sign Gemini will rise when the Sun reaches the first point of the equinoctial sign Aries in the morning of the 20th March. The Sun will be on the cusp of the 12th house in trine aspect to Saturn and Uranus on the cusp of the 7th, and separating from the quartile of Mars near the cusp of the 2nd: Jupiter will be in the 5th in sextile aspect to Mars, and the Moon will occupy the 6th house in Libra. The occidental position of Saturn and Uranus is very ominous, and threatens serious foreign and colonial difficulties, and much danger of a sudden rupture in diplomatic relations, if nothing worse. The Solar Orb in close quartile to Mars threatens sickness or grief in Royal circles;

ORION.

The Spring Quarter.

Under the general prophecy for the Spring quarter *Orion* says that Mercury ruling and Venus oriental promised a fairly fortunate and victorious year for England. The Government will be strong and well able to manage its affairs. Some good, wise, and useful reforms will be passed in Parliament. There will be improvements in the Education Act. Much anxiety and jealousy exist among foreign nations as to the setttlement in our affairs in Africa; many panics on the Stock Exchange, shocks of earthquake, and colliery explosions.

ZADKIEL.—*continued.*

VOICE OF THE STARS.

JANUARY, 1897.

At Capetown the outlook is not so peaceful as could be wished, and troubles with discontented tribes will occasion anxiety and loss. The Government will be in a sore strait and may be compelled to resign.

The rare conjunction of Saturn with Uranus in the sign Scorpio 27° 40′ takes place at 7h. 2m. in the morning of the 6th inst., to the detriment of Spain, Hungary, Turkey and Morocco. The retrogradation of the evil Mars in the sign Gemini, and his presence in the seventh house at the moment of new moon, adding fuel to the flame lit by the ☌ of ♄ with ♅, disturbs the United States. Eastern complications cause anxiety at the Foreign Office; and the state of Egypt and the Soudan, and that of the Christian subjects of the Grand Turk, will be the bone of contention among the Great Powers. Colonial questions also will considerably exercise the minds of our statesmen. The power of Mars when stationary will be only too apparent about the middle of this month; a sudden development of fanatic cruelty is to be apprehended and should be guarded against. Persons who were born on or about the 18th of May or the 19th of November are now plagued by Saturn and Uranus, and are warned to act cautiously and safeguard their health. Those born about the 17th or 21st of January will reap some benefits. The 27th inst. is an evil birthday anniversary. The Czar of Russia will soon feel the effects of the affliction of his Sun by Saturn and Uranus.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

February was sacred to Neptune, by which was meant Jupiter in his character as a sea-god, for his chariot was drawn by Hippocampi—horses in their fore parts and fishes in their hinder—thus exemplifying the two houses of Jupiter, Sagittarius the Archer, drawn with partly the body of the horse, and Pisces the fishes. Two days of this month, the 1st and 13th, were sacred to Jupiter. Mars is predominant at the moment of new moon on the 1st inst. and

RAPHAEL.—*continued.*

sudden indisposition of the sovereign, and warlike rumours. There is much danger of increased taxation, and the Government will require to make great efforts to avoid it. Much money will be spent on war purposes and national defences. The weak position of Mercury, ruler of the 1st and 2nd houses, is an indication that trade will be poor, and the general condition of the people unsatisfactory. Many serious disasters will occur in collieries, and accidents will be more than usually frequent. The greatest vigilance will be required on the part of the rulers of this country to prevent a loss of territory. The aspect and positions of the planets are dark and threatening!

THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENS.

JANUARY, 1897.

The New Moon for the month occurs on the 3rd, when the middle degrees of the sign Sagittary will be rising, and Libra will be on the mid heaven. The Sun and Moon will be in the ascendant, separating from a trine aspect of Jupiter and a semi-quartile of Saturn and Uranus.

The planet Mars will be just setting in the sign Gemini, in quartile aspect to Jupiter, which denotes that troubles will arise in our foreign and colonial relations, and danger of war and sedition. There will also be great misfortunes at home; colliery explosions, and shocks of earthquakes in some parts. The position of Jupiter in the 9th, in evil aspect to Mars, is unfavourable for the Church and clergy generally; it also denotes many serious casualties in navigation, collisions, and wrecks. Foreign securities will suffer a heavy fall, and stocks and shares will be much deranged. Trade will not be good. Crime will increase. It will also be an unfavourable lunation for the Sovereign and Government of this country. Harassing events will be continually occurring.

The great conjunction of Saturn and Uranus on the 6th will produce troubles in Ireland, and in Northern Africa, Morocco, and Tunis. Mars in Gemini is unfavourable for the United States of America, London, and the West of England. In these places fires and crimes will be very prevalent, especially about the middle of the month.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

The Lunation for the month occurs on the 1st, and is an Ecliptic conjunction, although not visible in these parts. The second face of the sign Virgo will be rising and Jupiter will have just risen, Venus will be setting, Mars will be on the Meridian, Mercury on the cusp of the 5th, and Uranus and Saturn will be in the 3rd house in trine aspect to Venus. The Meridional position of Mars, well placed, denotes a good deal of excitement

ORION.—*continued.*

JANUARY.

Dear Reader,—the influences of the Stars cease not. The cause is secret, but the effect is known—aye, and felt also; hence the deference paid to astrological warnings during a succession of ages. At the first New Moon, on the 3rd inst., the scheme of the expanse is startling. Both Herschel and Saturn cast a quartile aspect upon the Solar orb from the 11th house, where these malefics are in conjunction, which is evil for the ruling powers, and a sudden complication in foreign affairs is likely to cause anxiety. I fear a repetition of racial hostilities. This influence is apt to bring Old England into trouble; it behoves our Government to be prepared, as we have a rather serious crisis to pass through. Sickness in royal circles and the bills of mortality run very high; a danger of great and learned men dying suddenly. The sea turbulent and the weather cold and stormy, producing wrecks and damage to shipping—probably some naval disaster. An extensive earthquake denoted in the near East, and at home explosions and colliery disasters. Unexpected and curious accidents. The lunation occurs in the 1st house, and with Venus and Mercury in the 2nd, we hope that trade and commerce will inprove. Jupiter in the 9th house benefits the Church and State, and the religious sentiments of the people are more settled. Mars in Gemini will cause excitement in London; fires frequent. Egyptian affairs unsettled and cause us alarm; in the United States of America and Belgium storms, acts of violence, and stirring events occur. The malefics, Herschel and Saturn in Scorpio, will cause much trouble in Russia, Poland, Persia, Morocco, Asia Minor, Ireland.

FEBRUARY.

The month opens with a trine of the Sun and Mars. The New Moon on the 1st inst. is an ecliptic one, invisible at Greenwich. It occurs about 8.13 p.m., when the celestial sign Virgo will arise; Mercury, the ruler of the scheme, is posited in the 5th house, where the lunation takes place. Jupiter, fortunately rising at this period of time, is more favourable for peace. The map on the whole is propitious for the Government, although Mars, moving slowly

ZADKIEL.—*continued.*

in the ruling sign of London (Gemini). We may therefore anticipate the military affairs and the state of the national defences will be paramount in Parliamentary debate. Towards the latter part of the month there will be a series of great fires in the metropolis; and a railway accident (suburban) is also very likely to happen. A post-office robbery will cause some excitement in London. The planetary configurations are inimical to the well-being of the Czar, the Kaiser, and Prince Adolphus of Teck, both this month and last. The Duc d'Orleans has a favourable Solar revolution, in England, but he would not be so fortunate in France; he should accept the warning and abstain from pushing his claims to reign over the French. News from India and Egypt will cause some anxiety, for Mars disturbs those countries. The presence of Jupiter in Virgo is reassuring to Paris and Switzerland; and affords hope of some reform even in Turkey. The first two days are favourable birthday anniversaries, especially to soldiers, surgeons, and mechanics. The 17th and 18th bring either sorrow or suffering on those persons whose birthday falls thereabouts. The 23rd brings embarrassment or ill-health.

MARCH, 1897.

March was named after Mars, the first day being held sacred to the red planet-deity by the Romans.

At the moment of new moon the luminaries are in the mid-heaven at London, and in semi-quartile (45°) aspect with Venus, so that March will not be a month of drought this year, in fact rain will be somewhat plentiful; albeit Jupiter in the lower meridian favours a fine season. Mars still being in the sign Gemini adds to the political excitement in the United States, and, too likely, to taxation also. Indeed the quartile aspect of the red planet with the Sun at the vernal ingress marks the danger of war in Europe, Africa, and America. We fain would hope that the nineteenth century will close peacefully, but we must not minimise the danger of the martial spirit dominating the minds of men. Forewarned is forearmed! and if we do not increase the British Army as well as the navy we run a fearful risk of being surprised by our foes and taken at a disadvantage. Australia will soon have to look to her defences and increase taxation. The ruler of Italy is plagued by Mars, and he and his country will suffer accordingly. Jupiter retrograding in the sign Virgo brings some benefit to Paris, notwithstanding the vociferous military party in France. People who were born on or about the 24th of August, or when the Moon held the first degrees of Virgo, will benefit by the position of the great benefic planet, either in health or finances. On the other hand, the stationary position of Saturn in 0° ♐ 46′ afflicts those who were born on or about the 22nd of November. The 7th, 18th, and 22nd days of March bring trouble or illness to those whose birthday anniversaries fall thereabouts. The 12th, 14th, and 27th inst. are more favourable.

RAPHAEL.—*continued.*

in the land in connection with warlike preparations; it also shows the Government strong and determined, but not popular, and as Mercury lord of the Mid-heaven, is in the 5th house, it denotes that much excitement will occur in connection with schools and education. It is said that the Government intend to take up again their Educational Bill about this time, if so, they may expect a warm time with it. Towards the latter part of the month much uproar will occur, and heavy and serious calamities will befall this country. Strikes or rioting may be expected. The Moon in exact quartile to Saturn and Uranus at the full is an unhappy testimony, and will produce very serious disturbances and disappointments. Earthquakes, explosions, and similar evils will be very frequent and disastrous; England, Ireland, Italy, France, and Russia, are all under a cloud, and will reap a heavy crop of misfortunes for some time to come.

MARCH, 1897.

At the lunation on the 3rd the Sun and Moon will be near the Meridian, having separated from an opposition of Jupiter, and applying to a quartile aspect of Mars. The second face of Cancer will be rising, and Saturn and Uranus will be near the cusp of the 6th house. The latter position implies sickness, and trouble in the labour market, probably strikes. Jupiter, near the cusp of the 4th in Virgo, denotes a cold dry Spring, with vegetation behind the average. At the Full Moon, Saturn and Uranus will be near the cusp of the 2nd in square aspect to Jupiter in the 10th; this is indicative of an increase in taxation, at any rate we can hope for no remission of taxes during the coming year. The Sun, ruler of the 10th, is in trine aspect to Saturn and Uranus, but in exact quartile to Mars; the latter is not favourable for the Sovereign or Government. Sudden deaths will be painfully frequent, and accidents, especially to young people and children, will be more than usually prevalent.

The entry of Mars into the tropical sign Cancer, is not good for Scotland or Holland, or New York, and accidents of a severe nature will occur. The stationary position of Saturn in Sagittary will disturb Spain chiefly, and acts of violence, and plots against authority, will occur. The retrogradation of Uranus in Scorpio will cause many shocks of earthquakes in the East.

ORION.—*continued.*

through the sign Gemini in the 9th house, will produce excitement in London; fires frequent, and accidents by machinery occur. Some stirring events in military circles. Saturn and Hersehel in the 3rd house, is more untoward for railways and the post office—discontent amongst the officials and railway servants. Accidents on railways, in mines, tunnels, and from falling bridges. Panics on 'Change occur. Railway Stocks will droop. The Sun in quartile bodes no good to the Sovereign, and may bring about the death of great and noble persons, probably sickness or family trouble amongst royalty. Jupiter will benefit trade. Much wrangling in foreign States, and rumours of war. Many happy marriages of note occur. Egypt unsettled, and fighting is still manifest. Accidents and disasters in the United States; strikes occur. Jupiter will benefit Paris and Turkey—reforms in the Government. The Eastern question far from settled. Russia, Persia, and Asia Minor suffer evil. Some excited discussions in the London C.C. and School Board.

MARCH.

The New Moon occurs a little before noon on the 3rd, when the sign Cancer ascends, and Pisces culminates with the luminaries in the mid-heaven, Mercury being in the 9th, and Venus in the 11th house, which are propitious influences for science, literature, music, and the fine arts. Promotions for men of science and letters, and the State Church will be in a better odour and more strengthened; religious sentiments of the people are not so strong for disestablishment. Venus, in the 11th house, is likely to increase the sway of women, and it is not improbable that the franchise will soon be extended to them. Many marriages of note amongst members of the House of Commons. New laws discussed on the opening of Parliament—much wisdom displayed. Mars rising in Gemini will stimulate trade and commerce in London; great political excitement later in the month; fires, accidents, and crime increase in the metropolis. Jupiter, in the 3rd house, will benefit railways and the post office. Saturn and Herschel, both stationary in the 5th house, will produce many accidents by water and floods; storms in many parts. The weather tempestuous and changeable. Unfavourable for schools—young children suffer; many curious accidents occur both in London and America. Shocks of earthquake in southern and central Europe. Misfortunes occur in Spain, and countries and places under Sagittarius, for Saturn has now entered this sign. Jupiter benefits Paris, and will mitigate the commotion and strife which has been so threatening between Moslem and Christian. The Turks will for a time desist from persecuting and slaying their Christian subjects. Many strange events.

Looking over the prophecies for the remaining months, and picking out those that are more definite, we find the following :—

(First column) Zadkiel.

June sounds the death-knell of Turkey. In July a measure of useful reform passes through Parliament. August, an outbreak of Asiatic cholera in India and Egypt. In September, missionaries are to be murdered in China. In November, there will be furious storms.

(Middle column) Raphael.

End of April, sharp fall of price on 'Change. May, great strikes, and good to Turkey. June, the Government will be much harassed, their majority will be low, their popularity gone. July, Nihilist plots will be discovered in Russia. In October, the Sultan is to have a quiet and prosperous month. In December, there are to be conflagrations devastating whole towns. Money market generally is to be in a very bad way.

THE VALUE OF ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

THE STARS AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

"MODERN Astrology," for December, begins its leading article by hinting that if the stars speak true, it is probably we are on the eve of war—

The red planet Mars, the god of war, is dangerously near the point from which we may expect an outbreak, and were it but three degrees nearer that point we should be positive in our statement that we *were* on the eve of war. The last map of the astrological year 1896 ends on March 20th, 1897, when Mars will be just upon the point of leaving the sign Gemini. This sign is the third house of the Earth's zodiac, and governs the minds of the people. At the New Moon for the present month the red planet has separated from the opposition of Mercury, the general mental ruler, thus exciting the mind to warlike thought and action, and between the New Moon and the quarterly figure it will pass the square of Jupiter. Now we should not consider any of these positions as positively serious were it not for the close application of Saturn to the conjunction of Uranus in the eleventh house of the winter map. Here we foresee danger, and a grave situation it is indeed. The eleventh house signifies the House of Commons, and upon that body the evils of this conjunction will take effect. The events will be sudden and of a somewhat unexpected nature, particularly when the Sun has reached the twenty-sixth degree of Aquarius, and the Moon passes through the sign Scorpio. We sincerely hope that the sting of the Scorpion may be extracted without bloodshed, but we cannot pass over these planetary positions without misgiving as to the result. Beyond all doubt the House of Commons will be sorely tormented and harassed by foreign affairs, and there will be much sickness and death in their midst.

There is some consolation for the minds of mortals exercised by these doleful predictions, if they turn to the previous numbers of the magazines, and see how the efforts of the astrologer failed to read such a very important simple incident as to the result of the American Presidential election. The astrologer who rejoices in the *nom de plume* of "The Chaldean," set himself to work in October to forecast the result of the election. He then had not the nativities of the candidates, but he drew his conclusions from the moment of their nomination and he announced that :—

The only conclusion I can reach, after a study of the two figures for the time of nomination, is that Mr. Bryan will be elected President of the United States next November.

The next month he was able to obtain the date as to the birth of the candidates, and this leads him somewhat to modify his judgment, but still he backed Bryan as will be seen from the following passages :—

Since receiving the data for birth I find the testimonies in Mr. Bryan's natal chart not of a very favourable character, and this may overcome what little advantage he had over Mr. McKinley as indicated in the maps for the hour of nomination. The latter are so very much alike that it is almost impossible to choose between them as to which is the more favourable. I believe, nevertheless, that Mr. Bryan has the better chance of winning, but if he does not succeed, my impression is that neither will be elected by the people, but that the election of President and Vice-President will be thrown into Congress. In that event, Mr. McKinley will, of course, be the successful candidate, inasmuch as the House of Representatives, the body which elects the President in such an emergency, is Republican.

Altogether it is a most delicate question to handle, and requires the exact hour of birth of both candidates in order that a distinctive conclusion can be reached. I still hold, nevertheless, that Bryan's nomination map is *slightly* the more favourable, but if he is not elected, I believe Congress will have to decide the matter.

Now, Bryan was not elected, and McKinley was, without Congress having anything to do with the matter. This failure leads the editor of "Modern Astrology" to indulge in certain morals, which may be applied to many other astrological forecasts besides this :—

The brave attempt of "The Chaldean" to forecast the American Presidential Election was, as I quite expected, a failure, simply because the data were too slender. Astrology is an exact science, and requires absolutely correct dates from which to make the necessary calculations. We are all at best only students at present, and the day in which the prophet shall arise is not yet come. A sufficiency of mistakes have already occurred to make us more and more cautious, and perhaps it is as well, for we learn more by our failures than our successes. But I hope for the benefit of the sceptics that our next predictions will be from some one whose experience is more extensive than that of the modern Chaldean.

A RECORD OFFICE FOR THE PROPHETS.

MR. THURSTON proposes in *Light* that the Spiritualist Alliance should establish a Record Office for the Prophets of our Latter Day. He says :—

The details of the plan are open to discussion, but it seems to me the following should be some of its features :—

1. The establishment of a Central Recording Bureau with secretary and letter-files—say at 2, Duke Street.

2. A permanent announcement of the same in spiritualistic journals.

3. Invitation to all who receive any distinct prophecies as to their future, or that of the political world, to enclose the same in closed or sealed envelope stating the exact details, the name of the prophet, the mode of communication, the date of the same, with attestations, if possible. Outside the envelope to write the date when it may be opened to prove the truth of the facts prophesied, and to address it to the care of the secretary of the Bureau, giving also sender's address. Forms to be filled up may be provided, if desired.

4. The secretary should register in a book the receipt of such letters, and file them, and await further directions as to whether he is to open the letter or not. No letter to be opened without permission of the sender, who can reclaim it at any time by sending the postage.

THE PALMIST AS PROPHET.

IN a recent paper on the subject of palmistry I alluded to the danger of rashly prophesying the future from an insufficiency of knowledge concerning it on

the part of the prophet. It will be the object of this paper to consider the actual claims which may be put forward as to the power of the science of palmistry to predict what is to be by weighing the evidence for and against such power. In the first place, it should be clearly stated that no one has up to the present time succeeded in producing a really satisfactory explanation of how this prophecy of the future works.

SOME SUCCESSFUL PREDICTIONS.

The first time I ever read hands, at a large bazaar at the Queen of Watering-Places, a lady came to be "palmistrized." Amongst other things I told her that within a year circumstances would induce her to take up a branch of art in which she had at one time been very proficient, but had of late years dropped, and that she would pursue it with great ardour. Three years later I was again doing palmistry at the same place for another bazaar. A lady came to my tent, and, after I had read her hand, she asked, "Do you remember me?" "No, indeed," I said. "Well, I did you," she replied. "Three years ago you read my hand here, telling me in substance what you have done now. You will perhaps be interested to hear that a prophecy you made about me has come true." She then reminded me of what I had told her, and added, "That branch of art was painting, which I gave up on my marriage, as I thought, for good. My daughter, however, as you said, within a year from the time I was here, made up her mind to try and learn to paint. In order to encourage her I took it up myself again, and now I am fonder of it and do more than ever before."

That is prophecy on a trivial point; let us glance at a graver one, which came under my notice only this month. The hand of a lady whom I knew intimately, and who was in the habit of laughingly consulting me from time to time, showed unmistakable signs of severe approaching illness, caused by overwork. More than once I warned her against excessive strain, either physical or mental. I told her that if she persisted in her then mode of life the result would be inevitable. The last time I examined her hand I said that the illness was close to her, but that with extreme care and attentive nursing she would probably pull through. A month ago I received a letter from herself telling me that my prophecy had been completely realised—a severe illness having necessitated a dangerous operation, from which only the most devoted attention had enabled her to recover.

WANTED A RECORD.

The instances just quoted are only two out of hundreds of similar ones such as might be furnished by any palmist from his own experience. How are these numberless "coincidences" to be accounted for?

It is a thing to be desired, as yet, I believe, not attempted, by any professor of this art, that every palmist should keep a brief account of all prophecies made by him, whether trivial or important in character. They might be entered in a book with the date and names and addresses of those concerned, together with the limit of time of fulfilment. When the verification of any one of these reached the palmist he should note it also in his book, observing whether the dates tally or no. In the event of the full time elapsing without any news of the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of his prediction being received, he might write to the person to whom he made it and find out for himself. It would also be advisable to keep a private book in which might be noted any approaching events of too grave a nature to be told to the person concerned, as *e.g.*, blindness, murder, sudden death, great bereavement. These could then be verified in the same manner as the preceding, provided a little caution were employed.

In this way the evidence obtainable would be largely increased.

PREDICTIONS OF DEATH.

At present most authorities, for lack of evidence, differ on this important point. M. Desbarolles, the great French writer on the subject, declares that no event, except inheritances, can be foretold from the hand more than five years before it comes to pass. Why the exception should be made in favour of inheritances is not quite clear, for it seems that a person's chance of inheriting is quite as likely to fluctuation as any other future event, if, indeed, not more so. Most English authorities, however, claim to be able to foretell with perfect accuracy every kind of coming occurrence. If this can be done, many people ask, is it possible to assert the date of any given person's death?

Just as the skilful doctor can foretell to a few weeks, often to a few days, the length of life of one of his patients, so the skilled palmist can measure the time allotted upon earth within a certain limit. Why, then, should that be termed profanity in the latter which is expected from the former? Because palmistry claims to give its diagnosis at a greater distance from the event, or because, being a less usual phenomenon, it is less understood, and what we do not understand we commonly attribute to super-natural or evil agencies?

ITS LIMITATIONS.

Nevertheless, there are several points to be emphasized, while conceding this power to cheiromancy in common with medicine. First of all, that no palmist claims to foretell the actual year of death, only within a certain limit.

Secondly, that the most practised palmist alone can do this much, and that, as the result of quite as much careful examination and accurate weighing of *pros* and *cons* as the physician.

Third, that, therefore, the foolish predictions of dabblers in the art, which are so often the cause of nervous fears and agitation, are utterly untrustworthy and deserving of the severest condemnation.

Fourthly, and most important, it should always be borne in mind that *no prediction of palmistry is immutable*. Just as the wisest doctors may be deceived in their diagnoses, so may the cleverest palmists. And, in the same way, as an unexpected event may alter the whole course of a disease and upset the most careful calculations, so a sudden turn in affairs may lead to a modification of the habits of living that may hasten or delay death.

HOW PROPHECY MAY BE FALSIFIED.

Let me illustrate my meaning. Not long ago, I read the hand of a young nobleman, who assured me I might tell him the very worst I saw in it, since he had been palmistrized so often that he was quite indifferent. Accordingly, I did tell him, contrary to my usual custom, that he was threatened with a severe fall from his horse while out hunting, which would probably cause death. I did not add what I saw, namely, that

this would happen within three years' time. He assured me he had been repeatedly told this before, and he thought it exceedingly likely to happen, as he was very fond of hunting and always rode the most spirited animals he could procure. I remonstrated, warned him that if he wished he could avert the danger by giving up this foolhardy practice. Now, my point is this. If he takes my advice and gives it up, he will, by so doing, modify the lines in his hand and death will be delayed in consequence of his own act.

THE DOCTRINE OF MODIFIABILITY.

It is vitally important that every palmist should realise himself and impress upon others this "modifiability" (if I may coin a word) of his predictions. To take, perhaps, the commonest subject of foretelling, viz., engagements and marriages.

Every nine people out of ten, if not altogether past the age for thoughts of matrimony, put the question: When am I to be engaged? or, How often shall I be married? or, Shall I marry the man I am engaged to now? and so on. In answering such queries it should always be premised that the future is liable to alteration, subject, in most cases, to the individual's choice of action. No lines alter more readily or more frequently than those relating to these points, and it appears to me for this reason, viz., that no part of a person's character, or perhaps one should say feelings, is so liable to variation as the emotions of love and hatred. Of course, there are exceptions. One comes across hands in which there is only one strong, undeviating affection predominating throughout the whole life, but such hands are rare.

Moreover, there is another difficulty in the way of accurate prophecy on these subjects. Many authorities deny the possibility of foretelling marriage by the hand at all, and some hold certain lines to be the indication, some others. So that it seems to me each palmist will do best to work out his own method of interpretation, testing it repeatedly and noting the result of his investigations.

SUMMING UP.

To sum up my own view of the matter in a few words, I believe that the cheiromantic or prophetic side of this science is, at the present day, very imperfectly known and very carelessly studied among us. The true gypsies possess an infinitely fuller and deeper knowledge of it than we do, but they are few in number and unwilling to impart what they know.

Thus, it appears to me that, while we are still so much in the dark on many points, we should one and all, do well to leave cheiromancy alone, and devote our attention, as far as imparting our opinion to others, solely to cheirognomy, the delineation of character. At the same time, as I have said, I think we ought to continue our study of the other side by careful investigation, consisting of close observation and continual practical tests. The results could be made known and compared with those of others through the medium of the Cheirological Society, already existing for that purpose, which has its headquarters in London. The Secretary is Miss Timbrell, 4, Park Row, London.

To the question, "Does Palmistry really possess the power of prophecy"? I would reply, "To the best of my belief, it does." The instances of the confirmation of its predictions are too numerous to permit me to think otherwise. But as to How? or Why? I cannot pretend to give an opinion.

In conclusion, I would again strongly urge on all professors of the science to be most careful in their assertions about the future, remembering that their responsibility is a very grave one, and that with God alone rests the final knowledge of that which shall be.

"OWL."

FATE NOT TO BE BAFFLED.

THE familiar story of Solomon and the Angel of Death is almost paralleled by Madame Lecomte Lisle's snake story in a recent number of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*:—

Mr. X. had consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted to him that his death would be caused by a snake. This gentleman was in the Civil Service, and he felt so impressed by the warning that he persistently refused an appointment at the Martinique, this island being infested by most venomous reptiles.

At last Mr. B., Home Secretary at the Guadaloupe, persuaded him to accept a lucrative position in the offices of that colony, which is free from snakes, although it is situated in the vicinity of the Martinique.

After having served his time at the Guadaloupe, Mr. X. sailed for France on a ship which called at the Martinique. He would not even go on land for a few hours, but fate was not to be thwarted. Some negresses came on board as usual to sell fruit to the passengers. He took an orange from a basket and drew his hand back with a shriek, exclaiming that he had been stung. The negress turned her basket upside down, and a snake crawled from under the leaves with which it was lined. The reptile was killed, but Mr. X. died a few hours afterwards.

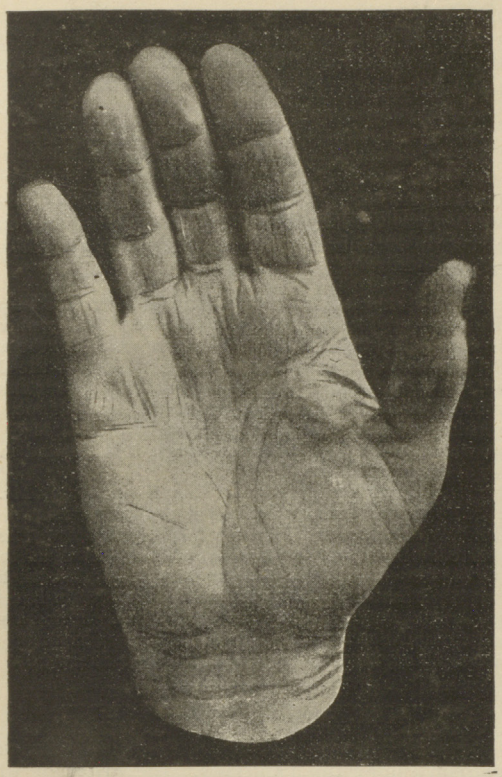
CRYSTAL SEERS IN TAHITI.

IN the *Metaphysical Magazine* there is an article on "Occultism among the Tahitians," the writer of which tells a remarkable story as to the way in which the native seers by a kind of crystal gazing were enabled to predict the arrival of Europeans and the advent of steam! The writer says:—

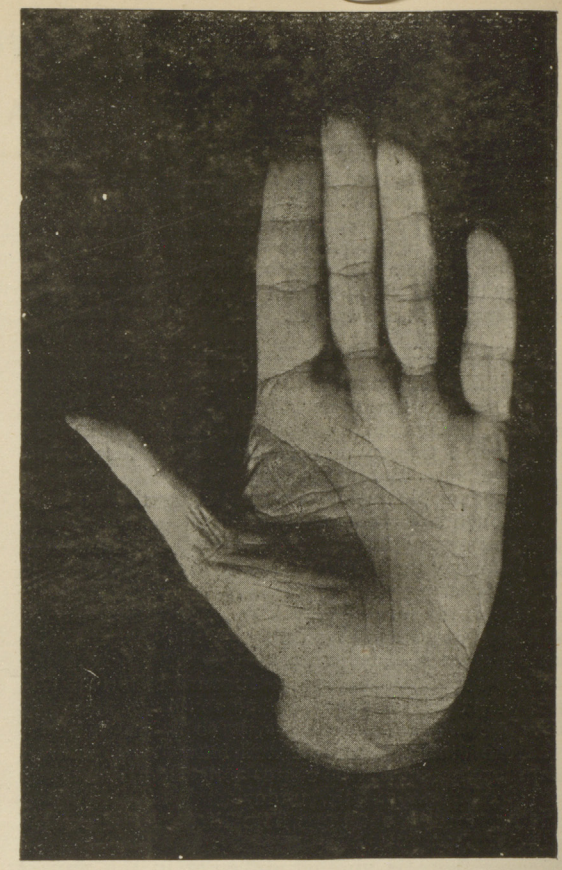
Seers were in the habit of utilising a pool of water as a crystal, or "magic mirror." When called upon to trace stolen goods, the clear-seeing priest would go to the house whence the property had been taken. In the floor he would have a hole made and filled with water. Holding a young banana-tree, he would stand gazing into the water; then, invoking the gods, the seer would look fixedly until he saw in the water a face, which he would instantly declare to be that of the thief, the spirit (astral form?) of the guilty party having been drawn to the spot by the will of the gods. The culprit was then described and named.

One prophecy of peculiar interest was made by a priest of Tahiti two or three centuries ago. He was a soothsayer of great renown, named Maui. But on one occasion even his most faithful adherents and ardent admirers absolutely refused to give credence to his words, declaring that there was no sense in them, although it was admitted that he was speaking under inspiration. Maui's prophecy was to the effect that after several years a "vaa-amaore," or outriggerless canoe, would arrive at the island from some foreign place. To their own canoes—and they had them in great variety and number—the islanders always attached outriggers, believing that no boat could remain upright without one. Thus they charged Maui with foretelling an impossibility. He persisted in his prediction, however, and, launching an oval wooden dish on the pool of water which served as a magic mirror, he declared that in the same manner would the vessel float when it should arrive.

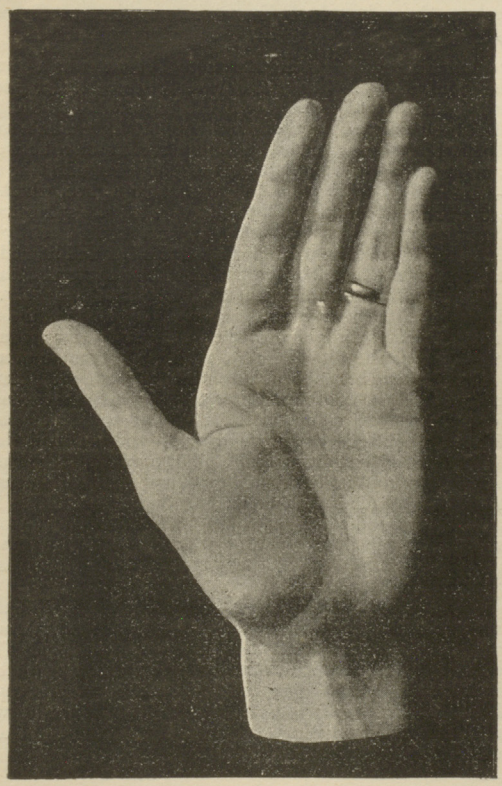
The same prophet declared that, long after the arrival of a canoe with no outrigger, something yet more surprising would appear in their waters—a vessel without ropes or cordage. This was declared to be ridiculous, Maui's hearers asserting that it was absolutely impossible for sails to be attached without ropes or cordage. Little did Fulton dream that, long before he was born, a soothsayer in an island of the Pacific Ocean had had a vision of his steamboat!



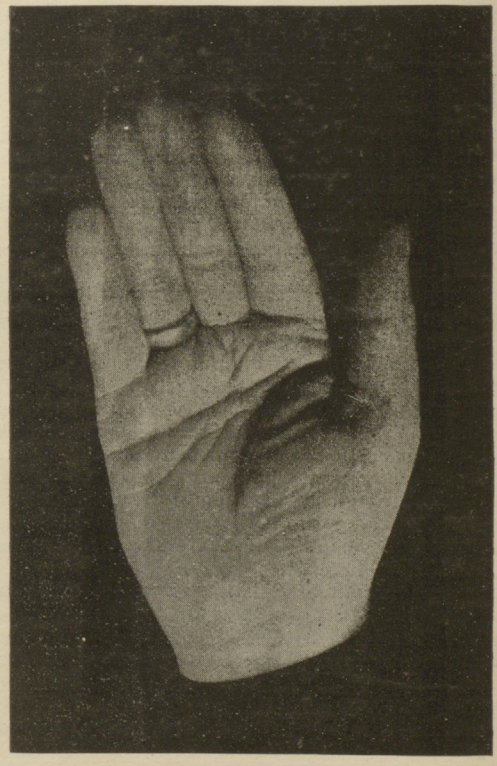
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL.



W. T. STEAD.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.



GEORGE R. SIMS.

XVII.—PALMISTRY.

IS PALMISTRY DEPENDABLE?

SUCH is the title of an article in the January number of *Pearson's Magazine*. It is a tale of nine typical hands as told by a palmist. The photographs were submitted to "Teresina," a pupil of Cheiro. All the delineations were given by Teresina without in the least being aware as to the character and the persons to whom they belonged. The nine palms, which are arranged in their order, are as follows.—W. T. Stead, Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Parker, Mr. G. R. Sims, Sir Evelyn Wood, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. George Alexander, and a typical criminal and notorious burglar. By the kind permission of Mr. Pearson, I reproduce here some of the illustrations of his article. Of the subjects selected, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the only one of the nine who was a believer. Her faith in it is grounded on the fact that her hands were read by a palmist in Paris, who described to her her past and present with the utmost accuracy. Her future was also foretold, and up to the present time it has all come true. In the delineation of my hand, which was undertaken by palmists, I am told that I have to break down about forty-five, and be troubled with dyspepsia and gout in middle age. My life line is moderately long, terminating about sixty-three. The reading of my hand may possibly be of some interest to my readers, especially as my hand has been frequently read by Borderlanders.

THE READING OF MR. STEAD'S HAND.

The shape and general characteristics of the hand point to a man of energy and action. The short, square nails give criticism, and the knotted joints of second phalange love of organisation, though impatience of detail is also observable. The type is spatulate, and the great distance between the little finger and third when the hand lies open is a sure sign of unconventionality.

Such a man will always make his own laws, and be impatient of all restraint, and Bohemian in many of his tastes.

The heart and head lines are well placed, but there appears to be a perpetual struggle between sentiment and reason.

The fate line, which, curiously enough, is more accentuated in the left hand, shows brilliant success, achieved mainly through individual exertion before thirty, though it is apparent that he must have had some disappointment, and been thwarted at the outset of his career.

Lines on Luna in early youth give travel, probably continental, and his tastes and tendencies are distinctly cosmopolitan. At the age of thirty or thirty-one the hand shows a marked line of marriage or a deep and lasting affection, and it s interesting to watch the growth of an influence line by the side of the fate line at this period.

A man with much brilliance and eloquence, his words carry weight, and he appears to be famed for his many-sidedness and ready wit.

Without being actually robust, I should call him wiry. The line of life, however, shows decided signs of breaking up about forty-five. Dyspepsia, accompanied by gout in some form, will trouble him in middle age. The life line is moderately long, terminating about sixty-three.

In reference to the above, Mr. Stead writes:—

I beg to return you the palmist's delineation. . . . In relation to dates, she says that I am going to die when I am sixty-three. That is a matter upon which I can say nothing. Madame Blavatsky used to say I would live until past seventy-five. I think one prophecy is about as good as the other.

The signs of breaking down at forty-five may be regarded as tolerably close, for this year, for the first time in my life, I have had to absent myself from regular attendance at the office. I have done my work, but I have to do it in quiet, apart from the constant strain of attendance at the office.

I have not had any trouble from gout, and very little from dyspepsia. I never travelled when I was a youth. I married when I was three-and-twenty, and at the age of thirty or thirty-one I do not remember meeting anyone with whom I formed a deep and lasting affection. My impression is that your palmist is rather out in her dates. The only other date she mentions is about my having achieved success before thirty. If I have achieved any success that may be called "brilliant," it was when I was from thirty-three to thirty-six. Thirty-six was the year I went to goal, which, as you know, I regard as the crowning glory of my life up to that point.

Sir Walter Besant writing upon the delineation of his hand, says there are two good hits. The first is in which she declares that he is a fever subject, and he has had four or five fevers, and from the double line of fate she predicts he would follow two distinct careers, which is quite true; novel writing is one, the other is archaeology. She was terribly out about Dr. Parker, hardly making one hit, and making half-a-dozen bad blunders. Of George R. Sims, the palmist predicts that there will be two attempts to assassinate him, and that he will die a violent death when he is fifty-seven. There is some force in what Mr. Sims says in his comments of this lugubrious prophecy:—

There is rather too much of the Prophet Jeremiah about her "Future Events." It is certainly "filling the cup" to debit my short account here below with insanity, two assassinations, treachery and deceit, and a sudden and violent death. My "lines" have evidently not fallen in pleasant places. My palm is as full of battle, murder, and sudden death as a six-shilling shocker or a modern historical romance.

Sir Evelyn Wood says nothing about the reading of his hand. Mrs. Patrick Campbell says that she thinks that Teresina has been remarkably successful in reading her hand. The Lord Chief Justice says that the reading of his hand is wrong, in that it states that in his early youth he was hemmed round by an atmosphere of conventionality; that he had a brilliant school or college career, and that he received money by a legacy; he had to reach the zenith of his powers and position about fifty-five; his life line showed no sign of decay until well on to the seventies. Teresina's attempt with the burglarious criminal is rather amusing. She says not one word to indicate that the man was a criminal or burglar. His hand shows that he would have a good memory and a gift for languages, and he would be a good actor or manager. He would never use force where finesse and diplomacy were likely to gain the day. Strong imaginative power with poetic feeling. He would be amenable to circumstances, fond of movement, and would undertake several long journeys during his lifetime. This would have been more probably correct if transportation had not been abolished. Altogether it is an interesting article, and one which the palmists among our readers will study with interest.

"Teresina" writes me saying that the photographs were too indistinct for any palmist to delineate accurately. She did her best, and will be glad to do my hand over again. It will be interesting to compare the results.

"Ulster," of 11, Selby Road, Anerley, desires me to state that he will be pleased to meet, free of charge, any Borderlanders personally introduced by the Editor of BORDERLAND for the purpose of reading their hands. "Ulster" is good enough to say that he will set apart one day a week for such visitors.

THE HIEROGLYPH FROM RAPHAEL, 1897.

XVIII.—ASTROLOGY.

TAKING a hint from *Modern Astrology*, I quote the following explanation of the symbols and other technical terms used under this heading.

The twelve zodiacal signs and their symbols are :—

♈ Aries	♎ Libra
♉ Taurus	♏ Scorpio
♊ Gemini	♐ Sagittarius
♋ Cancer	♑ Capricorn
♌ Leo	♒ Aquarius
♍ Virgo	♓ Pisces

The planets and their symbols are :—

☉ Sun	♃ Jupiter	☊ Dragon's Head
☽ Moon	♄ Suturn	☋ Dragon's Tail
☿ Mercury	♅ Herschel (Uranus)	
♀ Venus	♆ Neptune	
♂ Mars	⊕ Pars Fortuna	

The aspects and their symbols are :—

The ⚺ Semi-sextile, when planets are 30° apart.
,, ∠ Semi-square ,, ,, 45° ,,
,, ⚹ Sextile ,, ,, 60° ,,
,, Q Quintile ,, ,, 72° ,,
,, □ Square ,, ,, 90° ,,
,, △ Trine ,, ,, 120° ,,
,, ⊡ Sesquiquadrate ,, ,, 135° ,,
,, Bq. Bi-quintile ,, ,, 144° ,,
,, ☍ Opposition ,, ,, 180° ,,
,, P. Parallel, when planets are the same distance either north or south of the Equator.
,, ☌ Conjunction, when planets are within 5° of each other.

THE ASTROLOGICAL ALMANACS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year has brought with it the new almanacs —"Zadkiel," "Raphael," "Orion," and "Old Moore." I wonder how many of our educated classes ever deign to look inside these guide-books of the million. Mr. Andrew Lang, in an article quoted on another page, declares that astrology is the most baseless of all the superstitions; and, having in view all the factors which must be taken into account on the theory of the astrologers themselves in order to secure an absolutely correct horoscope, it would be difficult to contest his conclusion. Nevertheless, of all the superstitions there is probably none which has reigned so long over all the children of men as astrology. That this is so in the East every one knows, but few of our wise and cultured people are aware of the extent to which multitudes of persons in the West govern their lives by the directions contained in these Guide-Books of the Stars, the Astrological Almanacs for the year. However absurd and ridiculous it may seem, still it is impossible to deny that there must be something in astrology after all, if for nearly a century these publications can still command hundreds of thousands of purchasers, year after year, on the strength of their astrological forecasts. It is not as if these almanacs dealt only with grave matters of State, the overturn of empires, or the foretelling of earthquakes. They condescend to the most minute particulars, and vouchsafe to give directions to those who study them as to the conduct of their daily life in every month of the year. Guides which retain their reputation for generation after generation, and which command the unswerving devotion of hundreds of thousands of readers for nearly a hundred years on end, can fairly argue that their advice must not have been so altogether worthless, otherwise they would have failed to have retained their subscribers. Admitting this, it will be interesting to glance at the kind of advice which is given to the almanac buyers, avoiding as far as possible any technical terms that may be unintelligible to the general reader.

TIMES TO SOW AND TO PLANT.

The first thing that strikes you on looking over these almanacs is the immense importance they attach to the moon. "Zadkiel," for instance, publishes a table showing the time to plant and to sow for every month in the year, and avowedly bases this upon the position of the moon. For instance :—

Sowing should be *begun* at, or very soon after the new moon, and while the moon is passing through one of the following signs of the Zodiac—Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, or Pisces—according to the season.

The following are the most favourable times during 1897 for planting and transplanting any kinds of crops, and, if followed closely, will make an enormous difference in the growth and yield.

January.—7th* and 8th*, 9.50 to 10.40 a.m., 11.40 to 0.30 p.m., 2.30 to 5.0 p.m.; 12th and 13th, 9.30 to 10.30 a.m., 11.20 to 0.29 p.m., 2.20 to 4.45 p.m.; 17th and 18th, 9.20 to 10.10 a.m., 11.0 to noon, 2.0 to 4.30 p.m.

"Raphael," who boasts of ten years more than "Zadkiel," for they are respectively in their sixty-seventh and seventy-seventh years, follows on the same lines. "Raphael" introduces his announcement of the times for sowing and planting by the following remarks :—

The following are the most favourable times for planting any crops during 1897, and I recommend my farming readers to follow them as closely as they can; there is much more in it than many suspect, and the difference between a bad crop and a good one depends a very great deal on the position of the Moon at the time of planting, for if she be in a dry, fiery, unnatural part of the Zodiac, no amount of manure or tillage will counteract the influence, and this is why some crops fail, and no one can divine the reason for it.

Then follows a whole page devoted to "A Table showing the Days on which the Moon occupies the several Signs of the Zodiac in 1897."

To the uninstructed reader nothing can be more cabalistic than such a table, but the following explanations are given, by the aid by which, we must suppose, hundreds if not thousands of readers regulate their horticultural operations :—

The above table will be found very useful for my gardening and farmer readers, for they will now be able to see at a glance when the moon is in a good sign for their operations. Page 30 explains the nature of the signs. Suppose I wish to plant some peas in April, on the 9th day I find the moon is in ♋ (Cancer),

* Good for mushrooms

and which I find on page 30 to be a fruitful sign, hence I plant my peas on either the 9th or 10th of April. And if I wish the seed to grow very quick, I should plant as the moon is rising; for I find on page 30 that ♋ is a moveable sign, and hence it will accelerate the germination and growth of the seed. This is also a good time for cabbages, lettuces, beans, and all sorts of pulse.

In May I think of putting in some beet, and it is necessary that these should germinate *very quickly*, so that I must have the moon increasing in light, in a moveable sign, and a moveable sign rising. I find on page 12 that there is a full moon on the 16th, so from the beginning of the month to that day the moon will be increasing in light, and by looking down the column of May, page 29, I find ♎ (Libra), and by examining page 30, I discover that this is a *moveable* sign, and that the moon is in that sign on the 13th and 14th May, and as the ☽ is in that sign, it follows that when the moon is rising that sign is rising too; hence I drill my beet with all speed during those days and hours. On the 13th of May, the sign Libra will rise from 2.30 to 5.15 p.m.

I think these examples will make the use of the table quite apparent.

WHEN TO BAKE AND WHEN TO BREW.

But it is not only in gardening and farming that the voice of the stars is precise and definite. "Raphael" gives the following lucky days for baking, brewing, hiring, fishing, and setting fowls. It is odd to find the whole of life divided up into those functions. Astrology, it would seem, is decidedly an affair for country districts and for ancient times. The number of readers who require to know when to brew, for instance, must have diminished so rapidly of late years as to make us wonder whether "Raphael" has not dropped out that heading.

January.—*Bake* on the 2nd, 9th, 11th, 18th, 23rd, or 30th, *Brew* 7th, 8th, or 18th. *Hire maid-servants* 7th, 8th, 12th, 13th, or 18th; *men-servants* 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 28th, or 29th. *Set fowls* between the 12th and 18th; *ducks*, *geese*, and *turkeys* between the 10th and 18th. Best days for *fishing* 7th, 8th, 18th, 25th, 26th, or 27th.

February.—*Bake* on the 6th, 13th, 20th, 26th, or 27th. *Brew* 3rd, 4th, 5th, or 13th. *Hire maid-servants* 3rd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, or 13th; *men-servants* 1st, 2nd, 11th, 12th, 24th, or 25th. *Set fowls* between the 11th and 17th; *ducks*, *geese*, and *turkeys* between the 9th and 17th. Best days for *fishing* 3rd, 4th, 5th, 13th, 22nd, or 23rd.

March.—*Bake* on the 5th, 6th, 12th, 13th, 19th, 20th, 25th or 26th. *Brew* 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 12th, 13th, 30th, or 31st. *Hire maid-servants* 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 30th, or 31st; *men-servants* 1st, 10th, 11th, 23rd, 24th, 27th, or 29th. *Set fowls* between the 13th and 18th; *ducks*, *geese*, and *turkeys* between the 11th and 18th. Best days for *fishing* 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 12th, 13th, 22nd, 30th, or 31st.

I deal in a separate article with the predictions as to public affairs. The astrological almanacs contain much that is common to all almanacs, but we have a great deal of attention devoted to the moon and planets and the signs of the Zodiac.

THE GATHERING OF HERBS.

A special feature of all the almanacs is that which describes the times and seasons for gathering herbs that are used in medicine. "Zadkiel" says:—

It will, perhaps, be useful to some of our readers if we mention some of the medicinal herbs, etc., ruled by the various planets, and the proper times for gathering them.

Coley said, "Let the herb be taken in its prime, full of juice and green, and from such a place as it naturally thrives in; and when its ruling planet is ascending or culminating, or when the Moon is in either sextile or trine aspect with it."

In the calender of this Almanac the Moon's aspects or configurations are given, and the times of southing (*i.e.*, passing the upper meridian) of the planets; and at pages 33-34, the times of southing of the moon are given.

The Sun rules celandine, chamomile, crocus, eye-bright, juniper-bush, marigold, rosemary, rue, saffron, St. John's-wort, etc. These should be gathered at sunrise or noon, and when the Moon is in sextile (⚹) or trine (△) aspect with the Sun.

The Moon rules cucumber, blue-flag, dog-mercury, moon-wort, poppy, etc. These should be gathered when the moon is decreasing in light and southing, and either in Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, or Pisces (see pp. 30-32).

Mercury rules bitter-sweet, cherry-laurel, fern, horehound, liquorice, parsley, witch-hazel, yarrow, etc. Gather them when Mercury is southing, and the moon is in sextile or trine with him.

Venus rules coltsfoot, daisy, foxglove, greater plaintain, marsh-mallow, parsley, pansy, poppy, tansy, etc.

Mars rules all-heal, barberry, bryony, gentian, hop, onion, tobacco, etc.

Jupiter rules agrimony, dandelion, roses, upright virgin's bower, yellow jasmine, etc.

Saturn rules sciatica-cress, hemlock, hemp, hellebore, henbane, meadow saffron, monk's-hood, nightshade, Christmas rose, poison oak, sloe, etc.

"Raphael" gives the hours most favourable to gathering the herbs under each of the planets, and tells us, for instance, that in February none of the plants, such as colt's-foot, daisy, foxglove, &c., can be gathered favourably. The herbs under Saturn can only be gathered favourably in eight months of the year; the unfavourable months being April, May, June, and November.

THE STARS AND BIRTHDAYS.

"Raphael" devotes nearly thirty pages to what he calls birthday information, in which there is set forth the fate of any child born on any day during the year 1897. The best time, we are told for a child to be born is from 11 to 12 o'clock in the morning. Children born in the morning are generally more fortunate than those born in the afternoon. Morning children usually become their own masters, afternoon children have to work for others. The worst time to come into the world is from sunset to midnight, although children born at that time are good servants, staying for years under the same master. The information in this birthday book may be judged by the first entry, which is as follows: "Thou wilt quarrel and get to law; thy affairs will cause much anxiety. The young may court. A child born on this day will be very irritable and possess a bad temper. If female, unfortunate in wedlock."

ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC.

In reply to my request, the editor of "Zadkiel's Almanac" sent me the following particulars concerning the history and the present circulation of his annual. I regret that he was unable to allow me the use of the block of his hieroglyphic, from which I gather he is not particularly proud. It is a tradition to have a hieroglyphic, and so they keep it up, but except for the sake of a departure which might shake the confidence of some of their readers in the continuity of the publication, I take it they would drop the hieroglyphic. As I cannot reproduce the hieroglyphic, it may be as well to describe it. It is a circle divided into two halves, the top half represents a knight in armour, apparently St. George, driving his spear into the body of a dragon, which is labelled "Enemies of England" Below there seems to be a representation of a battle-field in which the cross and crescent meet and mingle in warfare. That would be more possible in the time of the Crusades than in this age of far reaching artillery and rifle fire.

This popular almanac was first published, under the title of the "Herald of Astrology," for the year 1831, for the proprietor and editor, the late Commander Morrison, R.N., author of the "Cycloid System of Astronomy," and numerous other works on astronomy and astrology, who adopted the *nom-de-plume* of Zadkiel—the name of the angel of the planet Jupiter, although the worthy and gallant naval officer was not born under the sway of that benign planet, but under Uranus.

In the year 1836 the publication was first styled "Zadkiel's Almanac," and the sale thenceforward rapidly increased. In his preface to that edition Zadkiel boldly challenged Sir David Brewster, Dr. O. Gregory, and Sir John Herschel, who had written against astrology, to come forward and disprove it by authentic facts in lieu of empty declamation. The challenge was not accepted. The marvellous success of so many of Zadkiel's predictions, notably those of the great epidemic of influenza in 1831, the cholera in 1832, 1849, and 1854, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Italian War of 1859, the death of the Prince Consort, the Civil War in America and the date of its cessation, sent up the circulation of "Zadkiel's Almanac" to one hundred thousand copies. Many other fulfilled predictions will be found cited in the various editions, such as the war in India, in 1845, commercial panics, earthquakes, downfall of Louis Phillippe, overthrow of the French Republic in 1852, abundant harvests, scarcity of crops, the famine in Ireland, &c. Morrison died at a ripe old age in February, 1874, having nearly completed his Almanac for 1875. His successor, the author of the "Science of the Stars" and the "Text-Book of Astrology," wrote "Zadkiel's Almanac" for 1876, making his first successful prediction of the overthrow of the enemies of the son of Queen Isabella of Spain, in February, 1876, following this up with a very clear prediction of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. He has recently given proofs of the power of astrology to indicate the approach of great events by his forecast of the great Kuchan earthquake, the war between China and Japan (foretold to the very day of the outbreak), the recent great crises, the war and rinderpest in Matabeleland, and the recent great draught in Europe and India.

The preparation of "Zadkiel's Almanac" takes up a considerable amount of time. The *Ephemeris* of the positions of the planets (in geocentric longitude) has first to be made out. Then figures of the heavens have to be drawn for the various capitals of the world at the moment of ingress of the Sun into the four cardinal points. The calendar has next to be prepared, and the "aspects" or configurations of the Sun, Moon, and planets, inserted therein, the time of formation of major aspects being computed. After these calculations have been made, the study of the salient points of the scores of celestial figures begins, and then the forecasts are written. This statement is sufficient to show that the preparation of an astrological almanac of high standing like Zadkiel's is a time-absorbing work and is not the haphazard affair asserted by opponents of astrology.

ORION'S ALMANAC.

Orion's Almanac gives every month prophetic and birthday observations, beginning—January 1st, good for females and young persons. They prosper otherwise rather accidental; 2nd, not good for progress, losses and annoyance great (?), aged persons suffer in health; on the 4th and 5th, we regret to say that females are not so fortunate, especially in love affairs; crosses occur, but they have their compensations on the 26th, which is good for health, business, love, and marriage, and females and business people prosper. General elaborate directions are given as to the best times to plant and to sow as in the other almanacs, and there is besides a mass of curious information, as, for instance, the signification of moles on the face. There is also an article upon good and evil planetary influences, which runs as follows:—

When the Sun and Moon are in favourable aspect it is good for asking favours of superiors, seeking employment, travelling for health, and dealing with magistrates or persons having power and authority. The Moon and Mercury in good aspect are favourable for writing important letters, seeking literary employment, dealing with poets, sculptors, lawyers, printers, editors, divines, orators, ambassadors, commissioners, artificers, ingenious or clever persons, sending children to school, apprenticing young persons, and travelling generally. The Moon and Venus in good aspect is a favourable time to woo, marry, invite, visit, seek amusement, deal with milliners, drapers, painters, jewellers, perfumers, engage servants, or do anything connected with music, singing, and dancing. The Moon and Mars in benefic cent aspect are good for consulting surgeons, dentists, chemists, or dealing with soldiers, butchers, bailiffs, smiths, bakers, tailors, engineers, or any connected with the army or navy. The Moon and Jupiter in favourable aspect are good for opening new places of business, dealing with merchants, bankers, clergymen, professors, clothiers, woollen-drapers, also to travel for health. When the Moon and Saturn are in good aspect it will be beneficial to deal with landlords, farmers, the aged, miners, agriculturists, or any connected with metals, minerals, and the produce of the earth; build, purchase, land or houses, sink wells, lay foundations, &c. The Moon and Herschel or Uranus (for they are one and the same planet), being in good aspect, are favourable days to consult antiquarians, astrologers, phrenologists, teachers, sculptors, lecturers, metaphysicians, mesmerists, and all uncommon students, and undertake anything out of the ordinary track.

In order to secure success in any important undertaking it is necessary that the desired favourable aspect be *applying* and not *separating*, and the Moon or planets *angular*.

In *buying*, see that the Moon is not going to a bad aspect of any planet, but a sextile (⚹) or trine (△) of the favourable planets. In *selling*, reverse the foregoing, and let the Moon be applying to an ill aspect of Herschel (♅), Saturn (♄), or Mars (♂), and you will sell well. In *money* matters or speculations, let the Moon apply by a favourable aspect to Jupiter (♃). In asking *favours* of your superiors, the Moon should be in good aspect with the Sun (☉). In *courtship*, let the moon be in good aspect with Venus (♀) and Jupiter (♃), also for *marriage*, when more success will be the result.

No business of importance, long journeys, or sea voyages should ever be begun on a day on which the Moon and the Sun shall pass over the place of Mars, Herschel, or Saturn.

MR. BALFOUR ADMONISHED.

THERE is a somewhat amusing article in "Zadkiel's Almanac," in which Mr. Balfour is solemnly admonished for neglecting to read and be warned by the statements which are to be found in "Zadkiel's Almanac"! "Zadkiel" says:—

In the famous speech to his constituents at Manchester, January 15th, 1896, the Right Hon. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, is reported to have said:—

"Undoubtedly it is a fact that within the last few weeks the political heavens have been covered by unexpected clouds, and the peace and prosperity of the world seemed threatened by dangers the very existence of which was not suspected three months ago."

Had Mr. Balfour been able to read the very plain warning written in the planetary heavens at the moment of conjunction of Mars with Saturn, in November, 1895, or had he heeded the interpretation of that unmistakable warning published fourteen months beforehand in "Zadkiel's Almanac" for 1895, viz., early in October, 1894, he would not have been compelled to make the admission quoted above, and the country would have been saved much of the expense involved in hurried preparations for war.

As Mr. Balfour is a philosopher as well as a statesman, of conspicuous ability and fairness, he will, no doubt, accord his careful consideration to the facts now presented.

With this preliminary exhortation "Zadkiel" proceeded to recall the evidence which proves that if Mr.

Balfour had studied his "Zadkiel," he would not have been taken by surprise by Jameson's Raid.

The following prediction was written in July, 1894:—

THE CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS FOR NOVEMBER 15TH, 1895.

"This seems to indicate a very serious coalition of enemies against Great Britain. It is imperative that we should be fully prepared to defend our Empire! Saturn and Uranus have not been in the sign *Scorpio* together since September, 1807, and Old England had troublous times then to face. If war be happily avoided, then murders and outrages will be rife. At the new moon of the following day there is a satellitum of planets in the sixth house, foreshadowing much work for the Navy."—"Zadkiel's Almanac" for 1895, p. 61.

In December it was foretold that "Colonial affairs will be beset with difficulties, and a blow is likely to be directed against the power of Great Britain."

Again, at the winter solstice, 1895, December 22nd, "The quadrature of the Moon with Mars would be of serious import but for the position of Jupiter, for it would pre-signify the imminence of war."

Ere six weeks had elapsed from the 15th of November, the foreign and colonial troubles burst upon England, and we have it on the authority of Mr. Balfour that it was not expected three months beforehand by statesmen.

This fact enforces the great value of that prescience which can alone be gained by a profound study of *astrologia sana*, based as it undoubtedly is upon the immutable laws of Nature established by Omnipotence.

In 1854 England drifted into war, notwithstanding the warnings given in "Zadkiel's Almanac" for that year. The war of 1870, that of 1877, and the war in Egypt and the Soudan, were foretold by the writer.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S VERDICT ON THE MOST BASELESS OF ALL SUPERSTITIONS.

WRITING anonymously in the *Daily News* on Zadkiel's Almanac, Mr. Andrew Lang thus polishes off the superstition of astrology:—

It will be admitted that the stars are taken, by astrologists, to govern men's affairs, in accordance with their own moral nature. Venus will make a man amorous, Mercury will make him lucky, Saturn will make him saturnine, Mars will make him warlike. But to believe this implies the belief that we know the moral nature of the stars. Now their moral nature is only deduced, by astrologers, from their names, and these names were imposed in a purely arbitrary and fanciful manner. Venus is beautiful:—

> Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

Therefore she was called after the Goddess of Love. Mars is red, "the red planet Mars," so he presides over battle. Jupiter is big, so he is called after the chief Roman deity. The most excruciatingly feeble mind cannot but perceive that these titles, and all the rest of them, are fanciful and arbitrary. The logical leaps to "the stars govern men, and govern them in accordance with the nature inferred from the arbitrary names of the stars," are leaps which an untutored savage fancy can take, and which a sect of charlatans can keep alive. There is absolutely no other basis of astrology. Mr. Max Müller is assuredly right here—this myth of astrology is based on names. But it is argued, by the few educated people who think "there may be something in it," that the experience of mankind, from Chaldæan days, proves that the hypothesis is correct. Facts have corresponded to astrological horoscopes. Obviously this could only be proved by statistics—so many horoscopes, so many results, such or such a balance of successes over failures, beyond what is allowed by the calculus of chances and the Theory of Flukes. But, of course, there are no such statistics. Lucky or fraudulent hits are recorded, or invented, failures are neglected. Zadkiel proudly points to six hits in three years: he does not cite the words of his predictions, and, except African rinderpest and a casual earthquake, the events were not "beyond conjecture." This is always the way with astrologers. Once more, in ancient Mexico astrology existed, but the stars had not the same names, and consequently had not the same natures as in the West. Therefore, either Chaldæa or Anahuac must always have been all wrong. Let us add that several planets are of recent discovery. Yet they were present, and, by the astrological hypothesis, were at work deranging calculations, introducing unknown influences, from the beginning of human time. Probably there are plenty more of them. Consequently astrology is quite the most baseless of all superstitions. A spook there may be; we do not know all about the nature of things—we did not know that there were "X rays" till quite lately. The universe is rich in X's. But we do know that we cannot calculate effects based on a hypothesis, which again is based on the arbitrary names given by savages to the heavenly bodies, or imposed by early astronomers at random. Nobody can attribute Hanoverian politics to the Georgium Sidus, for had not certain events occurred in 1688 it would have been the Caroleum Sidus, and would have favoured the other side. The other stars are exactly in the same case. Pico della Mirandola argued to a similar effect a long time ago, and nobody marked him. Even now there are educated, but unreflecting, people who believe, if not in Zadkiel, still in judicial astrology.

A FORECAST FOR THE NEW YEAR.

AN astrologer in Ireland sends me, on December 3rd, the following astrological forecast for the New Year:—

The outlook for the winter is dark. Foreign complications are to be feared in January, but I doubt whether we are directly involved to the extent of war.

The railway market will relapse considerably from the prices of to-day before the close of the year. English holders of Americans should realise, as they can rebuy, if they wish, at *much* lower prices about January 16th. The New York Market appears to be much depressed about that date.

The following depends on the assumption that Parliament meets at 2 P.M. on January 19th.

There are no signs of a *serious* crisis in Parliament before April, but many struggles. The chief are about February 16th February 25th, March 2nd, March 15th, April 2nd.

By a serious crisis, I mean a breakdown like that I warned you about in last session.

XIX.—MORE ABOUT WATER-FINDING.

TO write at great length on any branch of this question, other than that of practical achievement, is a mere useless tax on the patience of the reader. An outline of the history of the inquiry has been already given in these pages, and the literature of the subject is so very easily accessible that further enlargement upon it is superfluous. In this respect it has the advantage of other subjects.

The history of Crystal Gazing, for example, is worth careful study, for till the year 1885 no literature under that heading was to be found in the catalogue of the British Museum library. Since the publication of my Monograph on the subject, much has been written, the only work of much value, however, being Mr. Andrew Lang's Essay in his "Cock Lane and Common Sense." Automatism again has no literature to speak of, outside of the pages of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.

The subject of Water-Finding, however, is one with which the man in the street may easily familiarise himself. Mr. Thiselton Dyer, Mr. Baring Gould, and above all Mr. Andrew Lang (in his "Custom and Myth") have said, and have said delightfully, all that need be said of the past. To write of it now requires no learning, and allows no scope for originality.

In the way of theory there is nothing at present to say. Perhaps, when really valuable evidence can be placed at his command, Professor Oliver Lodge or Professor Crookes may theorise *ex cathedrâ*, but for any less competent authority to discuss the cause of this curious phenomenon is mere presumption at the present stage of our knowledge (or ignorance) of the laws of the relation of mind and matter.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S THEORIES.

How fanciful may be the suggestions of the unscientific, however generally intelligent, in this direction, may be gathered from some recent remarks of the Marquis of Lorne when lecturing on "Superstition," at Helensburgh.

> Lord Lorne next dealt with water-divination by means of the divining rod, and referred to many striking instances where the use of the twig had brought about the discovery of water in unlikely places. He was of opinion that it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the secret of the divining rod was to be found in electricity in the body of the expert striking down to the electrically charged water, although scientists would disclaim that water was charged with electricity. He had suggested the experiment of a receptive subject being led towards an electrical machine with the divining rod; and the subject, a young lady, being blindfolded, on being placed near to such a machine it was found that the rod immediately twisted round. Only one person in every five or ten thousand had the receptive power necessary for water divination.

Certainly scientists "would disclaim that water was charged with electricity," and any one having any information on the subject other than that derived from certain professionals of doubtful efficiency, would "disclaim" that only "one in every five or ten thousand had the receptive power." I have personal acquaintance with at least a dozen persons who have some degree of the dowsing power, not counting professionals, and my acquaintance does not include "five or ten thousand persons." (The margin is in curious relation with the alternative sum.) Now that the subject is under constant discussion, and is frequently noticed in the newspapers, it is to be hoped that many will experiment, and that, for the first time, we may arrive at some sort of statistics as to the frequency of the gift. It is a form of inquiry which, if properly dealt with by suitable persons, might be usefully undertaken by the Society for Psychical Research. Indeed, Colonel Taylor, whose industry and exactitude have been frequently attested, is already at work, and it is to be hoped will, in due time, give us the results of his investigations. So far he has dealt with professionals, but before long it may be hoped that some efficient amateurs, with abundant leisure, may place themselves at the service of the public. Messrs. Young and Robertson, mentioned in a former paper, wish to be described as "not professional." As this, of course, means that they expect no pay for the successes they claim, perhaps they may be willing to do public service?

PRACTICAL SUCCESSES.

Meantime the public may learn for themselves that water-finding is no mere superstition or theory, but a definite art of considerable market value. I learn from newspaper reports, that since the writing of my last paper, Mr. Gataker has successfully indicated water in five places on the estate of the Marquis of Londonderry, in Ireland—a spring rising exactly under the stake he drove in; on the property of Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart.; another well at Watchet, in Somerset; at Corsington, near Bridgwater; several wells on Sheriff Robertson's estate in Forfarshire; another near Montrose; others at Knutsford, in Cheshire; at Melton Mowbray; at Kilmalcolm, near Glasgow; and at St. Columb, in Cornwall; while his assistant, Mr. Wills, made successful diagnoses at two places in Cork, as well as on the Crawford Priory estate, near Cupar; at Wexford, in Ireland, and in Cheshire.

I am permitted to quote from two private letters of detailed interest. Mr. Gataker experimented near Montrose, N.B., in September last, on behalf of the St. Cyrus Parish Council. He predicted the finding of water as follows:—

At No. 1 peg, 15 feet deep, 80 gallons an hour.
At No. 3 peg, 8 to 10 feet deep.

He received the following letter:—

> . . . . We have now sunk wells at two places pointed out by you. At No. 1 peg . . . . we are getting over 90 gallons an hour at 13 feet. At No. 3 peg . . . . we have excavated 8 feet and are getting abont 60 gallons an hour at this spot.
>
> (Signed) WILLIAM GREIG.

The other letter is worth quoting in full:—

> THE HOOKE, CHAILEY, LEWES,
> *September*, 1896.
>
> DEAR SIR.—I am anxious to tell you of the progress of my well. I decided upon the spot we found opposite Mrs. Turner's and Mrs. Page's cottages. Your stake was made the centre of the well, which is 4 ft. 9 in. in diameter. The digging began on July 23rd, and went on for 50 feet, but no water to speak of. They were digging through the blue marl, which is the deep strata where no water is to be found. I had fixed my hopes on 60 feet, as you thought that water would be found between 50 and 60 feet. No water came until they reached 60 ft. 4 in., when they said they could dig no more.
>
> I am very glad that your calculation as to the depth of the water was so correct. It has made quite a sensation here among the people.
>
> I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
> S. MARGARET HEPBURN.

Mr. L. Gataker.

One or two other incidents from the pile which lie before me are worth quoting for certain special features. There is a saying that what the fool does in the end the wise man does in the beginning, and the wise man in this instance would not have wasted time over inferior water-finders. The following is from the *East Cumberland News*, November 21st :—

A day or two ago, Mr. Gataker, a man of renown in discovering hidden water springs and mineral veins, was employed to go over the Inglewood estate, near Penrith, with a view to finding water, which other means of search had failed to do. Experts in this work have been employed in the district on former occasions, with only moderate success; but they all worked with a hazel wand, which, being held in their hands in front of them, dipped to the ground when they crossed a spring or water course. Mr. Gataker, however, does without this instrument, though at Inglewood he showed his escort some interesting experiments with it, the wand turning round in his hand with such force that it broke. But, as we have said, he got through his undertaking without one, and, it is stated, "in several cases he indicated springs at various depths from fifty to sixty feet, yielding from forty to two hundred gallons per hour."

NO WATER, NO PAY.

Another interesting account, containing the same feature of success where others had failed, relates to the property of Messrs. Pacey at Melton Mowbray.

Some two years back they had sunk a well and erected a windmill, &c., on the advice of a waterfinder, but the result was almost nil, and the pumping arrangement practically useless. As a result of a visit recently Mr. Gataker predicted that at a certain spot indicated by him a supply of from 80 to 100 gallons an hour could be obtained at a depth of from 60 to 80 feet. As a consequence he undertook to procure the water on terms of "no water, no pay," and sinking operations were at once undertaken by his own staff. Even while this was in progress another wielder of the "rod" pronounced the sinking operations useless at the spot. The result has been to verify Mr. Gataker's forecast not only as regards depth, but also the quantity of water. At a depth of 60 feet a supply of about 110 gallons per hour has been obtained.

DIVINING AT GLAMIS.

One wonders almost that the presence of any diviner should be tolerated, not to say invited, at Glamis, where, if tradition may be trusted, the grand old Castle lies ever in the shadow of a ghastly secret. Nevertheless we read :—

The Earl of Strathmore, of Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, a short time since engaged Mr. Leicester Gataker, the water expert, of Bath, for the purpose of improving the water supply on his estates. At one place pointed out during his visit of two days, a boring has been made. Mr. Gataker predicted by means of his hands alone that at 30 to 40 feet the water would be discovered. The result of the boring is that at 34 feet a spring running several gallons a minute has been tapped. The reason of Mr. Gataker's engagement at this particular spot was the existence of a well, but only what water came from mere percolation had constituted the supply for years.

One is always glad to hear of the exhibition of intelligence by county or parish councils. We have heard of the successes of Mr. Gataker on behalf of a parish council in Scotland, and now the district council of Ilfracombe has been similarly inspired to invite his advice on the augmentation of the town supply. The Colne corporation, too, have every reason to congratulate themselves on an unqualified success.

Failure had previously been their lot, and impressed by Mr. Gataker's special qualifications they sought his aid. If any further proof were wanted of his extraordinary powers of divination the present case would supply it. This particular case is also interesting from the fact that while divining for the water by means of his hands alone, unaided by any extraneous aid such as the twig or wire, a medical man asserted that his pulsation went to at least 160. The Corporation wanted a new hospital site; they had tried to trace water a considerable distance and failed. Mr. Gataker pointed out a spot and traced the correct source of the water, showing where operat ons should have been carried out to be successful. The depth he predicted at from 18 to 20 feet. The needful work having heen carried out, at 18 feet a supply of 4,000 gallons per day has been tapped.

HOW TO SECURE HIS SERVICES.

Mr. Gataker is certainly a valued public servant, on lines so universally appreciated that no honest-minded persons can grudge his well-deserved success. Since my last account of his work I have had many letters from all parts of the world asking whether his services are to be secured for gold-seeking and water-finding in various distant colonies and islands. In all such cases I refer my correspondents, as I hereby do any who want further information, to Leicester Gataker, Esq., Bath.

The days are past when such abilities as his were of doubtful value to their possessor. When Richelieu put the Baron and Baroness Beau Soleil into separate prisons, he thought, history tells us, that "he was behaving with lenity, since, instead of having them burned to death, as he did with another sorcerer of the same period, he only put the Baron in the Bastille and his wife in Vincennes, where they soon (about 1645) died in destitution and misery." Half a century later the Inquisition of Rome condemned the divining-rod and all writings in support of it.*

THE NAME OF THE THING.

The importance of the divining-rod, *per se*, if it ever had any, has departed. Mr. Gataker has shown us that it is a mere dramatic accessory, and the very name has ceased to have a meaning. That meaning, in speaking of dowsers, was always arbitrary, because divining by rods had never any connection with dowsing, and was, from earliest times, a form of *sortes*. Probably the first water-finder carried his rod in his capacity of magician, and its association with dowsing was a mere accident of the situation. "Divining" is therefore not "the name of the thing," it is only "what the thing is called," as "Alice" said in "Wonderland," and it is time that educated people gave up so absurd a misnomer. "Dowsing" is a term recognised by Dr. Johnson, and better English than many words which rank as such. Let us therefore talk of water-finding as the species and dowsing as the genus, and relegate the rod to the quack and his exponents.

The art of dowsing is ours to use, not yet ours to explain, though we are better off than when Albinus said, in 1700, "I ween that no confoundeder thing is to be found in the world than the divining-rod business, for whatsoever is right and fit according to one, the same is wrong and unfit according to others, until there is no good to be presumed out of so great confusion."

X.

* Talking of "writings in support of it," when I last wrote of the divining rod I was in the outer Hebrides, where posts are rare, and at best uncertain, and one or two printer's errors crept in. These are of no real consequence, as the context makes the matter clear to any person of average intelligence, but in the interests of accuracy they may as well be pointed out. (1) Some names, as Bleton, Pease, and Beau Soleil, were mis-spelt in one or two places, though correctly elsewhere. (2) "Four hundred years" was printed for "three hundred," in speaking of the distance of our own time from that of Elizabeth. (3) "Dowsers" for "writers upon dowsers," in the left hand column of page 475. (4) On the same page, the transcriber thought (if only servants of various kinds would not think!) as I was writing about Aymar, that "a" wine shop was short for Aymar's wine-shop. The story is, however, so well known that even if it in the least mattered whose wine-shop it was, most readers would correct the error.

XX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THOMAS E. O'SHEA,

OR ANOTHER CASE OF ALTERNATING PERSONALITY.

YET another addition to the list of persons who lose their personality for a time and who afterwards get it back. The latest hero of this odd misadventure is Thomas E. O'Shea, real estate dealer, No. 1, Park Row, New York, the son of Mr. O'Shea, publisher of Catholic books, in Barclay Street, of the same city. Mr. O'Shea is now living at Ninety-second Street.

The story, which is published at length in a recent Sunday issue of the *New York Herald*, is interesting. The cause of the loss of personality was suffocation by an escape of gas during the night. It happened in the spring of 1893. Thomas O'Shea, then a young man of twenty-four, was found senseless in bed in the morning. For hours it seemed as if life was extinct. At last, after prolonged massaging, he began to gasp slowly and convulsively; but it was not till night that the doctors knew he would live. He lived, it is true, but the spirit inhabiting the body was not that which had before been recognised as Thomas O'Shea. Of Thomas, the new resident in Thomas's body knew nothing, not even his name. His parents discovered to their horror that he could not remember his name or any event of his past life. It was as though he were a different man.

His surroundings were strange to him. He knew neither friends nor relatives. The fact that he could remember nothing did not seem to annoy him. He was a man without a past. Neither did he seem to regard a past as of the least necessity. Being told of his condition he did not marvel, but accepted the statements of his parents calmly as the truth. His parents tried for days to coach him back to his old mental condition, but in vain.

Finally, Mr. O'Shea was sent to a private sanitarium. His disposition seemed to have changed with the loss of his memory. He acquired a decided taste for sports. Previous to his misfortune he knew but little of card playing. At the sanitarium he acquired a fondness for whist, which he learned readily. In fact, his mind seemed to be quicker and more apt if anything than formerly. He also learned wood-carving merely for pastime, and became extremely proficient at it.

Another accomplishment which he acquired was that of billiard-playing. During the time he was at the sanitarium he became so skilful that he was recognised as the champion player of the institution. His health gradually improved until he was almost as strong as before his loss of memory.

He remained in the sanitarium for six weeks, yet, notwithstanding his general improvement, his mind was as blank as on the day following his semi-asphyxiation. He was visited regularly by his parents and *fiancée*, and he began to regard them with the affection of former years. Yet he was careless and thoughtless in his methods and manner of life, and on the whole did not seem to care whether school-kept or not. All he cared for apparently was a few boon companions, with whom he could play billiards or whist.

The physicians who had attended him during his misfortune had said that at some future time memory might return as suddenly as it had vanished. It might come slowly or it might come with a shock. And come back with a sudden shock it did. One night after leaving the sanitarium Thomas complained that he had a headache. The following is the *New York Herald's* account of his recovery:—

"The next morning he came down to breakfast, as usual, and began to read the morning paper. The family did not notice anything strange in his demeanour. As he rose from the table he looked at his watch and said:—

"'It's later than I thought. I'll have to rush to get to the office in time.'

"'Get where?' asked his father.

"'To the office,' was the reply.

"'What are you going to the office for?'

"'Why, for business, of course. It can't very well run itself. I'm not feeling any too well, either.'

"A great hope sprang up in the father's heart. 'Say, Tom,' he said, 'do you remember that real estate deal you made on the Amsterdam avenue property, six months ago?'

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'that was a lucky thing. I got out of it with a good profit. I wish I had more like it.'

"Then, to the young man's surprise, his father grappled him and waltzed around the room with him like a maniac. Then the family was summoned. Thomas, sorely bewildered, declared that he had not been ill at all, and did not understand what they meant. Then his father asked him. 'How was the weather when you came in last night?'

"'It was snowing hard. By the way, where is my overcoat?'

"'You will not need an overcoat to-day. Come here.'

"He led the young man to the rear window. It was summer, and the trees were in full leaf. 'That does not look like snow, does it?'

"O'Shea passed his hand over his forehead in a puzzled way, and said:—

"'I can't understand it all. Where have I been?'

"Then he sat down, while his father told him the story of his loss of memory. The wonder of it all did not cease with its restoration. The three months that had elapsed since the misfortune occurred were a blank in Mr. O'Shea's mind. Where formerly he was unable to remember beyond the time of his recovery from the accident, it was now impossible for him to remember anything connected with the succeeding three months.

"When he went to his room he saw a number of pretty wood carvings about the room.

"'What are these arrangements?' he inquired of the servant.

"'Why, you carved them yourself,' she replied; then she showed him the tools with which he had done the work. Here was another thing that required proof. He would not be convinced until the servant's statement had been confirmed by members of the family. Then he sat down and tried to do some carving. He failed utterly. A novice might have done as well. He was chagrined. Wood carving is a clever thing, and he had forgotten it.

"The afternoon of his recovery, in walking along Columbus avenue, he met a friend.

"'Hello, Tom,' said the latter; 'come and let's play some billiards.'

"'I'd like to oblige you, old chap, but I never play billiards,' O'Shea replied.

"'Never play billiards? Why, only last week you gave me a discount and a beating. If you can't play I'd like to see somebody that can. Come along.'

"Then it dawned upon the young man that here was another accomplishment acquired during his period of aberration. He wondered if he had forgotten it. The two friends went to a billiard parlour.

"'Well, what shall it be—a discount?' asked Mr. O'Shea's friend.

"'Oh, anything you like,' was the reply; 'but I tell you I can't play.'

"Neither could he. His efforts were those of a man who had never handled a cue. They were laughable in their awk-

wardness. Then Mr. O'Shea told of his experience in the wood-carving line, and the game was declared off. Here was another fine accomplishment gone wrong.

"Of course he did not know how to play whist. His failure in this direction followed naturally in the wake of his wood carving and billiard retrogressions. In fact, he began life again just where he had left off almost three months before. All his taste for conviviality and frivolity had vanished. In short, he was once more a steady and exemplary young man, keeping regular hours, and without any bad habits to speak of.

"A few months after his recovery Mr. O'Shea married. Since then he has attended steadily to his real estate matters and has shown no signs whatever of an impaired memory, except in the matter of the three months that have dropped out of his life.

"Who was the other fellow? Who was the man with the three months' life that knew nothing of the twenty-four preceding years? He was made to believe that he was Thomas E. O'Shea. He was told that a charming young woman was his *fiancée*. He learned to play billiards and whist and to carve wood in intricate patterns.

"Then, when the real Thomas O'Shea sprang to life in the same mind, and began business at the old stand, under what corpuscle or convolution of the brain did the other spirit hide? If Mr. O'Shea were again afflicted with aberration, would he resume the life he led during his former aberration? Would he know how to play billiards and whist, and would he again understand how to carve wood for his amusement?"

SOMETHING LIKE A TRANCE.

A THIRTEEN YEARS' SLEEP.

MONSIEUR CHARLES CHINCHELLE, writing in the *Figaro*, gives a graphic description of a peasant girl in France who has been in a trance for thirteen years. Her appearance, he says, is that of an ecstatic. The following is an account of this Sleeping Beauty from an American Exchange:—

Marvellous, well-nigh incredible, and yet wholly true, is the story of Marie Boyenval, which is just now attracting the attention of the most eminent physicians and specialists in France. She is a simple French peasant girl, and differs in no respect from the girls of her class, except in the astonishing fact that she has not left her bed for the last thirteen years, and has not been awake for a single moment during all that time. Ever since May 31st, 1883, she has been fast asleep, and apparently, except at rare intervals, wholly unconscious.

A terrible tragedy threw her into this seemingly interminable lethargy on that fatal final day of May thirteen years ago. Until then her life was quite commonplace. She was born about thirty years ago at Thenelles, a little village some leagues distant from St. Quentin, her mother being the wife of a mason, who abandoned her soon after marriage.

Besides Marie there were two other children, both girls, one older and the other a little younger than Marie. With the three children the mother lived in her little cottage, her chief friend being a well-to-do farmer, who visited her often, and seemed much attached to the little ones.

So the years passed, and in time the home was broken up. The eldest girl on reaching womanhood entered a convent. She was of a dreamy nature and was subject to fits of hysteria. Marie and the younger sister had no taste for a religious life. Rather comely they were and, in Sunday attire, quite attractive.

A child was born to Marie in May, 1883. The babe died a few days later, and the rumour at once spread through the village, which is noted for its gossip-mongers, that she had murdered it. The police heard the story and determined to investigate. Marie, meanwhile, had heard nothing of the village tattle, and was attending to her usual work as though nothing had happened.

But as she sat knitting in the cottage one day a neighbour rushed in and exclaimed:—

"Marie, the police are coming to arrest you!"

Straightway to the ground she fell, as though a bullet had struck her. Hardly had her mother and neighbours succeeded in reviving her when she was seized with a terrible attack of hysteria—so terrible that half a dozen strong men were required to hold her. This crisis also passed, and, weakened by her great struggle, poor Marie grew calm and soon sank into a quiet slumber. Dr. Charlier, who had been summoned, believed that all danger was now over, and that the girl would awaken as well as ever. He erred. Marie has not yet awakened from that slumber into which she passed on May 31st, 1883.

White as a statue and fragile as a withered flower, she lies to-day in the gloomy Thenelles cottage on the bed which has been her sole resting-place for the last thirteen years. Round her on the walls hang crude pictures of the saints, and through the small windows comes a glimpse of blue sky.

Dead she seems at first view, for her eyes are closed, and on her shrunken face is an ashen, corpse-like pallor. The body, too, is that of a skeleton. The bones are covered with parchment instead of skin, and the limbs are strangely attenuated. Touch the sleeper's forehead and immediately you feel as though you had laid hands on a mummy. Raise one of the dry, bony hands, and straightway the conviction seizes you that the girl is not sleeping, but dead. Suddenly, however, while still holding the ice-cold hand, you feel the pulse beat beneath your fingers, and then you know that life has not yet left this rigid body.

Any one can study this poor girl at his leisure, for her mother, a dull, heavy, yet high-strung woman, is glad enough to exhibit her to any one who will pay a small fee for the privilege.

The neighbours say that she makes her living in this way, and seem rather to envy than to commiserate her. They have to work hard in the fields for a mere pittance, and all she, the lucky Mother Boyenval, has to do is to show curious strangers her bedridden sleeping daughter, and tell them how she came by her misfortune.

So they envy Mother Boyenval, and the malicious among them even whisper that the whole business is a fraud, and that Marie is frequently seen wandering about the fields after nightfall.

"Her mother," say the village gossips, "is a witch in her way, and she magnetizes Marie whenever she sees strangers approaching the cottage."

All this is manifestly absurd. Even if Marie were awake, it would be physically impossible for her to leave her bed. Living skeletons do not promenade after nightfall, and Marie is nothing but a living skeleton.

But there is abundant testimony that the girl has been asleep for the last thirteen years. Dr. Charlier, who lives near by, has watched the case closely, and he is satisfied that Marie has not been roused from the slumber into which she sank on May 31st, 1883. Others, among them Dr. Voisin and the great specialist, Dr. Gllles de la Tourette, have also examined her and have come to the same conclusion as Dr. Charlier. The only pronounced sign of life the sleeper shows is an occasional slight attack of hysteria. These attacks, too, are becoming ever more rare.

Three years ago the pulse beat more quickly, and the evidence of sensibility was stronger than it is to-day. Five years ago Dr. Charlier, by injecting sulphate of atropine, brought back sensibility in successive zones from the feet to the head. At that point he was obliged to stop; never, though he tried his utmost, was he able to expel lethargy from the brain.

Life is sustained in the sleeper by a simple method. The mother washes the body every morning with milk and a little peptone, after which she pours a few drops of milk or spirits into the sleeper's mouth by means of a reed.

The teeth being tightly clenched, this mode of nurture would be impossible were it not for the fact that one of the front teeth is broken, and there is thus an opportune opening for the reed. The milk bath and the few drops which are thus swallowed are the only daily nourishment which Marie has received for the past thirteen years

Medical men are now asking two questions. One is, Why has Marie never been taken to the Salpetrière or to some other great hospital where she would receive better treatment than she can possibly receive in her mean little home, and where her wonderful case could be studied by hundreds of students and specialists? According to some, the law provides that all such patients shall receive free treatment in hospitals. Now that public attention

has been directed to this bewildering case it seems certain that steps will be taken without delay to place Marie where she can receive the best possible treatment.

The other question is not so easily answered. It is this:—Does she dream, or is she merely sunk in senseless slumber? That she has not the slightest perception of what goes on around her medical men are confident. They cannot say, however, whether she is dreaming or merely slumbering. Those who know the terrible tragedy of her life hope sincerely that she is not dreaming, for they fear that if dreams come to her they are too often peopled with dread images of the past, and that chief among these horrors is the awful vision of gendarmes coming to arrest her on the charge of murdering her child.

TELEPATHIC CLAIRAUDIENCE AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE *Metaphysical Magazine* is responsible for this interesting report of a notable success achieved by two young fellows in San Francisco, not merely in telepathically making their voices audible at the distance of two miles, but also in healing at that distance by psychic power. Here is the story:—

Two young men in San Francisco recently made the following successful experiment: Wednesday, September 9th, being Admission Day, was a public holiday in California. Holidays and Sundays usually afford for young students of mental science the best opportunities to test their abilities, by reason of the absence of business strain common to ordinary working days. One of the young men is a clerk in a wholesale mercantile establishment, while the other is a law student. Both had previously agreed that at 1.30 P.M. on the 9th September they would communicate with each other, no matter where they might be at the time. Mr. A. was at luncheon, with a party of friends in a restaurant, when he suddenly heard his name called in the precise manner in which Mr. B. was accustomed to address him, and immediately in connection with this psychic experience he saw his friend reclining on an easy-chair in a room which looked like a private library and boudoir combined. Presently Mr. A. heard the following words as distinctly as if some one at the table had spoken them: "I am in my sister's study at home; she has gone with our parents to San Rafael, and I am keeping house alone and meditating upon the possibilities of mental intercourse in the twentieth century." The voice ceased for a minute or more, and then resumed: "I say, Jack, I'm feeling rather blue to-day and am suffering from a head-ache; give me a mental treatment." Mr. A. immediately undertook to comply with his friend's telepathic request, and said, silently, but with emphasis: "My good fellow, you are feeling as happy as I am, and I am having a splendid time and a first-rate dinner." After repeating the sentence twice, and then adding, "Now, be sure and do as I tell you—cheer up, and pull yourself together," Mr. A. joined his friends in conversation. About fifteen minutes later he again heard the voice of Mr. B.: "Thanks; I've done as you advised, and feel a great deal better." The following Sunday the friends met at a public assembly, and while walking home in company each related to the other his experience of the previous Wednesday. Mr. B. informed Mr. A. that he had uttered the exact words above quoted, and had enjoyed precisely the experience related.

Here is a simple attempt to demonstrate the fact of thought-transference resulting in a case of actual healing. It proves that the nature of the thought transmitted may easily raise the act of transmission far above the plane of merely demonstrating the possibility to communicate at a distance without the aid of a telephone or other material agency. The distance between Mr. B.'s home and the restaurant where Mr. A. was at luncheon is fully two miles.

HOW TO INDUCE CLAIRVOYANCE.

A LECTURE BY MR. J. J. MORSE.

MR. J. J. MORSE lectured at San Francisco on Clairvoyance. His lecture is reported in full in the *Philosophical Journal*, of October 10th. He divided his subject into three heads: (1), The nature of Clairvoyance; (2), The means of inducing its action; and (3), What it may suggest. Clairvoyance is either independent or induced, but it may be sub-divided into the Natural, the Hypnotic, and the Spiritual. The following is what Mr. Morse has to say concerning the means of inducing Clairvoyance, excluding the use of narcotics, which he regards as pernicious. He says:—

Let me first refer to the hypnotic method. A suitable subject being obtained (and let me here say that suitability is not a question of sex, as quite as many men as women are to be found in whom the faculty can be excited), the hypnotist proceeds, by one of the various methods at his disposal, to induce the hypnotic state, in this case the deep sleep. If the subject is a clairvoyant, the lucid state will grow in clearness in time with repeated exercise, the customary minor experiments being relied upon for developing and training the sight. This lucidity is capable of being educated. At first it may be uncertain, while, in some cases, it is almost perfect at the first trial.

A peculiarity of the case is that clairvoyants differ as to their abilities, just as much as ordinary people do. Some are able to travel to distant places, others cannot "see" anything outside of the apartment in which they are. In some the "sight" only operates when an article to be described is placed in contact with various portions of their bodies, as, for instance, the top of the head, the nape of the neck, the pit of the stomach, or even between the shoulders. Many subjects can see inside the human body, describe its condition, diagnose its disease, and in some cases prescribe the necessary remedies. As a matter of fact the medical profession is constantly utilising the last-named class to assist it in obscure cases. It has been found that in the course of time the services of the hypnotist can be dispensed with, as the subject appears to learn how to induce the sight by personal volition.

The last of the means of developing this "sight" I have denominated the Spiritual, and this brings us into the question of Spiritualism, and involves what is known as mediumship. In this case the would-be clairvoyant joins a spirit circle, and the development is carried out by the spirits. The spirit acts the part of the hypnotist, and the subject in this case is, or becomes, a medium. The mediumistically developed clairvoyant usually sees spirits—*i.e.*, so-called dead people, and the testimony to this fact is practically universal to-day, while I know many, including my own daughter, in whom this spiritually induced clairvoyance is in active operation. But how much of this form of clairvoyance is due to the action of the spirits and the mind of the medium, is a question not easy to answer. The one point common to each case is that clairvoyance is a latent, but normal, form of clear-seeing, mental perception, or soul-sight, and I venture to assert it can be brought under the orderly control of the will, and exercised at discretion. In such cases it becomes what my old friend Andrew Jackson Davis describes as the "superior condition," which term he was the first to employ.

A MURDER TREE IN AFRICA.

A STORY, grimmer than the fabled tale of the Upas tree, comes to us from East Africa. The Upas is fabled to slay those who sleep beneath its shade, but this tree infected every man who touched it with a lust to slay. The *Theosophist*, which publishes the story, says:—

Herr Hugo Boltze, F.T.S., who lived some time in Africa, gives us the following particulars about a fearful tree of which he had knowledge:—

"During my time in Kolwe, East Africa, a report was brought to the Government that a certain tree had the dreadful property of provoking the homicidal impulse in any one who should lay his hand on or bring any part of his body into contact with it. A soldier having touched it, went mad and at once murdered three or four persons by shooting them, and fled to the jungle.

Several *askaries* (soldiers) were sent in pursuit, and then one who professed absolute incredulity concerning the story, out of sheer bravado went and touched the trunk. No sooner had he done that than he too went mad, and, levelling his rifle, shot several men, after which, in a foaming fury, he also escaped to the cover of the jungle. Being hotly pursued, he kept up his firing, and it was only after he had emptied his cartridge-belt that he could be captured and executed. I do not know how many unfortunates in all became murderers after coming in contact with this tree of crime, but certainly it was a considerable number. The Government at last put an effectual stop to the tragedies by causing a great quantity of straw and dry wood to be placed about the trunk and set on fire. The fuel was renewed until the tree was entirely consumed. After that the murders stopped."

The explanation would be, of course, that the tree was infested by one or more of the elemental spirits most inimical to man, of which several races are specified by Eastern occultists; or that some human elementary who had met premature death by assassination, had taken up his residence there by virtue of the inherent auric attraction of the tree for such entities. The Hindus say that an earth-bound Brahman spirit often lives in a banyan (*aswattha*) tree, and will obsess sensitives who may lie beneath its shade or, sometimes, even pass that way. The involuntary medium, even though perfectly illiterate and of low caste, will then be able to quote Sanskrit verses freely and discuss philosophy in that language with erudite pandits. It is a very common circumstance for people who wish to do harm to others, to employ *Mantrikas* (sorcerers) to send fire elementals to burn their clothing and even their houses. Instances like this are numerous, but *Mantra Shastra* (the science of spells) gives no account of demon-haunted trees like the above, which incites men to murder.

IS A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DOUBLE.

THIS question is very important to those who have doubles. Madame Blavatsky discussed it in the *Theosophist* for January, 1883, when she told a weird story, entitled, "Can the Double Murder?" Colonel Olcott has extracted a story from the New York papers of the last quarter, which leads him to ask "Can the Double Burgle?" The story is as follows:—

A remarkable case was on trial this morning before the Recorder of New York, Mr. John W. Goff. William Macdonald was brought into court, charged with having entered a house for the purpose of committing a robbery. Macdonald was positively identified as the burglar by a number of highly respectable persons who found him in the house and attempted to capture him, but without success.

Macdonald, in his defence, proved an *alibi* with the assistance of Professor Wein, the distinguished scientist, who swore positively that at the exact moment the robbery was said to have been committed, Macdonald was placed in a state of hypnotic trance by him before a large audience in a public hall five miles from the scene of the burglary.

A question asked of this witness, as to whether it were possible for the spirit of Macdonald to wander elsewhere while his body remained in a state of trance in the hall, was, after some hesitation, answered in the affirmative.

The testimony on both sides was not only so conflicting, but so startling, that the Recorder adjourned the case until he could obtain the testimony of a number of scientific experts.

We are unfortunately left without the ultimate finding of the court.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT ON REINCARNATION.

I THINK immortality is the passing of a soul through many lives or experiences; and such as are truly lived, used, and learned, help on to the next, each growing richer, happier, and higher, carrying with it only the real memories of what has gone before. . . . I seem to remember former states, and feel that in them I have learned some of the lessons that have never been mine here, and in my next step I hope to leave behind many of the trials I have struggled to bear here and begin to find lightened as I go on. This accounts for the genius and great virtue some show here. They have done well in many phases of this great school, and bring into our class the virtue or the gifts that make them great or good. We don't remember the lesser things. They slip away as childish trifles, and we carry on only the real experiences.

EXORCISING A DEMON LOVER.

IN the "Old Diary Leaves" of the *Theosophist*, Col. Olcott mentions that during his time in Ceylon, in 1882, a Buddhist monk was brought to him who was haunted by a Yakshini, who seems to have been a spectral bride who was so insatiable as to reduce the poor young monk to a skeleton. Colonel Olcott says:—

The Superior calmly asked me to work a cure. Fortunately, I had successfully treated a similar case in America some years before, the patient being a lady, so that I knew pretty well what to do. I put the monk on a course of mesmerised water, making him come to me every morning for a month, for the day's supply, after which time he was completely cured. I then sent for the Chief Priest and advised him to disrobe his young friend and send him out to take up the ordinary life of the householder, which was done. The simple explanation is that the influence of the bad Elemental spirit upon its medium was nullified and destroyed by the power of my stronger human will, supplemented by the constant action of the vitalised water. Among the scientific practitioners of mesmerism there have never been two opinions, so far as I know, as to the efficacy of magnetised water as a therapeutic agent.

HOW "MR. ISAACS" WAS WRITTEN.

COL. OLCOTT, writing "Old Diary Leaves" in the *Theosophist* for November, says:—

Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" was sent us at this time (1883) by his uncle, Mr. Sam Ward, one of our most enthusiastic members, who also wrote me certain interesting particulars about its production. It was—he told us—inspired by the published accounts of Mahatma K. H., and the idea so took possession of Mr. Crawford that, having once begun writing, he gave himself no rest, scarcely even food, until it was finished. He wrote it in less than four weeks, and Mr. Ward says that it almost seemed as if his nephew had been under the influence of an outside power.

Mr. Crawford makes—as any true occultist will tell him—the mistake of having his ideal Eastern adept, Ram Lal, meddling himself in the love affairs of the hero and heroine, whereas this is inconsistent with the tendencies of a person who has evolved up to and lives mainly on the plane of spirituality. Bulwer was equally wrong, nay worse, in making his adept, Zanoni, abandon, after ages of spiritual striving and success, the fruits of his Yoga, and drop to the vulgar level of us weaklings, who are held in the bonds of the flesh, and give and are given in marriage. Both Zanoni and Ram Lal are, as presented to us, practically, impossibilities, save as aberrations of nature and the victims of overpowering conspiracies of brutish forces, which they must have vanquished over and over again as they mounted upward from the lower levels where passion reigns and the guiding light of wisdom is hidden. Sexual unions are perfectly natural for the average human being, but perfectly unnatural for the evolved ideal man.

XXI.—WEIRD TALES IN THE MAGAZINES.

THE popularity of the psychic story continues unabated. Very few magazines now dispense with the ghost as an ingredient in the literary dish they set before their readers. But when the reality of the Double is recognised, we shall enter a new era in imaginative fiction. For the present our literary caterers have not realised the Double, so they do the best they can with their old materials. I quote two or three of the tales from the December periodicals.

I.—THE BLACK DOGS AND THE THUMBLESS HAND.

To the *Cornhill* for December Mr. Andrew Lang sends this strange, gruesome tale which he received from a kinsman, my oldest and most intimate friend, who has passed much of his life in the Pacific, mainly in a foreign colony, and in the wild New Hebrides. My friend is a man of education, an artist, and a student of anthropology and ethnology. He is now engaged on a work of scientific research. The following "yarn" is given in the words of the narrator. It should be added that, though my friend was present at some amateur séances, in a remote isle of the sea, he is *not* a Spiritualist, never was one, and has no theory to account for what occurred, and no belief in "spooks" of any description. His faith is plighted to the theories of Mr. Darwin, and that is his only superstition. The name of the principal character in the yarn is, of course, fictitious.

"A good many years ago there came to the island, as a clerk, *un nommé* Bolter, English or Jew.

"The most curious thing about his appearance was his eyes: they were large, black, and had a peculiar dull dead lustre."

"Did they shine in the dark? I knew a fellow at Oxford whose eyes did. Chairs ran after him."

"I never noticed; I don't remember. 'Psychically,' as you superstitious muffs call it, Bolter was still more queer. At that time we were all gone on spirit-rapping. Bolter turned out a great acquisition, 'medium,' or what not. Mind you, I'm not saying Bolter was straight. In the dark he'd tell you what you had in your hand, exact time of your watch, and so on.

"Well, after three or four séances Bolton used to be very nervous and unwilling to sleep alone, so I once went with him to his one-roomed hut. We turned into the same bed. I was awakened later by a noise and movement in the room. Found the door open; the full moon streaming in, making light like day and the place full of great big black dogs—well, anyhow there were four or five! They were romping about, seemingly playing. One jumped on the bed, another rubbed his muzzle on mine! (the bed was low and I slept outside). Now I never had anything but love for dogs of any kind, and as love casts out fear, I simply got up, turned them all out, shut the door, and turned in again myself. Of course my idea was, that they were flesh and blood, and I allude to physical fear.

"I slept, but was anew awakened by a ghastly feeling that the blanket was being dragged and creeping off the bed. I pulled it up again, but anew began the slow movement of descent.

"Rather surprised, I pulled it up afresh and held it, and must have dozed off, as I suppose. Awoke, to feel it being pulled again; it was slipping, slipping, and then with a sudden violent jerk it was thrown on the floor. *Il faut dire* that during all this I had glanced several times at Bolter, who seemed profoundly asleep. But now, alarmed, I tried to wake him. In vain, he slept like the dead; his face, always a pasty white, now like marble in the moonlight. After some hesitation, I put the blanket back on the bed and held it fast. The pulling at once began, and increased in strength, and I, by this time thoroughly alarmed, put all my strength against it and hung on like grim Death.

"To get a better hold I had taken a turn over my head (or perhaps simply to hide), when suddenly I felt a pressure outside on my body, and a movement like fingers—they gradually approached my head. Mad with fear, I chucked off the blanket, grasped a Hand, gazed on it for one moment in silent horror and threw it away! No wonder, it was *solus* (attached to no arm or body), it was hairy and dark coloured, the fingers were short, blunt, with long, claw-like nails, and it was minus a thumb! Too frightened to get up I had to stop in bed, and, I suppose, fell to sleep again, after fresh vain attempts to awaken Bolter. Next morning I told him about it. He said several who had thus passed the night with him had seen this hand. 'But,' added he, 'it's lucky you didn't have the big black dogs also.' *Tableau!*

"I was to have slept again with him next night to look further into the matter, but a friend of his came from —— that day, so I could not renew the experiment, as I had fully determined to. By-the-bye, I was troubled for months after by the same feeling that the clothes were being pulled off the bed."

"Did you know Manning, the Pakeha Maori, the fellow who wrote 'Old New Zealand'? He told the same yarn, without the dogs, as having happened to himself. He saw the whole arm, and *the Hand was leprous*.

"Next morning he was obliged to view the body of an old Maori, who had been murdered in his garden the night before. That old man's hand was the hand he saw. I know a room in an old house in England where the plucking of the bed-clothes goes on, every now and then, and has gone on as long as the present occupants have been there. But I only heard lately, and *they* only heard from me, that the same thing used to occur, in the same room and no other, in the last generation, when another family lived there."

"Anybody see anything?"

"No, only footsteps are heard creeping up, before the twitches come off."

II.—THE SPECTRE MAN-WOLF AND THE SQUARE DIAMOND.

DECEMBER *Harper* publishes a tale by Mr. Charles Ross, entitled "The Square Diamond." It is well illustrated, and so strange that it probably has a basis of fact. Here it is in brief:—

The *Britannia* pitched in the Biscayan swell, and the crowd in the smoking-room had lessened until five men were left, exchanging yarns, as men will who go to and fro in ships. Captain Willoughby had been silent through most, and only the subject of Indian trickery seemed to arouse him.

"Do you believe that bosh?" said one.

"I do," said Captain Willoughby, decidedly, "for I know"

Willoughby suddenly reached into his waistcoat, taking from little leathern case a ring, in a curious setting—a single, square diamond. Holding it up, he asked, "Do you notice that ring?"

"It's beautiful," said the short, fat dark man. "But it's hard to sell a square stone, the dealers say."

"Yes," said Willoughby, "I will tell you how it was. That stone cost me the best servant, and, indeed, the best friend a man ever had—an Irish boy who was brought up with me. Passing a shop in Regent Street, one day, I saw in a tiara—a new one, made in an old fashion—this stone. I have a fancy for unusual things, you know. The man agreed to take the stone from the tiara."

"'Your taste is excellent, sir,' he was pleased to comment, in their way. 'The stone is very old; five thousand years, maybe; an Indian stone from an old tiara.'

"We bargained a bit, and securing the stone at a remarkably

low price—it seemed to me, considering its intrinsic value and Regent Street. On my return to India and in my duties I almost forgot it.

"Well, a year ago, if you may remember, came the little trouble with the little Rajah of Renaub.

"One afternoon, going back to my quarters, I had occasion to look for something in a box, when out tumbled a case with some pins and trinkets which Teddy had put in, probably thinking that Renaub was a gay spot and that I might wish to dress up. I opened it, throwing out among other things the ring, which I had forgotten. What I wanted was a little painting on porcelain—very decently done—of our place in Devon. As I looked at it, leaving the other things on the table, I heard a rustling behind, and saw a tall, thin native peering over my shoulder. His ascetic face was illuminated by great eyes, with a reddish glow as of rubies—greedy, covetous.

"'What the devil?' I began.

"'Did the Sahib call?' he said, bending. I thought he might be a servant I had not seen.

"'Get out!' I said, simply; when he turned, and, with all the dignity of a personage stalked through the door.

"'Teddy,' I called, thinking Teddy could not be far away. And sure enough Teddy appeared.

"'Who was the man in here just now?'

"'I saw no one, sor.'

"'Didn't you pass him, coming in?'

"'Who, sor?'

"The matter seemed strange. I knew Teddy wouldn't lie; and I concluded it had been some familiar servant who had the run of the house, whom, in a short stay, neither Teddy nor I had noticed.

"'Put those things up then,' I said, knowing Teddy was incorruptible, and starting to take the porcelain to our official's wife. I hardly was at the outer door when I heard a scuffle and a muffled cry. With a sudden fear I rushed back, and at the threshold, for a moment, stood horrified. Teddy was stretched speechless in a pool of blood, a knife with a strangely carved hand e sticking in his side; and a stealthy figure—the same that had faced me so shortly before—stood over him. For a moment we looked at each other; for a moment I could not move; and then, with a snarl, the creature sprang toward me. I was ready for him, but he slipped through my hands, and passed me—through the door.

"Raising a dreadful cry, I was after. At the outside door I saw him; a lithe figure, that had dropped the loin-cloth from his naked legs, running up the valley, past three of my men, who were on ponies.

"Stop him!' I cried. But he slipped past; and before they had recovered from their astonishment I was by them.

"'Go in! Look to Teddy,' I called, dragging one from his pony and taking his seat.

"'After him!' I said, kicking my brute. 'Shoot him, if you can bring him down.' I hadn't my pistols.

"And we chased up that brown valley under the glaring North Indian sun. He seemed to run as fast as our ponies; but at last we gained a little. He looked about, showing white, grinning teeth. Two of the men answered with pistol-shots. I bent well on to the pony's neck.

"'Where is he?' asked one of the men.

"'Where—?' began the other.

"For before our eyes the runner had vanished, faded; what you will; and where he should have been was a lean wolf, turning now and then hungry eyes, and snarling lips, and grinning teeth.

"The thing was so uncanny that I pulled up my pony; and then was charging up to the spot where the man had disappeared and the wolf appeared—believing he had found a hole in the earth. But there the short, yellow furze was unbroken. There was another click and report—a long, horrid, brutish howl—and the wolf was over a low slope, too, out of view, and the men after. After a moment I followed, to find them dismounted by the man we had been chasing—without a wolf in sight; the man on his back.

"'Damn it, sir, where's the wolf?" one of my bewildered fellows asked.

"The great eyes stared brutishly up to mine. One fist was clinched. With sudden expectation I leaned over, and opened the sinewy fist, when from it fell the ring. I put it into my pocket, leaving the men with the dead thing, and rode back to Teddy, only to be met by my friend the official. Teddy was dead, like his murderer, who proved to be unknown at the station, and probably some wandering thief.

"I told the eager listener of our hallucination.

"'The men will swear to it, and I.'

"He looked at me a moment, curiously.

"'I have lived too long in India to doubt it,' said he, slowly. 'Tell me how did you come by the stone?' When I had finished he asked, strangely:

"'Have you not heard that a certain mind associated with a certain talisman can produce such an illusion?'

"'I have seen it,' said I.

"As I said at the beginning of this story, 'I have seen it.' That square diamond at any rate cost me the best servant a man ever had—more than servant, a friend. Whether it were ordinary cupidity, or some desire for that particular stone, I cannot say. But I saw the wolf where the man was, and the dead man where the dead wolf should have been. Some persons would have given the diamond away, or have sold it, but I have kept it."

"'There was no boy up a tree outside the mesmeric influence,' said the sceptic. 'May I see that stone again?'

"'Yes, certainly,' said Captain Willoughby, taking the diamond from the case. 'That thing happened a year ago to-day.'

"They passed it from hand to hand; and above the storm roared.

"'Will you mind if I look at it, sir?' asked a low, distant voice. They looked up startled, for no one had seen this last enter; they saw a tall, dark person, modishly dressed—with all the western affectations of some East Indians.

"'You were listening,' said Willoughby. 'I didn't hear or see you. I must have been so absorbed in my story. Certainly, sir. I should like to have one of your race look at that stone.'

"A lean, sinewy hand stretched out, grasping the stone. Willoughby shivered and looked up.

"'Where the devil?' he began; for hand, and ring, and man, were not there. They rubbed their eyes, ran into the passage.

"The steward was called. He knew no one on the ship answering the description; nor did the thorough search the next morning show the thief; perhaps he had been some strange stowaway—perhaps he had been washed from the deck.

"The *Britannia* then was tossing and groaning in the arms of the roaring storm, and, as far as that ship's company was concerned, the dark-visaged unknown seemed to have gone back into the tempest whence he had come."

III.—THE PRINT OF THE FIRST WIFE'S HAND, OR THE MISSING MIDDLE FINGER.

THE Christmas number of the *Christian Age*, reprints from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, a weird story entitled "The Wife of Ben Bow," a tale of Brook Farm, by Hezekiah Butterworth. The story is prefaced by the following note of the author:

The story is substantially true. I have taken the story-teller's licence in giving it form, making some changes in names and places, adding a little here and there for the sake of the movement of the narrative, but the psychological incidents remain intact. I give them as the honest and simple witnesses believed them to be. I have never known anyone to fully credit the tale, except one physician, who said: "I can believe it all: it is not stranger than a birthmark, or the stigmata of the Middle Ages. Mental impressions, if the faith be perfect, may be a death-stroke."—*The Author.*

Whether true or false it is weird enough. The story tells how some sixty years ago two young ladies, who were frequent visitors at Brook Farm community, called at the farm-house on a young farmer called Benjamin Bow. His wife was a woman of character, much given to the speculation as to the inward world. When she

was a little girl the middle forefinger of her right hand had to be amputated owing to an accident in the mill. The farmer and his wife had one child. When she was dying, she sent a message to the ladies who had called upon her, asking them to come and see after her child. She added "I shall know if it is treated well, I shall know." The doctor who told the story of the death scene said:—

There was a nurse there whose name was Cone. As I was sitting by the bed the child cried. The dying woman started, and said with a look that was fearful: "Margaret Cone, Margaret Cone, if you or any one else ever injure that child, this dead hand will appear to *you*, or to whoever it be." She lifted the hand from which the forefinger was missing. I have seen that scene ever since. There seemed to be something of hidden meaning in it—something like a prophecy. Then she grew calm, and lay uttering poetry.

Another year passed when Ben Bow married Margaret Cone, and after a time the two ladies were waited upon by a neighbouring farmer, who asked them to go and look after the child as it was being treated so badly. They rode over accordingly to ask how the child was getting on. The step-mother received them coldly, and said that the child was the worst youngster she ever knew. She was breaking his will and made him stop crying for his mother. The child was called in, and asked what was his mother's name. He immediately gave the name of his real mother not of his step-mother. "Did you ever see anything like that for wilfulness?" said the step-mother. "That woman lies out on the hills in the cold without a grave stone, and never will have one if I can help it. That woman was never any good to Ben Bow. One mother is enough for the child," said she. "When the dead Mrs. Bow wants to see you," she said to her visitors, "she will send for you. Say, what was that?"

There came a heavy rap on the front door.

"There have been strange noises about the house ever since Sarah died," said the woman. "Let me go and look out of the window and see who is there. That door hasn't been opened since Ben banked up the house."

Margaret Bow went to the window and threw up the curtain, and stood silent. She presently said:

"There don't seem to be anybody there."

She sat down in an old rocking-chair and began to rock violently. She looked disturbed, and she presently said:

"Now, I am going to tell ye how bad that child is."

There fell a succession of loud, echoing raps on the door. Margaret Bow looked around wildly. A gust swept by the corner of the house. The two ladies turned apprehensively toward each other. The boy shared the fear, and came hesitatingly to his stepmother and buried his face in her lap.

"What do you come to me for? You told these folks that Sarah was your mother. If Sarah is your mother let her look out for ye and protect ye."

Raps fell upon the door, almost causing the house to shake. Another gust of wind whirling the lone leaves swept around the corner of the house.

"Here, take the brat," were the words of Margaret Bow, as she pushed the child from her. "Let me go and open the door."

The visitors heard Margaret Bow unlock the door and slowly open it. They felt a sharp gust of wind sweep into the rooms. They heard a door in the entry fly open. There followed an awful shriek, a heavy fall. They opened the door of the room. Margaret Bow lay on the floor, moaning. They tried to lift her, but she was convulsed. They asked her what had happened. She at last gasped:

"Sarah's hand!"

"What—tell us?"

"It met me at the door, and struck me on the forehead here. It was her hand—I knew it—I can't tell ye how. Send for Ben."

She curled up in a heap on the floor and lay motionless.

"Where is your husband?" asked the ladies over and over, but they received no answer. They asked the boy, but he could only answer:

"He's chopping wood," but where he could not tell.

"The woman is dying," said Mary Needham. "She must not be left alone. You go over to Brook Farm and call the doctor, and I will remain here with the child."

At sunset Ben Bow came home, and Dr. Fifield and his sister met him on the road and told him all that had happened. They entered the dreary house, and found Margaret Bow lying unconscious where she had fallen. The doctor examined the prostrate form.

"She is dead," he said.

"What was it?" asked Mary Needham.

"Paralysis," said Dr. Fifield.

"No, it were not," said Ben Bow. "That warn't no paralysis."

"What then?" asked Miss Needham.

"It were a conscience stroke. I know that woman's soul. I know things that I wouldn't want to tell. You may call it what you will—it were a conscience stroke. She's been a-hearin' noises. People who have wrong in their souls have haunted minds. Poor critter, may the Lord forgive her; she was constituted so."

"She said that Sarah's hand came and struck her on the forehead," said Mary Needham. "Her forehead does look strange."

They took up the form and laid it on a bed. Her hair fell over her high forehead and white face.

When the day of the funeral came the country side assembled. It was the custom for the visitors to take a farewell glance at the corpse before the coffin lid was fastened down.

Dr. Fifield, his sister, and Miss Needham rode over to the place in the morning, and the ladies prepared the body with suitable dress for the last rites, and waited the ceremonies which would begin with the opening of the coffin lid.

The clock struck one. The sexton who had been given the "charge of the funeral," made his way through the crowd and opened the coffin lid. He started back, staring. What had happened? An elderly woman arose and bent over the coffin. A strange look came into her face. She stood there until a wild expression came into her eyes. She then sank down into her chair and whispered:

"Something has happened—she don't look natural!"

Others looked, and shut their eyes and turned away. The good old deacon now came forward and looked down. He, too, seemed to receive a shock. He turned around and said:

"She don't look natural at all. She ought not to be seen. I would shut down the lid again. Send for Ben."

Benjamin Bow came, leading the child by the hand. He lifted the boy up in his arms, and bent over the dead face. One glance, and he uttered a cry:

"Sexton!" said he, "she is changing. Close the lid."

Dr. Fifield leaped to his feet as the sexton came forward. He looked into the coffin. On the upper part of the white face and forehead there was the impression of a hand as black as ink. *And the middle forefinger was gone.*

IV.—THE HAUNTED CASTLE OF ROWALLANE.

In the Christmas number of the *Christian Million*, Mrs. Russell Davies tells the story of how one fine day in last October she drove over from her country house, five miles from Kilmarnock to Rowallane Castle. When there, as was to be expected, a spectral shadow flitted across one of the ruined rooms at the head of the staircase, but she was hardly prepared for the adventure which befell her when she reached the top of the house.

AN ANGEL DELIVERANCE.

I found a fine long room, quite capable of seating between 200 and 300 persons. I was much surprised, and observed to my

friend, "No one would have supposed, judging by the outside appearance, that this room was here." While I spoke I walked farther into the apartment, which was very dark, being lighted by long narrow slits in the thick stone walls, and even these were nearly choked with ivy, so that now in the broad daylight it was dark in the corners and ends. I had walked along the room when all at once I felt myself suddenly stopped by what I am certain was an arm thrown straight across my chest. I felt it plainly, quite firm, and seemingly solid, and heard a voice near whisper distinctly, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." I looked round. My friend and our guide were standing talking just outside the door, and I stood on the edge of an awful fall! The whole of the dark end of the room had fallen into ruins.

GHOSTS OF THE COVENANTERS.

On every side of me were the kneeling forms of men, women, and children. But all were people of a bygone age. I heard a low murmur of voices, as though all were engaged in prayer. Some of the strange congregation seemed to be richly dressed, while there were others wrapped in little better than rags, but all were together, met there to pray. What could it mean? what and who were the members of this weird congregation? In the centre of the group of kneeling people stood a tall old man, his white hair hanging long about his neck and shoulders, and wrapped round his gaunt form was what appeared to be a brown coarse cloth shawl. He held in his hands a roll of stiff paper or parchment, and from his lips again I heard the words, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." I trembled as though struck with a sudden chill, the ghostly worshippers disappeared, and I reached the door near which my friend stood. She said, "Where have you been so long? I thought you had made up your mind to remain the night.' "Yes," I replied, "and I might have stayed even longer than that, for I came near falling through the ruins, for I walked in the gloom to the far end of the room only to find that another step would have been my last on earth." The old Scotchwoman here broke in, "What! did ye walk to the broken floor? didna' I warn ye?" "No," I answered, "and it would be better to caution visitors in future. But tell me, do you know anything of the history of this place, especially in regard to this room?"

"Nothing beyond the story, leddy, telt of the Laird of Rowallane, Sir William Muir, who caused this room to be given up to the 'Covenanters' when they were persecuted and driven, puir souls, fra their hames and kindred. Aye, aye, this room hae harkened to many a woeful cry to the Lord for help and comfort in sair need! We live in better days now, leddy."

Mrs. Russell Davies then departed determined to return at the first convenient opportunity to restore the mystery of the Castle of Rowallane, and on this occasion she succeeded in visualising the most notable of the spectral occupants of the haunted castle, and thus she tells how she met the ghost in a ruined room of the castle :—

A GHOST IN GREEN VELVET.

Although there with the intention and desire fully developed, I was startled nevertheless to see a form sitting almost close to my side in an old carved chair, near to what remained of the fireplace. So close, indeed, to me was the form that, without changing my position, I could have laid my hand on the shoulder easily. It was the face and figure of quite a young girl, and I saw her as clearly and distinctly as the paper I am now writing upon. She sat in an attitude of dejection, her hands clasped tightly together in her lap, and on her face an expression of sorrow such as is seldom seen on one so young. She was dressed in a peculiar manner, a skirt of brown, soft material falling in heavy folds around her. A bodice of green velvet, fitting tightly to the figure, the sleeves slashed and puffed on upper part of the arm with satin the same colour as the skirt. A tiny cap of green velvet covered the top of the head, and round the neck was a very full ruff.

The girl's face was round, a small, straight nose, and rather full or pouting lips. Her eyes were large and dark, but the hair was lovely. There seemed masses of clustering curls of a bright chestnut colour, not hanging in ringlets or long curls, but caught up and fastened close to the head and rolled up high off the forehead.

As I stood silently watching her, she suddenly looked up straight into my face. I am positively certain I saw the eyes move as naturally as my own would do. The lips parted as though to speak, and I think she must have spoken, but I could not hear.

When I felt able to speak myself it was only in a whisper, and the same icy chill I had felt when in the Covenanters' room a week ago, crept over me. I said, "Are you a spirit? What are you? Who are you?"

No reply which my dull ears could catch, but the lips moved as though the lady spoke. I then said, "Will you come to me? Can you follow me from this place? Will you tell me what troubles you? Why you are here?"

Again the lips framed the words I could not hear. Before I could speak again I saw the shadow flit across the room; the lady had gone.

THE GHOST RETURNS THE CALL.

Mrs. Russell Davies shortly afterwards returned home, and that night the ghost in green velvet returned her call. She says:—

I retired to bed that night about 11 o'clock, and must have fallen to sleep almost immediately, only to be waked by a wild and peculiar cry made close against my window. I started up in alarm and listened intently, but no repetition of the weird cry came. But close by my bedside I heard sounds exactly as of persons whispering. No one but myself was in the room, no other room was on either side of mine from which the sounds could have come.

I could see nothing, my room was bright with my night-light, and a large fire built up in the grate.

I felt an icy chill all over me, and an impulse I could not control compelled me to get up, cross the room to my writing-table, and almost without volition on my own part, my hands were moved to write the following:—

THE PROPHECY OF THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

It is I, Lillias Muir, daughter of the Laird of Rowallane. You saw me, I spoke, but you could not hear. I come at your request, but what have I to do with you? Nothing!! But I will answer your questions. I, Lillias Muir, was born at Rowallane in 1615.

The Church of Scotland rose in its might and strength, but Rowallane Castle—beautiful, brave Rowallane—was passing away. Its lands were divided, and strangers held them. The castle was neglected by its owner, Jean Muir, Countess of Glasgow. Jean Muir, her daughter, took it as part of her inheritance into the family of the Earl of Londoun, and to-day Rowallane Castle stands a lonely ruin. Close upon 200 years have passed since a Muir slept within its walls. But now I, Lillias Muir, and my kinswoman, Isabel Campbell Muir, do write and declare a prophecy: That Rowallane Castle shall be restored by one of the old blood; that once again a noble race shall live within its walls, and children's happy voices shall ring across its park and lands; that great fires shall once more be built upon the cold hearthstone; that the room of the Covenanters shall once again be tenanted; and I, Lillias, the guardian spirit, will pass with smiling lips once more through the no longer deserted rooms and dwelling place of my race. Farewell.

XXII.—SOME BOOKS OF THE BORDERLAND.

THE REAL SIR RICHARD BURTON.*

THE sight of the little book which lies before me, neatly bound in blue linen, and lettered in gilt "The True Life of Captain Sir R. F. Burton, K.C.M.G.," brings back to me a curious scene. I see a cold drizzling afternoon of the kind special to summer Bank Holidays, three persons sitting in the chilly shade of a stone mausoleum. The door stands ajar, partly to let in a better supply of light than comes from the small stained-glass windows, partly to let out the fumes of a small oil-stove, which poisons the atmosphere after its kind. Now and then the door is hastily closed in the face of some inquisitive holiday-maker, and the strings of camel-bells which adorn the roof, jangle discordantly in the draught. Mr. M. D. and I. are seated at a small table whereon rests the Ouija board. A portrait of Sir Richard Burton, fetched out from under the altar, lies beside it. In spite of the oil-stove, one's feet get chilly, and mine, to escape the draught, are resting on a trestle designed for the future support of the coffin of Lady Burton. Mr. M. D., I think, has taken possession of another trestle. Lady Burton is seated by the door, her note-book and the contents of a small hand-bag spread out on Sir Richard's coffin, which serves her for table. One of the conditions of automatic writing is to make one's mind a blank. Never in my life have I struggled so vigorously to attain blankness as now! This is not a place in which to allow the imagination free play!

Lady Burton has an agenda-paper of eight questions which she has prepared beforehand, and to which she hopes, by the Ouija board or other means, to receive replies.

Number five is the one which recurs to my memory now:—

"*Can you interfere and save the publication of a book which I expect will be very disagreeable?*"

The answer, which, however, was not produced till after our return to the house, was hardly conclusive:—

"Not now, why bother, not necessary."

From the fact that the book is here, "written by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted, with the authority and approval of the Burton family," we may suppose he did not "bother."

And in truth, for the most part we may feel obliged to him, for it is a very pleasant and readable book. That Lady Burton did not like it, has already appeared; that its author did not like Lady Burton is equally obvious.

THE QUESTION IN DISPUTE.

Naturally enough, as a devout Roman Catholic, Lady Burton desired, above all else, to feel that her husband was united to her in death as in life, that he had found what to her was the only way of salvation, and that for them death meant only waiting, not separation. To achieve such an end almost any means were, for her, permissible. The death-bed scene, which Miss Stisted describes with infinite horror and disgust, is one in which many must sympathise. The death was very sudden, in the early morning, and it was difficult for the heart-broken widow to realise that it had really occurred. She sent instantly for the priest, and insisted on the administration of the last rites. Miss Stisted describes the scene in the language of bigoted Protestantism, representing it as an effort at "death-bed conversion."

WHAT WAS SIR RICHARD'S FAITH?

Such it could in no sense be, from any point of view; but from Lady Burton's point of view conversion was unnecessary. She fully believed that her husband was of her own Church, and her anxiety was not as to his "conversion," but that he should receive Extreme Unction as a member of the household of faith to which she herself belonged. She may have been right or wrong, it is not for the mere reader to decide, but I recollect clearly how, late into the night on that 5th of August when she talked with us about the book, she dwelt again and again on her own entire assurance on this point, and on what she believed the utter injustice of attempting to prove the contrary. She showed us, in what she assured us was Sir Richard's own handwriting (which his old friend Mr. M. D. never doubted for a moment), the phrase, "I live and die a Catholic," followed by his signature, and the next morning at an early hour she sent to my room what appeared to be a page of a diary containing the same confession of faith.

It is not for me to give an opinion as to the truth or mis-statement in the matter, but one cannot but regret that the pages of a book, otherwise so interesting, should have been spoilt by a discussion of the kind, carried on in so narrow a spirit.

THE MUSSULMAN THEORY.

It is not even as if Miss Stisted had any pleasing alternative to offer as to Sir Richard Burton's religious beliefs. Very early in life, we are told, he escaped from the trammels of definite faith, though his parents seem to have held easy views, steering between "rabid Evangelicism, then at its height, and the Tractarianism which later became so general." Next we find him, when in India, varying "his Sundays by attending a Roman Chapel, served by a berry-brown Goanese padre." Miss Stisted goes so far as to add "it is possible he did profit by this opportunity of studying the effect produced by the Church of Rome on the semi-civilised people around him."

About 1847, being twenty-six years of age, we find Burton studying "practical Moslem divinity," and formally initiated by the priest. He tells us, "As I had been duly invested by a strict Hindu with the Janeo or Brahminical thread, my experience of Eastern faiths became phenomenal."

According to his biographer he was now, and ever afterwards, a Theist pure and simple, never drifting into Atheism, but regarding Christianity as a good religion among other good religions; believing in Nirwana, and, on the whole, of opinion that El Islam was the faith best fitted for the conditions of Oriental life. "Towards the Church of Rome," Miss Stisted is careful to say, "he had a positive aversion, declaring she has added a fourth person to the Trinity" (p. 53).

THE BOOK "DISAGREEABLE."

There are other reasons why Lady Burton was likely to think this book "very disagreeable." We have the

* "The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.," &c. By Georgiana M. Stisted. H. S. Nichols, 1896.

history of, at least, five love affairs, some of which seem to have been fairly serious, before Sir Richard's marriage, not to speak of unmistakable hints that, among the Christian doctrines which he renounced, was that of Monogamy. They do these things, he considered, better in the East.

Then the account of the marriage is not flattering to Lady Burton personally, still less to her family. She is represented as middle-class, impecunious, uneducated, and insistent.

"Looking dispassionately at this match, it is clear that Burton committed as serious an imprudence as when he sent Speke alone to search for the Victoria Nyanza. In spite of much that was agreeable and attractive, Isabel, owing to a fatal want of tact and judgment, was unfitted for the path in life, which she had insisted on choosing for herself" (p. 275). Many instances of such alleged want of tact are quoted, and she, poor woman, is even made responsible for the unfortunate circumstances, which led to Sir Richard's recall, and which practically wrecked his career.

THE BURNING OF THE SCENTED GARDEN.

Even the burning of "the Scented Garden," which is commonly represented as a heroic sacrifice to virtue on the part of Lady Burton, is explained away as cheap and theatrical. "As the MS. happened to be unfinished, and as she told us herself, she could trust nobody to finish it for her, it was, comparatively speaking, valueless, and the sacrifice extolled merely by sundry unusually foolish women did not cost much." The burning, we are told, was "inspired by a fit of hysteria or bigotry."

THE BIOGRAPHER'S POINT OF VIEW.

It is an ungrateful task to dwell, however lightly, on this side of Miss Stisted's work. Apart from prejudice against Lady Burton and Lady Burton's faith, exhibited with some lack of generosity, the book is thoroughly interesting. A good many people don't like their relations-in-law, especially women. We think we know and can manage these men with whom we have been brought up, and we are "weary of our lives because of this daughter of Heth," this outsider, whom the man in question so unaccountably introduces into the family. Sir Richard Burton had obviously held his own women very dear—his mother, sister, and the sister's daughter who writes the book.

He was forty years old when he married; those little stories of Southern and Oriental beauties belonged to his past, what did he want with this tradesman's daughter of an alien faith? We can all understand that some such thoughts as these rankled in the minds of his family, and all the more because heroic, brave, persevering as had been Sir Richard's career, it was never recognised by his government as his talents and acquirements would seem to deserve.

Lady Burton is blamed for his failure to conciliate. Even in death Royalty ignored him, and her religious enthusiasm is said to be the cause. The connection of ideas is not obvious.

But as a life of Sir Richard Burton, of his education, his travels, his marvellous acquirements, his personal bravery, this is a most interesting volume, and will probably, so far, take rank as what it professes to be, "The True Life of Sir Richard Burton."

X.

THE DOCTRINE AND RITUAL OF MAGIC.*

THIS volume is another monument of the incessant industry of Mr. A. E. Waite, who is certainly one of the most industrious of all English occultists. There is no need to review a book that has so long been recognised as a handbook by students of magic of modern times. All that is necessary to do is to call attention to the fact that this translation has been carefully made, that the various mystical figures are reproduced, and that any one, therefore, who wishes to know what Eliphas Lévi had to say upon this mysterious subject will find it here set out in English. Whether he will be much wiser when he has read it all is another matter. Personally, I have to confess honestly that I am utterly incapable of understanding or appreciating the value of this work. There may be everything in it, but to the untrained occultist who comes to read the book as he reads any other book issued through the press, it is practically impossible to make anything out of it. This is specially true of the first section which sets forth the doctrine of transcendent magic. In the second part, "The Ritual of Transcendent Magic," there is, at any rate, more that can be read without the feeling that you are blundering along, endeavouring to decipher a foreign language of which you have not mastered either the grammar or the alphabet. The most cursory perusal of the book is enough to convince any one that it is no use to attempt to study magic unless you are willing to give more time than is likely to be at the disposal of any editor who is now living in London. Further, Mr. Waite himself does not say much that is calculated to allure a busy man, conscious of his own limitations, to enter upon the study of magic. Take, for instance, his warning to the imprudent, which begins by saying, "The operations of science—meaning by this the magical science—are not devoid of danger. They may end in madness, for those who are not established firmly on the basis of supreme, absolute, and infallible reason." Now, as no human being in this world can claim without presumption to be established firmly on supreme absolute and infallible reason, that sentence is enough to deter most of us. But if that was not enough, we are told that if we could devote ourselves to surmount magic, we must be free from anxious re-occupations. We must also possess an inaccessible laboratory, in which there will be no danger of ever being surprised or disturbed. Such retreats, however desirable for other purposes than that of magic, are not attainable in this busy world. There is a good deal in this book that is interesting, bearing upon the teachings of the Secret Doctrine. Especially does Levi dwell at length on the astral light. That book of conscience which, according to Christian doctrine, shall be opened at the Last Day is no other than the astral light which preserves all actions and all forms. He tells us a good deal about directing the astral light and isolating ourselves from it, and all the rest of it, but as he goes on to say that the inquisitive are like children playing with fire in the neighbourhood of gunpowder, we may do well to give the study of magic a wide berth. Mr. Waite, in his biographical preface, says no modern expositor of occult science can bear any comparison with Eliphas Lévi. He is actually the spirit of modern thought forcing an answer for the times from the old oracles. There is no influence so great in fascination in occult literature exceeding that of the French magus. Yet, although a

* "Transcendental Magic." By Eliphas Lévi. Translated by A. E. Waite. London: George Redway.

mage, he was fundamentally a materialist to whom God was only a hypothesis which is very probably necessary. He disbelieves in any real communication with the world of spirits, but, notwithstanding all his shortcomings, Eliphas Lévi's says many striking things. Of these I will only quote one, that secret of the success consists entirely in the fore-knowledge of re-actions. To oppose one's self in a current at the beginning of its evolution is to court destruction; to oppose one's self to a current that has run its round is to take the head of a contrary current. A great man is he who comes seasonable, and who knows how to innovate opportunely. He then goes on to make the following prediction:

> Now, at the epoch wherein we live, everything is ripe for a fresh outburst of evangelical zeal and christian self devotion, precisely by reason of the prevailing general disillusion, egotistic positivism, and public cynicism of the coarsest interest. The success of certain books and the mystical tendencies of minds are unequivocal symptoms of this wide-spread disposition. We restore and we build churches only to realise more keenly that we are void of belief, only to long the more for it; once more does the whole world await its Messiah, and he cannot tarry in his coming. Let a man, for example, come forward, who by rank or by fortune is placed in an exalted position—a pope, a king, even a Jewish millionaire—and let this man publicly and solemnly sacrifice all his material interests for the the weal of humanity; let him make himself the Saviour of the poor, the disseminator, and even the victim, of doctrines of renunciation and charity, and he will draw round him an immense following; he will accomplish a complete moral revolution in the world.

THE DEVIL IN BRITAIN AND IN AMERICA.*

THIS book is very disappointing. There is room for a great book on the Devil, but this volume does not do adequate justice to the theme. It is useful as a reproduction of various reports and apparitions that were supposed to be more or less diabolical in their origin, but it is very incomplete even as a study of witchcraft, and it is utterly inadequate as a study of the great Personification of Evil, whose shadow has brooded over Christendom for very many centuries. In the first twenty-four chapters there is a great deal of material that will serve for the student of Diabolism, but it is all very incomplete and unsatisfactory. The old spelling is wisely preserved in the reproductions of the reports of the old trials. There is an appendix at the end which is useful, but it would have been much more useful if, while printing all this mass of matter, Mr. Ashton had seen fit to append an index.

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S UNCANNY TALES.†

THIS is a collection of six tales of very unequal merit. There is one story of a ghost which haunted the dip of the road, the ghost of a gamekeeper, who was killed at the spot which his ghost subsequently haunted. The murdered man had been robbed at the time of his master's watch, and ever afterwards he haunted the spot with a face of agonised appeal. The story "Will not take place" has nothing supernatural about it, but merely tells how a young man broke off his engagement with the woman with whom he was devotedly attached, when he discovered that he had contracted leprosy. The story, however, of the book, far the best and the weirdest one, which makes your flesh creep after the approved orthodox fashion, is the story of the ghost that cast a shadow.

The story is that a family took an old castle by the seaside, and brought the ghost with them. They had brought some tapestry for the furnishing of the castle, which had been brought from the haunted chamber of another house, where it had covered a concealed panel, the existence of which the owner of the house knew nothing. The purchasers of the tapestry, of course, had no suspicion that there was a ghost connected with their purchase. The story tells how first one and then another member of the family made the acquaintance of this disagreeable visitor, and ultimately succeeded in unearthing its secret, and discovering the valuable jewel which was hidden by the secret panel. I read the story at midnight, while the wind was howling around the house, and no other sound was audible but the wind. I can guarantee that it makes you very creepy when it is read under those circumstances. The tapestry was hung up at one end of the gallery, and it was in this gallery that the uncomfortable ghost came, first as an icy cold column of air, and then as a shadow in the moonlight. Mrs. Molesworth works up her effect very cleverly. The small boy of the family first feels it. He turns very white and shivery, and finds it dreadfully cold. It was not exactly a draught, it was just icy all of a sudden. Nothing was thought of it, but the child dreaded the gallery. He not only felt the icy cold air, but there was a sound of breathing, like sighing in a whisper that was always near the door where the tapestry hung. They laughed at him, but it was no use. One night, as he passed that way on going to bed, it was moonlight, and he saw a shadow that went all round the wall, and stopped at the door. "I saw it waggling about," he said, "with its hands," and here he shivered on that funny curtain where it hangs as if it were feeling for a minute or two, and then it just went out. He told his sister, and she questioned him, but the little boy stuck to his tale. "It was no ordinary shadow," he said, "you could not mistake it. It goes along, right along in a creeping way, and then at the door its hands comes farther out, and it feels." "Is it like a man or a woman?" she said, beginning to feel rather creepy. "I think it is most like rather a little man," he replied, "but I am not sure. It's head has got something fuzzy about it. Oh, I know, like a sticking out wig, but lower down it seems wrapped up like a cloak. Oh, it is horrid." The sister determined to go and see for herself. No sooner, however, that she had taken her stand with her back to the window in the haunted gallery than she saw the spectral form creeping along stealthily and steadily right down to the other extreme of the long room, and then grew blacker, more concentrative, and out from the vague outline came two bony hands, and as the child had said, you could see that they were feeling all over the upper part of the door. After the ghastly and apparently fruitless feeling all over the door had ended, the shadow began to move and work its way around the corner towards where she was standing. The sense of horror grew all but intolerable, but they could not escape. It was behind them. "Like no icy breath that I have ever felt before was that momentary but horrible thrill of utter cold. If it lasted another second I think it would have killed us both, for she was standing with her brother, who refused to open his eyes lest he should see the spectre again. Before the shadow returned on its spectral round, they fled." So Mrs. Molesworth goes on telling how the dog saw it, and the

* "The Devil in Britain and America." By John Ashton. London: Ward & Downey.

† "Uncanny Tales." By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Hutchinson & Co.

brother felt it, and the father became aware of its presence until the family fled, taking with them, however, the haunted tapestry. It was not unfolded in the next place where they went, but it was stored the household was conscious of ghastly chills, and when they went to London, and took the curtain in the hall, they discovered to their infinite horror that they had brought the icy shadow along with them. Then it was they discovered that the ghost belonged to the tapestry. Being determined at any cost to find out where the tapestry came from, they alighted upon the secret of the lost jewel, which, being found, the ghost ceased to haunt the tapestry any longer. It is a very clever little story, almost good enough to be true.

GHOSTLY TALES BY COUNTESS MUNSTER.*

HERE there are eleven stories, beginning with the Double and ending with the Devil. The Double story is not particularly good, although the Countess certifies that the story, is true. All that it comes to is that a girl saw a lady whom she persisted in regarding as identical with a friend of hers, and who, moreover, answered to the same name when spoken to, sitting in the shop at the same time when her friend was paying a visit at some distance off. The apparent double admitted the name of the original, but denied absolutely ever having known the other lady. The devil story is much better. It is declared to be well authenticated, and tells how a young officer, quartered in an English county town, upon recovering from a severe illness, was visited by an extraordinarily beautiful young man with very pale face, large gloomy eyes, and drooping black moustache. This visitor, who was most charming in manner, full of interesting conversation, on being pressed for his name, declared that it was Satan, and in proof of his diabolical nature told the officer a secret which his mother had carefully preserved from every one, and which was only known to two witnesses beside herself, both of whom were dead. The devil's visit seems to have had no purpose, for after telling this story as a test he said he could stay no longer at that time, bade his astonished host good-night, walked to the centre of the room, and vanished like the flame of a match. The story, "Saved," is a good one, but there is nothing ghostly about it, and the same can be said about the story of an escaped Lunatic in a Bad Quarter of an Hour. One of the best stories in the collection is that which is reprinted from the *Strand Magazine*. She vouches for every word of the tale; nothing has been exaggerated and nothing minimised. She solemnly attests the truth of every word she sets down, with the exception of the name. It is a very good ghost story, whether true or false. Some years ago, says Lady Munster, a lady, who at one time held a post at court, conceived for her the most infatuated admiration. During an illness which overtook her late in life, Lady Munster nursed her, and during this illness her friend used to find strange comfort in telling small events which she declared would happen after her death. Among other things she predicted that she would be dead before a charitable bazaar, for which she had been working, would be held. "But I shall see you standing at your stall, and an old lady will come up to you, and ask if you have any of poor Miss L.'s work, and she will buy it for poor Miss L.'s sake, and you will feel sorry for poor Miss L." All this happened exactly even as she had foretold it. On the day of her death the Countess was suddenly called away for half-an-hour, and in that half-an-hour poor Miss L. died. A year and a-half after her death Miss L. came to a screen and stood between Lady Munster and the door and looked at her. The church clock was striking twelve. Lady Munster says, "I distinctly noticed her lovely little white ears. She had a smile on her face." She stood for a minute, then glided towards Lady Munster, who jumped up, exclaiming, "Dearest, what brings you here so late?" In a moment the apparition disappeared. Until she disappeared she looked so exactly like her well-known self that Lady Munster really believed she had seen her in the flesh. The stories are illustrated and Lady Munster writes brightly enough, but there is a great difference between the way in which she tells a story and the masterly fashion in which the practised pen of Mrs. Molesworth works up the agony.

* "Ghostly Tales." By the Countess of Munster. London: Hutchinson & Co.

A REPRINT OF GREGORY ON MESMERISM.*

MR. REDWAY did a good work in republishing Gregory's *Animal Magnetism*. The worst thing about the book is its title, which labels it an anachronism, so much so that even twelve years ago Mr. Stainton Moses, in his admirable preface to the third edition, considered the propriety of changing it. "It is retained," he tells us, "in deference to the author's choice, and because the work is well-known under its present name."

THE VALUE OF THE BOOK.

In spite of the great advance which has been made of late years in the study of hypnotism, this volume by Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, remains a standard work, one which the student of the subject cannot afford to neglect.

The book is indeed in many respects startlingly modern. Dr. Gregory puts forward the claims of the two aspects of Hypnotism which we now recognise as important—its value in therapeutics and in diagnosis—and its value, as Dr. Pierre Janet has so greatly insisted upon, in providing the psychical and psychological observer with material in a fit state for observation.

MESMERISM AND HYPNOTISM.

Moreover Dr. Gregory was well aware of the tendency of the various methods of studying the phenomena, of their unity of aim and ultimate object. He does not discuss differences of name or of detail, but generalises in a fashion surely far in advance of his time.

"It appears, then, from what has been stated, that Electro-biology, Electro-psychology and Hypnotism are essentially the same with Mesmerism, although there is probably some difference in the precise character of the states produced." He fails of course to realise, as so many since his day have failed to realise, that what he calls differences of state are after all only differences of degree.

He fails also to perceive that the different characteristics of the patient may be due to direction, rather than to difference of methods of induction. He points out, for example, that Braid's system was not that of passes, but of fatigue of the eye by gazing at a fixed object, and adds: "It is remarkable that Mr. Braid has not produced in his subject what are called the

* "Animal Magnetism or Mesmerism, and its Phenomena." By the late William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E. 4th Edition. Redway, 1896.

higher phenomena, especially clairvoyance so often met with by those who employ the ordinary mesmeric process,"—the fact being, that Dr. Gregory did not realise that Braid's *suggestions* happened to be mainly therapeutic, while those of other mesmerists were possibly in the direction of clairvoyance; nor that such results are not fairly classified as "higher" and "lower," when they were rather conditions of the direction of the operator, or even, in some cases, of lighter or deeper degrees of hypnosis.

For the same reason—the incomplete recognition of the value of suggestion—we have the old superstition of "mesmerised water," and "odylic influence"; we have moreover a certain exaggeration of the universal importance of hypnotism or mesmerism, and a tendency to make it a condition of the explanation of other phenomena not necessarily connected with it in any degree, such as Crystal-gazing and Second Sight.

On the other hand, in his warnings as to the use and abuse of hypnotism, Dr. Gregory contrives to say almost all that the most advanced and latest science could desire, and his summary of its uses and possibilities at the close of the book leaves even recent discovery little opportunity of addition

QUEEN MARY'S JEWELS.

Those, who either in BORDERLAND or elsewhere, learnt the story of Queen Mary's Jewels as told in his own charming fashion by Mr. Andrew Lang, will be interested in finding on Page 191, a copy of the document drawn by the clairvoyant, and description of certain articles, subsequently verified by the finding of an inventory of the possessions of the unhappy Queen. Indeed many of the cases described by Dr. Gregory are of unusual interest, recorded as they are with all the care of a man of science alive to the importance of accurate observation.

It would perhaps not be too much to say that the permanence of the value of Dr. Gregory's book, despite the fact of the enormous advance which the last few years have made in the study of hypnotism, is due to the fact that he was an observer, not a theorist. Again and again he points out that for long the observer must be content to observe and record, and leave for those who come after, it may be, to enter into his labours. He writes:—

> I am not given to accounting for facts, especially when they have not been fully studied, I am satisfied to observe and to verify, them; (p. 59).

And again:—

> You would do me great injustice if you supposed that I propounded the facts contained in these chapters as truths fully ascertained, or duly investigated so as to be understood. On the contrary I give them simply as facts, so attested and authenticated, that we cannot disregard them, least of all on the ground that they are incredible, or that they cannot be explained. They never can be either understood as facts, or explained in the way and degree in which other natural facts are explained or understood, unless they are thoroughly and scientifically investigated. When this shall have been done—and it is no easy task, no matter for an idle hour, or for an evening's entertainment, but a serious, important, and above all, laborious work—we shall find that in proportion as we advance in knowledge of these phenomena, they will lose the character of strangeness and supernaturality which to the ignorant they exhibit. They will arrange themselves under natural laws, whether known or yet to be discovered, as the law of gravitation which had acted from the creation, yet was discovered only about two hundred years ago by Newton.

There, surely we cannot fail to hear the humility, the caution, and the breadth of view of the true man of science. X.

THE SECRETS OF INITIATION.*

FOR the psychical novel one feels, as a rule, that here fiction has reached its lowest ebb. Being a subject requiring special study, and one especially difficult to handle, it is naturally the prey of the tyro. It is like a curate's sermon, dogmatic, ill-constructed, and cocksure; to be avoided at any price.

In *Les Temples de l'Himalaya* one feels, at least for the first half of the volume, that one has at last got hold of an exception to the rule. The latter half is commonplace and superfluous, but to dwell upon this, after 175 pages of real enjoyment, would be sheer ingratitude, and for the present writer that enjoyment was very real indeed.

When I recommend the book to my friends as something they really "ought to read," they usually reply in superior manner, that they read it "long ago, in English." Long ago means, probably, a few months, and I don't envy them the English. Translations are, as a rule, detestable, but whether this translator by specially efficient, or whether it is a peculiarity of the kind of writing, I cannot tell, but one feels instinctively that for such a book to have been born in any language but French, is an anomaly. The hero is a Frenchman, the book has a certain delicacy and brilliancy of treatment that is essentially French, and the style has none of the usual faults of a translation.

The translator's preface describes the book as "a call to a new orientation of the reigning ideas on cosmogomy and human destiny." This is claiming a great deal, but it is certainly not too much to say that it is an exceedingly interesting presentation of the views of oriental philosophy and religion on the origin and destiny of man, and on the conduct of life.

Perhaps one should rather say that it purports to be such a presentation, for it is not for the mere general reader to dogmatise upon its value from this point of view.

It would be interesting to hear the opinions of, say, Colonel Olcott or Mrs. Besant, as to the accuracy, historical and philosophical, of the writer's views on the doctrines of re-incarnation and karma, and on the methods of the Buddhist Seer.

One can judge of the unknown only from the known; the book seems accurate enough so far as one generally interested in such things, but not claiming to be a specialist, can give an opinion. The author speaks, perhaps, with some lack of information on the subject of hypnotism, but such lack is by no means uncommon. Again, one might ask—for information—whether the tom-tom is a musical instrument in use among the Hindoos, and whether (though the question is far from original) there really are districts among the Himalayas where Temples and Monasteries exist even yet unknown to travellers?

The story is of the introduction into such retreats of a French Roman Catholic Bishop, and of his initiation into the first and second degree of their mysteries. The writer even holds out an inviting suggestion of still further revelations in a second volume—*Si non é vero, é ben trovato.* The teaching of the book is so good

* "Dans les Temples de l'Himalaya," par A. Vander Naillen. Translated by Dr. Daniel. Published by P. G. Leymarie, Paris, 1896.

that one feels it *ought* to be true. Even if the philosophy is not true to Buddhism, and I have no reason to suppose it is not, it is at least part of that universal truth which transcends the limitations of creed or sect.

The personality of the hero adds considerably to the interest of the story, the story being nevertheless avowedly a mere frame for the teaching it contains. He is no mere emotional enthusiast, no mere cloister-bred fanatic, but definitely a scholar and a man of the world, who knows something of the secrets of nature and of human nature; a man who entered upon the religious life at a mature age, after tasting the sweet and bitter fruits of Court life.

It is in recognition of the fact that he has already learnt many of the lessons of life, that his initiation into occult secrets is permitted, even without some parts of the usual preliminary training; an interesting example, by the way, of the catholic spirit in which the story is imagined, that it is no part of the writer's theory that such training should be associated with any special creed or dogma. The training of a trappist monk is taken as equivalent, as far as it goes, to that of the monasteries where Buddhist teaching is received.

There is some show of supporting the religious, or rather the psychic, teaching with scientific analogy. This is perhaps not the less interesting and attractive that it carries one back, both as illustration and as teaching, to Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*. It is, however, a pity that a Churchman of broad and enlightened views, and having knowledge of life, should be represented as impressed by its novelty. The setting forth of divine truth cannot, *ipso facto*, be new, however original its mode of presentation. We hear much that is interesting and valuable as to crystal-gazing and shell-hearing, of suggestion and self-suggestion, besides much which emphasises the view that one finds so intensely difficult to impress upon the average inquirer, so impossible of comprehension by the mere curiosity-monger, that the psychic gift is not an art to acquire, but an attitude of life—a state to live in, not a mere mental trick to learn. The discourses of the masters are clear and simple, deep and spiritual as is their teaching. The reader who feels sympathy with my point of view of this volume, will do well to close it at the end of the sixth chapter. If we agree so far, he will feel with me, that when the story takes us to Europe and to America, when the priestly Angels cease to be the central figure, the main interest of the story is gone. It becomes, then, a mere "psychic novel," better than most of its class, it is true, but lacking character, and not far from bathos after the charm of the earlier half of the volume. X.

SOME OTHER "PSYCHIC STORIES."

IN *Sidartha** we fall back to the average level, if not below it. It is called "A Story of Mystery"—it is certainly not a story of interest or information, nor even of grammar. The authoress frankly acknowledges that the book is the first fruits of her pen, let us hope that before she reaps another harvest she may have decided on another sphere, and let "mysteries" alone.

* "Sidartha; a Story of Mystery." By Kathleen Behenna. Digby, Long & Co.

The Rosy Cross,* surely another "first-fruits," is much on the same level of merit, and, moreover, the rosy cross, under a silver star, on a violet binding, is not an encouraging letter of introduction to the contents. The stories, however, are well-meant, and if the authoress will next time let "psychical tales" alone, and confine herself to her secondary subject, kindness to animals, she may some day accomplish good work.

Gods of Gold.†—Mrs. Aylmer Gowing's new volume is very varied as to locality and character, and the "psychic" element being an accident of the story, not its motif, has not, therefore, the strained effect, which commonly makes the psychic novel simply ridiculous. The story is very bright and abounds in the dramatic effects which have made for their author so well deserved a reputation as a writer of poems for recitation. X.

TWO BOOKS OF VERSE.

Metastasis‡ is a book containing a good deal of reason, but why it should be conveyed in rhyme it is quite impossible to guess. Mr. Tomlinson has considered the theories of subconscious activities, and multiplex personalities, and he finds them very plausible, though not wholly conclusive. The story of Léonie and the researches of M. Janet are the main text-books of his argument, and from them he reasons, as to the earthly pilgrimage and the ultimate destiny of man. *En route* Mr. Tomlinson considers various questions of translation and exegesis, and the doctrines of hell and reincarnation. What he has to say is undoubtedly interesting, and much of it convincing, but his fashion of saying it is somewhat perverse.

The History of a Soul§ is a book which it seems unkind to group with the serious, if somewhat perverse work of F. W. Tomlinson, but this, too, is rhyme—of a kind. The paper and binding do great credit to the publishers, and there one would like to leave the subject, but that it is a public duty to protest against the increasing impertinence of making use of "psychic" conditions as a vehicle for statements wholly without evidence, though in the present case they are too silly to be mischievous.

The soul in question is that—one is ashamed to discover—of poor Philip Bourke Marston, the blind friend of Rossetti, Swinburne, Watts, and others of the same school. We are told that he has figured in Time as Heliobes (has not another lady, who whitewashes the devil, a prior claim on this gentleman?) as Rameses II., Homer, and Mithridates VI. After which he retired to hell for a whole canto, but emerged as Omar I., then as Geoffrey l'Estrange described as "of France," and, finally, as P. B. Marston. Since he passed into eternity Miss Behenna hints he has been consoled by her affections. Such drivel reduces one to the level of saying, Be Hencer! anywhere, anywhere out of a world where you can get into print!

X.

* "The Rosy Cross; and other Psychical Tales." By Mina Sandeman. Roxburghe Press.

† "Gods of Gold." F. V. White & Co., 1896.

‡ "Metastasis." By Wm. R. Tomlinson, late Rector of Sheffield English. Redway, 1896.

§ "The History of a Soul." By Kathleen Behenna. Digby, Long & Co.

XXIII.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

We shall be grateful for the Co-operation of Readers of BORDERLAND, as well as of publishers and editors of journals in the production of our Index. No trouble has been spared, but there is no doubt that a great many interesting publications may have escaped notice.

Animals:
Do Animals exist in the Spirit World? *Philosophical Journal*, October 26
Have Animals Karma? *Theosophical Forum* October
Is it wrong to kill Animals? *Theosophical Forum*, November

Apparitions:
Priest, Apparition of a, *Light of Truth*, December 12
Woman in a clear Sky, A., *Light of Truth*, December 12

Astrology:
Astrological Predictions Fulfilled, *Modern Astrology*, November, December
Curious Horoscope of Matricide, by "Leo" and "Mars, L.R.C.P.," *Modern Astrology*, November
Degrees of the Zodiac Symbolized. *Modern Astrology*, December
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Esoteric Side of Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, December
Fowler, Lorenzo N., Horoscope of, *Modern Astrology*, December
Haweis, Mrs., on Astrology, *Light*, November 14
Horoscopes of American Presidential Election, *Modern Astrology*, October
Horoscope of Consumptive, *Modern Astrology*, October
Immediate War Predicted, *Modern Astrology*, December
Influence of the Stars, Translated by J. M. Ashmand, *Herschell's Coming Events*, October, November
Kaiser William, Horoscope of, *Herschell's Coming Events*, November
Law of Periodicity, *Modern Astrology*, October
Lessons in Practical Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, November, December
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Phrenology, Temperament, and Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, October, November, December
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Reincarnation and Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, November, December
Secondary Influences of Planets, "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, December
Signatures of the Zodiac, "Sepharial," *Herschell's Coming Events*, November
Signs and Planets, "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, November
Simple Lessons in Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, October
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Automatic Writing, *Light*, October 17

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Arsenius, a Saint of the Egyptian Desert, *Theosophist*, November
Cooper, W. T., Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, November 13
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Maximus; Lives of the Later Platonists, *Lucifer*, October
Priscus; Lives of the Later Platonists, *Lucifer*, November
Richmond, Mrs. Cora L. V., Sketch of, *Harbinger of Light*, October
Rogers, E. Dawson, Sketch and Portrait, *Banner of Light*, December 26
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"Borderland" Notices:
Harbinger of Light, October, General Review
Light, October 31, General Review
Light of Truth, November 14, on a Verified Dream, Hypnotism Defined; November 21, Thief-Catching by Magic; December 5, Psychic Suggestions from Science
Lucifer, November, General Review
Modern Astrology, December, General Notice
Philosophical Journal, November 21, General Notice
Spiritual Review November, General Criticism
Theosophic Gleaner, December, General Review
Theosophist, December, General Review

Buddhism:
Buddhism Defined by Dr. Paul Cárus, *Maha-Bodhi Society*, December
Buddhism in Japan, *Maha-Bodhi Society*, October
Five Moral Precepts of Buddhism, The, *Buddhist*, October 15
Karma, Nirvâna and Yoga, *Maha-Bodhi Society*, October
Ordinance Regulating Annual Pilgrimages, *Buddhist*, November 6
Real Mahatmas, A., by Max Müller, *Buddhist*, September, 18, 25; October 2, 9, 16
Traces of Buddhism in Norway, *Buddhist*, September 11
Will Buddha Reincarnate? *Vâhan*, October

Clairvoyance:
Clairvoyance and Mind Reading, *Light*, October 10, 17, 31; November 7
Development of Clairvoyance, *Philosophical Journal*, December 5
Nature of Clairvoyance, J. J. Morce, *Philosophical Journal*, October 10

Divining:
Divination, *Ourselves*, October, November
Greek and Roman Divination, *Spiritual Review*, November
Rationale of Prophecy, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Unimpeachable Presentiment, An, *Light*, December 19

Dreams:
Significant Dreams, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October

Healing:
Mental *v.* Physical Origin of Disease, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Metaphysicians as Reformers, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Purpose of Mental Healing, *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, November
Self-help in Mental Healing, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
What is it that Heals? *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, December
Worry; How to Stop it, *Journal of Hygiene*, November

Hypnotism:
Cases Treated at Chicago School of Psychology, H. A. Parkyn, M.D. *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Dangers of Hypnotism, *Light*. December, 19
Doctor Bernheim's Clinic, Sydney Flower, *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Drink Habit Cured by Hypnotism, *Light of Truth*, December 19
Hypnotic Suggestion, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Science and Practice of Therapeutic Suggestion, by M. H. Lackerstcen, M.D., M.R.C.S., *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Secrets of Mesmerism, *Light of Truth*. December 25
Suggestion in General Practice, A. C. Halphide, M.D., *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Suggestion without Hypnotism, C. M. Burrows, *Banner of Light*, October 10, 17, 24, 31
Suggestion as a Therapeutic Agent, *Metaphysical Magazine*, November
Surgical Operations Performed with Aid of Suggestion, C. G. Davies, M.D., *Hypnotic Magazine*, October.

Magic and Mysticism:
Esoteric Theology, Dr. Burks Hutchinson, *Spiritual Review*, October
Freemasonry and Science, by Africanus Theosophicus, *Spiritual Review*, December
Occult Man, by Dr. Hoffmann, *Harbinger of Light* October, November
Occultism among the Tahitians, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October
Occultism from India, *Philosophical Journal*, November 21
Occultism in English Poetry, Ivy Hooper, *Lucifer*, October, November
Occultism in Medicine, *Theosophic Isis*, December
Spiritual Religion and Occultism, *Light of Truth*, September 19

Mediums and Mediumship:
Cure of Hallucinations, *Metaphysical Magazine*. December
Dematerialisation of a Medium, *Light*, November 21
Effect of Thunder on Mediums, *Spiritual Review*, October
French Seeress, A, *Theosophis*, December
Further Experiments with Eusapia Paladino, *Light*, November, 21
Good Mediums wanted in South Africa, *Light*, November 7
Hypnotism in Mediumship Development, *Light of Truth*, October 10
Keyto Materialisation, by E. d'Esperance, *Spiritual Review*, October
Levitation explained by Theosophy, *Vâhan*, November
Medium and Forms in Full View, *This World and the Next*, August
Mysteries of Mediumship, *Light*, November, 7, 14, 21
Phenomena of Mediumship, *Harbinger of Light*, November
Science of Mediumship, *Harbinger of Light*, October
Séances with Mr. Craddock, *Light*, October 31
Story of my Mediumship, by Mrs. d'Esperance, *Light*, November 28
Wise Woman of Endor, The, *Light*, October 10

Miscellaneous:
How the Planet Incarnated the First Spiritual Germ, *Light of Truth*, November 21
Jujitsu, *Lucifer*, November
Metaphysics in Modern Literature, *Metaphysical Magazine*, November
Peril of Encouraging the Persecuting Spirit. B. O. Flower, *Arena*, October

Personal:
Barrett, H. D., on Spiritualism in Great Britain, *Two Worlds*, October 30
Besant, Mrs. Annie, Address at Bamfurda, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
Besant, Mrs. Annie, On the Light and Dark Sides of Nature, *Lucifer*, October
Blavatsky, H. P., On Psychology, *Lucifer*, October
Blavatsky, H. P., on Modern Idealism, *Theosophist*, October
Brigham, Mrs. H. T., Life and Labour, *Banner of Light*, December 12
Britten, Mrs. E. H., on Greek and Roman Divinition, *Spiritual Review*, November
Britten, Emma Hardinge, on Greek and Roman Divinition, *Spiritual Review*, November
Burrows, Herbert, on Science and the Life Beyond, *Light*, November 28, December 5
D'Esperance, Mrs. E., on The Story of My Mediumship, *Light*, November 28
Fowler, Lorenzo Niles, Horoscope of, *Modern Astrology*, December

Leaddeater, C. W., Steps of the Spiritual Path, *Lucifer*, October
Leadbeater, C. W., on Guardian Angels, *Lucifer*, December
Leeder, H. J., Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, December 4
Mead, G. R. S., on Maximus, *Lucifer*, October
Morse, J. J., on Latent Faculties, *Banner of Light*, November 21
Morse, J. J., What do We Stand For? *Banner of Light*, December 19
Olcott, H. S., Old Diary Leaves, *Theosophist*, October, November, December; on a French Seeress, *Theosophist*, December
Paladino, Eusapia, Experiments with, *Light*, November 21
Paladino, Eusapia, New Experiments with, *Banner of Light*, December 12
Tingley, Mrs., Katherine, A. Address at Bombay, *Theosophic Isis*, December
Tuttle, Hudson, on Lyceum Work, *Banner of Light*, November 28
Tuttle, Hudson, on a Christmas Gift from the Dead, *Banner of Light*, December 19
Underwood, B. F., Colour of Voices, *Light of Truth*, November 7
Veitch, James, Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, December 11
Wedemeyer, Mrs., Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, December 18
Whiting, Lilian, on The World Beautiful, *Banner of Light*, November 7

Phrenology:
Cranial Psychology, *Spiritual Review*, November, December

Psychic:
Case of Double Consciousness, *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Decline of Materialism, *Light of Truth*, November 28
Fundamental Principles of Psychic Science, *Two Worlds*, October 16, 23; November 6
Individualisation of Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, October 26
Intuitional Development, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Is there Infallible Revelation, *Arena*, November
New Science of Spirit, Hudson Tuttle, *Banner of Light*, December 5
Psychology, the Science of the Soul, H. P. B., *Lucifer*, October
Psychometry Explained, *Light of Truth*, November 28
Soul Evolution, *Arena*, October
Subliminal Consciousness, *Banner of Light*, December 19

Religion:
Christianity and Reforms, *Arena*, October
Hegel's Monism and Christianity, *Monist*, October
Is an Infallible Revelation Necessary, Rev. T. E. Allen, *Arena*, November
Origin of Christianity, *Light of Truth*, October 3, 10

Science:
Glow Worms as X Rays, *Light of Truth*, December 19
Röntgen Rays, *Two Worlds*, December 11

Spiritualism:
Advice to Engineers, *This World and the Next*, July
Are Spiritualists in Earnest, J. W. Fletcher, *Banner of Light*, November 21
Blessings of Spiritualism, A. F. Tindall, November, December
Children in Spirit Life, M. B. Little, *Banner of Light*, October 17
Everyday Spirit Life, *Light*, October 17
Future of Spiritualism, *Light of Truth*, November 14
Guardian Angels, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, December
Heaven, by Abby Morton Diaz, *Banner of Light*, November 14
Intervention of Spirits, *Banner of Light*, December 19
Israelites and Body, Spirit and Ghost, *Banner of Light*, November 23
Jubilee of Spiritualism, *Banner of Light*, November 28
Key to Materialisations, E. D'Esperance, *Spiritual Review*, October
Lyceum Work, Hudson Tuttle, *Banner of Light*, November 28
Mysterious Face on a Wall, *Light of Truth*, November 14
National Association of Spiritualists at Washington, *Banner of Light*, October 31
Object Transported from Battersea to Hampstead, *Light*, November 21
Occultism and Spiritualism, *Light*, October 3, 17, 24
Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested, *Light*, December, 5, 12, 19
Present Crisis in Spiritualism, *Philosophical Journal*, October 26
Relation of Spiritualism to Religion, *Harbinger of Light*, October
Reunions for Psychic Development, *Light*, November 14, 21
Science and Spiritualism, *Light*, December 12
Socialism and Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, October 16, 23; November 6
Spirit Companionship, *Banner of Light*, November 21
Spirit Teachings, W. Stainton Moses, *Light*, October 10, 24; December 26
Spiritualism, a Living Light, M. E. Cadwallader, *Banner of Light* December 19
Spiritualism as it is, J. M. Peebles, M.D., *Two Worlds*, October 9
Spiritualism in Great Britain, *Banner of Light*, October 31
Spiritualism *versus* Orthodoxy, *Two Worlds*, December 25
Theory of Subs, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, *Banner of Light*, December 19
Transforming Power of Spiritualism, *Light*, October 31
What is Spiritualism? *Banner of Light*, October 24

Spirit Photography:
Chinese Psychic Pictures, *Two Worlds*, November 13
Externalization of Mental Pictures, H. Venman, *Two Worlds*, November 13, 20, 27
Interview with Dr. Baraduc, Questor Vitæ, *Light*, December 12
Photography of the Invisible, *This World and the Next*, July
Photography of Life and Thought accomplished by Dr. Baraduc, Ferriam Keighley, *Theosophist*, October
Psychic Photography, *Light*, October 3
Recognised Psychic Photographs, *Light*, October 17
Spirit Portraiture through the Misses Bangs, of Chicago, *Light of Truth*, October 3

Telepathy:
Power of United Thought, *Light of Truth*, October 17
Test of Mind Reading, *Light of Truth*, October 17

Theosophy:
Asceticism in Theosophy, *Lucifer*, December
Aura of Plants, from *Mercury*, *Theosophic Gleaner*, November
Boehme, Jacob, and the Secret Doctrine, W. Q. Judge, *Theosophy* November
Can the Soul Die? *Theosophical Forum*, December
Compensation, *Theosophy*, October
"Conversion" according to Theosophy, *Vâhan*, November
Development of Power, Knowledge, and Love, *Lucifer*, December
Development through Reincarnation, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October
Dimension of Auras, *Vâhan*, November
Evolution, by Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, November
Evolution and Reincarnation, *Lamp*, December 15
Factors in Human Evolution, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
First Principles of Theosophy, *Light of Truth*, October 3
Hindu Books on Predestination, *Theosophist*, November
Invisible Helpers, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, November
Interpretation of Emerson's Brahma, *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, December
Is there Accidental Karma? *Theosophical Forum*, December
Karma and Salvation by Works, *Metaphysical Magazine*, November
Karma in Modern Theosophy, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October
Levitation explained by Theosophy, *Vâhan*, November
Light and Dark Sides of Nature, Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, October
Man—the Master of His Own Destiny, by Mrs. Besant, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
Modern Idealism worse than Materialism, H. P. Blavatsky, *Theosophist*, October
Old Diary Leaves, H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, October, November, December
Proof of Mahatmas, *Theosophy*, October
Power of an Endless Life, The, *Lucifer*, October
Record of Crusades Abroad, *Theosophy*, October, November, December
Reincarnation and the Early Church, *Vâhan*, October
Sankhya Philosophy, The, *Lucifer*, October
Science of the Soul, The, H. P. Blavatsky, *Lucifer*, October
Scientific Corroboration of Theosophy, *Theosophist*, October
Sixth Annual Convention of the Indian Section of the T. S., Report of, *Prasnottara*, October, November
Steps of the Spiritual Path, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, October
Theosophy in Practice, Alexander Fullerton, *Theosophist*, October, November
Theosophy in the Home, *Theosophy*, November
Training of Children, *Theosophy*, December
True Theosophists, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
Why is there an Inner Circle? *Theosophy*, December
Work of the "Crusaders," by Mrs. Tingley, *Theosophic Isis*, December

Visions:
Suicide of the Past seen in Paris, *Light*, December 26
Vision seen by Charles XI. of Sweden, *Philosophical Journal*, November

XXIV.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER.

Annales des Sciences Psychiques. Paris, 108, Boulevard S. Germain.

September-October.

Telepathic Hallucinations. Dr. L. Morisse
On the Formation of the Double. M. Maugin
The Case of Mlle. Couédon. Dr. Le M. de Chesnais
Automatism: Miss X. and the Burton Case. M. Maugin
The Precursors of Spiritualism. M. Petrovo-Solovovo

Arena. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.

October.

The Religion of Jesus Christ in its Relation to Christianity and Reforms. Rev. G. D. Coleman
The Peril of Encouraging the Persecuting Spirit. B. O. Flower
Are our Missionaries in India Frauds?
Soul Evolution

November.

Can We have an Infallible Revelation? Rev. T. E. Allen

December.
The Life of the Spirit. Lilian Whiting
Practical Christianity: a Symposium. Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. R. B. Tobey, Mary A. Livermore, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, Rev. E. E. Hale

Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston. $2.00 per annum.

October 3.
The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism

October 10.
Suggestion without Hypnotism
Is the Cause of Spiritualism Advancing?

October 17.
Suggestion without Hypnotism (continued)
Little Children in Heaven. M. B. Little

October 24.
What is Spiritualism?
Epes Sargent
Suggestion without Hypnotism

October 31.
National Association of Spiritualists at Washington
Spiritualism in Great Britain
Suggestion without Hypnotism

November 7.
Spiritual Gleanings. J. W. Fletcher
The World Beautiful. Lilian Whiting

November 14.
Heaven. Abby Morton Diaz

November 21.
Man's Latent Faculties. J. J. Morse
Spirit Companionship
Mass. State Association of Spiritualists' Convention

November 28.
Jubilee of Spiritualism
Lyceum Work. Hudson Tuttle
Are Spiritualists in Earnest? J. W. Fletcher

December 5.
Psychic Research: New Science of Spirit. Hudson Tuttle

December 12.
New Experiments with Eusapia Paladino

December 19.
Theory of the Subliminal Consciousness. Dr. F. L. H. Willis
What do We Stand For? J. J. Morse
Spirit Intervention. Henry Forbes

December 26.
E. Dawson Rogers. Sketch and portrait
Between Two Slates

Buddhist. Colombo, Ceylon. 10s. per annum.

September 11.
Traces of Buddhism in Norway

September 18, 25.
A Real Mahatman. Prof. Max Muller
Temptations

October 2, 9.
A Real Mahatman. Prof. Max Muller

October 16.
Prayer and Vow. C. P. Jayasena

October 23, 30.
Coincidences. Prof. Max Muller
A Real Mahatman (continued)

November 6.
Coincidences (continued)
Ordinance Relating to Pilgrimages

November 20.
Coincidences (continued)

Deutsche Revue. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, &c. 24 marks per annum.

October, November.
Black Magic at the Court of Louis XIV.

December.
Poison and the Black Art under Louis XIV. (conclusion)

Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California. $1.75 per annum.

December.
What is Karma? H. E. Butler
The Seven Creative Principles
Delineation of Character by Solar Biology

Fuhrer. E. Neuhaus, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

November.
Physiology and Occultism
Why is Spiritualism Unpopular?
Dr. Pierre Janet at the Munich Congress

Harbinger of Light. W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per annum.

October.
Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond (sketch)
Mediumship. By Mrs. M. M. King
Spiritualism and its Relation to Religion
The Occult Man. Lecture by Dr. Hoffmann

November.
Phenomena of Mediumship
The Occult Man. Dr. Hoffmann
Doubt as an Element of Spiritual Progress

Herschell's Coming Events. 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C. 4s. per annum.

October.
Horoscope of the Tsar
Sepharial's Manual of Horoscopy
Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos
Speculations

November.
The Sultan of Turkey
Horoscope of Kaiser William
Sepharial's Manual of Horoscopy
Predictions
Speculations

Hypnotic Magazine. 56, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A. 7s. 6d. per annum.

October.
Science and Practice of Suggestive Therapeutics. M. H. Lackersteen, M.D., M.R.C.S.
Report of the Chicago School of Psychology
Suggestive Therapeutics in General Practice
Hypnotism: Its Application in Surgery. Chas. G. Davies, M.D.

Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin. 4s. per annum.

October.
"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life. Julia W. L. Keightley
The World Knoweth Us Not. W. Q. Judge
The Virtues that do Most Easily Beset Us. Charlotte E. Woods

November.
"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life
The Virtues that do Most Easily Beset Us
The Power of Thought

December.
"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life. Julia W. L. Keightley

Isis Moderne. Paris, 11, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. 12 frs. per annum.

October.
Naundorf, Father of Neo-Spiritualism. J. Bois
Case of Miss M. Fancher (continued). J. de Voragine

November.
Case of Miss M. Fancher (continued). J. de Voragine

Journal du Magnetisme. Paris, 23, Rue S. Merri.

September, October.
Studies of Great Magnetisers (Puységur)

Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row, Calcutta. 4s. per annum.

October.
Karma, Nirvâna, and Yoga
Buddhism in Japan

November.
Why am I a Vegetarian?
Nirvâna

December.
What is Buddhism? By Dr. Paul Carus
The Buddhist Council under Asoka

Journal of Practical Metaphysics. Horatio W. Dresser, Editor. Monthly. Gay & Bird. 4s. per annum.

November.
An Interpretation of Emerson's Brahma
Selections from MS. of Julius A. Dresser
The Purpose of Mental Healing

December.
The Omnipresent Wisdom. MS. of J. A. Dresser
The Church of the Higher Life
What is it that Heals?

Kritik. Berlin. S.W. 46, Hedemannstrasse. 50 Pf. a number.

October.
The Sixth Sense. Carl du Prel
Animism and Spiritism. Ernst Dietze

Lamp. 157, Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 1s. 6d. per annum.

September.
Justice (concluded). Wm. Scott
In the Name of the Great Mystic Vase-Man

October.
South African Missions

November.
The Ulterior Object

December.
Evolution and Reincarnation

Light. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. 10s. 10d. per annum.

October 3.
Amalgamate or Co-operate
Psychic Photography
Spiritualism and Occultism

October 10.
Spirit Teachings. W. Stainton Moses
That Endor Medium
Clairvoyance and Mind-Reading

October 17.
Spiritualism and Occultism
Spirit Life Every Day
The Testimony of the Ages to Modern Spiritualism
Automatic Writing
Clairvoyance or Mind-Reading

October 24.
Spirit Teachings. W. Stainton Moses
The Greatest of All Lessons
Spiritualism and Occultism

October 31.
Clairvoyance or Mind-Reading
Spiritualism, a Transforming Power
Dr. J. R. Buchanan and "Primitive Christianity"
Séances with Mr. Craddock

November 7.
Conviction of Jane Lee for Fortune Telling
Remarkable Séances
Is Dr. Parker among the Prophets
Mysteries of Mediumship
Clairvoyance or Mind-Reading

November 14.
Duties to Our Mediums
Mysteries of Mediumship
Mrs. Haweis on Astrology
The Spirit Physician, "Edina"
Reunions for Psychic Development

November 21.
Further Experiments with Eusapia
Dematerialisation of a Medium
Mysteries of Mediumship
Some Physical Phenomena

November 28.
Science and the Life Beyond. H. Burrows
The Story of My Mediumship. Mrs. d'Esperance

December 5.
Science and the Life Beyond
Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested
Thomas Lake Harris

December 12.
Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested
More Psychic Photography
New Spiritualism. Richard Harte
Thought Photographer

December 19.
Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested
Hypnotism
New Spiritualism

December 26.
Spirit Teachings. By W. Stainton Moses
The Spiritual Christ
A Remarkable Vision

Light of the East. 68½, Shikdarbagan Street, Calcutta. 12s. per annum.

September.
Shall We Live After Death
Real and Apparent Man. Swami Vivekananda

October.
Lecture on Hinduism
The Art of Mind-Building
The Vedanta. Swami Vivekananda
Religious Evolution in Ancient India

November.
Religious Evolution in Ancient India
Krishna's Nativity

Light of Truth. Front Street, Columbus, Ohio. $100 per annum.

September 26.
Occultism and Spiritual Religion. A. F. Tindall
Spiritual Progress of Man

October 3.
Origin of Christianity
Invisible Forces that We Meet

October 10.
Origin of Christianity
Needs of the Hour

October 17.
Needs of the Hour
Practising Adeptship

October 24.
A Word to Investigating Skeptics
Psychic Emanations

November 7.
Colour of Voices. B. F. Underwood
Vibrating Waves in Nature

November 14.
Future of Spiritualism
Wm. Thomas Stead. Sketch and Portrait

November 21.
Origin of the First Physical Body
B. F. Underwood. Sketch and Portrait

November 28.
Significance of Psychometry
Materialism

December 5.
Regular Employment of Mediums
Thought Transference

December 12.
Psychic Forces. B. F. Underwood
Apparition of a Woman

December 19.
The Glow Worm as an X Ray
Hypnotism to Cure Drunkenness

Lotus Bleu. Paris, 11, Rue de La Chaussée d'Antin. 12 francs per annum.

October.
The Human Aura. C. Leadbeater
Karma (continued). Mrs. Besant

November.
Karma (concluded). Mrs. Besant
Regulations of the Theosophical Society. H. S. Olcott

December.
Dreams. C. Leadbeater
Forms of Thought. Dr. Pascal

Lotusblüthen. W. Friedrich, Leipzig. 10 marks per annum.

October.
The Theosophical Society in Germany
Theosophy in China

November.
The Theosophical Society in Germany
Theosophy in China (continued)
The Yoga-Sleep

December.
Theosophy in China

Lucifer. 26, Charing Cross, London. 17s. 6d. per annum.

October.
Psychology, the Science of the Soul. By H.P. Blavatsky
Lives of the Later Platonists: Maximus. G. R. S. Mead
The Light and Dark Sides of Nature. Mrs. Besant
Letters to a Catholic Priest. A. A. Wells
The Steps of the Path. C. W. Leadbeater
The Power of an Endless Life. Alex. Fullerton
The Sânkhya Philosophy. Bertram Keightley
Occultism in English Poetry

November.
The Light and Dark Sides of Nature. Mrs. Besant
The Lives of the Later Platonists. G. R. S. Mead
Jujitsu. Chas. Harvey
The Theosophy of Eckartshausen. Mrs. Sinnett
Occultism in English Poetry. Ivy Hooper
The Power of an Endless Life. Alex. Fullerton
Power, Knowledge, and Love. Francesca Arundale
Invisible Helpers. C. W. Leadbeater
The New Gnostic MS. G.R.S.M.

December.
Theosophical Asceticism. Dr. A. A. Wells
Power, Knowledge, and Love
Among the Gnostics of the First Two Centuries. G. R. S. Mead
Invisible Helpers. C. W. Leadbeater
The Sânkhya Philosophy. Bertram Keightly
The Unknown Philosopher
Christianity According to Tolstoy. Hon. Otway Cuffe

Lumiere. Paris—Auteuil, Boulevard Montmorency, 97. 7 francs per annum.

October 27.

Thought Photography
Photographing Dreams
The Apparitions at Tilly

November 27.

The Horrors of the Present
The Prophet of Tilly
Enquiry into a Case of Dematerialisation

Messager. Liège. 10 cmes. per month.

October.

The Visible and the Invisible World
Prophets, Thaumaturges, and Mediums of Antiquity
Minoff, the Thought-reader

December.

Policy of the Roman Church

Metaphysical Magazine.

October.

Development through Reincarnation
Karma in Modern Theosophy
The Spiritual Principle
Occultism among the Tahitians

November.

Unity of Man and Nature
Transmission of Qualities
Karma and Salvation by Works
The Spiritual Principle
Suggestion as a Therapeutic Agent

December.

Inspiration. Charles Johnston
Mystery in Man
Hypnotic Suggestion. A. V. Abbott
Intuitional Development. Henry Wood
The Rationale of Prophecy
The Metaphysician as a Reformer
Psychic and Healing Experiences

Metaphysische Rundshau. Metaphysische Verlag, Berlin-Zehlendorf, Parkstrasse, 8. 18 marks per annum.

November.

The Theoretical Basis of Astrology. Alan Leo
The Power of Thought. Prof. P. Braun

Modern Astrology. 1 & 2, Bouverie Street, London. 10s. 6d. per annum.

October.

American Presidential Election
The Law of Periodicity
Curious Horoscopes
Theoretical Basis of Astrology
Phrenology, Temperament, and Astrology
Monthly Predictions. "Leo"
Simple Method of Instruction in Astrology

November.

The Esoteric side of Astrology
Reincarnation
The Theoretical Basis of Astrology
Phrenology, Temperament, and Astrology
Curious Horoscopes: Matricide

December.

The Esoteric Side of Astrology
Reincarnation
Predictions Fulfilled
A Simple Method of Instruction in Practical Astrology
Horoscope of Lorenzo. N. Fowler
Theoretical Basis of Astrology. "Leo"

Monde Moderne. Paris, 5, Rue Saint Benoit.

October.

Mesmer and his Disciples

Moniteur Spirite. Brussels, 100, Rue de Mérode. 3.50 francs per annum.

October.

Coincidences of Dates and Numbers

November.

Theory of the Double
The Last Events in the Life of Jesus Christ

December.

Sardou and Spiritualism

Ourselves. 108, Tredegar Road, Bow, London. 1s. 6d. per annum.

October.

The Wisdom Religion
Divination

November.

Divination
Our Younger Brothers

December.

The Image of His Father

Philosophical Journal. Cor. E. and 4th Sts., San Diego, California. $1.00 per annum.

October 10.

Clairvoyance. J. J. Morse
A New Force in Nature. From the *World*

October 24.

Have Animals Immortal Souls?
Evolution of Soul and Individualisation of Spirit

November 7.

A Strange Vision. Carl Sextus

November 21.

The Dynamic of Thought *v.* The Dynamic of Drugs. Solon Lawer

December 5.

The Education of the Senses

Prasnottara. Free to Members. Ed. Upendra Nath Basu Joint General Secretary, Benares.

September.

Dreams and Dreaming

October, November.

Report of Sixth Annual Convention of the Indian Section of the T. S. Bertram Keightley, Gen. Sec.

Psychische Studien. Oswald Mutz, Leipzig, Lindenstrasse, 10 marks per annum.

October.

Experiences with a Clairvoyante. Mrs. E. d'Espérance
A New Medium in Austria
The Congress at Munich

November.

A Modern Trial for Witchcraft
Photography and Animal Magnetism
The Congress at Munich

December.

Spiritualism before the Dusseldorf Court. G. C. Wittig

Revista di Studi Psichici. Padova via S. Gaetano, 33.

October.

Case of Premonition
Telepathic Experiences

November.

Recent Experiences of Eusapia Paladino

Revue de L'Hypnotisme. Paris, 14, Rue Taitbout. 75 cents per number.

October.

The Part Played in Therapeutics by Suggestion and Auto-suggestion
Sea-sickness and Hypnotic Suggestion

November.

Alcoholic Somnambulism. Dr. Franester
Induced Sleep at a Distance. M. E. Boirac
A Case of Somnambulism. Prof. Lépine

Revue Scientifique du Spiritisme. Paris, 5, Rue Manuel.

October.

Prophecies and Predictions
Experimental Spiritism

November.

The Unity of Occultism
Spiritism and Science
Advice on the Development of Drawing Mediums
Spiritism in Paris

December.

Telepathy and Spiritualism. J. de Kronhelm
Dr. Baraduc's Conference

Revue Spirite. Paris, Rue du Sommarard, 12. 12 francs per annum.

October.

In the Himalayan Temples. Dr. Max
Benefits of the New Psychology. J. Bois
Haunted House. C. Sauvaire
Animal Intelligence. P. G. Leymarie

November.

Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life. Dr. Daniel
Introduction to Modern Experimental Spiritualism
Impressions of a Spiritualist. Alban Dubet
Psychic Photography

December.

Spirit Photography. Edina
Haunted Houses. Florence and Buenos Ayres. M. de Sauvaire

Scottish Lodge Papers. 9, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London. 6d. Vol. III, No. 9.

The Cosmogany of Welsh Tradition
Planetary Rounds and Chains

Vol. III; No. 10.

The Cosmogony of Welsh Tradition

Spiritual Review. 113, Edgware Road, London. 1s. 6d. per annum.

October.

Esoteric Theology. Dr. B. Hutchinson
Mediums in a Thunderstorm
Some of the Blessings of Modern Spiritualism

November.

Nature and Character of Greek and Roman Divination. By Emma H. Britten
Some of the Blessings of Modern Spiritualism. A. F. Tindall, A.T.C.L.

December.

Angels and Spirits of the Unseen Firmaments. By Thos. S. Wilmot
Death of Mrs. Horatio Hunt
Cranial Psychology
Esoteric Theology

Teosofisk Tidskrift. Organ of the Scandinavian Theosophical Society, Stockholm. 35 öre.

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Youth and Age. Georg Ljungström
Theosophy, the Foundation of all Religions. J. D. Buck
Reconciliation. Poem by Georg Ljungström

December.

Theosophic Foundations of all Religions. J. D. Buck

Theosophia. Stockholm.

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Theosophic Isis. 28, Trothy Road, Southwark Park Road, London, E.C. 6s. 6d. per annum.

October.

An Abyssinian Brother
Religion in Ancient Egypt
Whence am I, Whither do I go?

December.

Address by Mrs. Tingley to the "Crusaders"
Occultism in Medicine

Theosophical Forum. 144, Madison Avenue, New York.

October.

Is Karma Immutable Law?

November.

Have Animals no Karma?
Is it Wrong to Kill Animals?
The "Crusade" not Official

December.

Is there Accidental Karma?
Can the Soul Die?

Theosophic Gleaner. Theosophical Society, Bombay. 1s. 6d. per annum.

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Man—The Master of his own Destiny

November.

Theism and Pantheism
Man—The Master of his own Destiny

December.

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Yankee Crusaders
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Raja Yoga Bhashya

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The Consolation of Pantheism. Alex. Fullerton
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Predestination and Free Will

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Consolations of Theosophy
A French Seeress. H. S. Olcott

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First Convention of the Theosophical Society in Germany. By Franz Hartmann

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Jacob Boehme and the Secret Doctrine. W. Q. Judge
Theosophy in the Apocrypha

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Theosophy in the Apocrypha

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October 16, 23—November 6.

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Spiritualism and Socialism

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Externalization of Mental Pictures. H. Venman
Some Fundamental Principles of Psychic Science

November 20.

Peter's Dream
Externalization of Mental Pictures

November 27.

Externalization of Mental Pictures

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Übersinnliche Welt. Eberswalder Strasse, 16, Postal 1, Berlin.

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Hauntings in Falkenburg

November.

What is the Value of Séances? Ochorowicz
Hauntings in Falkenburg

December.

The Munich Congress. Dr. C. du Prel
"Od" and Vital Force. Dr. C. du Prel

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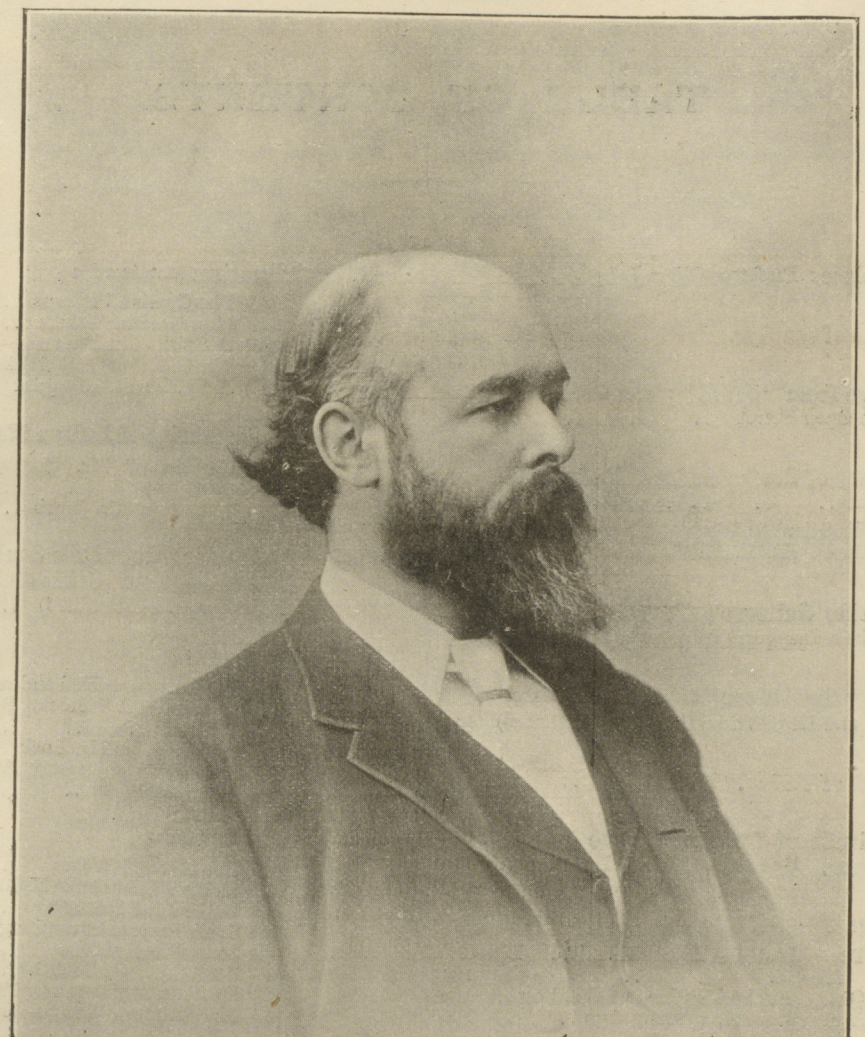

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PROFESSOR OLIVER JOSEPH LODGE, F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D.

BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1897. No. 2.

I.—CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

April 15, 1897.

THIS QUARTER'S BORDERLAND.

NEVER since this quarterly was published have I had the good fortune to issue so rich and varied a number as the present. Never have I had the assistance of so many contributors, and never has any quarter yielded a more valuable harvest for the explorer of the Borderland. The two addresses of Professor Crookes and Professor Oliver Lodge are in themselves notable indications of the attention which the leading scientists of the day are paying to the phenomena which beckon mankind to the discovery of a new and unknown world. M. Sardou is as supreme on the stage as Professor Crookes is in science, and our readers will find in the translation of "Spiritisme" the psychic problem discussed in the terse and witty dialogue of the Parisian stage. To balance the light frivolity of the drama, the philosophic reader will find ten solid pages devoted to an exposition of the truth of immortality from the standpoint of Emmanuel Kant by a devoted disciple and countryman of the philosopher, while Indian correspondents describe the exploits of some notable Indian magicians. But the recorded marvel of the Marconi rays enables the West to feel it is in no way behind the East in the production of modern miracles. Of haunted houses there is no lack. Miss X. has seen and describes the ghostly lady of Clandon House, while a lieutenant of the Guards vouches for it that he has seen the ghost of Queen Elizabeth at Windsor. Finally, and certainly most important of all, if it is verified by the result of the experiments to be tried this quarter, is the message from "Julia," on "The Open Door to the Open Secret."

"THE OPEN DOOR TO THE OPEN SECRET."

"Julia's" message, to which she attaches great importance, is startling enough to compel attention, even if our sober judgment should reject her assertions as too incredible to be imagined. What she has to say is, briefly, that by the cultivation of the higher soul or the inner self by pursuing the very simple elementary practices of seclusion, solitude, meditation, and patience, it is possible so far to emancipate ourselves from the domination of the tyrant material senses, as to be able to hold actual converse with distant friends, whether embodied or disembodied. This, if true, would undoubtedly mark a triumph of mind over matter, that would justify all that she says of it as a deliverance of the soul from the cell of physical consciousness, and making it a free citizen of the world. But is it true? Despite the confirmation of Rosicrucian, Theosophist, and Swedenborgian, I have my doubts. That the message was written by my hand I know. That other messages written in the same way have been subsequently verified by experience is true. But such a doubting Thomas am I that I must confess that if "Julia's" statement be verified this quarter, and I am able actually to see and hear and touch the projected Double of a friend summoned by my will across a continent in a moment of time, I shall be most agreeably surprised. Certainly if it happens it will not be because it is born of expectancy; nor will the law—according to thy faith so shall it be unto thee—have been enforced in this case.

PROFESSOR CROOKES AS THE MODERN GULLIVER.

It is a long time since a more charming and suggestive exercise of the scientific imagination has been presented to the world than this Inaugural Address which Professor Crookes delivered to the Society of Psychical Research. I print it in full elsewhere, prefacing it with some brief account of the achievements of its author

in the scientific field and in the field not yet mapped out and conquered by science that lies beyond the Border. His address is one which reminds us irresistibly of Captain Lemuel Gulliver and his travels in the land of Lilliput and the region inhabited by the Brobdingnagians. Behold, says Professor Crookes, what amazing results will follow if we imagine but two slight changes in the world of external nature. Diminish or increase the force of gravitation, and you entirely revolutionise all our conceptions of life. The very shape of our backbones depends upon the relation between the size of our bodies and the dimensions of the world. Increase or diminish the capacity which we have of observing events in a second, and the whole external appearance of physical nature will be changed. Everything that we talk about as being fixed and eternal and real is in reality almost entirely subjective and phantasmal, being dependent entirely upon the proportion between our weight and that of the planet in which we live, and on the ability which we possess of noting sensations per second. Professor Crookes's picture of the Homunculus on the cabbage-leaf and of the Colossal grinding granite into fire is one of those efforts of the human imagination that indelibly impress the memory and for ever after recur to suggest and explain solutions of mysteries that otherwise would appear almost insoluble. Yet all this was but the foundation or groundwork on which Professor Crookes rested his theory of Brain Waves, by which he suggested science might hereafter solve the mystery of telepathy.

PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE'S OLIVE-BRANCH.

The sensible appeal which Professor Lodge has addressed to the Spiritualists, to cease their jibing at scientific men and the Psychical Research Society, and to betake themselves more diligently to the verification of their facts, has been welcomed cordially enough by the two organs of spiritualism. But so far from verifying these facts, the majority of spiritualists will not even take the trouble to record them. Use lessens marvel to such an extent that if the ghosts of our grandparents returned to visit us every new moon, twelve moons would not pass before we should cease to chronicle their appearance. There is another difficulty. Professor Lodge alluded to it in passing, but he evidently does not realise how great a difficulty it is. There are mediums who have been detected in deceiving their sitters. Sometimes this may be due to the medium; quite as often it may be due to the entity, whatever it may be that is controlling the medium. Yet it would seem as if, in Professor Lodge's opinion, all phenomena obtained from any medium are to be regarded as tainted and worthless if at any time that medium or any of her controls has been caught fibbing. This rule cannot be enforced, and any attempt to enforce it will increase the primary difficulty under which all investigators labour, the deficiency of first hand evidence. We must, in this case, let the wheat and tares grow together, and leave it to the angels of the Society for Psychical Research to so them out at the last day.

THE INSTRUCTIVE ANALOGY OF THE FISHES.

It is curious how little help we get from the fishes in the consideration of moral and intellectual problems. But sometimes they lend themselves to luminous analogies. I remember Sir Robert Morier's explanation of the indifference with which cultivated and humane Russians regard the torture of the Nihilists. "Oh," said the ambassador, "they have learnt to regard them just as we regard fish. Where is the angler who can even be got to conceive of salmon fishing from the ethical standpoint of the salmon? To deceive, to betray, to torture, and to kill—all these things man regards as right when he is dealing with a fish." Professor Lodge's analogy is equally luminous. The majority of men, he said, have no knowledge of spiritual existences outside themselves. Neither have the majority of fishes any knowledge of the existence of men. Fishes near the shore know that men exist. A few hardy fish in the deep sea very near the surface have seen a specimen of the human race. But to the immense majority of the innumerable millions of billions of the fishy race, the very existence of mankind must seem an unthinkable proposition. Professor Lodge merely threw out this thought by the way, but, as every reader can see, it may be elaborated to almost any extent, and will furnish no end of ingenious explanations and charitable suggestions to all true students of the Borderland.

MRS. PIPER.

One of the most important items of news that reached me last quarter was contained in a letter from Mr. Richard Hodgson of the American S. P. R. Everyone who has paid even the most cursory attention to the investigation of the S. P. R., the immense importance which they attach to Mrs. Piper, the Boston medium, who will write automatically with her hand under one control while at the same time she is being spoken through by another. It was Mrs. Piper who was chiefly instrumental in the conversion of Professor Lodge and several other eminent British Psychical Researchers. Mrs. Piper has been chiefly controlled by a French Doctor "Phinuit," and the spirit of a recently deceased neighbour. It would appear from Dr. Hodgson's letter that these controls, who certainly used to tear the poor woman about horribly, have now been expelled, and their place has been taken by no less eminent a body of guides than those who used to control "M. A. Oxon."

Miss Katharine Bates, who is now in the States on a roving commission for BORDERLAND, writes me to the same effect, much lamenting that although she was a friend of Stainton Moses, not even her old acquaintance with their former medium was held by Dr. Hodgson to justify any access being had to Mrs. Piper. If Dr. Hodgson succeeds in satisfying the S. P. R. as to the continuity of control and the identity of Mrs. Piper's

guides with "Imperator" and the others, he will indeed have done a notable day's work.

BORDERLAND IN FICTION.

A year ago, when I was asked by a representative of one of the most important publishing houses in New York, what was destined to be the next great *motif* in modern fiction, I replied unhesitatingly, the Psychic, and especially the doctrine of the Double. The latter part of the prediction is still to be fulfilled. The reality of the Double has not yet penetrated the mind of the romancer; but the Psychic problem is already submerging Mudie's and the circulating libraries. Marie Corelli has been a pioneer in this field, but she finds the vein is as fresh and fruitful as ever—*e.g.*, see Ziska, noticed elsewhere. A more distinctively psychical novel is "Flames," by the author of the "Green Carnation," where the whole plot turns upon the possibility of the soul of a sinner, at the moment of his death, taking possession of the body of a saint who happened just then to be in a trance. The immense field which the psychic key opens to the modern novelist is at last beginning to be appreciated.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

I am sorry to notice the death of Professor Drummond, at the early age of forty-six. Few men were more sympathetic, more magnetic, if we might use the phrase, especially in dealing with young men. Professor Drummond was for some years a kind of lay archbishop to the Scotch youth. Both in Edinburgh and Glasgow his name was above every name with the students, while for a very large public, both in the United Kingdom and the United States, no more universally popular religious writer could be named. His amalgam of religion and science seemed to exactly suit the palate. No one could be at once more broad or more evangelical than he. He was keenly interested in all methods of Psychical Research. The last time but one when I met him, was a visit which he paid to Mowbray House in order to meet little Janet Bailey, a remarkably clever Clairvoyant, from Lancashire. I do not know that Professor Drummond ever arrived at a fixed conviction as to the reality of spirit return, but he had a very open mind, keenly susceptible to all evidence which tended to show that its great hypotheses were founded on fact.

MR. LYMAN J. GAGE.

It is a significant comment upon the usual cant that is talked by the uninformed, as to the kind of man that is interested in the investigation of Borderland, that the most popular and influential member of McKinley's Cabinet, Mr. Lyman J. Gage, the Secretary to the Treasury, should be the man who was more intensely interested in all forms of psychic research than any other man I met in America. Lyman J. Gage, who was the president of the First National Bank in Chicago, and the first president of the Civic Federation, was, by universal consent, far and away the ideal citizen, the foremost representative of a city, pre-eminent throughout the world for its hard, keen materialistic energy. Yet, when I was in Chicago, I found Mr. Gage more interested in discussing the the possibility of Doubles, of Clairvoyance, of Psychometry, and all other phenomena, than in discussing any other subject whatever. I was invited to meet a party of psychic researchers at his hospitable mansion, and I attended more than one meeting at which he explained his interest in the subject. Yet it was this man of all other men who was selected by the new American President to take charge of the dollars and cents of the United States' Treasury.

MR. GAGE'S STANDPOINT.

Major Moses Handy, the editor of the *Chicago Times Herald*, contributes to the American *Review of Reviews*, a character sketch of Mr. Lyman Gage, in the course of which he says:—

"Mr. Gage is an earnest investigator. For years the study of psychical phenomena has been a sort of fad with him. He is a corresponding member of the London Society for Psychical Research, and is a regular reader of its transactions. Mr. Gage's own study of the fascinating subject has strengthened his conclusion that the supernatural plays no part in the production of the phenomena which are the stock in trade of the spiritualists. 'I do not believe in spiritualism,' he said. 'I wish I could. But I think it is well worth while to investigate and classify individual experiences of automatic mental action, thought transference, telepathy, alleged apparitions, &c., and subject them to scientific tests. For my part the further I look into these things the better I am satisfied that any explanation of them is more rational and more justified than that of the instrumentality of spirits, of astral bodies or of any supernatural power.'"

THE SUPERSTITION OF LUCKY NUMBERS.

Mrs. McKenna, writing in the *Temple Magazine* for April, mentions that Mr. Alma-Tadema, the well-known artist, is one of those who believe in the luckiness of numbers. Mr. Tadema's lucky number is seventeen.

His wife, he will tell you, was seventeen when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was seventeen; his present house bears the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17th. This was in 1886. He had then been in the possession of the house for three years, and throughout those three years he had been designing and making plans and sketches for rebuilding. It was on November 17th that he and his family first took up their residence there. He laughs at himself for this superstition, but it is evident that his holding to it is not wholly a joke.

What is it that underlies this widely prevalent belief as to the luckiness or unluckiness of certain numbers relating to certain persons? Such a belief, so firmly held by so many intelligent people, can hardly be entirely baseless, and yet how difficult to suggest any conceivable law that could underlie such phenomena.

II.—A MESSAGE FROM "JULIA."

THE OPEN DOOR TO THE OPEN SECRET.

THE communications which from time to time have appeared under the heading "Letters from Julia" are, as our regular readers are aware, written automatically by the hand of the Editor, which is moved without control of his physical consciousness by an Intelligence which purports to be the disembodied spirit of a friend of his, whose Christian name was "Julia." The evidence as to the identity of the communicating intelligence with the lady, Miss ——, who died some four or five years since, is to be found in the first number of BORDERLAND. The following message is the latest and one of the most interesting and important of her communications. It is printed as received, with interlocutory observations by the transmitter in brackets. The statements which are made are capable of verification, and in our next issue I hope that there may be something to report on the subject. For the present it may suffice to say that the assertions contained in this message are certainly not such as I should have dreamed of making on my own authority; and even on "Julia's," as will be seen, I hesitated about publishing them, and only did so on the assurances of two independent investigators that, much to my surprise, "Julia's" message embodied what they regard as indubitable truth.

March 14th, 1897.—Julia. My dearest friend, I am very anxious to give you the messages that I spoke of last when I wrote. We have been very interested in the recent manifestations of the apparitions of which you have so much to tell me and to hear. But we are not satisfied with any of them. Where they occur they are so fitful and uncertain, they are practically worthless.

WHAT IS WANTED.

Now what we want to prove is, that when you conform to the laws governing Borderland, there is no more reason why you should not have apparitions as regularly and as certainly as you have light when you strike a match. Because, as you know, the apparitions are there all the time, only they do not appear. That is nothing but a difference of the focus of the eye. When you have a focus adjusted only to see material things, you can only see material things. But when you are able to adjust your focus at will, you will be able to see what there is to be seen; and that with as much certainty as the astronomer sees through his telescope stars invisible to the naked eye. As the heavens are strewn thick with unsuspected worlds, so all around is full of beings which are as real as the smaller or more distant stars. When you look for the stars in the glare of noonday they are not to be seen; but they are there all the time. And so it is with the masses of mankind. We are all around you, without you seeing or feeling our presence. And I am not sure that, as a rule, for the mass of human beings, it is not better that they do not see. The mariner who steers by the familiar constellations might lose his way if the dim invisible stars revealed by the telescope were suddenly to become equally visible to him as the others.

TO SEE THE INVISIBLE AT WILL.

But all that we want is that those of you who can, should be able to see at will those beings which are normally invisible to the naked eye. I do not know whether you will always relish this consciousness of your existing, as it were, under perpetual supervision. And then the Beings which you will see when your eyes are adjusted to the Borderland, are by no means always agreeable, nor are they always calculated to help you to live the life that is highest. These things exist on both sides. And you may say, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. But more are they that are for you than all those that can be against you; and the opening up of the new vista will not weaken but strengthen, if you are strong and do not fear. Waves which drown the timorous are helpers of the brave. And in Borderland there are many waves.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

[But what is the message?]

Well, do not be impatient. What I have to tell you is, that all those who really wish to have the sixth sense, or whatever you term it, so developed that they can, at will, become sensibly, or through their senses, cognizant of the reality of the existence of the beings who encompass them about, can acquire the gift or faculty if they will but adapt themselves to the laws of the region into which they wish to penetrate. [Everybody?]

Yes, it is a potentiality of the universal human race. Nor is it only human. Many animals have the open eye They see, when their owners are blind. But you can see if you choose. It all rests with yourselves. [Well, tell me how?]

Yes, that is what I am coming to. What you want is a prescription, a kind of apothecary's pill, to purge away the dulness that darkens your eye. My friend, that is impossible. I have no such pill. The road is one that must be traversed. The lessons must be learned. The laws must be obeyed. And that is not a matter of prescription, or potion, or charm.

No, there is no short cut to the sixth sense. There may be something like it in mesmerism and hypnotism; but that is not at all what I mean. What is possible is for every child of man to become what you call nor-

mally clairvoyant. That is, for any one to possess himself of the power of seeing and hearing, as plainly as he sees and hears material things, the invisible forms and voices that surround you.

MUST BE UNDER CONTROL.

The power is one that ought to be under control. There would be only harm done if you could not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. Imagine the mischief that would happen if, when life and death hung on the absolute concentration of all faculties on the subject immediately before you, if at the supreme moment you were to see the whole phantasmagoria of Borderland pass between you and the point of exclusive attention. If you cannot control your sixth sense you had better not acquire it; better be without it than be controlled by it. You should have it at command when you need it, as you have your microscope or your telescope. But better have neither if you were to be compulsorily doomed at other will than yours, to interrupt the work of life by the spectacle of the infinitely little or the infinitely remote. Man should always be master of his senses, especially of the sixth (so-called).

March 15th.—Now let me begin by stating, once for all, that the secret things of the world are those which are the most common, the most universal, the most important. It is not things seen which are eternal. The secret forces of what you call material nature, gravitation, heat, electricity, ether, everything, in short, which is anything, is the unseen and yet universal. So it is with the spiritual entities which are all around, and which you can demonstrate the existence of as unfailingly as the existence of these other invisible things I have just spoken of.

THE THREE REQUISITES.

But as in any research you must equip yourself with tools and instruments; so in this it is necessary for you to be provided with such things as are necessary. And the first indispensable is that you should have the heart of a little child. There is no one who will enter into the kingdom who has not got the heart of a little child. That does not mean that it must be ignorant, but that it must always be simple, and must always think first of what it perceives and not always of itself. The intense self-consciousness of age, the constant questioning as to how this or that will affect yourself, and not simply what it is, will play havoc with the chances of your success. When you have determined to approach the phenomena, or whatever you call it, in a spirit of a child, you have the first desideratum. The second is not unlike. You must not only have the heart of a child, but you must have the keen reason and common sense of a man. There are plenty of illusions, and there are many pitfalls. You need all your mental faculties. Be vigilant, expect everything as a child does; but examine and test everything as a man does, without prejudice and without partiality. And the third requirement is patience. Nothing can be achieved without time and patience. But if you have the heart of a little child, the mind of a man, and the patience that, being fed by hope, never wearies, you will have the three essentials.

THE LOVE MOTIVE.

There is another thing that I might have mentioned. And that is what lies under and over and around you. It is Love. If you do not enter upon this quest, prompted by love, I do not say that you will not succeed—if the laws are followed you will—but it will make all the difference to your results and to the comfort and peace you will have in attaining them, if you pursue the investigation from a love motive and not from mere cold curiosity. Love of truth is good. But you will find that when to love of abstract truth there is added a spirit longing for communion with other spirits who are on this side, the double current is more potent. And your results will be better. You can grow flowers in the tropics or in the arctic regions; but the flowers are brighter and more easily cultivated in the tropics than amid the snow. And in all spiritual things the temperature depends upon Love.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

And now, having spoken of the mental qualifications, let me speak next of the physical. When you are setting about the investigation, you may not be in good health, and you may succeed notwithstanding. But the odds are heavily against the diseased or the infirm, in this as in all pursuits requiring attention, energy of mind and courage. The best equipped investigator may be paralysed by a physical ailment. What I have to say on this subject is nothing new. Practice the laws of health. Wash you, make you clean. While many dirty saints have seen visions, they would have had clearer vision had they had cleaner skins. Take exercise; live not to eat, but eat to live. No, I make no restrictions upon diet. Eat what makes you most efficient. There is only one rule about food and drink. Use it. [Then you don't insist on vegetables?]

No, I do not think for the purposes that I have in view it is well to insist upon vegetarian diet. If you had been always a vegetarian, that would be different. It might, and possibly would, be better for you. But for you, and all those who are accustomed to a mixed diet, to become vegetarians in order to be better clairvoyants would not be wise. For your health would suffer so much in the period when you were being accustomed to the new diet, the loss would be greater than the gain. And, on the same principle, I do not think that for married people there is any duty of abstinence from conjugal union as a condition of success. There must never be union without love. But when there is perfect love and perfect union there is a nearer approach to the perfect existence which, as one of its elements, has the clairvoyant gift.

March 17th.—We will now begin the more special part of what I have to say to you. What I have said is only the general rule of life, and it is as useful for anyone as for the psychic student. All

may be summed up in one word, viz., Live and Love. Now for the particular message which I have to give you, and, through you, to the readers of BORDERLAND.

OBSERVATION BY RECIPIENT.

[Now here I may as well interrupt my contributor by saying that I have not any glimmering of an idea as to what she is going to say. I fear that I am very sceptical about it. I distinctly do not believe that it will be so easy or certain as she says to reveal the Invisible. I may, of course, be wrong. I can never forget that when Julia told me about automatic writing with living people I was almost as sceptical, but she was right then, and she may be right now. But the odds seem to me very heavy against it. I hope that I may be wrong. But if anything is given to me that at all corresponds to the sweeping announcement with which this message was begun, I think it only right to put on record the fact that my physically conscious mind is absolutely a blank on the subject. I cannot even form any kind of imagination what she is going to say.]

Julia. No, I know that is so. Sometimes I am able to impress your physically conscious mind, and I do so. Sometimes I cannot. Sometimes I might, but I prefer not to. This is one of the last cases.

BE ALONE.

Now the first thing to be got is a place where you can be alone. Enter into thy closet. Solitude, exclusion from the world of sense, that is the first thing. When thou hast shut the door, remain alone for a time, long enough to allow the waves of the world's thoughts and cares to subside. Sometimes you could be quiescent and passive in a very few minutes. But at other times you could not regain the tranquil mood in any number of minutes. When you are about to verify this message you must be at peace. When you are in a whirl, or are in a bitter mood, or when the mind goes on and on creaking round and round like a wheel that is not greased, don't try. But when your health is good, when your mind is calm, and your mood is quite serene and happy, then go into your closet and shut the door. [And close the window-shutters?]

You need not darken the room, unless the sight of its contents or the view from the windows distracts the mind and prevents the concentration of the attention. But it is probable that at first, if you are not very restful, a shaded room would be better.

AND BE STILL.

When you are alone and still, and the door is locked, so that no one can disturb you, sit as easily as you can so as to be as far as possible unconscious of any physical discomfort or anything that reminds you of your body. [Sit and not kneel?]

I do not recommend you to kneel. The posture is not convenient for long, and any posture that reminds you that it is a posture is wrong. What you have to do is to avoid reminders from the other senses of their existence. [Why not lie down?]

I do not advise you to lie down because it suggests sleep, and I do not wish to confuse the revealing of the Invisible with the visions of the dreamer. Sit, therefore, as easily as possible, and as far as possible also avoid everything that will remind you of your body.

OBJECTION BY THE RECIPIENT.

[Now here I interrupt again, to say that it seems as if she were about to recommend some kind of self-hypnotisation. Some fakir-like gazing at the tip of your nose, or something or other like that, which I don't like,—and as far as I have formed an opinion or a prejudice, I don't believe in. So far all that she has said seems practical, simple enough but—but— Well, now I will let her proceed.]

A WELL-DESERVED REBUKE.

What an impatient unbeliever you are. What you like or don't like does not matter much, does it? What you want to know are the laws by which you must abide if you wish to avoid failure. Tides are inconvenient very often, but the wise mariner does not indulge in prejudice against tides. Listen, I am not wasting your time. I have this to tell you, and if you will do as I direct you will have the results. If not, not. There is no compulsion. You wish to see me, for instance, and to hear me, instead of merely reading what I write. You will both see and hear and touch me if you will obey my instructions, and not interrupt with your likings and dislikings which, after all, are not important.

AN INTERRUPTION.

When you are alone in the darkened room—for you had better try it with shade at first, then you must do this. [Here the writing broke off. Then in another handwriting came:

The good angel of guidance will come again, and you will be told all. At present you must stop. No more now. Never mind.]

March 18, 1897.—I am so sorry that I had to leave you yesterday. But there was an urgent call for me elsewhere. So I had to go. But now I am with you again, I will resume where I left off.

The first thing to be done, if you would have your eyes opened to see the invisible ones who surround you, is to be very still. As I said, make no effort. Be still and wait. You need to be quite passive, so as to let the other world outside slacken its hold on you, and the real world within and around you make itself felt.

HOW TO PROCEED.

Then, when you are quite still and passive, close your eyes and think of the one whom you wish to see. If it is a friend still alive, in the body, it will help you if at the same time, although that is not essential, he or she were also to be passive and alone. When you have two spirits in accord, both seeking the same thing, the difficulties are less. But you must be agreed in heart and soul; not merely seemingly agreed. One must wish to manifest, the other to be manifested to. And

during the seclusion do not change the parts. Close your eyes, and, in the absence of the outside, imagine as quietly and distinctly as possible your friend. If he is to come to you, think of him steadily, concentrating your thought on him and him alone. Think of him in detail. Make a thought-image of him, as if you were actually creating him. And all the while let your heart and soul go out in a steady longing for him to come. At the same time let him, wherever he may be, be also alone sitting with closed eyes, willing steadily to come to you wherever you may be. Let him, on his part, think of some simple heartfelt message to you. Let it be on his tongue to say it; not loudly, but with quiet, earnest confidence that you will hear. Let him repeat it quietly with the wish that you should hear it. That is all.

If you, or any two who are in accord, will do that, do it steadily in the right spirit, you will be able to see each other and to hear each other speak. It is not to be done in a day, except in rare psychics, who are in absolute accord. But if you try it for yourselves, you will see that I have spoken the truth, just as you did about the automatic handwriting from living persons. This requires more effort than the other. There are no difficulties but those of excluding the rushing, distracting flood of cares and worries. Be alone; be silent; be in a mood to receive; and you will be able to verify what I say.

[How long must this abstraction continue? And how often must it be tried before there is any reasonable hope of success?]

Everything depends upon the nature of the person and the extent to which he can distract his attention from the things of this world. As you know, there have been within your knowledge cases where the Double of a living person has come in response to appeals both from the sleeping and from those who are awake, without any long abstraction. But at first there is a possibility that the unusual effort may in itself distract. You will think so much of the effort as to be unable to think of the friend.

NEVER FORCE THINGS.

There is no hard and fast rule. I should say that the best general rule is never to force things. If you are tired in five minutes, stop then. If you can keep up the concentrated, quiet attention for a longer period, do so. But remember, the sense of strain is bad. There must be no strain, there must be no effort. Only passive readiness to see. Do not make the mistake of imagining that intensity of muscular or mental will tension is what is wanted. It is the reverse of that. Be still, and listen and watch. You must be guided by your own experiences. If you suffer in any way, drop it. If it distracts your thoughts from your daily work, do not touch it. But if you acquire this power, and have it under control as a constant possession, for you parting will be no more; unless, of course, there is a mental breach. But that is not what people mean by parting.

THE FORM NOT SUBJECTIVE.

[But is this not only a sustained effort of the imagination? Is there any objectivity in the image thus created in the dark?]

What is imagination? If you see only what you willed to see, your objection would hold. But, if having imagined your friend in a grey suit, he should appear to you in a brown, or if the image which you have imagined should speak, telling you what you did not know, but what your friend was at that moment saying to you, would that be imagination only? No, what I have said is true. You can secure the living presence of the friend with whom you are in close accord if you will but adopt these simple rules. [Humph: I wonder—?] They are so simple you do not like them, I see. You would have preferred something more magical—more out of the way. But there is no need for these wrappages. The simple truth is that you all have the capacity to do this if only you would use your souls instead of being so immersed in your material bodies.

BUT A TANGIBLE REALITY.

[But will the image not be a mere clairvoyant vision, seen with closed eyes?]

At first, as a rule, it will be so. But after a time you, or at least some of you, will be able to materialize it sufficiently for it to be visible to the physical eye in broad day. Others may not see the person who is to you visible, audible, and touchable. But you will be conscious of his presence.

[Then does the same rule hold good as to the spirits of the disembodied?]

Yes; only there are differences. With the disembodied, for instance, you cannot, as it were, check the accuracy of the psychic sense by the impressions of material things and the physical consciousness. That is why it is better to begin with the spirit of the embodied. But spirit is spirit everywhere, and the accident of its embodiment does not render it more easy or more difficult to communicate.

A NEGLECTED HERITAGE.

Oh, my friend, how I do wish you would but open your eyes and look and see. You are living in a cell whereas you might go out and occupy and possess the whole world. Why should you, with a heritage which I have faintly endeavoured to describe, live only in the material senses? Why, when you can defy time and space, and live with any of your friends, no matter how far you may be severed, should you live and think and act as if you were confined to the narrow cell bounded by your physical consciousness? All that it needs is to be alone, to be silent, to be passive. But, of course, you must not imagine that all this unseen world of spirit which is now opening before you, can be taken possession of in a moment. There are many things to be learned, many stages to be passed through. But make a beginning; and know that what you know of the reality of the Double, which at present

goes like the wind where it listeth, is for you a sign and a pledge of the possibility of making the sense-world appear but as a dungeon compared with the immenser potentialities of the Spirit.

JULIA.

NOTES ON THE MESSAGE.

(1) BY THE TRANSMITTER.

After receiving the foregoing message, I hesitated for some time as to the right course to adopt. The statement, so precise, so positive, and yet so marvellous, seemed too astounding to be published even on the authority of Julia. In such matters I usually take counsel with Mrs. Besant, but Mrs. Besant is in the United States. I therefore sent proofs of the communication just as it was received to Mr. Leadbeater, to whom Mrs. Besant told me I could refer any questions upon which I wanted advice in her absence, and who is well known as the author of the remarkable papers, entitled "Invisible Helpers," noticed in a recent number of BORDERLAND. I also sent a proof to Mr. G. H. Lock, of Hull, who for years past has made a profound study of things occult, approaching them, not from the Theosophical, but from the Swedenborgian standpoint. In sending the proof, I simply asked them for their opinions as to whether they thought there was anything in it, as I rather shrank from the responsibility of publishing a statement so portentous unless I was encouraged so to do by those who had paid much more attention to such subjects than in my busy life I have ever found time to do. I append their replies.

(2) BY A THEOSOPHICAL EXPERT.

Mr. Leadbeater wrote as follows:—

Thank you for sending me the proofs of Julia's last letters. Her statements appear to me to be perfectly accurate, and I should have no doubt at all that the results she describes could be attained along the lines which she indicates. *You* would probably obtain such results almost immediately, but I should say that to gain the necessary control of thought would take the average business man very much longer than he would be at all likely to devote to the attempt. I agree with much that Julia says, though if I had myself been giving such advice I should have insisted more strongly upon the necessity of the experimenter's subjecting himself to severe moral training first of all, in order that he may not make an improper use of his powers when he acquires them. But I suppose she takes this for granted. Could you ask her to add a word of emphatic caution as to the terrible fate awaiting those who attempt to gain such powers for evil ends?

Also, I think what she says about absolute passivity may be misunderstood. I know perfectly what she means, but I doubt whether that is the best word to use. It may be taken to signify the condition of a medium—a mere instrument whose wires may be swept by any passing wind; whereas her meaning is rather that a man should hold his mind perfectly still, while his consciousness, keenly alert and watchful, functions in that which lies beyond and higher than the mind. She shows this by remarking that even in the state of passivity the thought must be steadily concentrated, and the heart and soul must go out in a definite longing.

I have been taught to attach more importance than she does to celibacy, vegetarianism, and abstinence from alcohol. I quite admit that it is undoubtedly a man's duty to keep his body in health; but I think he should control and use it—not allow himself to be dominated by its cravings. And I fear that unless a man had developed his moral nature and obtained perfect command over his desires and passions—unless he were absolutely pure in heart and mind—there would be great danger of his falling before the temptation to use these astral powers for selfish ends, and so degenerating into what is called in the East black magic. The methods suggested are accurate enough, and much of the advice is very good; but I do think that much more stress ought to be laid upon the imperative necessity of the moral qualifications.

(3) BY A DISCIPLE OF SWEDENBORG.

Mr. Lock replied, "With reference to the paper submitted to me, there are two points on which I think it incorrect. The first—

This about *difference* of *focus* is inaccurate, except as regards spirits in astral (elementary physical) bodies, or lowest-plane doubles. No change in optical *focus* could make a pure spirit visible.

I do not believe in this "perpetual supervision" in the sense suggested by Julia. *Good* spirits quickly get out of their *astral* plane, leaving the riff-raff, with whom association is *not* desirable. Under *normal* conditions, spirits are as unconscious of our presence as we are of theirs; for this depends upon the planal difference in the substances which compose the two kinds of bodies.

The rest of the paper seems to me quite right, and I am very glad to see so much insistence upon the importance of never losing control of your faculties.

Potentially, we are all clairvoyant. But the whole social conditions are against the development of the faculty. Then, also, constitution has much to do with it, as I am *absolutely certain*. Those born under *passive signs* of the Zodiac, as Cancer, Pisces, and Virgo (this latter your own) are much more psychically susceptible than others. [Your ruling planet is in Cancer; and six out of the nine planets in your horoscope are in passive signs. Hence you have some capacity in this direction.]

As to the rest—all this is nothing new, and is perfectly correct. It is knowledge that has been handed down the ages by Rosicrucians and others, and expressed in different forms. I already possess—have long possessed—the clear statement of these processes, together with much that Julia has not told you. It is to all intents and purposes the process adopted by "self-developed" mediums. It is *in part* the "Yoga" practised by Theosophists. Julia has expressed the truth in the simplest and least objectionable form. You need have not the slightest objection to publishing it—nor the slightest fear. Moreover, one thing is quite certain: the *few* who attempt the process will not all succeed; the conditions of life are against it. Some few, who might thereby become useful, may be waiting for this very information.

Here was confirmation and encouragement indeed, after receiving which I decided to publish Julia's message, leaving it to my readers to verify for themselves the accuracy of the statement which she has made. I have not yet had time to make the experiment. When I have leisure and opportunity I shall put the matter to the test. I hope any of my readers who try the experiment will keep me advised as to the results which they attain.

JULIA'S REPLY.

After receiving these communications from Mr. Leadbeater, I asked Julia what she thought of it. She replied as follows:—

(1) TO MR. LEADBEATER.

"With regard to Mr. Leadbeater's caution, I think my message is better left as it is, and I think he will agree with me when I have finished. There is nothing

gained by advertising dangers that you feel are too attractive. Personally I do not think that the danger referred to is so great. That it is real, I do not doubt, and you know there is truth in the possibility, but these things are under the control of a higher power. The opportunity to materialise doubles is not one that is given to mankind without limit, it is permitted by the higher powers, but it is not a power that any one can use up. You know how anxious I am for the highest life, and how sad I should be if anything was said that would deprave or degrade; but I don't think it necessary.

"If you put in Mr. Leadbeater's warning, you must say that I have always recognised that there are great dangers in the inter-union with the invisibles, and that if any one thinks to hold such communion for any purpose which he would be ashamed to acknowledge before all men, he had better not seek it, for it will be open before the eyes of all hereafter, as it is now to the eyes of spirits. That is all I need say as to that.

"I do not deny that the practice of asceticism may, after the practice is a custom, help the manifestation, but any physical privation that reminds you of physical existence entails more loss than gain."

(2) TO MR. LOCK.

With regard to the criticisms of Mr. Lock, she says: "About the focus—I think I understand what his point of objection is. And to an extent I agree with him. But I think that while I made the statement too absolute as it were universal, his would narrow the truth too much. For instance, there is no focus in the strict sense which would reveal the Invisibles to the eye of the mind. Yet there is a detachment of the mind, from the material, which enables it to become sensibly conscious of the existence of spirits embodied or disembodied which were before invisible.

"While I do not deny that there are many things hidden from our eyes, we have far greater range of vision than you. I remember when I first dropped my body, this addition of the faculty of seeing spirits among men was something new and superadded to what I had before seen. I have not lost that gift, but rather extended it. I feel a difficulty in explaining how the law operates. But of this you may be quite sure. Your lives are open to the eyes of those invisible spirits who are permitted to see what you think and hear what you say. You are compassed about by a far greater company of witnesses than you imagine. They—but why try to persuade, when soon you will see for yourself.

"No, I don't think that he is right about the communications being possible only from lower levels. We find such a difficulty in making you understand that we are not conditioned by your limitations. Where I am there is life, and a life that has love as its vital breath. That Divine thing can and does survive the difficulties of communicating with persons still on earth. But you need not go to BORDERLAND for analogies. If your saints and sages can hold converse without loss of holiness or wisdom with savages and fools, why can not we? There is more difference of plane between a good man and a bad man than there is caused by the accident of embodiment or disembodiment."

GHOSTS.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

UNTO a soul there came the spectre Strife,
To teach him of the bitterness of life;
And then came Grief, to mock his old-time peace,
To whisper and to haunt and never cease.
The ghost Regret came in the quiet night
And hovered sadly o'er his couch of white;
And Vanished Love came in the twilight dim
To crucify and wound and laugh at him.
Full oft these spirits came to haunt his heart,
And only smiled whene'er he cried, "Depart!"
Full oft they came—Regret, Love, Strife, and Grief,
And through the years this soul found no relief.
"Yet, oh!" he said, "in patience I would wait,
Did I not see beyond life's distant gate
A spirit darker far than all of these,
Which haunts me more and gives me far less peace.
For Death, the doomsman, beckoneth afar,
Beyond the night where gleams no silent star.
I fear him more; he waits somewhere for me;
I know him not, save when in dreams I see
The vision of his form, august, austere.
I can bear all,—but Death, oh, Death I fear!"
At last his soul fell in his last long sleep,
And all was o'er. Beyond the unknown deep
He rose to cry with joyous, wakening breath,
"I slept and dreamed sweet dreams; Lord, was that
Death?"

New England Magazine.

III.—GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

PROFESSOR CROOKES.

IT is extremely difficult to popularise the personality of scientific men, whose lives are spent in researches into the infinitely obscure, although infinitely important questions of natural science. Here, for instance, is Professor Crookes, the president of the Psychical Research Society, whose inaugural address I print in full on another page. By common consent, Professor Crookes is one of the foremost men of science of the present day. Lord Kelvin may be regarded as more eminent, Alfred R. Wallace as more closely associated with the great scientific doctrine of Natural Selection than he, but after Lord Kelvin and Alfred R. Wallace, there is no man of science, now that Huxley and Tyndall are dead, whose name is quite so familiar to the public, or held in such respect by the selecter world which is composed, let us say, of the Fellows of the Royal Society.

Yet, of Mr. Crookes as a man, who knows anything save his own most intimate friends? His very devotion to his own studies, and concentration in pushing a little wider the boundaries of our knowledge, increases the difficulty of presenting any picture of his life as he has lived it in the columns of BORDERLAND. I shall not, therefore, attempt to do anything that could claim to be regarded as a character sketch, much less a picture of Professor Crookes, with whom, I regret to say, my acquaintance is but slight. I met him once at the breakfast table of Mr. Haweis some years ago. But with that exception he has been to me as to the majority of my readers, and nothing else.

HIS RADIOMETER.

There are a multitude of people in the world of whose existence we are vaguely conscious, but we have no realising sense of their persons until something brings us personally into contact with them, or something that they have done impinges upon our brains. I can remember as well as if it were yesterday the first time the name of Crookes became something more to me than the mere collocation of the letters of the alphabet. It was a quarter of a century since, I should say. I was then editing the *Northern Echo*, at Darlington, when my attention was called one day to a curious little machine, which was exhibited in a shop window nearly opposite the post office. It was a very delicate and slender piece of mechanism. Something like a small windmill, or compound between a watermill and a windmill, delicately poised and carefully secured under glass. An inscription below stated that this was Crookes's Radiometer, and its merit consisted in the demonstration which it afforded of the dynamic force of light apart from heat. In midday, when this little instrument was exposed to the rays of the sun, the fins or sails of the little wheels began to rotate, and continued to revolve so long as the driving force of the sunlight fell upon their surface.

ITS BEARING ON THE BORDERLAND.

I remember the feeling that the spectacle of these little sunmills driven by the light of the sun gave me in those far-away days. There were, of course, the usual efforts to explain it away, and to suggest that it was wind or electricity or heat that made the wheel rotate; but after all these explanations had been knocked on the head, and you were left face to face with the demonstrated fact of the light ray driving a machine by the pure force of light itself, then you were compelled to admit that, in a way, you did not exactly understand, to an extent you did not realise, your horizon had been somewhat widened, and your sense of the wonderful, miraculous nature of the world in which you lived was deepened and intensified. What Professor Crookes did for me with his Radiometer, every verifier and demonstrator of the reality of the phenomena which lie outside, or are altogether inconsistent with what is regarded as the recognized and invariable order of nature, does for his fellow men. He widens their horizon, makes them realise how little they know, and fills them with hope and promise of an illimitable field of knowledge waiting to be possessed.

What has done most to pierce the almost impenetrable armour of stolid incredulity with which the average man encases himself, in order the better to do his daily work—much as the rhinoceros has developed his armour-plated hide as a protection against the thorns of its environment—has been the recent discovery that the rays which are obtained by the use of a Crookes tube are capable of enabling us to photograph objects, invisible not only to the eye, but to every instrument that has been invented to enable the eye to see.

THE PROGENITOR OF THE X RAYS.

It is hardly twelve months since this earthquake-fact was let loose upon the world, and we shall have to wait many a long year before we can fully appreciate the extent to which it has ripped and riven the tough clay of materialism, in which so many of us burrow like moles. Professor Crookes was away in Africa at the time when Professor Rontgen first made known to the world the extraordinary results that could be obtained by the simple vacuum tube that bears Mr. Crookes's name. Neither has Mr. Crookes, since his return, taken any steps whatever to identify himself more closely with the discovery of the X rays. He is not of the advertising tribe, but in spite of anything he does or omits to do, his name will always be associated with the one discovery of our time which, more than any other, has compelled the man in the street to admit that, after all, "there may be more things in heaven and earth than this world dreams of." Alas, that I should ever have to be driven to a quotation, which is the invariable and inevitable resource of every man who, against his will, is compelled to admit that what he has hitherto ridiculed as utterly beyond the bounds of the possible, may, after all, be an absolute fact.

THALLIUM.

The men of science, the learned chemists, and distinguished experts, who elected Mr. Crookes President of the Chemical Society, can appreciate, because they can understand, the discoveries which Mr. Crookes has made in, say, for example, the discovery of Thallium, and all that such a discovery implies; but the ordinary man does not know of the Thallium, and it would be all one to him if it were said that Mr. Crookes had discovered Bdellium. Indeed, he would feel in that case as if he were on safer ground, for has he not read Bdel-

lium in the Bible, whereas Thallium—what is Thallium? He gives it up, and goes his way. If he knows nothing about Thallium, he knows still less of many of the later discoveries, of the verification to which Professor Crookes has devoted many laborious years.

But every man, nay, every intelligent child, can appreciate and understand what Professor Crookes did when he invented the Radiometer, and showed how it was possible to harness the sunbeams to a machine, and it is equally easy to appreciate the marvel associated with the tube which enables us to photograph our skeletons without getting outside of our clothes.

I.—HIS SCIENTIFIC CAREER.

I quote, without note or comment, the cut and dried summary of Professor Crookes' scientific achievements from "Men of the Time."

Crookes, Professor William, F.R.S., was born in London in 1832. In 1848 he entered the Royal College of Chemistry as a pupil of the distinguished chemist Dr. Hofmann, and at the age of seventeen he gained the Ashburton Scholarship. After two years' study he became, first junior, then senior assistant to Dr. Hofmann, until 1854, when he was appointed to superintend the meteorological department of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford. In 1855 he became Professor of Chemistry at the Training College, Chester. In 1859 he founded the *Chemical News*, and is still its proprietor and editor; and in 1864 he became editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. Mr. Crookes's earliest original researches were begun whilst at the Royal College of Chemistry, and his first paper, "On the Seleno-Cyanides," was published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society* in 1851. Since that date he has been much engaged in original research on questions connected with chemistry and physics.

DISCOVERS THALLIUM.

In 1861 Mr. Crookes discovered, by means of spectrum observations and chemical reactions, the metal thallium, and he also determined its position among elementary bodies, and produced a series of analytical notes on the new metal. In 1863 Mr. Crookes was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; in 1865 he discovered the sodium amalgamation process for separating gold and silver from their ores. In 1866 he was appointed by the Government to report upon the application of disinfectants in arresting the spread of the cattle plague, which in that year excited much alarm in England. In 1871 he was a member of the English expedition to Oran to report upon the total phase of the solar eclipse which occurred in December of that year. In June, 1872, he laid before the Royal Society laborious researches on the atomic weight of thallium—researches that extended over a period of eight years.

INVENTS THE RADIOMETER.

In 1872 he began his experiments on "Repulsion resulting from Radiation." His first paper on this subject was read before the Royal Society, December 11, 1873, and between that time and 1880 Mr. Crookes sent to the Society other communications on collateral subjects, which are all published in the "Philosophical Transactions." One important result of these investigations is the Radiometer. In 1875 Mr. Crookes received from the Royal Society the award of a Royal Medal for chemical and physical researches. In 1876 he was elected a Vice-President of the Chemical Society, and the next year a member of the Council of the Royal Society. In 1877 he described the Otheoscope—a greatly modified Radiometer, susceptible of an almost endless variety of forms. In 1878 he gave before the Royal Society a "Bakerian Lecture," containing another long series of experiments and observations on "Repulsion resulting from Radiation."

MOLECULAR PHYSICS.

In 1879 the Royal Society published in its "Philosophical Transactions" records of Mr. Crookes's experiments on "Molecular Physics in High Vacua." In the same year appeared a further paper on "Repulsion resulting from Radiation;" and he was again appointed Bakerian Lecturer to the Royal Society, his subject the "Ilumination of Lines of Molecular Pressure and the Trajectory of Molecules." In 1880 the French *Académie des Sciences* bestowed on Mr. Crookes an extraordinary prize of 3000 francs and a Gold Medal, in recognition of his discoveries in Molecular Physics and Radiant Matter. In 1881 Mr. Crookes acted as a Juror at the International Exhibition of Electricity in Paris. In this official position he was not entitled to a medal, but in the official report, his fellow jurors, after discussing the merits of four systems of incandescent lamps, declared—"None of them would have succeeded had it not been for these extreme vacua which Mr. Crookes has taught us to obtain."

HIS BOOKS.

Mr. Crookes is the author of "Select Methods in Chemical Analysis,"—2nd ed., revised and extended, 1886; of the "Manufacture of Beetroot-Sugar in England;" of a "Handbook of Dyeing and Calico-Printing;" and of a manual of "Dyeing and Tissue Printing," 1882,—one of the "Technological Handbooks" prepared for the examinations of the City and Guilds of London Institute. He is also joint author of the English adaptation of Kerl's "Treatise on Metallurgy." He has edited the last three editions of Mitchell's "Manual of Practical Assaying," and has translated into English and edited Reimann's "Aniline and its Derivatives," Wagner's "Chemical Technology," Auerbach's "Anthracen and its Derivatives," 2nd ed. 1890, and Ville's "Artificial Manures," 2nd ed. 1882. Mr. Crookes is an authority on sanitary questions, especially the disposal of town-sewage, and his views have been laid before the public in two pamphlets, "A Solution of the Sewage Question" and "The Profitable Disposal of Sewage."

RARE EARTHS.

Since 1883 Mr. Crookes has been almost exclusively engaged with researches on the nature and constitution of the Rare Earths as interpreted by the "Radiant Matter" test, a new method of spectroscopic examination, the outcome of his earlier discoveries on "Radiant Matter," which seems likely to throw a side light on the origin and constitution of the elements. On this subject he has communicated many papers to the Royal and other societies, some of the most important being the following:—"Radiant Matter Spectroscopy; the Detection and wide Distribution of Yttrium," the Bakerian Lecture for 1883; "On Radiant Matter Spectroscopy, Part II., Samarium;" "Notes on the Spectra of Erbia, and the Earth Yα;" "On some New Elements in Gadolinite and Samarskite, detected Spectroscopically;" "On the Crimson Line of Phosphorescent Alumina." In 1882 Mr. Crookes was elected a member of the Athenæum Club, under rule 2.

HIS REPUTATION AS A CHEMIST.

In 1886 Mr. Crookes was elected President of the Chemical Section of the British Association, and at their Birmingham meeting that year he delivered an address in which he propounded some novel speculations on the probable origin of the Chemical Elements, showing that the balance of evidence was in favour of the view that our so-called elements have been formed by a process of evolution from one primordial matter. In 1887 he delivered a Friday evening discourse before the members of the Royal Institution, on the "Genesis of the Elements." In the same year he was elected President of the Chemical Society; he held office for the usual period of two years, and at the anniversary meetings he delivered two addresses, one on "Elements and Meta-Elements," and the other on "The Spectroscopic History of the so-called Rare Earths." In 1888 Mr. Crookes was awarded the Davy Medal of the Royal Society, for his Radiant Matter Researches.

In this article, written for the ordinary man, I take my stand on the two things which Professor Crookes has done, which everybody has heard of, and marvelled at.

THE ARGUMENT WITH SCEPTICS.

To the ordinary commonplace sceptic who denies the reality of the phenomena of the Borderland, may I say, "Thirty years ago, you would have denied the fact that it was possible to harness the sunbeam to a machine, and make light itself drive a mill, but there is the man who has done it, and here is his machine, which you can see at work for yourself." Then I should go on, and say, "Twelve months ago you would have overwhelmed anyone with ridicule who had asserted that it was possible to obtain a perfect photograph of a man's spine while he was wearing his clothes, and had not yet dispensed with his flesh. Yet it is done as a matter of course by nearly everybody to-day, and here is the man whose tube enabled that inconceivable miracle to become the everyday possession of everybody. Now," I would go on to say, "the same scientific genius that enabled him to invent the Radiometer, and to construct the vacuum tubes, by which we have obtained the X rays, has been at work in another sphere, in which it has succeeded in obtaining results as incredible to you as those of which I have been speaking, and, if you will but give your attention, you will see that in this domain of Borderland, in the investigation of the phenomena of so-called spiritualism, Professor Crookes has succeeded in demonstrating the reality of an unknown force which as yet is so marvellous and so mysterious, and so great as to be even beyond his capacity adequately to size it up."

THE USEFULNESS OF PROFESSOR CROOKES.

Such is the plain way in which we have to talk to the plain man, and that is why Professor Crookes is so useful to those of us who, in season and out of season, are laboriously attempting to open the eyes of those who wilfully close their eyelids, and then proclaim their scorn and contempt for all those who profess to see.

Professor Crookes is now President for this year of the Psychical Research Society. His inaugural address, which is corrected by himself, and accompanied with the leading article in the *Times*, and the letter which he addressed to that paper, will be found in another page. I do not propose to discuss this latest exposition of the theories of an acute observer, who has reflected much of the phenomena which are usually held to lie beyond the province of the man of science. Instead of writing a dissertation concerning the inaugural address, I propose to recall to the remarkable series of experiments by which Professor Crookes was led to arrive at the conclusion that these things were so, and that it was as indisputable that they were so as that the sun is in the midheaven, or that spring and summer, autumn and winter, succeed each other in the circuit of the year.

II.—HIS PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTS.

Some twenty-six years ago there was published, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, an article in which Mr. Crookes set forth clearly what will generally be admitted to be the right attidude of a scientific man when confronted with the phenomena of the Borderland. There is certainly nothing that can be regarded as very sympathetic in the state of mind with which he first began to investigate Spiritualism.

HOW HE BEGAN.

He believed, he tells us, that the whole affair was a superstition, or at least an unexplained trick. He was repelled by the reckless assertions made by Spiritualists, and the utterly inane method in which many Spiritualists argue, that he took refuge in Faraday's severe statement that, "Many dogs have the power of coming to much more logical conclusions." With the best intentions in the world, he found it impossible to discern any residue of meaning in the bombastic nonsense which they talked. He austerely remarked that we must not mix up the exact and the inexact, the supremacy of accuracy must be absolute. The first requisite is to be sure of facts. No observations are of much use to the student of science unless they are truthful, and made under test conditions.

WHAT HE WANTED.

And here Mr. Crookes found the great mass of spiritual evidence to fail. Instead of welcoming the insistence of precautions against fraud, Spiritualists are offended, and positively resent any attempt to obtain instrumental means for correcting the observations of our unaided senses. Hitherto, he declared, "I have seen nothing to convince me of the truth of the spiritualistic theory." Yet even then he was as certain as he was of the most elementary fact in chemistry, that many of the physical phenomena were produced under circumstances in which they could not be explained by any physical law at present known. This firm conviction was the result of the most careful investigation. He then, in a familiar passage, contrasts the immense assertions of the Spiritualists with the modest demands of the man of science. Very little will satisfy the latter, but all such exhibitions must be manifested in his laboratory, where he can weigh, measure, and submit it to the proper tests. It was in this spirit that Professor Crookes began an inquiry suggested to him by eminent persons exercising great influence in the thought of the country.

WHAT HE FOUND.

The result of his experiments were set forth from time to time in the pages of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, from whence they were collected and reprinted in the volume entitled "Researches in Spiritualism," a book which, together with a paper which he communicated to the Psychical Research Society, describing his experiments with D. D. Home, the medium, constitute the sum and substance of what he was able to verify under conditions which satisfy even his exigent demands. He embodied the chief results of his inquiry in a paper first published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for January, 1874, under the title "Notes of an Enquiry into a Phenomena called Spiritual." In this paper he refers to himself as an explorer, who for the four years has been occupied in pushing an inquiry into a territory of natural knowledge which offers almost virgin soil to a scientific man. When he began the inquiry he only intended to devote a month or two, in order to ascertain whether the phenomena would stand close scrutiny. He found so much in it that the few months grew into years, and at the close of his inquiry, which he abandoned reluctantly, owing to the fact that he had not the time to follow it up; and, besides, he was no longer able to command the services of such good mediums as those who assisted him in the earlier stages of his investigations, he embodied the conclusions at which he arrived in this paper.

HIS TESTIMONY.

The paper merely contains an outline of his investigations. He was content to merely place on record a series of actual occurrences which had taken place in his own

house, in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, under the strictest test conditions that he could devise. They did not take place in the dark; neither were they confined to any particular place or room. There was no exclusion of sceptics from witnesses. Professor Crookes generally chose his own circle, and introduced any hardheaded unbeliever whom he cared to have. Yet phenomena, to imitate which would baffle the ablest conjuror, backed with all the resources of elaborate machinery and the practice of years, had taken place in his own house at times appointed by himself, and under circumstances which absolutely precluded the employment of the very simplest instrumental aids. Having taken such precautions, being so fortified with the evidence of trustworthy observers, he felt that it would be moral cowardice not to publicly testify to the truth of the occurrences of facts of the most astounding character, which seemed utterly irreconcilable with all known theories of science.

Now what is it that Professor Crookes discovered by his patient and careful investigations? He has set forth the facts, the reality of which he succeeded in verifying under thirteen different headings. He prefaces this summary by the following emphatic declaration.

On going over my notes, I find such a wealth of facts, such a superabundance of evidence, so overwhelming a mass of testimony, that I could fill several numbers of the Quarterly. I must therefore be content on this occasion with an outline only of my labours, leaving proofs and full details to another occasion.

VERIFIED PHENOMENA.

Every occurrence, for the truth of which he vouches, he declares took place "in my own house, in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, and under as strict test conditions as I could devise." Now let us see the mere list of these occurrences, for the reality of which he stakes his reputation.

1. The movement of heavy bodies without contact, but without mechanical exertion.
2. The phenomena of percussive and other allied sounds.
3. The alteration of weight of bodies.
4. Movements of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium.
5. The rising of tables and chairs off the ground, without contact with any person.
6. The levitation of human beings.
7. Movement of various small articles without contact with any person.
8. Luminous appearances.
9. The appearance of hands, either self-luminous or visible, by ordinary light.
10. Direct writing.
11. Phantom forms and faces.
12. Special instances which seem to point to the agency of an exterior intelligence.
13. Miscellaneous occurrences of a complex character.

To these must be added.

1. The handling of red-hot coals by the Medium.
2. The materialization of spirit forms.

Now it is obvious that it is impossible for me even to summarize here the mass of evidence which could be adduced under each of these fifteen heads.

THE FIRE TEST.

I may, however, quote his description of the fire test, which he communicated to Part XV. of the Proceedings of the S. P. R. The notes were made during the seance of May 9, 1871, at the house of Miss Douglas, 81, South Audley Street. There were present besides Mr. Crookes, Mr. Home, the Medium, Miss Douglas, Miss Gregory, Mr. O. R., Mr. Jones, W. F.—seven persons in all.

Mr. Home sank back in his chair with his eyes closed, and remained still for a few minutes. He then rose up in a trance and made signs for his eyes to be blindfolded. This was done. He walked about the room in an undecided sort of manner, came up to each of the sitters and made some remark to them. He went to the candle on a side table (close to the large table) and passed his fingers backwards and forwards through the flame several times so slowly that they must have been severely burnt under ordinary circumstances. He then held his fingers up, smiled and nodded as if pleased, took up a fine cambric handkerchief belonging to Miss Douglas, folded it up on his right hand and went to the fire. Here he threw off the bandage from his eyes, and by means of the tongs lifted a piece of red hot charcoal from the centre and deposited it on the folded cambric; bringing it across the room, he told us to put out the candle which was on the table, knelt down close to Mrs. W. F. and spoke to her about it in a low voice. Occasionally he fanned the coal to a white heat with his breath. Coming a little further round the room, he spoke to Miss Douglas, saying, "We shall have to burn a very small hole in the handkerchief. We have a reason for this which you do not see." Presently he took the coal back to the fire and handed the handkerdhief to Miss Douglas. A small hôle about half an inch in diameter was burnt in the centre, and there were two small points near it, but it was not even singed anywhere else. (I took the handkerchief away with me, and on testing it in my laboratory found that it had not undergone the slightest chemical preparation which could have rendered it fire-proof.)

Mr. Home again went to the fire, and after stirring the hot coal about with his hand, took out a red-hot piece nearly as big as an orange, and putting it on his right hand, covered it over with his left hand so as to almost completely enclose it, and then blew into the small furnace thus extemporised until the lump of charcoal was nearly white-hot, and then drew my attention to the lambent flame which was flickering over the coal and licking round his fingers; he fell on his knees, looked up in a reverent manner, held up the coal in front and said: "Is not God good? Are not His laws wonderful?"

Going again to the fire, he took out another hot coal with his hand and holding it up said to me, "Is not that a beautiful large bit, William? We want to bring that to you. Pay no attention at present." The coal, however, was not brought. Mr. Home said: "The power is going," and soon came back to his chair and woke up.

Mr. O. R. left at 11 o'clock. After this, nothing particular took place.

The following refers to a somewhat similar incident:—

Extract from a letter from Mr. Crookes to Mrs. Honeywood, describing an incident at a Séance on April 28th, and incorporated in Mrs. Honeywood's notes of the Séance.

At Mr. Home's request, whilst he was entranced, I went with him to the fireplace in the back drawing-room. He said, "We want you to notice particularly what Dan is doing." Accordingly I stood close to the fire and stooped down to it when he put his hands in. He very deliberately pulled the lumps of hot coal off, one at a time, with his right hand and touched one which was bright red. He then said, "The power is not strong on Dan's hand, as we have been influencing the handkerchief most. It is more difficult to influence an inanimate body like that than living flesh, so, as the circumstances were favourable, we thought we would show you that we could prevent a red-hot coal from burning a handkerchief. We will collect more power on the handkerchief and repeat it before you. Now!"

Mr. Home then waved the handkerchief about in the air two or three times, held it up above his head and then folded it up and laid it on his hand like a cushion; putting his other hand into the fire, took out a large lump of cinder red-hot at the lower part and placed the red part on the handkerchief. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been in a blaze. In about half a minute, he took it off the handkerchief with his hand, saying, "As the power is not strong, if we leave the coal longer

it will burn." He then put it on his hand and brought it to the table in the front room, where all but myself had remained seated.

(Signed) WILLIAM CROOKES.

THE MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRITS.*

In the materialization séances given by Miss Cook in Professor Crookes's laboratory, his library was used as the dark cabinet. Miss Cook, who was a constant visitor at his house, was under strict surveillance—not even being allowed to sleep by herself. She would go direct from the dinner table to the library, lie down on the floor with her head on the pillow, and pass into a trance. Then the spirit known as Katie King would materialize. Katie allowed Professor Crookes to touch her, to follow her into the Cabinet, where he sometimes saw her and her medium together, but usually found no one but Miss Cook, Katie having instantaneously disappeared. In order to preclude any possibility of mistake, it was decided to photograph Katie and her medium at the same time. Five complete sets of photographic apparatus were fitted up, and all five were brought to bear upon Katie at the same moment. Every night in one week there were three or four exposures of plates in the five cameras, and as a result he obtained 44 negatives, some inferior, some indifferent, and some excellent. He obtained one photograph of the two together. Katie was seated in front of Miss Cook's head. "It was a common thing for the seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of electric light." Mr. Crookes was photographed standing beside Katie and afterwards with Miss Cook, dressed like Katie, in the same position. Her portrait was identical in both, but Katie was half-a-head taller than Miss Cook. Mr. Crookes says:—

"I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals so far as their bodies are concerned, several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's. Miss Cook's hair is so dark a brown as almost to appear black; a lock of Katie's which is now before me, and which she allowed me to cut from her luxuriant tresses, having first braced it up to the scalp, and satisfied myself that it actually grew there, is a rich golden auburn. On one evening I timed Katie's pulse. It beat steadily at 75, while Miss Cook's pulse, a little time after was going at its usual rate of 90.

Katie, indeed, seems to have been much superior to her medium. Mr. Crookes says—

Photography is as inadequate to depict the perfect beauty of Katie's face as words are powerless to describe her charms of manner. Photography may indeed give a map of her countenance, but how can it reproduce the brilliant purity of her complexion, or the ever varying expression of her most mobile features. Now overshadowed with sadness when relating some of the bitter experiences of her past life; now smiling with all the innocence of happy girlhood, when she had collected my children around her and was amusing them by recounting anecdotes of her adventures in India.

I had hoped to have been able to reproduce some of these Katie photographs, but, alas! Mr. Crookes tells me they were all accidentally destroyed some years ago. It only remains to be added that the Katie King materialisations lasted for more than three years. Every test which Professor Crookes proposed was welcomed. Miss Cook was an innocent school girl of fifteen. Hence Professor Crookes concludes, not without reason, that to imagine Katie King to be the result of imposture does mere violence to one's reason and common sense than to believe her to be what she herself affirms.

THE ACCORDION PLAYED BY UNSEEN HANDS.

After the Katie King materialisations it is, indeed, a descent to the comparatively vulgar phenomenon of the playing of an accordion without human touch. It is interesting, however, as illustrating the careful precautions taken by Professor Crookes against fraud.

The apparatus prepared for the purpose of testing the movements of the accordion consisted of a cage, formed of two wooden hoops, respectively 1 foot 10 inches and 2 feet in diameter, connected together by 12 narrow laths, each 1 foot 10 inches long, so as to form a drum-shaped frame, open at the top and bottom; round this 50 yards of insulated copper wire were wound in 24 rounds, each being rather less than an inch from its neighbour. These horizontal strands of wire were then netted together firmly with string, so as to form meshes rather less than 2 inches long by 1 inch high. The height of this cage was such that it would just slip under my dining table, but be too close to the top to allow of the hand being introduced into the interior, or to admit of a foot being pushed underneath it. In another room were two Grove's cells, wires being led from them into the dining-room for connection, if desirable, with the wire surrounding the cage.

The accordion was a new one, having been purchased by myself for the purpose of these experiments at Wheatston's, in Conduit Street. Mr. Home had neither handled nor seen the instrument before the commencement of the test experiments.

Mr. Home took the accordion between the thumb and middle finger of one hand at the opposite end of the keys, laid his other hand on the table, and the accordion played by itself within the cage. Mr. Home then removed his hand altogether from the accordion, which continued to play a simple air—no one present having a finger on the keys or on the accordion. Then Mr. Crookes

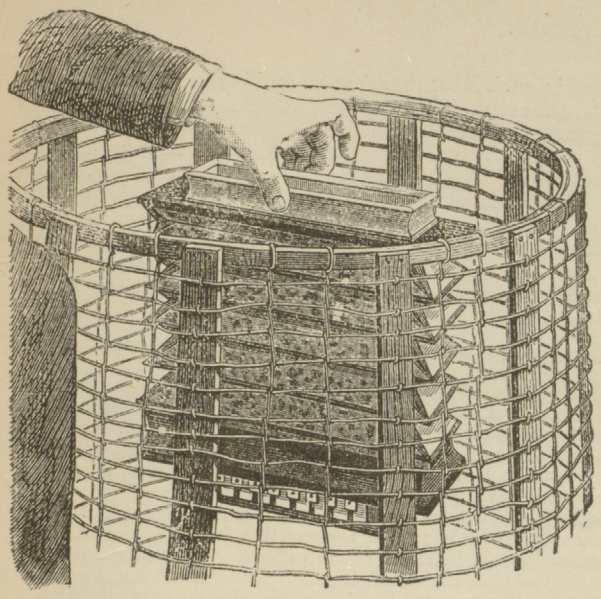
* It may not be without interest to quote here Miss Florrie Cook's own account of this episode in her career as a materializing medium. It appeared in *The Two Worlds* last March. Miss Cook says:—

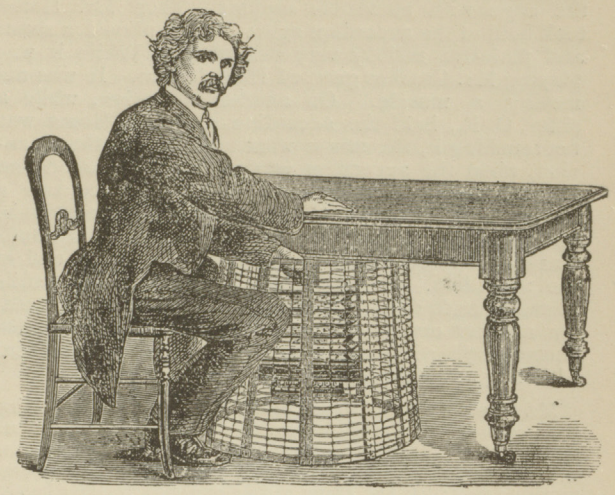
"I went to Mr. Crookes myself, without the knowledge of my parents or friends, and offered myself a willing sacrifice on the altar of his unbelief. It was immediately after the unpleasant incident of Mr. Volckmann, and those who did not understand said many cruel things of me. Mr. Crookes, who had had a very little experience already, did not spare me with the rest; and something he said nettled me so much that I went straight to him without a thought, except to put myself right with him and the world. I said, in effect, 'You believe me to be an impostor. Well, you shall see. I will come to your house; Mrs. Crookes shall supply me with clothes, and send those that I come in away. You shall keep me under the closest observation as long as you like, make any experiment you choose, and satisfy yourself completely and finally one way or the other. I make only one condition. If you find I am a fraud, denounce me as strongly and as publicly as you please; but if you find that the phenomena are genuine, and that I am but an instrument in the hands of the Unseen, say so honestly and publicly, and clear me before the world.'"

"And Mr. Crookes took you at your word, as we all know?"

"He did, and kept his part of the bargain like the perfect gentleman he is, though it cost him something to make the frank and unequivocal avowal that he did. Everyone who has the smallest acquaintance with the literature of modern Spiritualism knows what happened; how from hearing me breathing and sighing in the cabinet whilst Katie was outside in full view, Mr. Crookes and the rest of his family came to see us both, often and often in the full glare of electric light, together and at the same time; how Katie entered into the spirit of his experiments, and learning to trust him fully and freely, fell in readily with his every suggestion, and furthered his plans in every possible way in her power; how he took dozens of photographs of her alone, and the two of us together; how he satisfied himself that Katie when materialised was a woman of flesh and blood, with beating heart, throbbing pulse, and respiring lungs like the rest of us, and yet saw her melt into nothingness again and again before his eyes; how he was present at that last pathetic scene, when Katie, her work being done, bid me a touching farewell, my eyes blinded with tears and my voice choked with sobs—all this is told in Mr. Crookes' book—and the end of it was that he rendered me as ample and complete a tribute as I could have possibly expected or desired.

"I refer to this testimony, not because of its personal reference to myself, but because of its complete vindication of Katie King, the spirit, who for three years used me for the production of some of the most marvellous phenomena on record. Mr. Cromwell Varley's famous experiments, too, led to precisely the same conclusions, but these, of course, although thorough, would not compare for unremitting and untiring watchfulness, exhaustiveness, and comprehensiveness with the severe and searching tests imposed by Mr. Crookes."





THE ACCORDION EXPERIMENT.

FIG. 2.

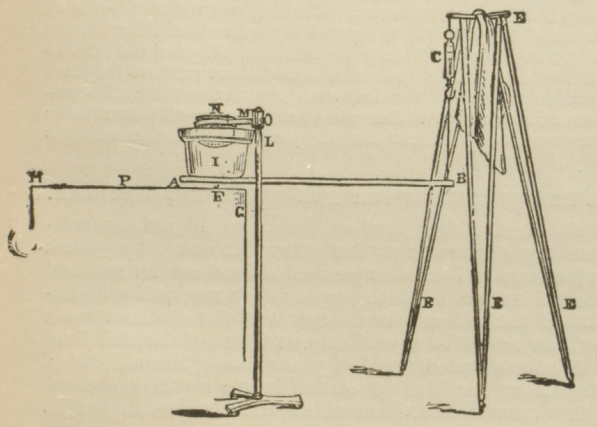


FIG. 4.

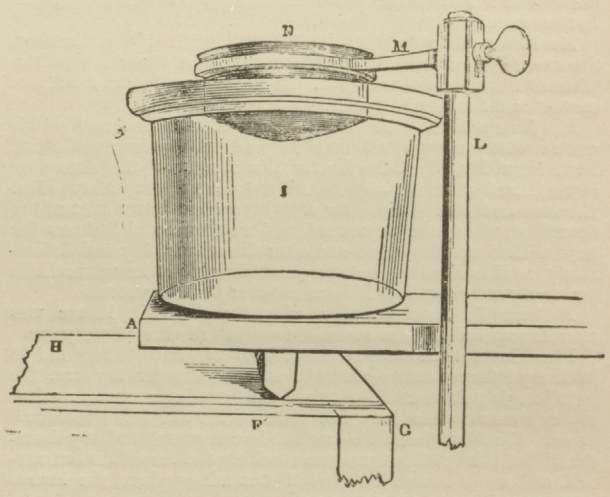
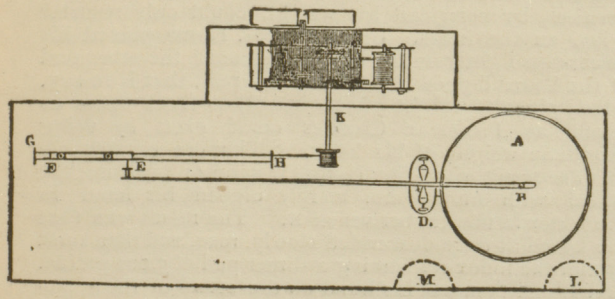
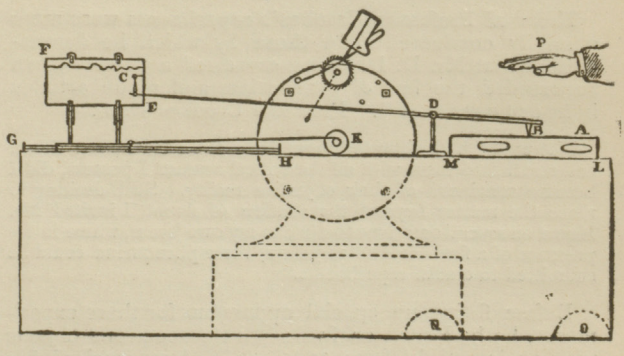


FIG. 10. (Section.)

FIG 9 (Plan.)





APPARATUS FOR TESTING STRENGTH OF PSYCHIC FORCE.

and two others saw the accordion floating about inside the cage with no visible support. Then Mr. Home took hold of the accordion again, and it played a sweet and plaintive melody very beautifully. While it was playing Mr. Crookes grasped Home's arm. It was not moving a muscle. On another occasion, while a sitter, O. R., held the accordion, and Mr. Home was not touching it, the music went on. On another occasion, when the accordion was playing "Home, Sweet Home" under the table, Mr. A. R. Wallace saw a hand distinctly moving the instrument up and down, and playing on the keys. One of Mr. Home's hands was on the table, and the other held the keyless end of the accordion. At the séance, June 23, 1871, while Home's hands and feet were held, the accordion played. On another occasion, they heard a man's rich voice accompanying it in one corner of the room, and a bird whistling and chirping. On July 30, 1871—

Mr. Home got up and stood behind in full view of all, holding the accordion out at arm's length. We all saw it expanding and contracting and heard it playing a melody. Mr. Home then let go of the accordion, which went behind his back and there continued to play; his feet being visible and also his two hands, which were in front of him.

Mr. Home was then raised bodily in the air.

Whilst this was going on we heard the accordion fall heavily to the ground. It had been suspended in the air behind the chair where Mr. Home had been sitting. When it fell, Mr. Home was about 10 feet from it.

Mr. Home still standing behind Mrs. I. and Mr. Wm. Crookes, the accordion was both seen and heard to move about behind him without his hands touching it. It then played a tune without contact and floating in the air.

Mr. Home then took the accordion in one hand and held it out so that we could all see it (he was still standing up behind Mrs. I and Mr. Wm. Crookes). We then saw the accordion expand and contract and heard a tune played. Mrs. Wm. Crookes and Mr. Home saw a light on the lower part of the accordion, where the keys were, and we then heard and saw the keys clicked and depressed one after the other fairly and deliberately, as if to show us that the power doing it, although invisible (or nearly so) to us, had full control over the instrument.

A beautiful tune was then played whilst Mr. Home was standing up holding the accordion out in full view of everyone.

Mr. Home then came round behind me, and, telling me to hold my left arm out, placed the accordion under my arm, the keys hanging down and the upper part pressing upwards against my upper arm. He then left go, and the accordion remained there. He then placed his two hands one on each of my shoulders. In this position, no one touching the accordion but myself, and every one noticing what was taking place, the instrument played notes but no tune.

THE INCREASE AND DECREASE OF WEIGHT.

None of Professor Crookes's experiments were more carefully conducted than those by which he demonstrated that Mr. D. D. Home exercised a power which superseded the law of gravitation, and made articles light or heavy at will. Professor Crookes says:—

Not until I had witnessed these facts some half-dozen times, and scrutinised them with all the critical acumen I possess, did I become convinced of their objective reality. Still, desiring to place the matter beyond the shadow of doubt, I invited Mr. Home on several occasions to come to my own house, where, in the presence of a few scientific enquirers, these phenomena could be submitted to crucial experiments.

Before fitting up special apparatus for these experiments, he had seen on five separate occasions objects varying in weight from 25 to 100 lb., temporarily influenced in such a manner that he and others present could with difficulty lift them from the floor. On two subsequent occasions he tested the phenomena by a weighing machine. "On the first occasion the increase of weight was from 8 lb. normally to 36 lb., 48 lb., and 46 lb., in three successive experiments tried under strict scrutiny." A fortnight after much the same results were obtained. Professor Crookes, therefore, decided to rig up a special apparatus to be able to weigh exactly what "pull" this strange unknown force could exercise. Professor Crookes says:—

The meetings took place in the evening, in a large room lighted by gas.

An apparatus (Figs. 2 and 4) was fitted up for experimenting on the alteration in the weight of a body. It consisted of a mahogany board, 36 inches long by 9½ inches wide and 1 inch thick. At each end a strip of mahogany 1½ inches wide was screwed on, forming feet. One end of the board rested on a firm table, whilst the other end was supported by a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand. The balance was fitted with a self-registering index in such a manner that it would record the maximum weight indicated by the pointer. The apparatus was adjusted so that the mahogany board was horizontal, its foot resting on the support. In this position its weight was 3 lbs. as marked by the pointer on the balance.

On the board, exactly over the fulcrum, is placed a large glass vessel filled with water, I. L is a massive iron stand furnished with an arm and a ring, M N, in which rests a hemispherical copper vessel, perforated with several holes in the bottom. The iron stand was 2 inches from the board A B, and the arm and copper vessel M N, were so adjusted that the latter dipped into the water 1½ inches, being 5½ inches from the bottom of 1, and 2 inches from its circumference. Shaking or striking the arm M or the vessel N produced no appreciable mechanical effect on the board A B capable of affecting the balance. Dipping the hand to the fullest extent into the water in N did not produce the least appreciable action on the balance. As the mechanical transmission of power is by this means entirely cut off between the copper vessel and the board A B, the power of muscular control is thereby eliminated.

THE EXPERIMENTS WITH THE WEIGHING MACHINE.

Professor Crookes further fitted an ingenious self-registering apparatus to the spring balance, by which a projecting steel point impressed a mark on the smoked surface of a sheet of plate glass, set in motion by clockwork. If the balance is at rest and the clockwork set going, the result is a perfectly straight horizontal line. If, while the clock draws the plate along, the weight of the board or the tension on the balance varies, the result is a curved line, from which the tension in grains at any moment can be calculated. Professor Crookes found that by standing with all his weight upon the table end of the board, he could only sink the index 2 lbs. That is to say, 140 lbs. pressure on one end of the board only brought upon the spring balance a pull of 2 lbs. The board weighed 3 lbs., so that Professor Crookes, by using all his weight, could only register 5 lbs. on the index. But when Mr. Home placed his finger-tips lightly on the end of the board, the other end of the board dipped to show a 9 lbs. pull, that is to say, 6 lbs., plus the weight of the board, or three times as much as Professor Crookes could exert by using the whole weight of his body. Still more remarkable was the result when Mr. Home, instead of touching the board with his fingers, merely dipped his hand in the water in the copper vessel N. The result was that the board at once descended slowly, rose, and then sank again, the index registering a direct pull of 5,000 grains. Mr. Home then put his hand on the stand of the apparatus, but did not touch the board. The same result

followed, the pull being, if anything, stronger and more irregular. Then Mr. Home was placed 12 inches away from the board, and the same phenomena followed, although in this case the pull was weaker and not so continuous. But the strongest pull of all was that which was registered when Mr. Home was three feet distant, his hands and feet being tightly held by those present. As the apparatus was made by Professor Crookes, controlled by Professor Crookes in his own laboratory, and as there were no persons present but friends, who were keenly bent on discovering any fraud or imposture, this result may rightly be regarded as conclusive of the fact that there was some unknown force emanating from Mr. D. D. Home, which was capable of exercising a direct pressure on a wooden plank amounting to at least six pounds weight, and that without Mr. Home being at all in contact with the apparatus.

ANOTHER REGISTERING APPARATUS.

Professor Crookes then constructed another more delicate apparatus, which he thus describes.

A piece of thin parchment A (Figs 9 and 10) was stretched lightly across a circular hoop of wood, B C is a light lever turning on D. At the end B is a vertical needle point touching the membrane A, and at C is another needlepoint projecting horizontally and touching a smoked glass plate E F. The glass plate was drawn along in the direction H G by clockwork K. The end B of the lever is weighted so that it shall quickly follow the movements of the centre of the disc A. These movements are transmitted and recorded on the glass plate E F, by means of the lever and needle point C. Holes were cut in the side of the hoop to allow a free passage of air to the under side of the membrane. The apparatus was well tested beforehand by myself and others, to see that no shaking or jar on the table or support would interfere with the results. The line traced by the point C on the smoked glass was perfectly straight, in spite of all our attempts to influence the lever by shaking the stand or stamping on the floor.

The experiment was tried first with a lady medium placed on the stand either at M and L or N and O. Noises were then heard like the dropping of grains of sand on the surface of the parchment. A fragment of graphite was thrown upward one-fiftieth of an inch, and the end C of the lever moved slightly up and down. The experiment was repeated in Mr. Home's presence, when the index C moved up and down more slowly, and without any percussive sounds. Mr. Home did not touch the apparatus at all.

These experiments, says Professor Crookes, confirm beyond doubt the conclusion that there is some force associated in some manner not yet explained, with the human organization by which force, increased weight, is capable of being imparted to solid bodies without physical contact.

GRAVITATION SUSPENDED (1) WITH CONTACT.

In the notes of Séances with D. D. Home, communicated to the S.P.R., occur the following reports of experiments made in 1871, which show that this force was capable of being exercised at will.

At the Séance of May 9th, 1871, seven persons being present, including D. D. Home, sat round a table weighing 32 lbs. which required a pressure of 8 lbs. to tilt. A spring balance was hooked under one edge of the table, when the following experiments were made.

Experiment 1.—"Be light." An upward pull of 2 lb. required to lift one of the feet off the ground, all hands lightly touching the top of the table.

Experiment 2.—"Be heavy." As soon as this was said, the table creaked, shuddered, and appeared to settle itself firmly into the floor. The effect was as if the power of a gigantic electro-magnet had been suddenly turned on, the table constituting the armature. All hands were, as before, very lightly touching the upper surface of the table with their fingers. A force of 36 lb. was now required to raise the foot of the table from the floor. I lifted it up and down four or five times, and the index of the balance kept pretty constant at 36 lb., not varying more than ½ lb. Whilst this was going on, each person's hands were noticed. They were touching the table so lightly that their aggregate downward pressure could not have been many ounces. Mr. Home once lifted his hands for a moment quite off the table. His feet were tucked back under his chair the whole time.

Experiment 3.—"Be light." Conditions the same as before. An upward pull of 7 lb. required to tilt the table.

Experiment 4.—"Be heavy." The same creaking noise as in Experiment 2 was again heard. Every person (except Mr. O. R. and myself, who was standing up trying the experiment) put the ends of the fingers *underneath* the table top, the palms being upwards and the thumbs visible, so that, if any force were unconsciously exerted, it should tend to diminish the weight. At the same time Mr. O. R. took a candle and stooped under the table to see that no one was touching the legs of the table with their knees or feet. I also stooped down occasionally to verify Mr. O. R.'s statement that all was fair beneath. Upon applying the spring balance, I saw that the table was pulled up at 45 lb. Immediately this was announced I felt an increase of weight, and, after a few trials, the pull was increased to 48 lb., at which point the index stood steady, the leg of the table being about 3 in. off the floor.

Experiment 5.—"Be heavy." The conditions were the same as before, a little more care being taken by the sitters to keep their feet well tucked under their chairs. Hands touching the under side of the table top as before. The index of the balance rose steadily, without the table moving in the least, until it pointed to 46 lb. At this point the table rose an inch, when the hook of the balance slipped off, and the table returned to its place with a crash. The iron hook had bent out sufficiently to prevent it holding the table firmly any longer, so the experiments were obliged to be discontinued.

(2) WITHOUT CONTACT.

At the Séance of June 19th, 1871, the experiments were resumed. This time Mr. Home did not touch the table at all.

Experiment 1.—I thereupon fixed the spring balance to it, and asking for it to be made heavy tried to lift it off the ground. It required a pull of 23 lb. to raise it. During this time Mr. Home was sitting back in his chair, his hands quite off the table and his feet touching those on each side of him.

Experiment 2.—"Be heavy" again. Mr. H. now took a candle, and stooping down looked under the table to see that no one was touching it there, whilst I was observing the same at the top. Mr. Home's hands and feet were the same as before. The balance now showed a tension of 22 lb.

Experiment 3 was now tried, Mr. Home being further from the table. A pull of 17 lb. was required.

Experiment 4.—When we said "Be light," the table rose at 12 lb. On trying afterwards the normal pull required to tilt it, we found it to be 14 lb.

This will suffice as a specimen of the investigations which led him to take his stand before the Royal Society, and announce to them his discovery. They would not receive it, after the fashion of learned societies, and some of their members abused Professor Crookes roundly for disturbing their smug complacency. Dr. W. Carpenter, in particular, seems to have discredited himself by the superciliousness and inaccuracy

with which he assailed Professor Crookes in the *Quarterly Review*.

A MANY-SIDED MAN OF SCIENCE.

Among other charges hurled against the audacious discoverer was the accusation that he had confined his attention to one special subject. This taunt gave Professor Crookes an opportunity of retorting in a passage which I am glad to quote here.

Will my reviewer kindly say what that special subject is to which I have confined my attention? Is it general chemistry, whose chronicler I have been since the commencement of the *Chemical News* in 1859? Is it Thallium, about which the public have probably heard as much as they care for? Is it Chemical Analysis, in which my recently published "Select Methods" is the result of twelve years' work? Is it Disinfection and the Prevention and Cure of Cattle Plague, my published report on which may be said to have popularised Carbolic Acid? Is it Photography, on the theory and practice of which my papers have been very numerous? Is it the Metallurgy of Gold and Silver, in which my discovery of the value of Sodium in the amalgamation process is now largely used in Australia, California, and South America? Is it in Physical Optics, in which department I have space only to refer to papers on some Phenomena of Polarised Light, published before I was twenty-one; to my detailed description of the Spectroscope and labours with this instrument, when it was almost unknown in England; to my papers on the Solar and Terrestrial Spectra; to my examination of the Optical Phenomena of Opals, and construction of the Spectrum Microscope; to my papers on the Measurement of the Luminous Intensity of Light; and my description of my Polarisation Photometer? Or is my speciality Astronomy and Meteorology, inasmuch as I was for twelve months at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, where, in addition to my principal employment of arranging the meteorological department, I divided my leisure time between Homer and mathematics at Magdalen Hall, planet-hunting and transit taking with Mr. Pogson, now Principal of the Madras Observatory, and celestial photography with the magnificent heliometer attached to the Observatory? My photographs of the Moon, taken in 1855, at Mr. Hartnup's Observatory, Liverpool, were for years the best extant, and I was honoured by a money grant from the Royal Society to carry out further work in connection with them. These facts, together with my trip to Oran last year (this was written in 1871), as one of the Government Eclipse Expedition, and the invitation recently received to visit Ceylon for the same purpose, would almost seem to show that Astronomy was my speciality. In truth, few scientific men are less open to the charge of being "a specialist of specialists."

AN AVOWAL OF UNSHAKEN FAITH.

Since then Professor Crookes has done but little psychic investigation. In 1891, however, he contributed "Notes of his Séances with D. D. Home to the Society for Psychical Research" for the specific object of reaffirming his absolute knowledge of the phenomena to which he had borne witness twenty years before. He wrote:

Their publication will, at any rate, show that I have not changed my mind; that on dispassionate review of statements put forth by me nearly twenty years ago I find nothing to retract or to alter. I have discovered no flaw in the experiments then made, or in the reasoning I based upon them.

At the same time, Professor Crookes admitted that he had been somewhat disappointed at the slow rate of progress in the investigation of the new force. He said:

I announced my intention of publishing a book, which should contain my numerous printed and unprinted observations.

But this projected work has never seen the light. My excuse—a real excuse, though not a complete justification—lies in the extreme pressure of other work on my time and energies. The chemical and physical problems of my professional life have become more and more absorbing; and, on the other hand, few fresh opportunities have occurred of prosecuting my researches into "psychic force." I must confess, indeed, that I have been disappointed with the progress of investigation into this subject during the last fifteen years. I see little abatement of the credulity on the one hand and the fraud on the other which have all along interfered, as I hold, with the recognition of new truth of profound interest.

From this somewhat melancholy note, we turn with relief to the more buoyant tone of the inaugural address, in which, from the abyssmal depths of our own ignorance he Man of Science draws hope and consolation, and a constant stimulus to expect the discovery of new truths, the revelation of unknown worlds.

IV.—A SCIENTIFIC GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

PROFESSOR CROOKES'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS TO THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

AT the 84th General Meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, held at the Westminster Town Hall on Friday, January 29th, 1897, at 4 p.m., the President, Mr. W. CROOKES, F.R.S., gave the following address:—

"The task I am called upon to perform to-day is to my thinking by no means a merely formal or easy matter. It fills me with deep concern to give an address, with such authority as a President's chair confers, upon a science which, though still in a purely nascent stage, seems to me at least as important as any other science whatever. Psychical science, as we here try to pursue it, is the embryo of something which in time may dominate the whole world of thought. This possibility—nay probability—does not make it the easier to me now. Embryonic development is apt to be both rapid and interesting; yet the prudent man shrinks from dogmatising on the egg until he sees the chicken.

BLESSED BE IGNORANCE!

"Nevertheless, I desire, if I can, to say a helpful word. And I ask myself what kind of a helpful word. Is there any connexion between my old-standing interest in physical problems and such original work as I may have been able to do in other branches of science.

"I think there is such a connexion—that the most helpful quality which has aided me in physical problems and has made me lucky in physical discoveries (sometimes of rather unexpected kinds), has simply been my knowledge—my *vital* knowledge, if I may so term it—of my own ignorance.

"Most students of Nature sooner or later pass through a process of writing off a large percentage of their supposed capital of knowledge as a merely illusory asset. As we trace more accurately certain familiar sequences of phenomena, we begin to realise how closely these sequences, or laws, as we call them, are hemmed round by still other laws of which we can form no notion. With myself, this writing off of illusory assets has gone rather far; and the cobweb of supposed knowledge has been pinched (as some one has phrased it) into a particularly small pill.

IT IS A HEALTHFUL STIMULANT.

"I am not disposed to bewail the limitations imposed by human ignorance. On the contrary, I feel ignorance is a healthful stimulant; and my enforced conviction that neither I nor any one can possibly lay down beforehand what does *not* exist in the universe, or even what is *not* going on round us every day of our lives, leaves me with a cheerful hope that something very new and very arresting may turn up anywhere at any minute."

"Well, it was this attitude of a mind 'to let,' which first brought me across Mr. D. D. Home, and which led to my getting a glimpse of some important laws of matter and energy of which I fear many of my fellow physicists still prefer to be uncognizant. It is this same accessible temper of mind which leads me to follow the problems of the Society for Psychical Research with an interest which, if somewhat calmed by advancing years, and by the perception of the inevitable slowness of discovery, is still as deep a feeling as any which life has left me. And I shall try to utilise this temper of mind to-day by clearing away, so far as I can, certain presuppositions, on one side or on the other, which seem to me to depend upon a too hasty assumption that we know more about the universe than as yet we really can know.

OUR SHAPE AFTER DEATH.

"I will take the most essential part first, and address myself to those who believe with me in the survival of man's individuality after death. I will point out a curious, inveterate, and widespread illusion,—the illusion that our earthly bodies are a kind of norm of humanity, so that ethereal bodies, if such there be, must correspond to them in shape and size.

"When we take a physical view of a human being in his highest form of development, he is seen to consist essentially of a thinking brain, the brain itself, among its manifold functions, being a transformer whereby intelligent will-power is able to react on matter. To communicate with the external world, the brain requires organs by which it can be transported from place to place, and other organs by means of which energy is supplied to replace that expended in the exercise of its own special functions. Again, waste of tissue and reparation have to be provided for; hence the necessity for organs of digestion, assimilation, circulation, respiration, &c., to carry on these processes effectually; and when we consider that this highly complex organ is fitted to undergo active work for the best part of a century, we cannot but marvel that it can keep in tune so long.

HOW WE CAME BY OUR BODIES.

The human creature represents the most perfect thinking and acting machine yet evolved on this earth, developing through countless ages in strict harmony with the surrounding conditions of temperature, atmosphere, light and gravitation. The profound modifications in the human frame which any important alteration in either of these factors would occasion are strangely unconsidered. It is true there have been questionings as to the effects that might be occasioned by changes in temperature and atmospheric composition, but possible variations in gravitation seem almost to have escaped notice. The human body, which long experience and habit have taught us to consider in its highest development as the perfection of beauty and grace,—'formed in the image of God,"—is entirely conditioned by the strength of gravitation on this globe. So far as has been possible to ascertain, the intensity of gravity has not varied appreciably within those geologic ages covering the existence of animated thinking beings. The human race, therefore, has passed through all its periods of evolution and development, in strict conformity with and submission to this dominant power, until it is difficult to conceive any great departure from the narrow limits imposed on the proportions of the human frame.

HOW THEY WOULD CHANGE IF—

"In the first place, I wish to consider what transformation in our appearance would be produced by a change in the force of gravitation. Let us take extreme

cases. Say that the power of gravitation were to be doubled. In that case we should have to exert a vastly increased strength to support ourselves in any other than the prone or dorsal position—it would be hard to rise from the ground, to run, leap, climb, to drag or carry any object. Our muscles would necessarily be more powerful, and the skeleton to which they are attached would need corresponding modification. To work such limbs a more rapid transformation of matter would be required; hence the supply of nutriment must be greater, involving enlarged digestive organs, and a larger respiratory apparatus to allow of the perfect aëration of the increased mass of the blood. To keep up the circulation with the necessary force, either the heart would have to be more powerful or the distance through which the blood would require to be impelled must be reduced. The increased amount of nourishment demanded would involve a corresponding increase in the difficulty of its collection, and the struggle for existence would be intensified. More food being required day by day, the jaws would have to be enlarged and the muscles strengthened. The teeth also must be adapted for extra tearing and grinding.

THE WORLD WERE LARGER—

"These considerations involve marked changes in the structure of human beings. To accord with thickened bones, bulging muscles and larger respiratory and digestive apparatus, the body would be heavier and more massive. The necessity for such alterations in structure would be increased by the liability to fall. The necessity of keeping the centre of gravity low, and the great demands made on the system in other respects must conspire to reduce the size of head and brain. With increase of gravitation, the bipedal form would be beset by drawbacks. Assuming that the human race, under the altered circumstances, remained bipedal, it is highly probable that a large increase in the quadruped, hexapod, or octopod structure would prevail in the animal kingdom. The majority of animals would be of the Saurian class with very short legs, allowing the trunk to rest easily on the ground, and the serpent type would probably be in the ascendant. Winged creatures would suffer severely, and small birds and insects would be dragged to earth by a force hard to resist; although this might be more or less compensated by the increased density of the air. Humming birds, dragon-flies, butterflies, and bees, all of which spend a large portion of their time in the air, would, in the struggle for existence, be rare visitants. Hence the fertilisation of flowers by the intervention of insects must be thwarted; and this would lead to the extinction, or at all events to a scarcity, of entomophilous plants, *i.e.*, all those with the showiest blossoms—a gloomy result to follow from a mere increase of the earth's attraction.

"But having known no other type of human form, it is allowable to think that, under those different conditions, Man would still consider Woman—though stunted, thick-limbed, flat-footed, with enormous jaws underlying a diminutive skull—as the highest type of beauty!

—OR SMALLER.

"Decreased attraction of the earth might be attended with another set of changes scarcely less remarkable. With the same expenditure of vital energy as at present, and with the same quantity of transformation of matter, we should be able to lift heavier weights, to take longer bounds, to move with greater swiftness, and to undergo prolonged muscular exertion with less fatigue—possibly to fly. Hence the transformation of matter required to keep up animal heat, and to restore the waste of energy and tissue, would be smaller for the same amount of duty done. A less volume of blood, reduced lungs and digestive organs would be required. Thus we might expect a set of structural changes of an inverse nature to those resulting from intensified gravitation. All parts of the body might safely be constructed upon a less massive plan—a slighter skeleton, smaller muscles, and slenderer trunk. These modifications, in a less degree than we are contemplating, tend in the present to beauty of form, and it is easy to imagine our æsthetic feelings would naturally keep pace with further developments in the direction of grace, slenderness, symmetry, and tall figures.

WEIGHT AND EVIL.

"It is curious that the popular conceptions of evil and malignant beings are of the type that would be produced by increased gravitation—toads, reptiles, and noisome creeping things—while the Arch Fiend himself is represented as perhaps the ultimate form which could be assumed by a thinking brain and its necessary machinery were the power of gravitation to be increased to the highest point compatible with existence—a serpent crawling along the ground. On the other hand, our highest types of beauty are those which would be common under decreased gravitation.

"The 'daughter of the gods, divinely tall,' and the leaping athlete, please us by the slight triumph over the earthward pull which their stature or spring implies. It is true we do not correspondingly admire the flea, whose triumph over gravitation, unaided by wings, is so striking. Marvellous as is the flea, its body, like ours, is strictly conditioned by gravitation.

"But popular imagination presupposes spiritual beings to be utterly independent of gravitation, whilst retaining shapes and proportions which gravitation originally determined, and only gravitation seems likely to maintain

WHY THEN GIVE SPIRITS BODIES?

"When and if spiritual beings made themselves visible either to our bodily eyes or to our inward vision, their object would be thwarted were they not to appear in a recognisable form; so that their appearance would take the shape of the body and clothing to which we have been accustomed. Materiality, form, and space, I am constrained to believe, are temporary conditions of our present existence. It is difficult to conceive the idea of a spiritual being having a body like ours, conditioned by the exact gravitating force exerted by the earth, and with organs which presuppose the need for food and necessity for the removal of waste products. It is equally difficult, hemmed in and bound round as we are by materialistic ideas, to think of intelligence, thought, and will, existing without form or matter, and untrammelled by gravitation or space.

ATOMS AND SPIRITS.

"Men of science before now have had to face a similar problem. In some speculations on the nature of matter, Faraday* expressed himself in language which, *mutatis*

* "If we must assume at all, as indeed in a branch of knowledge like the present we can hardly help it, then the safest course appears to be to assume as little as possible, and in that respect the atoms of Boscovich appear to me to have a great advantage over the more usual notion. His atoms are mere centres of forces or powers, not particles of matter, in which the powers themselves reside.

"If in the ordinary view of atoms, we call the particle of matter away from the powers *a*, and the system of powers or forces in and around it *m*,

mutandis, applies to my present surmises. This earnest philosopher was speculating on the ultimate nature of matter; and, thinking of the little, hard, impenetrable atom of Lucretius, and the forces or forms of energy appertaining to it, he felt himself impelled to reject the idea of the existence of the nucleus altogether, and to think only of the forces and forms of energy usually associated therewith. He was led to the conclusion that this view necessarily involved the surmise that the atoms are not merely mutually penetrable, but that each atom, extends throughout all space, yet always retaining its own centre of force.*

SPIRITS AS BODILESS CENTRES.

"A view of the constitution of matter which recommended itself to Faraday as preferable to the one ordinarily held, appears to me to be exactly the view I endeavoured to picture as the constitution of spiritual beings, Centres of intellect, will, energy, and power, each mutually penetrable, whilst at the same time permeating what we call space; but each centre retaining its own individuality, persistence of self, and memory. Whether these intelligent centres of the various spiritual forces which in their aggregate go to make up Man's character or Karma, are also associated in any way with the forms of energy which, centered, form the material atom—whether these spiritual entities, are material not in the crude, gross sense of Lucretius, but material as sublimated through the piercing intellect of Faraday—is one of those mysteries which to us mortals will perhaps ever remain an unsolved problem.

A NEW GULLIVER.

"My next speculation is more difficult, and is addressed to those who not only take too terrestrial a view, but who deny the plausibility—nay, the possibility—of the existence of an unseen world at all. I reply we are demonstrably standing on the brink, at any rate, of one unseen world. I do not here speak of a spiritual or immaterial world. I speak of the world of the infinitely little, which must be still called a material world, although matter as therein existing or perceptible is something which our limited faculties do not enable us to conceive. It is the world—I do not say of molecular forces as opposed to molar, but of forces whose action lies mainly outside the limit of human perception, as opposed to forces evident to the gross perception of human organisms. I hardly know how to make clear to myself or to you the difference in the apparent laws of the universe which would follow upon a mere difference of bulk in the observer. Such an observer I must needs imagine as best I can. I shall not attempt to rival the vividness of the great satirist who, from a postulated difference of size far less considerable, deduced in "Gulliver's Travels" the absurdity, and the mere relativity, of so much in human morals, politics, society. But I shall take courage from the example of my predecessor in this chair, Professor William James of Harvard, from whom later I shall cite a most striklng parable of precisely the type I seek.

A HOMUNCULUS ON A CABBAGE LEAF—

"You must permit me, then, a homunculus on whom to hang my speculation. I cannot place him actually amid the interplay of molecules, for lack of power to imagine his environment; but I shall make him of such microscopic size that molecular forces which in common life we hardly notice—such as surface-tension, capillarity, the Brownian movements—become for him so conspicuous and dominant that he can hardly believe, let us say, in the universality of gravitation, which we may suppose to have been revealed to him by ourselves, his creators.

"Let us place him on a cabbage leaf, and let him start for himself.*

"The area of the cabbage-leaf to him is a boundless plain many square miles in extent. To this minimised creature the leaf is studded with huge glittering transparent globes, resting motionless on the surface of the leaf, each globe vastly exceeding in height the towering Pyramids. Each of these spheres appears to emit from one of its sides a dazzling light. Urged by curiosi y he approaches and touches one of the orbs. It resists pressure like an india-rubber ball, until accidentally he fractures the surface, when suddenly he feels himself seized and whirled and brought somewhere to an equilibrium, where he remains suspended in the surface of the sphere utterly unable to extricate himself. In the course of an hour or two he finds the globe diminishing, and ultimately it disappears, leaving him at liberty to pursue his travels.

WHERE NATURAL LAWS DON'T SEEM TO ACT.

"Quitting the cabbage leaf, he strays over the surface of soil, finding it exceeding rocky and mountainous, until he sees before him a broad surface akin to the kind of matter which formed the globes of the cabbage leaf. Instead, however, of rising upwards from its support, it now slopes downwards in a vast curve from the brink, and utimately becomes apparently level, though, as this is at a considerable distance from the shore, he cannot be absolutely certain. Let us now suppose that he holds in his hand a vessel bearing the same proportion to his minimised frame that a pint measure does to that of a man as he is, and that by adroit manipulation he contrives to fill it with water. If he inverts the vessel he finds that the liquid will not flow, and can only be dislodged by violent shocks. Wearied by his exertions to empty the vessel of water, he sits on the shore, and idly amuses himself by throwing stones and other objects into the water. As a rule the stones and other wet bodies sink, although when dry they obstinately refuse to go to the bottom, but float on the surface. He tries

then in Boscovich's theory *a* disappears, or is a mere mathematical point, whilst in the usual notion it is a little unchangeable, impenetrable piece of matter, and *m* is an atmosphere of force grouped around it.

"To my mind, therefore, the *a* or nucleus vanishes, and the substance consists of the powers or *m*; and indeed, what notion can we form of the nucleus independent of its powers? all our perception and knowledge of the atom, and even our fancy, is limited to ideas of its powers: what thought remains on which to hang the imagination of an *a* independent of the acknowledged forces?

"A mind just entering on the subject may consider it difficult to think of the powers of matter independent of a separate something to be called *the matter*, but it is certainly far more difficult, and indeed impossible, to think of or imagine that *matter* independent of the powers. Now the powers we know and recognise in every phenomenon of the creation, the abstract matter in none; why then assume the existence of that of which we are ignorant, which we cannot conceive, and for which there is no philosophical necessity?

"If an atom be conceived to be a centre of power, that which is ordinarily referred to under the term *shape* would be now referred to the disposition and relative intensity of the forces. . . . Nothing can be supposed of the disposition of forces in and about a solid nucleus of matter, which cannot be equally conceived with respect to a centre.

"The view now stated of the constitution of matter would seem to involve necessarily the conclusion that matter fills all space. . . . In that view matter is not merely mutually penetrable, but each atom extends, so to say, throughout the whole of the solar system, yet always retaining its own centre of force."—Faraday, "On the Nature of Matter," *Phil. Mag.*, 1844, vol. xxiv., p. 136.

* I may say, in passing, that the modern vortex atom also fulfils these conditions.

* I need hardly say that in this fanciful sketch, composed only for an illustrative purpose, all kinds of problems (as of the homunculus's own structure and powers) are left untouched, and various points which would really need to be mathematically worked out are left intentionally vague.

other substances. A rod of polished steel, a silver pencil-case, some platinum wire, and a steel pen, objects two or three times the density of the stones, refuse to sink at all, and float on the surface like so many bits of cork. Nay, if he and his friends manage to throw into the water one of those enormous steel bars which we call needles, this also makes a sort of concave trough for itself on the surface, and floats tranquilly. After these and a few more observations, he theorises on the properties of water and of liquids in general. Will he come to the conclusion that liquids seek their own level; that their surfaces when at rest are horizontal; and that solids when placed in a liquid sink or float according to their higher or lower specific gravity? No; he will feel justified in inferring that liquids, at rest, assume spherical, or at least curvilinear forms, whether convex or concave depending upon circumstances not easily ascertained; that they cannot be poured from one vessel to another and resist the force of gravitation, which is consequently not universal; and that such bodies as he can manipulate generally refuse to sink in liquids, whether their specific gravity be high or low. From the behaviour of a body placed in contact with a dew-drop he will even derive plausible reasons for doubting the inertia of matter.

MOTES LIKE PORTMANTEAUS.

"Already he has been somewhat puzzled by the constant and capricious bombardment of cumbrous objects like portmanteaus flying in the air; for the gay motes that people the sunbeams will dance somewhat unpleasantly for a microscopic homunculus who can never tell where they are coming. Nay, what he has understood to be the difficulty experienced by living creatures in rising from the earth, except with wings, will soon seem absurdly exaggerated. For he will discern a terrific creature, a Behemoth 'in plated mail,' leaping through the skies in frenzied search for prey; and for the first time due homage will be rendered to the majesty of the common flea.

"Perturbed by doubts, he will gaze at night into some absolutely tranquil pool. There, with no wind to ruffle, nor excess of heat to cause currents or change surface-tension, he perceives small inanimate objects immersed and still. But are they still? No! One of them moves; another is moving. Gradually it is borne in upon him that whenever any object is small enough it is always in motion. Perhaps our homunculus might be better able than we are to explain these so-called Brownian movements. Or the guess might be forced upon him that he who sees this sight is getting dim glimpses of the ultimate structure of matter, and that these movements are residual, the result of the inward molecular turmoil which has not cancelled itself out into nullity, as it must needs do in aggregations of matter of more than the smallest microscopic dimensions.

THINGS WE ARE TOO BIG TO SEE.

"Things still more tormentingly perplexing our homunculus would doubtless encounter. And these changes in his interpretation of phenomena would arise not from his becoming aware of any forces hitherto overlooked, still less from the disappearance of laws now recognised, but simply from the fact that his supposed decrease in bodily size brings capillarity, surface-tension, &c., into a relative prominence they do not now possess. To full-grown rational beings the effects of these forces rank among residual phenomena which attract attention only when science has made a certain progress. To *homunculi*, such as we have imagined, the same effects would be of capital importance, and would be rightly interpreted not as something supplementary to those of general gravitation, but as due to an independent and possibly antagonistic force.

CHEMISTRY IMPOSSIBLE TO LILLIPUTIANS.

"The physics of these *homunculi* would differ most remarkably from our own. In the study of heat they would encounter difficulties probably insuperable. In this branch of physical investigation little can be done unless we have the power at pleasure of raising and lowering the temperature of bodies. This requires the command of fire. Actual man, in a rudimentary state of civilisation, can heat and ignite certain kinds of matter by friction, percussion, concentrating the sun's rays, &c.; but before these operations produce actual fire they must be performed upon a considerable mass of matter, otherwise the heat is conducted or radiated away as rapidly as produced, and the point of ignition seldom reached.

"Nor could it be otherwise with the chemistry of the little people, if, indeed, such a science be conceived as at all possible for them.

"It can scarcely be denied that the fundamental phenomena which first led mankind into chemical inquiries are those of combustion. But, as we have just seen, minimised beings would be unable to produce fire at will, except by certain chemical reactions, and would have little opportunity of examining its nature. They might occasionally witness forest fires, volcanic eruptions, &c.; but such grand and catastrophic phenomena, though serving to reveal to our supposed Lilliputians the existence of combustion, will be ill-suited for quiet investigation into its conditions and products. Moreover, considering the impossibility they would experience of pouring water from one test-tube to another, the ordinary operations of analytical chemistry, and of all manipulations depending on the use of the pneumatic trough, would remain for ever a sealed book.

A COLOSSAL RACE AND ITS DRAWBACKS.

"Let us for a moment go to the opposite extreme, and consider how Nature would present itself to human beings of enormous magnitude. Their difficulties and misconstructions would be of an opposite nature to those experienced by pigmies. Capillary attraction and the cohesion of liquids, surface-tension and the curvature of liquid surfaces near their boundary, the dew-drop and the behaviour of minute bodies on a globule of water, the flotation of metals on the surface of water, and many other familiar phenomena, would be either ignored or unknown. The homunculus, able to communicate but a small momentum, would find all objects much harder than they appear to us, whilst to a race of colossals granite rocks would be but a feeble impediment.

EVERYTHING TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

"There would be another most remarkable difference between such enormous beings and ourselves: if we stoop and take up a pinch of earth between fingers and thumb, moving those members, say, through the space of a few inches in a second of time, we experience nothing remarkable. The earth offers a little resistance, more or less, according to its greater or less tenacity, but no other perceptible reaction follows.

"Let us suppose the same action performed by a gigantic being, able to move finger and thumb in a second's space through some miles of soil in the same

lapse of time, and he would experience a very decided reaction. The mass of sand, earth, stones, and the like, hurled together in such quantities and at such speed, would become intensely hot. Just as the homunculus would fail to bring about ignition when he desired, so the colossus could scarcely move without causing the liberation of a highly inconvenient degree of heat, literally making everything too hot to hold. He would naturally ascribe to granite rocks and the other constituents of the earth's surface such properties as we attribute to phosphorus—of combustion on being a little roughly handled.

ERGO, WE ONLY KNOW THAT WE KNOW NOTHING. Q.E.D.

"Need I do more than point the obvious lesson? If a possible—nay, reasonable—variation in only one of the forces conditioning the human race—that of gravitation—could so modify our outward form, appearance, and proportions, as to make us to all intents and purposes a different race of beings; if mere differences of size can cause some of the most simple facts in chemistry and physics to take so widely different a guise; if beings microscopically small and prodigiously large would simply as such be subject to the hallucinations I have pointed out—and to others I might enlarge upon;—is it not possible that we, in turn, though occupying, as it seems to us, the golden mean, may also by the mere virtue of our size and weight fall into misinterpretations of phenomena from which we should escape were we or the globe we inhabit either larger or smaller, heavier or lighter? May not our boasted knowledge be simply conditioned by accidental environments, and thus be liable to a large element of subjectivity hitherto unsuspected and scarcely possible to eliminate?

THE EFFECT OF THE TIME SCALE.

"Here I will introduce Prof. James's speculation, to which I have already alluded. It deals with a possible alteration of the *time scale* due to a difference in rapidity of sensation on the part of a being presumably on a larger scale than ourselves.

"'We have every reason to think that creatures may possibly differ enormously in the amounts of duration which they intuitively feel, and in the fineness of the events that may fill it. Von Baer has indulged in some interesting computations of the effect of such differences in changing the aspect of Nature. Suppose we were able, within the length of a second, to note distinctly 10,000 events, instead of barely 10, as now; if our life were then destined to hold the same number of impressions, it might be 1,000 times as short. We should live less than a month, and personally know nothing of the change of the seasons. If born in winter we should believe in summer as we now believe in the heats of the carboniferous era. The motions of organic beings would be so slow to our senses as to be inferred, not seen. The sun would stand still in the sky, the moon be almost free from change, and so on. But now reverse the hypothesis, and suppose a being to get only one 1,000th part of the sensations that we get in a given time, and consequently to live 1,000 times as long. Winters and summers will be to him like quarters of an hour. Mushrooms and the swifter-growing plants will shoot into being so rapidly as to appear instantaneous creations; annual shrubs will rise and fall from the earth like restlessly boiling water-springs; the motions of animals will be as invisible as are to us the movements of bullets and cannon-balls; the sun will scour through the sky like a meteor, leaving a fiery trail behind him, &c. That such imaginary cases (barring the superhuman longevity) may be realised somewhere in the animal kingdom, it would be rash to deny.'—(James's "Principles of Psychology," i., p. 639.)

"And now let me specially apply this general conception of the impossibility of predicting what secrets the universe may still hold, what agencies undivined may habitually be at work around us.

TELEPATHY.

"Telepathy, the transmission of thought and images directly from one mind to another, without the agency of the recognised organs of sense, is a conception new and strange to science. To judge from the comparative slowness with which the accumulated evidence of our Society penetrates the scientific world, it is, I think, a conception even scientifically repulsive to many minds. We have supplied striking experimental evidence; but few have been found to repeat our experiments. We have offered good evidence in the observation of spontaneous cases—as apparitions at the moment of death, and the like—but this evidence has failed to impress the scientific world in the same way as evidence less careless and less coherent has often done before. Our evidence is not confronted or refuted; it is shirked and evaded, as though there were some great *à priori* improbability which absolved the world of science from considering it. I at least see no *à priori* improbability whatever. Our alleged facts might be true in all kinds of ways without contradicting any truth already known. I will dwell now on only one possible line of explanation,—not that I see any way of elucidating all the new phenomena I regard as genuine, but because it seems probable I may shed a light on some of those phenomena.

"All the phenomena of the Universe are presumably in some way continuous; and certain facts, plucked as it were from the very heart of Nature, are likely to be of use in our gradual discovery of facts which lie deeper still.

A TABLE OF VIBRATIONS.

"Let us then consider the vibrations we trace, not only in solid bodies, but in the air, and in a still more remarkable manner in the ether.

"These vibrations differ in their velocity and in their frequency. That they exist, extending from one vibration to two thousand billion vibrations per second, we have good evidence. That they subserve the purpose of conveying impressions from outside sources of whatever kind to living organisms may be fully recognised.

"As a starting point I will take a pendulum beating seconds in air. If I keep on doubling I get a series of steps as follows:—

Starting-point.	The seconds pendulum.
Step. 1. ..	2 vibrations per second.
,, 2. ..	4 ,, ,,
,, 3. ..	8 ,, ,,
,, 4. ..	16 ,, ,,
,, 5. ..	32 ,, ,,
,, 6. ..	64 ,, ,,
,, 7. ..	128 ,, ,,
,, 8. ..	256 ,, ,,
,, 9. ..	512 ,, ,,
,, 10. ..	1024 ,, ,,
,, 15. ..	32768 ,, ,,
,, 20. ..	1,048576 ,, ,,
,, 25. ..	33,554342 ,, ,,
,, 30. ..	1073.741824 ,, ,,
,, 35. ..	34359 738368 ,, ,,

Starting-point.		The seconds pendulum.
Step.	40. ..	1,099511,627776 vibrations per second.
,,	45. ..	35,184372,088832 ,, ,,
,,	50. ..	1125,899906,842624 ,, ,,
,,	55. ..	36028,797018,963968 ,, ,,
,,	56. ..	72057,594037,927936 ,, ,,
,,	57. ..	144115,188075,855872 ,, ,,
,,	58. ..	288220 376151,711744 ,, ,,
,,	59. ..	576440,752303,423488 ,, ,,
,,	60. ..	1,152881,504606,846976 ,, ,,
,,	61. ..	2,305763,009213,693952 ,, ,,
,,	62. ..	4,611526 018427,387904 ,, ,,
,,	63. ..	9,223052,036854,775808 ,, ,,

5 TO 15. THE REGION OF SOUND.

"At the fifth step from unity, at 32 vibrations per second we reach the region where atmospheric vibration reveals itself to us as *sound*. Here we have the lowest musical note. In the next ten steps the vibrations per second rise from 32 to 32,768, and here to the average human ear the region of sound ends. But certain more highly endowed animals probably hear sounds too acute for our organs, that is, sounds which vibrate at a higher rate.

16 TO 35. OF ELECTRICITY.

"We next enter a region in which the vibrations rise rapidly, and the vibrating medium is no longer the gross atmosphere, but a highly attenuated medium, 'a diviner air,' called the ether. From the 16th to the 35th step the vibrations rise from 32,768 to 34359.738368 a second, such vibrations appearing to our means of observation as electrical rays.

35 TO 45. OF—QUERY.

"We next reach a region extending from the 35th to the 45th step, including from 34359,738368 to 35,184372,088832 vibrations per second. This region may be considered as unknown, because we are as yet ignorant what are the functions of vibrations of the rates just mentioned. But that they have some function it is fair to suppose.

45 TO 51. OF LIGHT.

"Now we approach the region of *light*, the steps extending from the 45th to between the 50th and the 51st, and the vibrations extending from 35,184372,088832 per second (heat rays) to 1875,000000,000000 per second, the highest recorded rays of the spectrum. The actual sensation of light, and therefore the vibrations which transmit visible signs, being comprised between the narrow limits of about 450,000000,000000 (red light) and 750,000000,000000 (violet light)—less than one step.

52 TO 58. OF—QUERY.

"Leaving the region of visible light, we arrive at what is, for our existing senses and our means of research, another unknown region, the functions of which we are beginning to suspect.

58 TO 61. RÖNTGEN RAYS.

"It is not unlikely that the X rays of Professor Röntgen will be found to lie between the 58th and 61st step, having vibrations extending from 288220,576151,711744 to 2,305763,009213,693952 per second or even higher.

"In this series it will be seen there are two great gaps, or unknown regions, concerning which we must own our entire ignorance as to the part they play in the economy of creation. Further, whether any vibrations exist having a greater number per second than those classes mentioned we do not presume to decide.

62 TO *x*. OF BRAIN WAVES?

"But is it premature to ask in what way are vibrations connected with thought or its transmission? We might speculate that the increasing rapidity or frequency of the vibrations would accompany a rise in the importance of the functions of such vibrations. That high frequency deprives the rays of many attributes that might seem incompatible with 'brain waves' is undoubted. Thus, rays about the 62nd step are so minute as to cease to be refracted, reflected, or polarised; they pass through many so-called opaque bodies, and research begins to show that the most rapid are those which pass most easily through dense substances. It does not require much strength of the scientific imagination to conceive that at the 62nd or 63rd step the trammels from which rays at the 61st step were struggling to free themselves have ceased to influence rays having so enormous a rate of vibration as 9,223052,036854,775808 per second, and that these rays pierce the densest medium with scarcely any diminution of intensity, and pass almost unrefracted and unreflected along their path with the velocity of light.

THE VIBRATIONS OF SPEECH.

"Ordinarily we communicate intelligence to each other by speech. I first call up in my own brain a picture of a scene I wish to describe, and then, by means of an orderly transmission of wave vibrations set in motion by my vocal chords through the material atmosphere, a corresponding picture is implanted in the brain of any one whose ear is capable of receiving such vibrations. If the scene I wish to impress on the brain of the recipient is of a complicated character, or if the picture of it in my own brain is not definite, the transmission will be more or less imperfect; but if I wish to get my audience to picture to themselves some very simple object, such as a triangle or a circle, the transmission of ideas will be wellnigh perfect, and equally clear to the brains of both transmitter and recipient. Here we use the vibrations of the material molecules of the atmosphere to transmit intelligence from one brain to another.

OF THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

"In the newly-discovered Röntgen rays we are introduced to an order of vibrations of extremest minuteness as compared with the most minute waves with which we have hitherto been acquainted, and of dimensions comparable with the distances between the centre of the atoms of which the material universe is built up; and there is no reason to suppose that we have here reached the limit of frequency. Waves of this character cease to have many of the properties associated with light waves. They are produced in the same ethereal medium, and are probably propagated with the same velocity as light, but here the similarity ends. They cannot be regularly reflected from polished surfaces; they have not been polarised; they are not refracted on passing from one medium to another of different density; and they penetrate considerable thicknesses of substances opaque to light with the same ease with which light passes through glass. It is also demonstrated that the rays, as generated in the vacuum tube, are not homogeneous, but consist of bundles of different wave-lengths; analogous to what would be differences of colour could we see them as light. Some pass easily through flesh, but are partially arrested by bone, while others pass with almost equal facility through bone and flesh.

BRAIN AS TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER.

"It seems to me that in these rays we may have a possible mode of transmitting intelligence which, with a few reasonable postulates, may supply a key to much that is obscure in psychical research. Let it be assumed that these rays, or rays even of higher frequency, can pass into the brain and act on some nervous centre there. Let it be conceived that the brain contains a centre which uses these rays as the vocal cords use sound vibrations (both being under the command of intelligence), and sends them out, with the velocity of light, to impinge on the receiving ganglion of another brain. In this way some, at least, of the phenomena of telepathy, and the transmission of intelligence from one sensitive to another through long distances, seem to come into the domain of law, and can be grasped. A sensitive may be one who possesses the telepathic transmitting or receiving ganglion in an advanced state of development, or who, by constant practice, is rendered more sensitive to these high-frequency waves. Experience seems to show that the receiving and transmitting ganglions are not equally developed: one may be active, while the other, like the pineal eye in man, may be only vestigial. By such an hypothesis no physical laws are violated, neither is it necessary to invoke what is commonly called the supernatural.

A TELEPATHIC CHAIN OF BRAIN WAVES.

"To this hypothesis it may be objected that brain waves, like any other waves, must obey physical laws. Therefore, transmission of thought must be easier or more certain the nearer the agent and recipient are to each other, and should die out altogether before great distances are reached. Also it can be urged that if brain waves diffuse in all directions, they should affect all sensitives within their radius of action, instead of impressing only one brain. The electric telegraph is not a parallel case, for there a material wire intervenes to conduct and guide the energy to its destination.

"These are weighty objections, but not, I think, insurmountable. Far be it for me to say anything disrespectful of the law of inverse squares, but I have already endeavoured to show we are dealing with conditions removed from our material and limited conceptions of space, matter, form. Is it inconceivable that intense thought concentrated towards a sensitive with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain of brain waves, along which the message of thought can go straight to its goal without loss of energy due to distance? And it is also inconceivable that our mundane ideas of space and distance may be superseded in these subtile regions of unsubstantial thought where 'near' and 'far' may lose their usual meaning?

"I repeat that this speculation is strictly provisional. I dare to suggest it. The time may come when it will be possible to submit it to experimental tests.

IS CONSERVATION OF ENERGY TRUE OF VITAL FORCES?

"I am impelled to one further reflection, dealing with the conservation of energy. We say with truth that energy is transformed but not destroyed, and that whenever we can trace the transformation we can find it quantitatively exact. So far as our very rough exactness goes, this is true for inorganic matter and for mechanical forces. But it is only inferentially true for organized matter and for vital forces. We cannot express life in terms of heat or of motion. And thus it happens that, just when the exact transformation of energy will be most interesting to watch, we cannot really tell whether any fresh energy has been introduced into the system or not. Let us consider this a little more closely.

THE DETERMINATION OF ENERGY.

"It has, of course, always been realised by physicists, and has been especially pointed out by Dr. Croll, that there is a wide difference between the production of motion and the direction of it into a particular channel. The production of motion, molar or molecular, is governed by physical laws, which it is the business of the philosopher to find out and correlate. The law of the conservation of energy overrides all laws, and it is a pre-eminent canon of scientific belief that for every act done a corresponding expenditure of energy must be transformed. No work can be effected without using up a corresponding value in energy of another kind. But to us the other side of the problem is even of more importance. Granted the existence of a certain kind of molecular motion, what is it that determines its direction along one path rather than another? A weight falls to the earth through a distance of three feet. I lift it, and let it fall once more. In these movements of the weight a certain amount of energy is expended in its rise, and the same amount is liberated in its fall. But instead of letting the weight fall free, suppose I harness it to a complicated system of wheels, and, instead of letting the weight fall in a fraction of a second, I distribute its fall over twenty-four hours. No more energy is expended in raising the weight, and in its slow fall no more or less energy is developed than when it fell free; but I have made it do work of another kind. It now drives a clock, a telescope, or a philosophic instrument, and does what we call useful work. The clock runs down. I lift the weight by exerting the proper amount of energy, and in this action the law of conservation of energy is strictly obeyed. But now I have the choice of either letting the weight fall free in a fraction of a second, or, constrained by the wheelwork, in twenty-four hours. I can do which I like, and whichever way I decide no more energy is developed in the fall of the weight. I strike a match: I can use it to light a cigarette or to set fire to a house. I write a telegram: it may be simply to say I shall be late for dinner, or it may produce fluctuations on the Stock Exchange that will ruin thousands. In these cases the actual force requred in striking the match or in writing the telegram is governed by the law of conservation of energy; but the vastly more momentous part, which determines the words I use or the material I ignite, is beyond such a law. It is probable that no expenditure of energy need be used in the determination of direction one way more than another. Intelligence and freewill here come into play, and these mystic forces are outside the law of conservation of energy as understood by physicists.

WHAT IS THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE?

"The whole universe as we see it is the result of molecular movement. Molecular movements strictly obey the law of conservation of energy; but what we call 'law' is simply an expression of the direction along which a form of energy acts, not the form of energy itself. We may explain molecular and molar motions, and discover all the physical laws of motion, but we shall be far as ever from a solution of the vastly more important question as to what form of will and intellect

is behind the motions of molecules, guiding and constraining them in definite directions along predetermined paths. What is the determining cause in the background? What combination of will and intellect, outside our physical laws, guides the fortuitous concourse of atoms along ordered paths culminating in the material world in which we live?

"WHO BY SEARCHING CAN FIND OUT GOD?"

"In these last sentences I have intentionally used words of wide signification—have spoken of *guidance* along ordered paths. It is wisdom to be vague here, for we absolutely cannot say whether or when any diversion may be introduced into the existing system of earthly forces by external power. We can be no more certain that this is *not* so than I can be certain in an express train that no signalman has pressed a handle to direct the train on to this or that line of rails. I may compute exactly how much coal is used per mile, so as to be able to say at any minute how many miles we have travelled; but, unless I actually see the points, I cannot tell whether they are shifted before the train passes.

"An omnipotent being could rule the course of this world in such a way that none of us should discover the hidden springs of action. He need not make the sun stand still upon Gibeon. He could do all that he wanted by the expenditure of infinitesimal diverting force upon ultra-microscopic modifications of the human germ.

"In this address I have not attempted to add any item to the sound knowledge which I believe our Society is gradually amassing. I shall be content if I have helped to clear away some of those scientific stumbling-blocks, if I may so call them, which tend to prevent many of our possible coadjutors from adventuring themselves on the new illimitable road.

"I see no good reason why any man of scientific mind should shut his eyes to our work, or deliberately stand aloof from it. Our *Proceedings* are, of course, not exactly parallel to the *Proceedings* of a Society dealing with a long-established branch of Science. In every form of research there must be a beginning. We own to much that is tentative, much that may turn out erroneous. But it is thus, and thus only, that each Science in turn takes its stand. I venture to assert that both in actual careful record of new and important facts, and in suggestiveness, our Society's work and publications will form no unworthy preface to a profounder science both of Man, of Nature, and of 'Worlds not-realised' than this planet has yet known."

COMMENTS OF THE TIMES.

The Times of February 1st comments as follows on the foregoing address:—

Mr. Crookes holds so distinguished a position in the world of science, and has done so much good work both as a discoverer and an ingenious theorist, that anything which he says, however paradoxical and fantastic it may at first blush seem, merits attention. And very paradoxical and, at first sight, fantastic are some of the excursions into remote regions of speculation which he makes in his address to the Psychical Society, the general nature of which we described on Saturday. The address is illustrative of a phase of modern science. Twenty years ago our best physicists and chemists shunned all contact with metaphysical speculations. They could say nothing more disparaging of a colleague than that he sometimes so far forgot himself as to talk or write metaphysics. A great change has in this respect come to pass here, and indeed everywhere; and in modern works on physics or chemistry one finds discussions, with new arguments and from new points of view, of some of the questions which have occupied philosophy since its birth. Chemists and physicists of the old school protest against this development, but to no purpose. This trend of scientific thought seems inevitable. Respecting the ultimate properties of matter it is believed to be necessary to have clear, even if provisional, ideas; and inquirers of the stamp of the late Professor Clerk Maxwell are not to be deterred from wandering into regions pronounced by their predecessors to be full of quagmires and quicksands. Mr. Crookes has little to say of the matters forming the staple of most papers read before the Psychical Society—automatic writing, strange coincidences in dreams, and stories of mysterious communications wafted across continents and oceans to anxious relatives. He is concerned with deeper, wider issues. He offers explanations which, if well founded, make all the fairy tales of telepathy perfectly credible. He insists on the immense volume of human ignorance, the meagre or imperfect character of our knowledge. He finds everywhere assumptions that people know more about the universe than they really do. He sees infinite possibilities of changes in our conceptions, even as to matters supposed to be the most stable; and he illustrates vividly and ingeniously this familiar point of view.

Smollett wrote "The Adventures of an Atom"; Mr. Crookes sketches with much ingenious play of fancy the education of a homunculus, an imaginary being of such microscopic size that molecular forces which in common life we scarcely notice—such as surface-tension, capillarity, the Brownian movements—become for him so conspicuous and dominant that he can hardly believe, let us say, in the vast generality of universal gravitation. Mr. Crookes puts his imaginary homunculus on a cabbage-leaf, and speculates as to the strange ideas which the Lilliputian philosopher would form of the shape of the world, the properties of matter, and the general look of things. He would be terrified by the most insignificant of insects. He would be aware of motions and sounds unknown to us. The motes dancing in the sunshine would seem to him "cumbrous objects like portmanteaus flying through the air." With the physics of this homunculus Mr. Crookes contrasts those of specimens of the Brobdingnagian race to which capillary attraction, the cohesion of liquids, surface-tension, and the curvature of liquid surfaces were unknown. Having illustrated this contrast with much ingenuity, he asks the question put two thousand years ago in Greece and renewed whenever men think about the facts at the roots of life. If such changes in our elementary ideas would come to pass from a mere difference in size, may not all our so-called knowledge—all that leads us to distrust the stories of telepathy—be limited by our accidental environment? Twenty centuries ago those who were thinking of the matter discussed by Mr. Crookes would have put their ideas in the form of a myth, and this method had its advantages. The teacher was not tempted to dogmatize. He as good as admitted that his explanations were tentative, and that he was not absolutely certain of his ground. He merely suggested where truth might be found, and what it might prove to be. Such parables were not open to the criticism to which Mr. Crookes's hypothesis is exposed—the criticism that he does not touch the real question which he approaches. Let the Lilliputian philosopher acquire a telescope, the Brobdingnagian a microscope; let the former make some excursions beyond his natal cabbage-leaf, and the ideas of both as to physics will approximate. The myth veiling the thoughts of some Greek turning those things over twenty centuries ago would have carried one further and nearer the heart of the problem.

Mr. Crookes does enter into one region of speculation almost closed to early investigators. He supposes a pendulum beating seconds, at first at the rate of two seconds a minute, next at the rate of four seconds, then at that of eight, and so on, the rate of vibration increasing at each step until at the 63rd step a rate expressed in a sum of nineteen figures is reached. At the fifth step the vibrations are 32 a second; the region where sound begins for us. In the next ten steps is reached a point at which for the average human ear sound ends. From the 16th to the 30th step is attained a region of a highly attenuated medium with far more rapid vibrations revealing themselves as electrical rays. Higher up the scale, from the 30th to the 45th step, is a realm

which is at present unexplored, but in which Mr. Crookes thinks may lie the explanation of much now wholly mysterious. Still rising in the scale, with vibrations of prodigious rapidity, comes the region of light; and beyond that lies another unknown region as to which Mr. Crookes hazards the conjecture that "it is not unlikely that the X rays of Professor Röntgen will be found to lie between the 58th and the 61st step." Of the operations performed within two of these regions little is known; and ascending still higher in the scale, "it does not require much stretch of the scientific imagination to conceive that at the 62nd or 63rd step the trammels from which rays at the 61st step were struggling to free themselves have ceased to influence, &c.. and that these rays pierce the densest medium with no diminution of intensity, and pass unrefracted and unreflected along their straight path with the velocity of light." Soaring still higher on the wings of "scientific imagination," he assumes orders of vibration still minuter, waves of ether ceasing to have the properties of those known to us and overcoming all obstacles caused by distance or intervening matter. May not these rays enable intelligence to be transmitted from one sensitive being to another? May not their radius of action be practically limitless? "Is it inconceivable that intense thought concentrated towards a sensitive being with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain along which brain waves can go straight to their goal without loss of energy due to distance?" Conceivable, perhaps; but true?

The ease with which Mr. Crookes mounts into those far-off regions, and the freedom with which he moves therein seem to be a promise that some day we may have a modern Lucretius—a poet whose imagination will wander over the realms and principalities which science has discovered; who will clothe with verse those "facts plucked from the very heart of Nature" of which Mr. Crookes speaks; and who will, with ampler knowledge than the Roman poet, sing how worlds were made. But these speculations, though perhaps not without value as teaching open-mindedness, are far removed from proofs. They may chasten presumptuous thinkers. They carry one no nearer to an explanation of the phenomena collected by Mr. Gurney and Mr. Podmore than a clever poem. They are, with all their ingenuity, an example of what is so characteristic of much modern philosophy—*l'abus de l'inconnaissable*. The "scientific imagination" may suggest a thousand different possible explanations, but plausibility is not demonstration. It is not undervaluing Mr. Crookes's singularly suggestive paper to say that the fashion of the older philosophers to resort to a myth veiling loosely and lightly some tentative explanation of the problems of the universe was preferable. There was little temptation to take the story about gods or demigods as containing the last and considered judgment of science. It is right to rebuke, as Mr. Crookes does, those who speak as if their philosophy comprehends all things in heaven and earth; but this may be done without launching an almost baseless hypothesis as if it were demonstrative or probable. Suppose that Mr. Crookes, before explaining the facts of telepathy, makes it perfectly clear to us all that they exist.

Professor Crookes addressed the following letter to *The Times*, in recognition of the foregoing article.

SIR,—I have to thank you for the attention you have bestowed, in a leading article of last Monday, on certain speculations of mine, advanced at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, of which I have the honour to be president. Those speculations were avowedly crude and tentative, but I think they derive such interest as they possess from a fact which your article hardly seemed disposed to admit. I mean the fact that a great deal of solid evidence going to prove, and in my view proving, the real existence of telepathy and kindred powers has actually been published by the S.P.R., not only in "Phantasms of the Living," to which your article refers, but in twelve volumes of "Proceedings." The experiments and observations adduced in these volumes are careful, varied, and often difficult of interpretation. They need serious study if any criticism of them is to carry weight. We invite such study, and we are ready to defer to explicit and instructed criticism, although not to the *obiter dicta* of even the ablest critic. In the meantime, so long as our evidence steadily increases (our hon. secretary, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Cambridge, invites communications), and until that evidence shall have been rebutted by arguments more cogent than it has yet had to meet, I for one shall think myself entitled to regard telepathy as in possession of the scientific field.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WATERFINDER.

MR. HOLT SCHOOLING contributes to *Pearson's*, for March, an account of his investigations, which he sums up thus:—

WATER-DOWSING.

1. Water is found by these diviners, whose proportion of successes to failures is much larger than can be ascribed to mere chance.

2. The diviners are mainly employed by practical men, who want water, who pay for it to be found by diviners, and who are satisfied with the result.

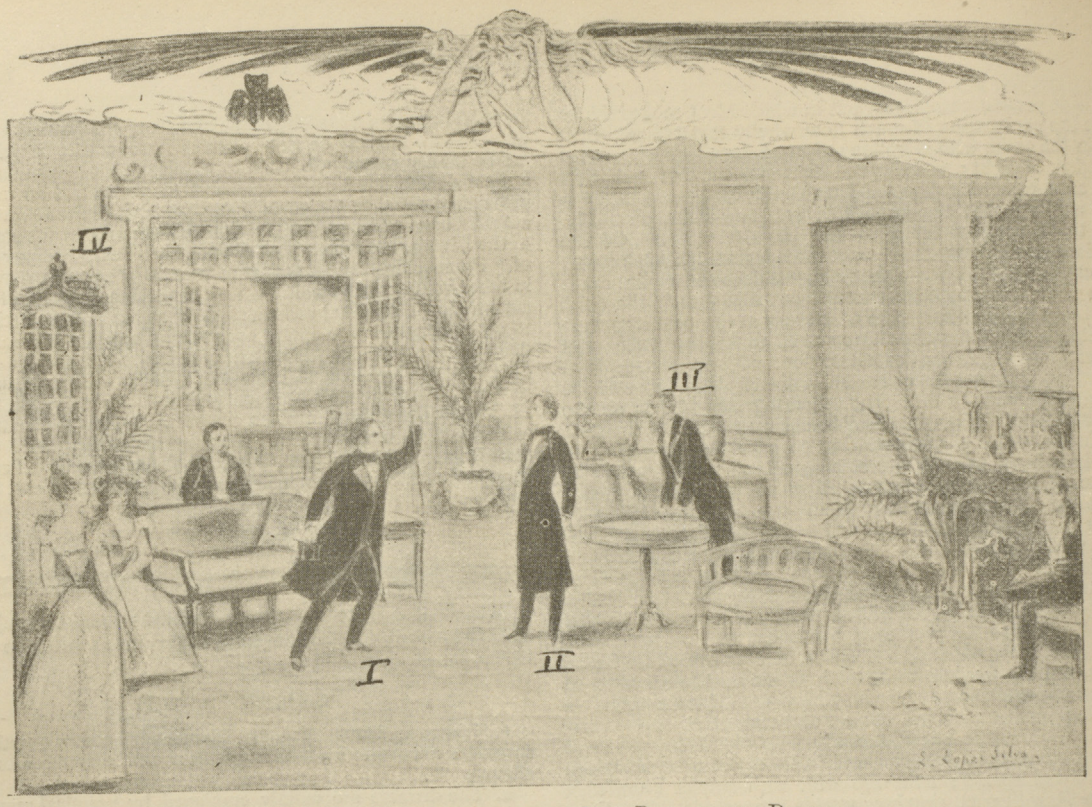
3. Admitting that in some instances there may be a mixture of humbug or of charlatanism, there yet remains, after making due allowance for all sorts of side issues which affect the validity of this method of finding water, a residuum of fact which tends to prove the genuineness of the art.

4. It is quite possible—nay, it is very probable—that certain persons are affected by purely physical influences which do not affect other persons. It is reasonable to think that water may emit certain delicate indications of its presence which may be felt by some persons, and which may be not conveyed to other persons.

5. The evidence goes to show that there is absolutely no power in the rod itself—occult or otherwise. On this point I have asked for the opinion of two or three men of science. Lord Kelvin writes that he believes the divining-rod "to be utterly ineffective."

Mr. Schooling's own conclusion is that "the hidden water does convey subtle indications of its presence to some persons, in whom it sets up very delicate, and probably involuntary nerve-muscular contractions," of which the movements in the delicately-held rod are merely an index.

In the March *Strand*, Mr. Balliol Bruce describes among "Peculiar Occupations" the exploits of the water wizard.



Act I.—The Discussion between Drs. Parisot and Davidson.

I. Dr. Parisot; II. Dr. Davidson; III. M. D'Aubenas; IV. Basket carried by the spirits from mantel-piece to top of book-case.

Act III.—The Scene between M. and Madame D'Aubenas.

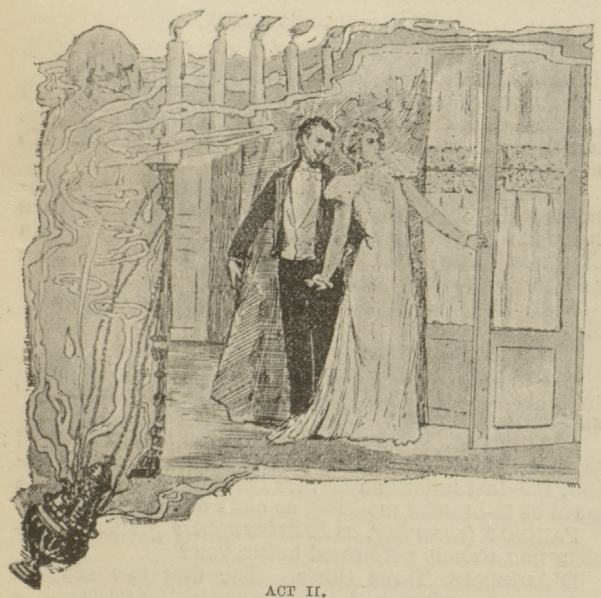
V.—"SPIRITISME." BY VICTORIEN SARDOU.

THE PSYCHIC PROBLEM ON THE PARISIAN STAGE. THE PLAY AND ITS RECEPTION.

THE production of M. Sardou's new play was a great subject of discussion for months before it appeared upon the play-bill. The Spiritists awaited it with anxiety, the general public with curiosity, and the *boulevardier* with his usual *persiflage*.

For weeks before every daily of any importance held columns of "Spiritist" articles, interviews of great men upon their opinion of its subject, historical accounts of *Spiritisme* in the past, present, and future, and letters and interviews of Monsieur Sardou galore.

Sardou himself is known to be a confirmed believer in Spiritism. His mediumistic drawings are perfect marvels of the designer's art. His house of Mozart, entirely drawn in tiny crotchets and quavers, and his no less wonderful architecture of the house of Swedenborg, are so strangely intricate, that some of the greatest draughtsmen of the day have declared their incapacity to produce anything so elaborate in less than a fortnight's hard work, and Monsieur Sardou drew them in less than two hours' time, starting at the four cardinal points of the paper, and bringing the different parts into a perfectly designed whole, without even looking at the sheet before him.



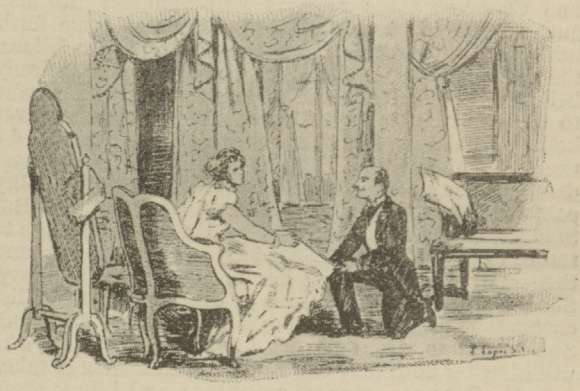
ACT II.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Here is a rapid sketch of the play. The scene lies in the salon of the villa of a certain Monsieur Robert D'Aubenas at St. Jean de Luz. Monsieur D'Aubenas (Brémont), a fervent adept, has been married about twelve years to a very charming and elegant woman, Simone (Sarah Bernhardt), who owns a large fortune in her own right. When the curtains rise the D'Aubenases are entertaining a party of friends. The general conversation informs us that Michael Stoudza, a Serbian Don Juan, is the lover of Simone, who tells him before us that her husband, devoted to *Spiritismé*, neglects her. A young friend of Simone's, the Countess Thecla, is the *confidante* of their illicit amours. A cousin of Simone's, a young man by name Valentin Clavières, is also present. He is as a devoted brother to Simone, and hears of her *liasion* with horror. The other guests are a certain Dr. Davidson, a Scotch Spiritist of great mediumistic powers, and a certain Dr. Parisot, who appears on the scene soon after the start, to represent the dogged obstinacy of official science to perfection; for he will, upon no account, agree to allow any experiments to take place in his presence, for fear of being compelled to believe!

Simone leaves her guests to go and dress for her journey, for she is leaving St. Jean de Luz to-night for Paris with her friend Thecla, but without her husband, who is forced to remain behind for a few days—at least, this is what she tells her friends, but in reality Thecla is to take the train to Paris with Simone's maid and her jewel-case, but Simone herself will remain behind and spend the night at the rooms of Michael Stoudza.

While Mdme. D'Aubenas is preparing for her supposed journey, a violent discussion takes place between the believers and non-believers in Occultism, in which all the arguments in favour of the belief are used by D'Aubenas and Davidson. Dr. Parisot goes off in a



ACT II.

rage, and Simone and her friend return equipped for travelling. M. D'Aubenas does not accompany his wife to the station, as he and the other remaining guests are preparing for a séance in the *salon*. So he confides his wife and the Countess Thecla to the care of Stoudza, who is supposed to accompany them to the station. But of course only Thecla and the maid take the train, which is to prove so fatal, while Simone goes off with Stoudza.

Meanwhile an interesting experiment is taking place in the drawing-room. The guests are seated round the table, D'Aubenas in the centre questioning the spirits. Rappings are distinctly heard, and the spirit dictates the one word, *ouvrez*, "open." "Open what!" cries D'Aubenas, and he questions again. "The door? the

cupboards?" "No." "The window?" "Yes." And forthwith the window is opened wide to show a blood-red sky, indicating a violent fire in the direction of the station. A servant in the garden beneath the window cries out that a train is burning in the station. It is the very train in which Thecla is now being burned to death, and in which Simone is supposed to be also.

D'Aubenas in terror flies to the station, followed by his friends, and the curtain falls.

The second act holds little or no spiritism. It takes place the following day at the rooms of Michel Stoudza. Simone has passed the night with her lover, and is preparing to depart unseen—for the servants have been sent away. The lovers know nothing of the night's catastrophe, but they hear it soon enough from Stoudza's valet, who rushes in frantically, brimful of the terrible news. There has been a collision between the express train and a goods train charged with petroleum in the station. The petroleum has caught fire and both trains have been burnt to cinders, and more than twenty passengers have been burnt to death, and are now unrecognizable. The valet has hardly finished telling his news, when in rushes D'Aubenas and Valentin Clavières, and one or two other friends. Stoudza has barely time to hide Simone in an inner room before D'Aubenas is in the room. He falls down on a sofa in an agony of uncertainty. He hopes that Stoudza, who accompanied the two ladies to the station, will tell him that they did not catch the train, or else took an earlier one—anything—anything, rather than believe that Simone—his dear Simone has been burnt to death. . . . But Stoudza—lying to save Simone—affirms that they started by the ill-fated train, and the husband's sorrow knows no limits. So D'Aubenas leaves Stoudza to search for his wife's body, and Clavières alone remains with Stoudza. He has guessed the truth, and calls to Simone to come forth from her hiding-place. She does so, and then follows the finest dramatic scene of the play. D'Aubenas firmly believes his wife dead, so Simone proposes to her lover to fly with him to far-off lands, where no one will ever know who she is, and there they will live together for the rest of their lives. But, of course, by her supposed death all her money goes to her husband, and the guilty pair will have to live upon Stoudza's small income. But Stoudza to this will not agree. He wishes Simone to return to the world, to let her husband divorce her, and then marry him, bringing her millions for her, dowry. Simone's love suddenly turns to disgust, when she discovers the real nature of the man she believed she loved. She agrees to go away with her cousin Valentin, who will hide her until they can resolve what course to take.

In the third act spiritism reappears, and brings about the *dénouement*. Valentin, who meanwhile has fought the Serbe in a duel and killed him, comes in with Simone. The scene is laid in Brittany, at Queberon, in the house where D'Aubenas and Simone had passed their honeymoon. D'Aubenas has entirely given himself up to Spiritism, and, alone in his sea-bound home, nightly evokes the spirit of his departed love. So, while D'Aubenas is out, Valentin comes in with Simone, and conceals her in an inner room. His plan is to use Robert D'Aubenas's belief in the supernatural as a means to obtain his wife's pardon. So Simone is to appear to her husband when he invokes her spirit and, telling him the whole truth, implore his forgiveness. When D'Aubenas returns from his walk he meets Valentin alone in the *Salon*. He is delighted to see him, and begs him to remain. Valentin accepts, and thereupon the two men sit down and talk. D'Aubenas tells him that he has in vain evoked the spirit of his lost wife. She has not come; but, in reply to his supplications, the spirit of a younger sister of his, who died in her girlhood, has come, and, in reply to his questioning upon Simone, tells him she cannot come. . . . D'Aubenas is in despair, but can obtain no other answer from his sister's spirit but that it is impossible. But the following night—which is the one preceding the present one—he tells Valentin that his sister has announced Simone's appearance for this same evening, and to-night he is to see Simone again face to face.

When Valentin has retired, Simone comes gliding into the room and appears when her husband evokes her. He still believes her to be a spirit. She tells him her sin and implores his forgiveness. He pardons her. . . . Then she says, "If I lived would you pardon me too?" "Yes, Simone," he answers; and then he gradually understands that it is his real wife who stands before him, and she falls into his arms.

Such is the play in which Sarah Bernhardt once again set all the world marvelling.

THE SPIRITIST DISCUSSION IN THE FIRST ACT.

The 1st and 3rd Acts alone deal with Spiritism. The 2nd Act is purely devoted to the incidents of the drama. The following discussion upon Spiritism takes place between the medium Davidson, Dr. Parisot, the scientist, and D'Aubenas, the hero of the play. At the house of D'Aubenas, who has remained with his guests, after his wife has left to go to the station.

(*Enter* DR. PARISOT.)

D'AUBENAS (*going forward to greet* DR. PARISOT). How do you do, Doctor? You are very welcome.

PARISOT. I am just back from Bordeaux, where I had been called for a consultation. I found your note awaiting me, and only just stopped to get a snack. No one ill, I hope?

D'AUBENAS. No one. I invited you to some experiments which may interest you. But first of all let me introduce you to my friends. My cousin Valentin Clavières (*bows*) and Doctor Harry Davidson, from Edinburgh, a colleague.

PARISOT (*friendly, and about to hold out his hand*) Sir!

D'AUBENAS. An excellent medium.

PARISOT (*becomes frigid and places his hat upon a sofa, glancing meanwhile at* DAVIDSON, *stealthily and with disfavour*). Oh! I see.

D'AUBENAS. What an unbeliever you are. I thought to please you when I asked you to this séance of Spiritism, the last unfortunately, for the doctor is obliged to leave us to-morrow morning, so as to not miss the boat.

PARISOT (*sneering, as he takes off his gloves*). Monsieur has already performed before you?

D'AUBENAS. Three times. The first two séances were merely curious and nothing more. But yesterday's was stupendous.

PARISOT (*in the same tone, as he sits down upon the sofa*). The grand show?

D'AUBENAS. Judge for yourself. This table, which hitherto had only moved beneath our touch, and answered our questions by distinct rappings, suddenly left our hands and went spinning round the room; then rose to this height from the floor, and after having floated through the air a few seconds, softly descended again to the carpet.

PARISOT (*in the same tone*). And naturally it was in deep darkness.

D'AUBENAS. Not at all. It was in full light as we are now. I will ask these gentlemen to tell you what followed.

(*He sits down upon the chair to the right of the table.*)

DES AUBIERS (*to* PARISOT). I felt a knock there, upon my shoulder. I instinctively put up my hand and felt another there.

PARISOT. In goldbeater's skin?

DES AUBIERS. A hand of flesh, warm, soft, and

ACT I. THE TABLE TURNS.

living. I drew back my hand and that other went and placed itself on Marescot's head, who gave a cry . . .

MARESCOT. That is to say . . .

DES AUBIERS. A howl. After that the hand went and clasped M. D'Aubenas's hand. He tried his best to keep it and hold it fast; but within his very clasp it melted and dissolved into vapour.

D'AUBENAS. Quite true.

PARISOT. Is that all?

D'AUBENAS. Oh, no. Some moments later that clock began to strike; but with a very strange sound quite distinct from the ordinary one, with tiny, light knocks, drawn out, vibrating, as if given by the touch or beating of some insect's wing.

PARISOT. Yes—some moth imprisoned in the box. As for the rest—spinnings, rappings, and answers—nothing is more simple. Instinctive and muscular impulsions, the return shock of your own thoughts. And the hand, the music—tension, cerebral excitement and auto-suggestion.

DES AUBIERS. I beg your pardon, Doctor. We both heard and saw.

PARISOT. My dear sir, don't say I saw, I heard, but say I believe that I saw, I believe that I heard.

D'AUBENAS. Ha, ha! Dr. Marphurius! If I am not to believe the witness of my own senses, then, perhaps, I only *imagine* that you are there before me, giving me reasons which are none.

PARISOT. You will not admit such a thing as hallucination?

D'AUBENAS. Collective hallucination?

PARISOT. Certainly.

D'AUBENAS (*rising*). Then please explain to me the last manifestation which crowned the séance. At the very instant when our attention was drawn towards the clock, it suddenly stopped striking. A small wire basket, filled with dried roses, that I had taken off the table when we began the séance, and had passed on to Marescot to place it on the mantelpiece at this very spot, that basket rose to the height of about a metre, and then set off flying across the room, and went as lightly as a bird, and fixed itself on the corner of that piece of furniture, where it still is.* If we had been victims of an hallucination, it would not have left this place. (*He strikes the marble mantelpiece.*)

PARISOT. And you saw that?

DES AUBIERS and MARESCOT. All of us.

D'AUBENAS. In full light?

PARISOT. Well, then, it's sleight of hand!

D'AUBENAS. And where is the performer?

DAVIDSON (*smiling*). Doubtless, some Scotchman?

PARISOT (*dryly*). I mention nobody! (*To* D'Aubenas), Only I am most astonished that a serious man like Monsieur D'Aubenas should attach any importance whatever to such nonsense!

D'AUBENAS. My dear doctor—a fact is a fact! Contempt does not do away with it.

(*He sits down on the right*).

PARISOT. You believe that the spirits are the cause of these pastimes?

D'AUBENAS. Mr. Davidson will tell you that he is convinced of it! *I* have not his experience, I am a believer, with certain restrictions as yet, but I know enough already to be able to assert that all those so-called explanations which you have just offered. . . . unconscious movements of the fingers, hallucination, &c., &c., are of no avail but to get the laugh against those "savants" who have been weak enough to be content with them.

PARISOT. But your own credulity, my dear sir, will make you a laughing stock.

D'AUBENAS. I shall give you the same answer that was given by a great writer, *à propos* of this very question—and Thackeray the famous author of "Vanity Fair," was not precisely a fool: "After what I have seen, I have no right to doubt," he said.

PARISOT. Well! after what I have seen, I have the right to believe nothing. (*Exclamations.*)

MARESCOT. Ah! Have you seen something too?

PARISOT. At Biarritz—two months ago, at the house of some good people related to me, and who were not expecting my call. A little old woman, whom I distrusted from the first, made a small basket, to which a pencil was fixed, move about, that was supposed to write messages from the other world. She had first of all evoked Alfred de Musset and George Sand.

VALENTIN. Of course!

PARISOT. I arrived at the very moment when Napoleon was leaving! They called for Victor Hugo who hastened to arrive. If they had evoked Ruy Blas, he would have come just as well! The great poet condescended to dictate a few verses! Oh! goodness! Let us hope they will never be published! I must say that he confesses that he is not in the poetical mood and retires, taking French leave. Thereupon I express a desire to converse with Homer? Tic—tac and here he is! . . . I tell him, in the politest of tones these two Greek words—"Ονος εἰς"—"Thou art a donkey"! He believes it to be a compliment and replies—"All Greece has told me so"! And every one went into extasies! Some one

* The piece of furniture alluded to is a book-case, about 7 feet high placed on the left of the stage.

whispered to me—"Ask him if you have already lived upon this earth"? "Yes," replies Homer, "and thou hast been an historical celebrity. . . . Ah! When? During the reign of Louis XIV." "And who was I"? "The man of the Iron Mask"! . . .

(*Exclamations and laughter*).

DES AUBIERS. So we hold it at last, that horrible secret!

RAYMONDE. It was you!

PARISOT. Yes—it was I! You understand that that one experiment was sufficient for me.

D'AUBENAS. Well, doctor, I consider that you were wrong! No experimenter exists who at the beginning met with no such rubbish—it is the smoke which precedes the flame. You should have persisted, like so many others, and you would have seen clearer later on. Truth hides from the unbelieving and is revealed only to those who will allow themselves to be convinced! If there was nothing else in Spiritism than the experiments of your good lady and drawing-room tricks like those of certain wags who, by the contraction of a muscle of the leg--the long peroneal—imitate the rappings of the spirit on the floor, then Spiritism would have been annihilated long ago.

PARISOT. But, my dear sir, if there was anything serious in it, official science would have adopted it long ago.

DAVIDSON (*standing to the right of the room*). Magnetism, for instance, which you would admit but under the name of suggestion and hypnotism, after having kept it waiting in an outer chamber for a hundred years.

PARISOT. Because charlatans have discredited it.

DAVIDSON. There are charlatans in all branches, my dear *confrère*, even in medicine—but you do not conclude from that that the science of medicine is dupery.

PARISOT. But except charlatans and their dupes, who is interested in such things?

DAVIDSON. Oh! you are behind the times. Who? Why, men who—by their calling—are the most learned, the most competent, and the most authoritative—by the character they bear and the knowledge they possess; and to quote but England, such doctors and physiologists as Gully and Elliotson; natural philosophers such as Lodge, astronomers such as Challis, mathematicians such as Morgan, naturalists such as A. Russell Wallace, engineers such as my friend Varley, the inventor of the electrical condensator! All are members of the Royal Society or Professors of the most exact sciences at the Universities of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, and Dublin; and all affirm and testify to phenomena which would be inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. The most convinced are those who began by studying Spiritism only to prove its absurdity—amongst others, William Crookes, whose example is typical! One day the whole of England learns that the eminent chemist who made the discovery of thallium will take up the pen to reduce to nought the conclusions of the Dialectial Society of London, which after a serious examination of, during eighteen months, had affirmed the truth of certain facts. And yet incredibility triumphed; Crookes studies the question, like a true natural philosopher, by aid of levers, pulleys, scales, &c. He attests that his friends and himself have obtained results, still more astonishing than all those which he had intended to refute! Imagine the anger of those who would have covered him with praise had he responded to their wishes! His experiences are contested! He supplies the affirmation of witnesses—savants like himself! A rumour circulates that his opinion has again altered, and that he retracts all he affirmed. He replies by a formal contradiction. That's a man! He has the courage of his convictions, all honour be to him!

PARISOT. He's mad.

D'AUBENAS. I wish you the same madness, Doctor, as that of the savant to whom we owe the discovery of the Cathode rays, which by means of its tubes made the Röentgen rays possible!

DAVIDSON. And as for madness, I can offer you to reflect upon the grave words of another savant, who made a special study of madness!—Lombroso—"My friends and I who laugh at Spiritism are, perhaps, hypnotised, like many insane subjects, in placing ourselves outside the truth and mocking at those who do not believe as we do!"

PARISOT (*rising and putting on his gloves*). Well, if savants exist, who affirm certain facts, there are also others—quite as competent and more numerous—to plainly deny them!

DAVIDSON. Especially those who, considering their judgment to be infallible, like yourself, have refused to examine the question!

PARISOT. One has no need to examine what does not exist—it not being possible.

DAVIDSON. Who affirms that?

PARISOT. Common sense!

DAVIDSON. Ah! poor common sense! If it had to be responsible for all the errors attributed to it! It is in the name of common sense that the rotundity of the earth was denied because in that case those at the Antipodes would be walking upside down. Common sense told Christopher Columbus that he would never get back again, and it was in the name of the same authority that Harvey was laughed at because of his circulation of the blood, Jenner because of his vaccine, and Franklin because of his lightning conductor. Sir Humphrey Davy was ridiculed because he admitted that London could be lighted up by gas; and Thomas Gray threatened with the madhouse for affirming the possibility of the railway. It was in the name of common sense that Laplace laughed at the fall of ærolites, and Lavoisier declared that no stones could fall from the sky because there were no stones in the sky; and that the savant, M. Bouilland, pinched the nose of the operator who was allowing him to listen to the phonograph, saying as he did so, "My friend, you must take me for a fool! You are a ventriloquist!"

PARISOT (*getting angry*). But all those things, erroneously contested, are positive, tangible, material, abiding, and scientific. They are not supernatural! . .

DAVIDSON. What do you call "supernatural?"

PARISOT. That which is contrary to the laws of nature.

DAVIDSON. Then you know the laws of nature?

PARISOT. Not all of them.

DAVIDSON. Well, then, you are like that King of Siam who called the Dutchman an impostor, because he affirmed that in *his* country the waters of the rivers became so hardened in the winter as to bear elephants walking upon it! For that Siamese King ice was supernatural, because he had never seen any!

PARISOT (*sitting upon the stool*). And have you ever seen any spirits?

DAVIDSON (*standing—leaning against the table*). Yes—face to face—certainly.

PARISOT. Immaterial? With immaterial bodies? I beg you tell me how a man can leave this world with his entire personality?

DAVIDSON. Willingly—when you will explain to me how he can enter it with all the instincts of his race.

PARISOT (*exasperated*). But I can *see* that fact. The other one I deny.

DAVIDSON (*mocking*). That is perfectly immaterial to him! (*He goes towards the right.*)

PARISOT (*standing*). The idea of ghosts at this present day! We are going back to the Middle Ages! (*He takes up his walking-stick.*) Well, go to them without me!

D'AUBENAS (*trying to keep him from going away*). Don't go, doctor. Stop and see for yourself!

PARISOT. No, no.

D'AUBENAS. Try some experiments. You will perhaps be able to attest the reality of the facts.

PARISOT. Thank you. I should have to unlearn all I know.

D'AUBENAS. And if it is an hallucination, you can prove it to be so.

PARISOT. Thanks; I have no time to spend in showing up hoaxes!

DAVIDSON. Doctor, remember the dogmatists of Pisa, who refused to look into Galileo's telescope. Here you are, a dogmatist like them, a dogmatist of science!

PARISOT. And you, with all your spirits, you are the Robert Houdin* of science! If I saw them, and touched them, sir, I would not believe in them!

D'AUBENAS. Well, then, in that case! . .

PARISOT (*picking up his hat and going towards the left*). Permit me . . . Ladies . . . (*To* VALENTIN, *who has passed him his walking-stick*). Thanks. (*To* D'AUBENAS.) Excuse me, dear sir, in leaving you so rapidly—but human patience has its limits. Credulity has none. (*He goes out.*)

EXTRACT FROM ACT III.

In the third Act we have Spiritism again—discussed and defended principally by D'Aubenas, who hopes to see his wife's spirit materialized and almost living. At the beginning of the Act he is chattering with friends, and the ever present idea of re-incarnation crops up afresh.

"And why should it not be so," says D'Aubenas, "it is an hypothesis which in all ages has found supporters among the greatest men. If I talk nonsense, I am at least surrounded by great men who hold the same opinions. Of course, to a materialist like yourself, it seems an absurd theory; yet, to one who believes that the soul has its individual entity, and is but imprisoned within the body it inhabits, no other theory seems more probable than that of the successive migrations of the human spirit, going from bad to better, and from the lowest to the highest range of beings by means of a series of deaths and successive re-incarnations, through which at each stage the personality of the soul puts on a new body which is, as it were, a travelling-costume adapted to the requirements of its new existence. And that theory justifies the terrible inequality of the various conditions of existence which are imposed upon each man at his birth! They are the inevitable consequence of the use he has made of his free-will during his former life. He *is* as he has made himself, and is condemned as long as his material instincts predominate, to submit to fresh trials here until the day dawns when, refined by a life of suffering, struggling, and expiation, he will leave this life to seek, in other destinies, a new world, less miserable and more enlightened than ours. . . . .

You may laugh if you will, but who, looking up at the stars on such a night as this, will not question whether they are not our future inhabitations, where we shall discover, under newer and better conditions, the use of our higher aspirations after a goal which is hidden from our present human imperfection."

VALENTIN. But if I do not remember my former existences, what becomes of my individuality?

D'AUBENAS. You will find your individuality again, dear friend, when you will finally have left the human prison! The memory of past miseries would be too heavy a burden for you to bear with you through the new trials of this life. . . . You are like a traveller who, climbing a steep mountain, is afraid of looking back for fear of falling! It is only at the summit that he can take a good view of the land he has journeyed over, and the perils he no longer has to fear. So in sideral life, the spirit may look upon the weaknesses and the blemishes of his past without sorrow or shame, but with the proud joy of knowing that he has for ever freed and purified himself. I am quite willing to admit, my dear doctor, that all this is but pure conjecture . . . just as your materialism is too . . . but as neither of us are sure, I'd sooner have my belief than yours!

D'Aubenas's friends are about to leave him to return to their hotel, but before they leave, D'Aubenas asks Marescot to get him some books when he returns to Paris, and the two men leave the room together in search of the list of books which is in the library. During their absence, the others, among which are Valentin and Dr. Parisot, go on chattering. The doctor is asked what he thinks of D'Aubenas's state of health.

DR. PARISOT. Well, my impression is very simple, and I will give it to you plainly. He is on the road which leads to insanity.

GEORGES (*D'Aubenas's brother*). To insanity!

PARISOT. . . . Mystical madness! Read the titles of these books! "Animism," "Psychism," "Magic," "Spiritism"!! And what is inside them? (*He takes up the volumes one by one and throws them down on the table*). After what that humbug of a Scotchman told us, I wanted to be very clear upon the point. And I poked my nose into all that nonsense!

RAYMONDE AND GILBERTE. Well!

PARISOT. Well, the mummer spoke truly! It's astonishing! Real and authentic savants say: "I have seen," "I have done," and relate accurately *what* they saw, and *what* they did. . . . It's enough to make one wonder, if one's not dreaming. There's Zoellner, the astronomer, Zoellner, who sees his pencil lift itself up before his very eyes and write of its own accord on a slate. . . . Next it's Barkas, the geologist Barkas, who goes in for small concerts all to himself with pianos, accordions, and guitars played upon by invisible fingers. Then Russel Wallace—Wallace, who collaborated with Darwin, who gets flowers and fruit in the depth of winter thrown down from the ceiling by the spirits. Then the famous Crookes and his friends, who for three years was visited by the materialized spirit of Miss Katie King, who, previous to her departure for a higher world, takes a walk round the drawing-room leaning upon Crookes' arm and shaking hands with all those present. Then we read of Cromwell Varley, the head engineer of the transatlantic cable, who certifies to the reality of the soul, whose existence he affirms by means of electric currents and the reflecting galvanometer. . . . And lastly, Lombroso—that pure materialist, Lombroso—with his chair pulled from beneath him, a heavy piece of furniture threatening to kill him, while he struggles

* Robert Houdin in Paris corresponds to Maskelyne and Cook's entertainments.

against a curtain which endeavours to stifle him, and some unknown bell is ringing madly in his ears, cries out: "I am confused—to have dared deny the reality of facts." And hundreds and hundreds of witnesses, just as important, attest to thousands of such fantastic phenomena.

VALENTIN. But, my dear doctor, you give me food for reflection. All those you name are not fools!

PARISOT. No, sir. But they have all gone mad!

DE AUBIERS. All of a sudden?

PARISOT. An epidemic. The influenza of credulity, which attacks the finest brains. Even in France . . . which is certainly the least contaminated of all countries, because, thank goodness, there is enough wit here to laugh at such nonsense, without taking the trouble to investigate them. . . . But even France is struck, sir, see such men as Flammarion, Rochas, and Gibier, Dariey, and Richet . . . and doctors too. What are we coming to? We are retrograding three whole centuries. . . . In a very little time I can see you all becoming demons. . . . (*to* DES AUBIERS) You'll be an incubus. . . . (*to* GEORGES) You, a vampire, . . . I shall be a wehrwolf; and you, dear ladies, will be all riding off to Sabbat on a broom-stick.

DES AUBIERS. Well, you may say what you like, we saw what we saw! . . .

GEORGES. The basket!

DES AUBIERS. And the hand!

GILBERTE. And the word the table gave out, "Open."

DES AUBIERS. And the red, fiery sky!

PARISOT. A mere coincidence!

VALENTIN. But who rapped the word? Who?

PARISOT. Pooh! The Scotchman, of course! . . . with some tool hidden in his sleeve or waistcoat. . . . What a humbug!"

VALENTIN. But why that word "Open?"

ALL. Yes, why?

PARISOT (*quietly*). Why? Oh! it's very simple! He's a Scotchman, isn't he?

ALL. Yes.

PARISOT. Therefore a mountaineer, therefore fond of plenty of air. When you shut the window, he can't breathe! And so—tac, tac, a couple of raps, and the trick is done! Open! (*Laughter.*) I'll undertake to give you any explanations just as natural upon anything there is to be found there—(*he points to the books*).

GEORGES. But what is your advice for my brother?

PARISOT (*pointing to the books*). To burn all that. No more solitude, and plenty of purgative medicines.

GEORGES. Purgative medicines.

PARISOT. Capital for hallucinations! A ghost itself cannot resist castor oil.

Thereupon D'AUBENAS *returning to the room and the conversation is stopped. Shortly after he is left alone with* VALENTIN, *and the subject is resumed.*

D'AUBENAS (*alluding to the incredulous* DR. PARISOT). He admitted himself that to believe in a single one of these phenomena, he would have to unlearn all he knows, or thinks he knows, now! . . . Poor man, by dint of crying out to greenhorns that Science explains all things, he has ended by believing it himself, though he is still utterly incapable of explaining how a chestnut-tree grows out of a chestnut. I must say that he does better to plainly deny everything, than to imitate those who, like Hartmann, unable to contest *facts*, give absurd and ridiculous explanations of them. . . .

VALENTIN. What about the hesitation you felt at St. Jean-de-Luz concerning the causes?

D'AUBENAS. I no longer hesitate.

VALENTIN. And, like the Scotchman, you now admit the intervention of spirits?

D'AUBENAS. It is the only explanation which can be applied to all cases.

VALENTIN. And of spirits which have lived here below?

D'AUBENAS. Yes, and that is the only point upon which they all agree; for upon the question of identity they are very contradictory.

VALENTIN. You admit that they may lead us into error?

D'AUBENAS. Frequently. After all, they are but a continuation of humanity, and do not differ much from us. The best have gone on, and amongst those who remain are the good and the bad.

VALENTIN (*going up to him*). And naturally (I hope I am not indiscreet in asking such a question) you have evoked the spirit of your poor wife?

D'AUBENAS (*taking his hand*). Indiscreet to speak of our dear Simone, who loved you so. It seems to me, dear friend, that when I am with you I am near her.

VALENTIN. Yes, dear Robert, and still more than you think.

D'AUBENAS. There would be but sorrow here for me (her room was there but I never go into it) if I had not an absolute faith in the promise which was made me there—

VALENTIN. That of becoming a medium?

D'AUBENAS. And if I were not persuaded that the dead appear more willingly on the spot where they lived and suffered and enjoyed. So as soon as I arrived, I set to evoking Simone, just as I had seen Davidson do. With a sheet of paper before me on that table, and a pencil, I awaited; but in vain. At every séance I was unsuccessful, until one evening my hand was seized, and as it were numbed in the warm grasp of an invisible hand, and began writing some words on the paper, that were in no way dictated by my brain. . . . And the first written word was the name of a young sister I had lost twenty years ago, and who, to affirm her personality, saluted me with certain nicknames she used to call me by in our childhood.

I will not go now into the details of that conversation with that dear spirit. But when I asked her, "Will Simone not come to me as you do now?" "No," she replied, "it is impossible." "But why, why?" I questioned. "You will know the reason why later on." And that evening I could get nothing more from her. But yesterday, at the hour she herself had fixed, I at last obtained this reply, which rejoiced me greatly, "She will come to-morrow night, you will see her and speak to her."

VALENTIN (*astounded*). You wrote that?

D'AUBENAS. Word for word. See for yourself.

VALENTIN. It is so. (*Reads.*) "You will see her and speak to her." So you rely upon seeing her?

D'AUBENAS. Yes.

VALENTIN. This evening?

D'AUBENAS. This evening. And why should she not come? There have been frequent examples of manifestations of materialized spirits, who were visible and tangible, like the Katie King of William Crookes. Those believers who accept other wonders and hesitate to accept that one, are perfectly illogical. If it is proved by undeniable witnesses that one can see and touch and hold a hand from beyond the tomb, why not the whole arm and their whole body? One fact leads to another. Once a single so-called supernatural fact is admitted, the others must be admitted also. It is a question of all

or nothing. Resolute negation or resolute affirmation! William Crookes or Parisot. . . . It is true that I am not in the necessary conditions for the spirit to be able to materialize with the aid of a medium's vitality; but there have been a number of apparitions where the medium has seemed absent.

(VALENTIN *now tries to suggest to his friend that when he meets his wife he will learn that she has been guilty, and will implore his forgiveness.*

VALENTIN. Do you know, Robert, what specially attracts me in your doctrine of successive lives? It is that it teaches that humanity is ever ascending towards better worlds and nobler destinies; but unable to deserve them in this life, and being able to attain them in a higher life, but by the fraternal help of all to each, and each to all, press us, and elevate us, and attract us one to another, so that the first comer holds out a helping hand to the last comer, the best to the least good, the rich man to the poor, the strong to the weak, the happy to the suffering, the virtuous to the guilty.

D'AUBENAS. You are right, dear friend.

VALENTIN. The guilty one is, after all, but a brother who has come late . . . .

D'AUBENAS. Yes; just so.

VALENTIN. However great his sins may be, we may have committed the same in a previous life. What indulgence we ought to feel for him! And how shall we refuse him that pity which we know will come for him, however long may be the time of his trial; he will count also among the best, for he has all eternity before him, to earn his salvation.

D'AUBENAS. Yes, dear friend. There lies the truth. All shall be saved! And in the celestial home all will be taken and none sent away! The old belief of the eternal punishment—a cruel conception of the older theology—is now done away with! However monstrous the crime may be, it is limited within space and time. For God would not be supreme justice if He punished the temporary crime by an everlasting chastisement!

VALENTIN. Surely.

D'AUBENAS. And the chosen ones! Can you imagine them in their selfish beatitude deaf to the despairing clamour of Hell! Would they not cry out to God, "Saviour, how can we be happy with thee, when those damned ones, our brothers, cry out for mercy, and thou dost not deign to ever to consent to forgive them!" . . .

VALENTIN (*energetically*). So with them we may also affirm that every human error has a right to be forgiven. . . .

VALENTIN *goes on to prepare his friend to forgive his erring wife. Later on, when* VALENTIN *has retired for the night,* SIMONE *does appear—but we know that she is not a spirit but a repentant wife, who implores her forgiveness with many tears, and is forgiven.*

The élite of the critics, one and all, declared that "Spiritisme" was one of M. Sardou's best plays, but the interest of the action was merged into the interest of the Spiritist discussion, so that the play was rather an event in occultism than one of the stage. Not all Monsieur Sardou's genius could stop the chaff of the Boulevardier, who is a veritable Parisot at heart, and will only believe that which his grosser senses can see and touch. Yet, with all, the play interested greatly the *grand public*—those who wish to learn, and certainly had not the play been condemned by the Spiritists, it would have been a great success.

Its comparative failure is chiefly owing to material reasons. The Renaissance Theatre must make 6,000 francs a night to cover all expenses, while other Paris theatres of the first order, such as the Vaudeville or Gymnase, need only to reach the sum of 4,500 francs to make good profit. But every night that "Spiritisme" was played the theatre made 4,500 francs out of the house, so had "Spiritisme" been at any other theatre but at the Renaissance it would have been a success.

The serious Spiritists such as De Rochas, Dariex, &c., were all intensely interested in the play, but the lesser stars found that Sardou defeated his own object in causing the living wife to appear as the spirit to her husband. But the objection is absurd. First of all there must be a play; and Monsieur Sardou very cleverly introduced Spiritism as a bye-subject, and used it again for the *dénouement* simply because he wished to teach a great truth by means of an amusement. In the third act it is true that the guilty wife appears in the flesh, but it is none the less true that her advent is foretold both the night before and also upon the night of her appearance by the dead sister with whom D'Aubenas is in communication. Moreover, when he calls her by name the spirit tells him she cannot come; as she herself comes, that is to say, in the form of a spirit.

C. DE P.

A LETTER FROM MONSIEUR SARDOU.

(This letter was written to Monsieur Ram-Band as a preface to a small volume he wrote for private circulation only, upon psychical science.)

MY DEAR RAM-BAND.—For more than forty years I have been observing, with much curiosity, those phenomena which under the names of magnetism, sonnambulism, ecstacy, second sight or clairvoyance, &c., were the laughing stock of all savants in my youth. Whenever I ventured to give them some account of the experiments in which my own scepticism had foundered, what a reception did I meet with, and what amusement I gave! I can still hear the laughter of a doctor, one of my friends, to whom I related that magnetic passes had sent a girl I knew into a state of catalepsy. If a pistol was let off close to her ears, or a red-hot iron placed on the nape of her neck, she still remained motionless. "Bah!" said my friend, "women are such liars."

And now those same facts, formerly systematically denied, are now accepted and affirmed by those same men who used to call them sleight of hand. No day passes but what some young "savant" reveals to me truths that I knew before he was born.

I see nothing changed but the names. We do not talk now of *magnetism*, for that name would sound ill in the ears of those who have so mocked at it, but has now become *hypnotism* or *suggestion*; for such denominations are more becoming. When adopting them it was given to understand that so-called *magnetism* was but a dupery, to which justice has been meted out; and that official science doubly merits our gratitude. We have been delivered from *magnetism* and now have got *hypnotism*, a scientific truth . . . which is identically the same thing.

One day, a long time ago, I told a clever surgeon the fact—so well known to-day—that a state of insensibility could be produced upon certain subjects by forcing them to look fixedly upon a small mirror or some such bright object, so as to make them squint.

This truth was received by repeated bursts of laughter and a few jokes upon my "magic mirror." Years pass by and the same man comes one day to luncheon at my house, and excuses himself for being late. He has been kept, he says, because he had to draw the tooth of a very nervous and frightened girl. "And," said he, "I tried a novel and most interesting experiment upon her. By the aid of a small metallic mirror I sent her to sleep and was able to draw the tooth without her even knowing it. "Stop," I cry out. "Was I not the first to tell you of the possibility of that fact? and did you not laugh at me?" But my friend cleverly got out of it by quickly answering "Oh! *you* spoke of *magic*, but *this* is *hypnotism*." And official science has discovered all our ridiculed truths out in like manner. After having been laughed at they are appropriated, but have had all their labels altered.

But now, no matter what they are called, here they are fully recognized. And now that our "savants" have discovered at the *Salpétrière* what every one could have seen at the cemetery of Saint Médard under Louis XV., there is some reason to hope that they will deign to look into this Spiritism, which is believed to have died beneath their contempt, but which has never been stronger than at present. The only thing to be done will be to find a new name for it, so as to seem to have made a discovery that nobody had ever thought of before. But that will take some time, for Spiritism has other enemies than ill-will.

It has against it all drawing-room experiments—a bad method of investigation—only good to confirm the incredibility of sceptics, and suggest to humbugs ingenious mystifications, and to clever people the idea of talking nonsense.

Then again, we will have to fight against charlatans, who will play at hypnotism, *à la Robert Houdin*, and also against those demi-charlatans who, gifted with true mediumistic powers, are not content until they can, through vanity or through interest, add to the insufficiency of their meaning by pretended means.

But, above all, there are two great obstacles to be overthrown—the indifference of a generation entirely given up to its pleasures and interests alone, and the weakness of character, manifested daily in a country where no man has the courage of his opinions, and only is interested in the opinion of his neighbour, and does not allow himself to hold an opinion until he is sure that it is the received opinion of everybody. In all matters of art, science, or politics or letters, what one fears the most is to pass for a *naïf*, who believes in something, or for an enthusiast, who knows nothing at all about anything, since he admires! Even the man who is the most moved by a fine word, a fine action, or a fine idea, if he sees some sceptic smile, starts also to mock the very thing he would have admired, to firmly convince others that he is no fool, and that he can judge clearly since nothing can satisfy him!

How could people, so subservient to the opinions of others—even if they were convinced of the reality of spiritist manifestations par absolute proofs—how could they dare admit it in public and confess their faith in this enlightened century, after Voltaire! and brave thy indignation, O prudhomme, and the terrible question thou dost din in my ears:—

"So, my dear sir, you admit the supernatural?"

No, prudhomme; no. I do not admit the supernatural. There is no supernatural. When fact takes place it is by means of the law of nature, and is, therefore, natural. And to deny it *a priori*, without examination, pretexting that the productive law exists not; to declare that it does not exist because it is unknown; to contest the reality of the fact because it does not enter into the order of established facts and certain laws, is the error of an unevenly-balanced mind, that believes that it knows all nature's laws. If any *savant* has that presumption, he is a poor man!

But at the serious examination of the facts he will be astounded. When he will be forced to investigate, he will meet with a few surprises, that I am sure of.

Amitiés,

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

INTERVIEW WITH M. SARDOU.

TO publish the above extracts from *Spiritisme*, I had to go to see M. Sardou and ask him to be so kind as to give me a portion of his manuscript. This he did; and this morning, when I went to return it, I had a delightful conversation with the great man upon the subject of the spirits, mediumship, &c., &c.

"I am a confirmed believer," says M. Sardou. "Years ago, when I was but a medical student, I had friends who were greatly interested in the manifestations. They asked me to join them in their experiences, and I did so. For many months I tried—but unsuccessfully to get any manifestation—but not only did I see or hear nothing, but as soon as I arrived upon the scene, the spirits who had been manifesting their presence—some minutes before—suddenly stopped upon my entrance, only to resume their conversation the very instant I had left. I am convinced that there are a certain set of people who are what I call *anti-mediums*. For I have noticed several examples of their existence."

"Are they not the unbelievers?"

"Not necessarily. I, for instance, was an ardent believer, and fervently *wished* to see. And I have seen another example among my acquaintance lately. A boy of *fourteen*, who is a marvellous medium, has a mother who is a firm believer. Yet when she is present no manifestation can be obtained."

"Do you believe that the medium is born or can be made by the effort of his own personal will?"

"I believe that the state of mediumship has nothing to do with the will or even the nerve of a person. It is a *state* which comes over a person for no apparent reason, and leaves him in the same inexplicable manner. For instance, *I was* a very good medium. Now I can obtain no manifestation."

"What manifestation did you have?"

"Often while writing at my writing-table *in full daylight*, cut roses—white roses generally—have fallen from the very ordinary ceiling of my study on the manuscript before me. I have kept them, and though withered they are still in material existence. The stems were broken as with finger and nail, and were not cut with knife or scissors. Often my piano has played delightful music beneath the sway of an invisible hand."

"Did you obtain many manifestations by means of mediumsitic writing?"

"Continually. My favourite spirit called himself Bernard Palissy, and it was under his influence that I made those drawings of which I spoke to you the other day, and which I will show you in a moment."

"Were you convinced that the said Bernard Palissy *was* the great Palissy?"

"Not at all. I do not always believe in the disem-

bodied spirits of great men who come down to earth to manifest. I think my spirit-friend was a clever draughtsman (the drawings are a proof of his capacity) but not necessarily Bernard himself. I told him so one day."

"And what did he answer you?"

"He tried to convince me by alluding to several incidents which had occurred in the living Palissy's life, but I answered him that the facts of Palissy's life were historical, that any one could read them, that perhaps *he* himself (the spirit) had learnt them just as I had done, so that I should require better proof than that. 'In that case I can give you no proof of myself,' said he, 'but you shall have the proof of the identity of another spirit. Go on writing.' I went on writing," says M. Sardou, "smoking my pipe meanwhile. Suddenly I looked at the paper, and saw written there, by my own hand, in clear lettering, the name of a man—Christian and surname—I cannot remember it now, but it was a Breton name. After the name the spirit had written, 'Born at Savenay, such and such a date, died at the hospital at Fougères (Ille-et-Vilaine), at such and such a date. Inquire whether they be true.' Well," continuing M. Sardou, beaming at me with his witty smile, "I wrote to the Mayor of Fougères, and asked him if a man by name (I can't remember the name now, try as I may), born at Savenay, had died at such and such a date, at the hospital at Fougères. The Mayor answered me 'Yes,' and sent me the certificate of death of the said man."

"And now about your drawings, M. Sardou. Will you let me see them?"

And very graciously the *maître* sits me down at a small table near the window, and brings forward a large portfolio, from which he draws one by one the most fantastic, weird, and wonderful drawings I have ever seen. Nothing can describe them. There is the house of Zoroaster, all in flaming stars and fiery elements; there is the house of Swedenborg, which has been published here, I believe; and, most strange of all, there is the house of Mozart, drawn in tiny crotchets, quavers, *clé de sols*, and *clé de fas*, in most intricate and marvellous designs, symmetrical and yet diverse. Some lines and curves are so perfect as to be impossible to reproduce without the aid of instruments of precision. All these abodes are supposed to be situated in Jupiter. M. Sardou believes them to be purely symbolical. One of them, the house of Mozart, is drawn upon a much larger sheet of paper than the rest. M. Sardou calls my attention to it.

"I had set to work upon a much smaller sheet," he tells me, but Bernard, for it was always he, wrote, "I must have a larger sheet for this drawing." "But," said I, "I have no other in the house." "Go and get some," he replied. "But I cannot," I said, "my stationer lives so far away and it is pouring with rain." I lived then on the Quai St. Michel. "Go and get some," repeated Bernard—"go to the Place St. André des Arts." "But," I remonstrated, "I know the Place St. André des Arts very well and there is no stationer there." "Go," he again repeated. So M. Sardou obediently went, under cover of a large umbrella, for the rain was coming down in torrents. When he arrived on the Place, he went round and round in search of a stationer's, but could see none. At last he espied a large "poste coctère" wide open, and upon one of the door-posts a small door-plate upon which he read "Papiers en gros." So he went and bought the paper, and when he took up the pen to write again, the spirit wrote "Didn't I tell you so."

And it was upon that particular sheet of paper that he drew the House of Mozart. The conversation had lasted some time, and I was afraid of taking up too much of the "Maître's" precious time. I rose to leave, but M. Sardou pressed me back into my chair. "I have one more curiosity to show you before you go. Here is a plate of copper upon which I engraved a medianimic drawing. Some friends of mine, the Didiers, the publishers, wishing to *see* me at work begged that I would 'operate' before them with a 'graver' instead of a pen, and a copper-plate instead of a sheet of paper. I agreed, and this is the result." And he showed me a perfectly drawn design upon the plate from which several engravings had been printed, I expressed my admiration.

"And do you never write or draw medianimically now, cher Maître?" "Never, the spirits left me one day and told me they would never return. This is what happened. I had been writing when suddenly my pen was split up into matchwood *in* my hand. I took up another, and yet another pen, with the same result. Then with a fourth pen I managed to write these words. 'We shall never return to you. We have convinced you; that is enough. You have other work to do. Do it well. Good-bye.'"

And M. Sardou has done the other work, and I do not think any one can say that he has not done it well.

C. DE P.

WHY THE PLAY WAS WITHDRAWN.

LETTER FROM M. SARDOU.

Mr. A. Erny, the well-known author, has sent to *Light* the following interesting letters:—

"My friend and *confrère* of the Dramatic Authors' Society, Victorien Sardou, has written me a long letter in reply to some criticisms concerning his last play, *Spiritisme*, which he has decided upon withdrawing from the stage. He says:—

If this withdrawal in any way injures the spiritistic movement, the Spiritists (and Spiritualists) may thank themselves for having worked against their own cause. They have cut me more sharply than the incredulous people, not only in the "couloirs" [this is a word used by the Dramatic Authors for all the chatter which goes on in the theatre during and after each act of a play], but also in the papers, with all the rage of dogs from which one has taken a bone. All of them, in spite of differences of ideas, ought to have worked for the common principle. *Ah bien, oui!* Have you read, my dear friend, what some of them have written on my play, with what lack of veracity they have said that I concealed my convictions for forty years, and that I am at variance in my ideas with De Rochas, exactly at the moment when he was writing the contrary in the columns of *La Patrie?* And many of them went on in this same way during the very first evening that my play was acted. If all the avowed Spiritists in Paris, and all those who are researchers or experimenters, had come to see the play, the theatre would have been full every evening. But their laxity did not astonish me; at my age one knows mankind at large, and privately I know the Spiritists also. Really, I expected it would be a battle, but, after all, the incredulous people have behaved better than the believers!

On the day on which the play was first acted the success was very great. The public were evidently on the side of the Scotch Doctor (Spiritist and medium) and against Doctor Parisot, the expounder of Materialism, and had there been a good effort (*coup de collier*) on the part of the Spiritists all would have been won.

If Simone, the wife of D'Aubenas, the Spiritist, deceives him, it is not *because he is a Spiritist*, but because he is above all a *savant*, solely occupied with his scientific and spiritistic researches and just coming (in the play) from his laboratory; while she, on the other hand, takes no intellectual interest in his work.

I was reproached by an English Spiritualist paper with having produced the rapping, in the table experiment (1st Act), by the aid of "artificial contrivances" (*truc*). Why did not the writer send me a spirit in order to make the business more easy? I should have been obliged to him had he done so.

The objection concerning the *dénouement* is equally erroneous. Is it not the sister's spirit, who, in reply to D'Aubenas (the husband), answers to him, 'Simone (the wife), cannot come; you shall see her to-morrow, and then you may be able to speak to her'? Further on the spirit-sister says, 'Simone is here, very near, in the night.' If this is not Spiritism, what is it? If the wife favours this vision of the supposed dead woman it is because she cannot do otherwise, thinking, with Valentin (the cousin and good adviser), that the husband's reason is threatened by his pain and that it is urgent to relieve him from his terrible affliction. If she showed herself suddenly to her husband, alive, the shock, as Valentin said, would be too violent, and might injure or even destroy his life, so fond was he of his wife. On the contrary, if, by lending herself to a cherished illusion, she could lead him by degrees to the secret of her being alive, she hoped to obtain his pardon and forgiveness.

"I may add that M. Sardou has received a telegram informing him that in America his play has met with great success."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Erny says:—

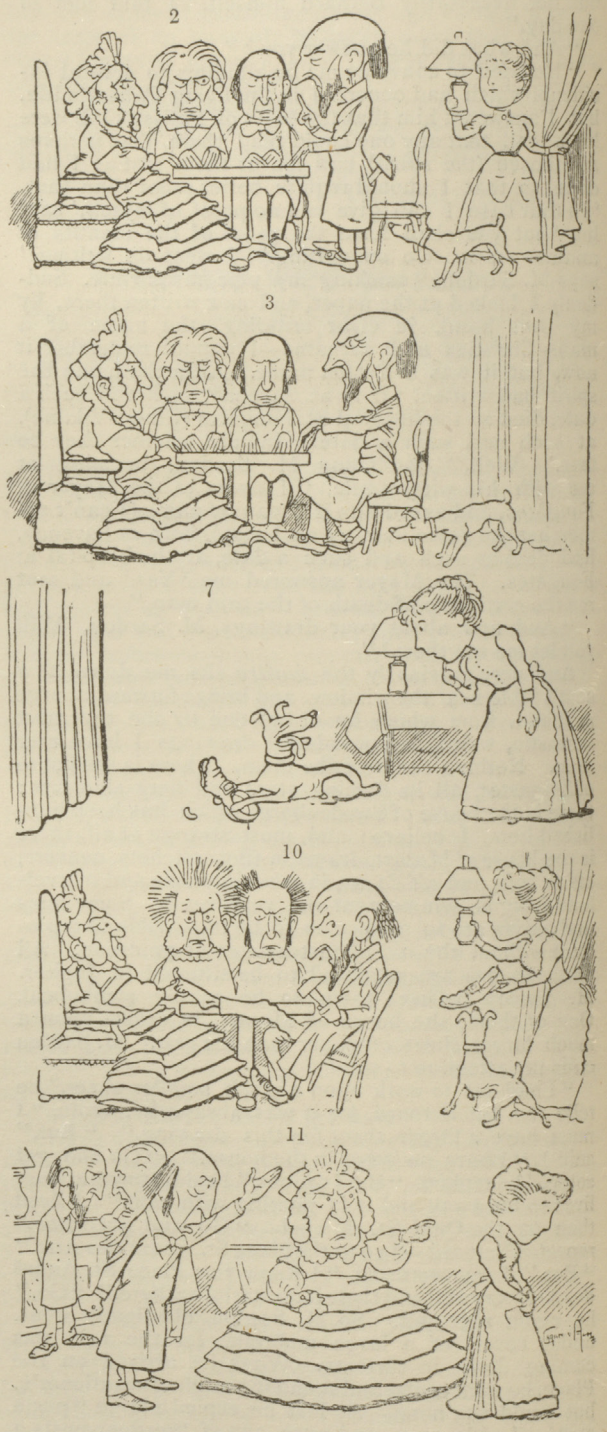
In your issue of February 20th, a writer said: '*We rather wish that Sardou, the intense Spiritualist, had not turned over the subject to Sardou, the romantic (!) playright.*' In my last letter I forgot to mention Sardou's answer to that *finishing blow*. Here it is:—

"If Sardou (*Le Spirite convaincu*), the avowed *Spiritist*, had not taken as fellow-worker (*collaborateur*) Sardou the *dramatic* playright, the play should have been ended at *Act I.*, and I should have not compelled an assembly of '*spectateurs*' (*rather adverse*) to hear me *without a single protestation or profession of ill-will*. But what can we expect from a writer who passes sentence upon plays without knowing how events are prepared and concluded?—V. SARDOU."

SPIRITISM IN CARICATURE.

CARON D'ACHE, in the *Figaro* of November 30th, uses his facile pencil to illustrate the familiar theme of the frauds of professional mediums. The series of sketches, some of which I reproduce in miniature, occupy almost the whole of one page of the *Figaro*. It is headed: "Le Main de Jules Cæsar. Séance de Spiritisme. C'Est Arrivé."

The first sketch represents the entry of the celebrated medium, the only pupil of Home. Under No. 2 (reproduced) is written: "I am about to put questions to the Spirits. They will answer me. Two raps signify no. Three, yes. Take away the light. I begun." No. 3 (reproduced): Represents the opening of the séance, when in thick darkness the medium stealthily removes his slipper and begins the interrogation of the spirits. The following sketches show the servant removing the lamp, the little dog slipping through the curtain with the slipper of the medium, and then a whole row of charmingly amusing sketches of the dog worrying the slipper carry on the narrative, while underneath we read the familiar inquiries: "Are you a man?" "Yes." "A soldier?" "Yes." "A great general?" "Yes." And then they run through a long string of great generals, landing, at last, on Julius Cæsar. Just then the servant finds what the naughty little dog had been doing with the slipper. No. 8 raps. Then we have the test. No. 10 (reproduced): "Can you manifest your presence by a palpable test"—a grasp of your hand? Madame take his august hand, cries the medium as he extends his naked foot in the darkness from under the table. "Oh!" cries Madame, "it is cold, like that of a serpent," when, just at this moment, the servant, who is in haste to restore the injured slipper,



comes in with the lamp. Sensation, culminating in the ignominious expulsion, not of the medium, but of Justine whose intrusion exposed the fraud.

VI.—THE LAND OF FAËRY.

A MEDITATION BY MISS X.

THERE are few things so good for one's mind as enlargement of notions; prejudice shows want of elasticity, dogmatism shows consciousness of a weak cause. Professor Crookes has lately given us a charming phrase, he has said he has "a mind to let." It is a pendant to Professor Lodge's dictum about the people who don't believe in Thought Transference, they are "simply ignorant." We of BORDERLAND do believe in Thought Transference, but we have not all "a mind to let."

PRACTISING BELIEVING

It would be a good mental exercise to practice believing—say for an hour at a time—in some harmless delusion such as——. I could name fifty, but so can everyone else, and it is not worth while. Some profane person will probably say Theosophy, or The Masters, or Homœopathy, or the Hanoverian Succession, or the Primrose League, which would of course be absurd as illustrations. We might establish a new Borderland circle for believing in other people's views, but it would not be quite kind to the other people, they would be so dull, poor things, with no one to contradict them.

Personally, I am going to begin with Odic Force. I propose to study the subject in such detail as is possible—the more willingly that Colonel de Rochas has just collected the evidence for us in the form of a preface to a new edition of the lectures of Reichenbach.* It is sure to be well done, and a glance at the book suffices to show one that it is done on interesting lines. He traces the history of various forms of divination, conceivably the effect of Odic force, and illustrates his thesis with a delightful number of quotations from miscellaneous writers dear to readers of the historical side of "occult" literature. If any one can make Odic force believable, it would be such a writer as this, and if one's subliminal self rebels, and begins to argue about unconscious muscular movement, it must be suppressed. It might be a good plan to take lessons from a barrister in How to believe in the innocence of the murderer for whom he holds a brief. I don't believe he does believe. He must take a mental dose of fern-seed which makes his subliminal self invisible for the moment, like people who want to see fairies.

But this is not Odic force; it is much more difficult to believe in Odic force than in fairies.

ODIC FORCE AND FAIRIES.

I wonder if I could believe better out of doors. I'll take Reichenbach and a fur cloak and steal up to the Fairies' Knowe just up the burn side. I must go alone; I can't believe enough for two yet, and if anyone came while I was believing, I should have to argue about it. The dogs can come. They are quite in tune with Odic force. The black Pomeranian is a feather-pate, but she is called Spooks, and a name goes a long way. When she came she was called Snooks, but we changed a single letter in compliment to this house, where such things are so abundant that we call it the Spookeries. The other dog, the Dartmoor terrier, is a seer, and has figured in BORDERLAND before now.

Off they scurry, straight up the hill. It is a fine old garden, and one may wander for an April day without transcending its limits. But this is the prettiest bit of all. We leave the tennis-lawns on our left, the upper one just now has a fine fairy-ring—

A green-sour ringlet, whereof the ewe not bites—

a big circle of paler green showing on the myrtle of the mossy sward, where the little people dance at night, round and round, and hand in hand to the fairy music of the burn that tinkles by in a series of tiny cascades. There, under the big elm tree, are some fairy mushrooms, where they "sit out" between the dances; and there are some patches of a kind of grass I never saw before, which the gardener calls "fairy flax." Just below, the fairy bells will soon be abundant among the stones by the burn side—the stately foxgloves that toss their bells on the evening air and summon the elves to their merry-making. How one longs to see the "fairy rade," the procession of little people coming down the brae! Often at sunset here two shadowy ladies come across the park, and down by the side of another brook much like this at the other end of the avenue. But they are dim and sad, and when they speak their voices are mingled with weeping. I am glad they never come here—here, where all is so merry and gay, and I would rather see fairies than ghosts any night.

Of course, "there are no such things as fairies." Dear Cousin Cramchild, how can you prove a negative? Of course, it is all a question of evidence; but what is the evidence for Odic force? Let us sit down here—no, not on that "fairy butter," it is a pity to spoil it—and consider the question. I am for getting about Odic force.

When divining-rods turn, and musical-boxes play themselves, and tables rap, and pendulums mysteriously register your power, and lights appear at your finger-ends, then it is Odic force. It must be, because it can't be anything else; and Reichenbach says so.

Similarly, when daisies close at the touch of tiny wands, and dainty music rises up out of the ground, and little hammers are heard in the hill side, and elf-fires dance about in the hollows, it is fairies. It must be, because it can be nothing else, and all the poets, from Thomas the Rhymer down to Mr. Andrew Lang, say so. Who would dare to contradict Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Drayton, and Gawain Douglas, and Ovid, and Herrick, and Chaucer, and Milton, and Pope, and Browne, and Lilly, and Ben Jonson, and Gay, and Wharton, and Collins, and Tennyson, and half the ballads in Percy, and half the music of Wagner, and many a book we love when we are young, which is perhaps the time when we can discern most surely.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

I'll undertake to say that many more people have seen fairies than have seen Od, and a great many people think nothing is true if they haven't seen it; but that is their fault. If they cannot see, their betters may. For instance, there is that branch waggling meaninglessly, where other branches are still, and there is no wind. No doubt a little fairy is astride it, playing horses. Why else have the tiny tree-creepers, who were gliding in their mysterious acrobatic fashion round that lime tree, suddenly taken fright and flown away? and why won't

* "Les effleuves odiques. Conférences faites en 1866 par le Baron Reichenbach, précédées d'une notice historique sur les effets mécaniques de l'Od." Par Albert de Rochas. Paris.

the chaffinches up there come down for the crumbs of the biscuits I brought out for the dogs? and why has the squirrel, who has been fixing me with eyes like boot-buttons, suddenly lowered his tail ready for flight? What have they all seen that I cannot?

Certes it is a faërie, or elles a vanité.

No, it is only that scoundrel kitten, who knows I don't want to take him for walks, and always hides under the bushes for the first quarter of a mile, and then turns up to every one's confusion. Now he has gone to torment the dogs. He always wants to stalk everything, and that is no use for rabbit-hunting in broad day-light. He is spoiling their sport and he has spoiled my argument. They are bad sportsmen—the cats!

They are all pointing, the kitten too, though he hasn't a notion why. They have caught sight of the ploughman who is painting a rich brown over the faded fields. He has come to the upper end of a long slanting ridge, and is standing beside his patient horses leaning his arms on one warm grey back, apparently idle. Perhaps he is thinking of his nooning due in half an hour's time. He is far from home, and perhaps has forgotten to bring himself a "piece." No matter, he knows how to get a good meal. He is saying aloud three times:—

"Fairy, fairy, bake me a bannock and roast me a collop,
And I'll gie ye a spurtle off my gad-end";

and when he has done four more furrows it will be ready for him.

FAIRIES AND NOT ODIC FORCE.

It is not a bit of good trying to believe in Odic force to-day. 'Tis the voice of my subliminal consciousness, I hear it complain that it wants to talk about fairies, and circumstances are certainly contributing in the same direction. For anything I know the whole question may be a mere affair of names; and Reichenbach and the poets, and the children, may all be talking about the same thing, only he calls it Od, and we call it Fairies.

FAIRIES AND PHILOLOGY.

There is, however, no apparent philological connection. The word Od comes from a Sanskrit root, and means "all penetrating," but I know of no Sanskrit derivation for "fairy." However, there is so wide a choice of roots that one can make the word mean almost anything.

It may be drived from φήρ, a Homeric name for centaurs (cp. the German *thier*); or from the last syllable of nympha (cp. fay fée); or, says Sir W. Ouseley, from a Hebrew word, peèr, to adorn; or from a Saxon word, to fare, to go; or fairy folk may be "fair folk," that is pretty folk, with no allusion to returning from fairs, which we repudiate.

Or again, it has been said that fairies came into Europe with the Crusaders, who first knew them as Peris, called by the Arabs, Feri; the Fata Morgana, so well-known in romance, is said to have been originally Merjan Peri, celebrated in Oriental story.

FAIRIES AND CHRONOLOGY.

But if fairies were not known in Europe till the time of the Crusades, what becomes of all the tales of good King Arthur, who belonged to fairy-land himself, and in whose reign flourished, among other great men, Jack the Giant-killer, and him of the Beanstalk, and Tom Thumb? What of the Elves, and Dwarfs, and Trolls, and Nises, and Mermen, and Maidens, of Scandinavia? What of the Dwarfs of Ireland who have always worn red instead of green like most other little people? What of the Trows of Shetland, and the Kobolds of mid-Europe, and the Pixies of the west of England, and the Boggarts of Yorkshire, and the Brownies and the Kelpies of the north, and the Good People in red and green, and the Leprechauns and the Cluricauns in Ireland, and all the colonies of every sort and kind in Scotland?

Are the Men of Peace, the *daoine shi*, to be relegated to such a day-before yesterday period as the Crusades? Is the Highlander to be deprived of his birthright of a "lang pedigree," and his fairy to be relegated to a period of history that every University Extension student can get up in a ninepenny manual?

Surely again, it is a mere question of names, and the crusading story only means that when the noble warriors came back, they gave a new name to the old familiar phenomena, just to "show off" that they'd picked up a little Arabic. Spenser gave the word a glorious setting, and we've accepted it as indigenous ever since. Perhaps, though, it has somewhat, even now, of a literary smack, I have talked fairy-lore pretty well all over England and Scotland, and except in the Highlands, where English of any quality at all is the English of books, I have nowhere heard the little people called among the peasants "fairies." In the Highlands, as in Spenser, I have heard the word as an adjective, "very fairy" means illusive, cp. Chaucer, "Her to behold it seemed faerie," or "It was of faerie as the people seemed."

By the way, the poets often use "fairy" as equivalent to "fairy land," Chaucer gives us

"Though he were come agen out of faërie."

Moreover, one sometimes finds "fairy" used in a generic or collective sense, as we now say "gentry," "cavalry." Drayton gives us

"The feasts that underground, the faerie did him make."

THEIR DIVERSITY.

But enough of names. Using the word "fairy" as covering the whole ground, one is struck by the great variety of such beings in Europe, even in Great Britain alone Elves, and Dwarfs, and Trolls, and Nises, and Kobolds, and Pixies, and Brownies, and the Good Neighbours of Ireland, and the Men of Peace of Scotland, are all (as are others not enumerated) diminutive; but I feel less certain about the size of Kelpies, and Mermen and Maidens have been mistaken for human beings. Kelpies, perhaps, are the lineal descendants of Water-nymphs, and belong to mythology rather than to fairy lore; and Mermaids are practically Sirens and need not count. Still they all have something in common and are differentiated alike from the human and the animal in a sense in which fauns and dryads and satyrs—perhaps in consideration of the tail one ought to add Mermaids—are not.

The more one thinks of it, the more difficult does it become to understand where mythology ends and folk lore begins. Perhaps one may find a line of demarcation in the super-human and the sub-human. Fairies surely know nothing of Olympos, the knowe on the meadow or on the moor is their sacred mount, and the long grass serves them for forest-glade. They are innocent and child-like, they are the children of Mother Earth, rather than of the god Pan, or when they do mischief, and we find them at it in *L'Allegro* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and elsewhere, it is mainly of the schoolboy type, and comes of high spirits and an open air life.

FAIRIES AS SUB-HUMAN.

It is curious how impossible it is for us to get clear of our jargon of psychical research. Think of calling these toys of Nature "phenomena," and talking of super and sub in such connection! And yet there is, in our ideas about them, something of anthropomorphic instinct, something cosmic in tendency. If it is the instinct of the human animal to postulate an after-life, to venerate or worship or propitiate an Eternal Being, to believe in and fear some hidden life in the Unseen, it is equally his instinct to believe in fairies. Let the South Sea Islander call them Vuis, and the Buddhist elementals (or is it only the Theosophist?), and we of Europe any of the names already enumerated, the belief is practically universal both in time and space, and the fairies of every land and age have at least this in common, that they are phenomena of Nature, sub-human, and yet imitative of the human race.

Possibly a reason why, in the Spookeries in which our lot is cast at the moment, one's subliminal consciousness (who is a kind of partner Jorkins) insists on discussing fairies, is that very characteristic of their being *sub-human*.

The time has not yet come for discussing the phenomena of the Spookeries, yet in general terms something may be said of the train of thought which is always here with us. The following lines describe the general state of things. The author has never been here, and had heard nothing in detail of the phenomena, so that his "situations" may be taken as mere generalisation, about equal in accuracy to the dialect, of which he is in truth alike innocent. If neither means much, so much the better for our mystery. I quote them without permission:—

Gin a body meet a body grinnin' like a ghaist,
Gin a body fear a body, need the hizzie baist?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles o' night I get a fright
At what I canna see!

Gin a body meet a body moanin' like a wraith,
Gin the body grip a body, need she tak' a skaith?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles o' night I get a fright
At what I canna see!

Gin a body see a body greetin' like a wean,
Gin a body ken the body, need she stoik her e'en?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane hae we ava,
Yet wae is me! I'm fasht to dree
What winna gang awa.

Gin a body meet a body looking like a priest,
Need a body squeeze a body in a muckle kist?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles o' night I hae a fright
At what I canna see!

Gin a body meet a body looking like to dee,
Wad the unco' thirling body gar a body gee?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane hae we ava:
Yet whiles o' nights I wak' wi' frights
That winna gang awa.

Gin a body hear a body skirling frae the knowe,
Gin the body daur a body, need she hide her pow?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles at night I get a fright
At what I canna see!

Twixt mirk and light o' ilka night a bogle comes to me,
But what her name and whaur her hame I wadna speer to see!
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane hae we ava:
Yet whiles o' nights I wak' wi' frights
That winna gang awa.

Now, though the writer knew nothing about it, so that (by permission of Mr. Podmore) we may venture to suppose the allusion telepathic, there does stand in the dining-room (the butler keeps the dessert in it), a muckle kist, strong, of carved black oak, said to have once contained the "demd moist body," doubled up, with a knife through IT, of the family chaplain, and it is only natural if he walks, reciting his office aloud. The lady, too, who did the knifing, is quite justified in "moanin' like a wraith," and trailing silken skirts about the house. (It is mere hypercriticism to observe, that though on the same foundations, this house did not exist at the family-chaplain period).

We have no legend of any ghost that "grips a body," but one of considerable muscular force has been reported to grip at bed-clothes. The poor wretched woman shivering in terror at her husband's probable displeasure at the chaplain's disappearance, would be almost justified in so doing. Then, too, there is a young lady belonging to a certain religious order, who more than once has been observed "greeting like a wean," but doubtless somebody, a successor of the family chaplain perhaps, has vexed her.

There is a good deal, too, of "skirling frae the knowe," but that the naturalist of our party attributes to owls, of which, it seems, we have at hand two varieties. It is also true that "twixt mirk and light, o' ilka night, a bogle comes to me" and some others. It doesn't seem to do her any particular good, indeed she does not take the smallest notice of us, and we are inclined at times to believe that she was born of self-suggestion, and persists by favour of telepathic infection, though she has been good enough, with some mechanical assistance, to give a detailed account of herself which, on internal evidence, we believe to be exaggerated.

Such are the ways of ghosts. They seem very absurd and useless, but we can get out of that by saying that what we see and hear is no real sight or hearing, but merely post-mortem thought-transference, externalised by the sensitive in fashion visual or audile according to his personal tendency; exactly as he might externalise the telepathic information that I propose to be in town at Easter by stating the fact in automatic writing or by seeing me, in a crystal ball, crossing the park in a hansom. That is how we account for the ways of ghosts when we want to be clever and reasonable, and show our superiority to superstition.

NON-INCARNATE OR DIS-INCARNATE?

But when we come to many other things which seem absolutely unintelligent, inconsistent, casual, irrelevant, beyond the usual human allowance of such attributes—are we to call these post-human also—to suppose that our ghost is thought-transferring a nightmare? Or are such things sub-human merely? Which brings us back to fairies.

If we call fairies "sub-human," which seems a clumsy sort of word to apply to such dainty sprites, are we not more or less "evening" them with elementals? or, not to appear to hold any brief for any special form of teaching—let us say Vuis? Vui being Melanesian (I believe) for spirits non-incarnate.

I have very vague ideas, beyond this essential point of difference from spirits dis-incarnate, as to what "elementals" are supposed to be, but, so far as one can gather from others more informed, I take them to be in appearance animated gurgoyles, grotesque and mischievous rather than hideous and malicious, not to be confounded with the "evil spirit" theory, which appears to suppose for its completeness a degree of evil which can only be post-human.

The Icelanders solve the problem, however, by saying that one day when Eve was washing her children at the running water, God suddenly called her. She was frightened, and thrust aside such of them as were not clean. God asked her if all her children were there, and she said, "Yes," but got for answer, that which she tried to hide from God should be hidden from man. These children became instantly invisible and distinct from the rest. Before the flood came on, God put them into a cave and closed up the entrance. From them are descended all the underground people.

Eddaloere by MAGNUSSEN.

GHOST JOKES.

The old "stone-throwing ghost," who is continually cropping up in all parts of the world, surely anything so unmeaning as his performances are more reasonably (if we talk of reason) ascribed to the sub-human than the super-human? Surely it is an unworthy future for any human soul to look forward to, that of practical joking? Here, in this very place, there are phenomena of almost daily and nightly occurrence of a nature that would bore a school-boy! At the beginning of his holidays—say on a Sunday afternoon—he is capable of a runaway knock, but what is one to think of a "ghost" that goes on thumping at a door at intervals for twenty years? If the next life is, as one hopes, a period of education, of training, surely it must be sadly ineffective if a wretched ghost can keep up so poor a joke for a whole generation! Even if it be a part of his discipline, like the poor gamblers in "Letters from Hell," who had to go on eternally gambling, there is some unfairness in our having to share it, in his being condemned to make several excellent bed-rooms disagreeable, to the pecuniary loss of his own descendants!

OR IS HE A VUI?

Now if, on the other hand, we admit the Vui hypothesis, one can offer no moral nor intellectual objection. The fairies of Shakespeare seem to have occupied themselves a good deal with looking pretty, but we have naughty sprites as well as her Daintiness Queen Mab.

"She comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an Alderman,
Drawn with a team of little Atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grass-hoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers."

But we have also Puck, who is a regular Vui.

"I am that merry wanderer of the night;
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I, a fat and bean-fed horse beguile
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale."

"Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn."

Puck is evidently the same with the old word "Pouke," the original meaning of which would seem to be "devil," "demon," or "evil spirit." We first meet with it in the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," where it undoubtedly signifies "the grand adversary of God and man." This notion may have arisen from the general naughtiness of Pucks, and their addiction to tricks.

Golding, also, must have understood Pooke in the sense of "devil," when in the ninth book of his translation of *Ovid*, he applies it to the Chimæra:

The country where chymæra that same *pooke*
Hath goatish body, lion's head and brist, and dragon's tayle.

Spenser, too, employs the word:

Ne let house-fires nor lightning's helpless harms,
Ne let the *pouke* nor other evil sprites,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let *hob-goblins*, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.

Epithalamion, v. 340.

Pooke easily became "Puck" (perhaps also "Pug," with his ugly little black face). In Friesland, the Kobold is called "Puk." The Devonshire fairies are "Pixies," the Irish have a "Pooka," and the Welsh a "Pwcca." The fungus puff ball is in some places called a "Puck-fist," while the Irish are said to call it "Cos-a-Phooka"—Puck's foot. In Worcestershire, farmers returning home from market are sometimes found next morning rather drowsy in ditches and bogs, which they describe as being "Poake-ledden," while in Devonshire the same phenomenon is called "Pixy-led." By the way, both Shakespeare and Drayton describe this phenomenon, and their county comes next to Worcestershire.

Well, then, Bogle is in some parts called Puckle, and we call a naughty boy "a little Pickle," and in Scotland we call a sly, artful child "Pawkey," and the Germans call a clown a "Pickle-häring." The word Spook is obviously first cousin to Pouke or Puck. In German it is "spuk," in Swedish, "spöke," in Danish, "spöge." Philology will prove anything, from the origin of nations down to spirit-identity. Why, therefore, should not this lovely spot (may Puck and Bogle flourish!) be called, so far as many of its phenomena are concerned, not the Spookeries but the Puckeries. I dare not take liberties with Melanesian, nor coin a word from Vui.

A little wretch like that is quite capable of various of the freaks which are giving us all sorts of trouble—of pretending to rustle about in silken skirts, or to walk with a gouty foot overhead in locked-up rooms, or to fall with heavy thuds against doors ajar and not burst them open, or to read aloud in the dead of night, or to

play croquet ("bowls" sounds better) in the hall at two o'clock in the morning—what fun could this be to the meanest soul disincarnate, even by telepathic deputy?

SUB-HUMAN JOKES.

The sub-human creatures have their own notions of a joke. There is one going on overhead now. I've watched it for days, and it never palls on its perpetrator. A squirrel—a pair, probably—have their home in a tall pine-tree overhead. They made themselves a sort of little platform just where a big branch joins the trunk. Then came St. Valentine's Day, and the rooks got married in thousands. One pair, prospecting for a desirable site, came flying about this tree, calling "Maud, Maud, Maud," like Tennyson's birds in the high Hall Garden. They swooped down on the little platform and called, "Two sticks across and a little bit of moss. It'll do, It'll do, It'll do," and when the squirrel objected, they fetched several hundred relatives, who all quoted Tennyson at the same time. I watched them through opera-glasses. They demolished the little platform and made a great untidy nest, with as much fuss as if they'd just retired from business and were building a modern Gothic villa. Whenever both go out to lunch at the same time, the squirrel races up and pulls out some of their sticks and breaks them into little bits, and now, on a lower branch, there is quite a litter of his leaving. They come back very cross, but the squirrel can get to the underside of the big branches and they can't, so he laughs and eats beech-nuts, and doesn't care a bit. That is *his* joke. He is scuttering down now, and the dogs are barking at him from below, which is their joke. That infamous kitten is rushing up the trunk. I won't have the squirrel chivied, that is beyond a joke.

ILL-BEHAVED FAIRIES.

Even the solemn Milton made his fairies naughty and troublesome. For a wonder I have no copy at hand of the minor poems. (I wish, almost, he had never written any others; we should have been spared some queer bits of modern theology, of which we've forgotten the origin.) The "lubber fiend" in "L'Allegro" was quite a Vui. The lady who "was pulled and pinched, she said," never, so far as we know, considered the house haunted in consequence. She knew it was a Vui.

Here are some references to fairies which must be true, because we have chapter and verse for them, describing exactly the sort of performances with which we are familiar.

Mr. John Lewis describes the mining fairies as little statured, about half a yard long; and adds, that at this very instant there are miners on a discovery of a vein of metal on his own lands, and that two of them are ready to make oath they have heard these knockers in the day-time.

The common people of this district remain to this day so credulous as to think that fairies do exist, that an inferior species of witchcraft is still practised, and that houses have been haunted; not only in former ages, but that they are haunted; at least, noises are heard, which cannot be accounted for on rational principles, even in our days. An instance of the latter happened only three years ago, in the house of John Spence, boat-carpenter."—*Statistical Account of Scotland. Sir John Sinclair*, 1792, xv. 430, *Parishes of Stronsay and Eday, co. Orkney.*

"As to circles in the grass, and the impression of small feet among the snow, I cannot deny but I have seen them frequently, and once I thought I heard a whistle, as though in my ear, when nobody that could make it was near me."—*Description of the Isle of Man, Waldron*, p. 138.

"When the master and the mistress were laid on their pillows, the men and maids, if they had a game at romps and blundered up stairs, or jumbled a chair, the next morning every one would swear 'twas the fairies, and that they heard them stamping up and down stairs all night, crying: 'Waters lock'd, waters lock'd,' when there was not water in every pail in the kitchen."—*Round about our Coal Fire*, p. 42.

I can remember quite well, as a child, being once in the kitchen, when a strange noise of scratching occurred in the deep ash-pit under the grate, which, as is the north-country custom, was cleared out only when full. The cook's notion of dispersing the mystery was to rush outside with a bowl of milk which she had that evening "forgotten to put out for the boggart."

In the Vale of York I used to stay in an old country house that was noisily haunted by a "bargeist," who had a liking for ringing bells at odd times in the dead of night. We children had a philological theory that he was a "boy-ghost," and knowing more of the nature of boys than of ghosts, and having witnessed some comic scenes consequent on his little games, we thought his conduct quite natural. We knew where he lived, near a well in the cellar, and he once materialised in the bath in the form of a newt, to our great joy. We kept him for weeks, but one day, having been taken out into the garden to sun himself, he vanished, while we were occupied with "Balbus" who "was building a wall," leaving behind him a primary personality in the form of an empty skin.

VUIS AND THE DOG.

When our psychic dog sees a ghost he is silent and observant, also a trifle depressed, but when it is only "phenomena" non-externalised, he barks and growls, and we know that dogs do bark at Vuis. In a note in Grimm (*Deut. Mythol.*, p. 426) there is a story of a man who was going alone with his dog among the hills, and came upon a hill-smith* (the normal Scandinavian Vui) at work, using a stone as an anvil. "He had on him a light grey suit and a black woollen hat. The dog began to bark at him, but he put on so menacing an attitude that they both deemed it advisable to go away." Richardson (in his *Table Book*, iii., 45) tells us that he knew an old man whose dog had *pointed* a troop of fairies, and, though he could not see them, he plainly heard their music sounding like a fiddle or a very small pair of pipes.

MUSICAL FAIRIES.

In an island of the Hebrides where are many fairies, so many that I dare not begin to talk of them now, so much is there to say, I have been in a cave which leads you away and away under the hills, to the other side of the island. We knew there was no exit, and we did not venture far, for we knew also the story of the piper who went in with his dog and who can still be heard under the cliffs far away piping for the fairy dancers.

Among the hills in Nether Lochaber, are three or four places where, any summer's day, you may put your ear to the ground and hear the fairy-music, and if you are so materialistic as to say it is the tinkling of under-

* There is an interesting intermediate class of them in popular tradition. The Hill-people (Högfolk), are believed to dwell in caves and small hills; when they show themselves they have a handsome human form. The common people seem to connect with them a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption.

Afzelius is of opinion that this notion respecting the Hill-people is derived from the time of the introduction of Christianity into the north, and expresses the sympathy of the first converts with their forefathers, who had died without a knowledge of the Redeemer, and lay buried in heathen earth, and whose unhappy spirits were doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds till the great day of redemption.—*Fairy Mythology*, p. 79. *Keightley.*

ground water, may you never have so undeserved a privilege again.

Our Vuis are reported to have now and then played upon the drawing-room piano, which is quite consistent with their customs.*

MISTAKEN FOR GHOSTS.

There are several reasons why Vuis should at times be mistaken for ghosts. There are two facts common to both. One is that they both occasionally dress in white, and the other that a veridical vision of either is not necessarily collective, *i.e.*, I may see both spooks and pucks, both ghosts and fairies, when you, poor afflicted child of earth, see neither.

HOW THEY DRESS.

Of course the proper dress for fairies is green.† Every one knows that. Nevertheless, some who know no better, mainly, it is said, resident in Norfolk, do wear white. Trolls, I gather from a bottle stopper carved in the Black Forest, may wear a red cap, and Shakespeare's fairies wear anything that occurs to them.

In the Highlands I heard of fairies (they live in a green hillock in the Island next America. Were I not here, would I were there, this sunny April day!) who wore blue, to my perplexity, but I find that green is sometimes by a euphuism called "blue" for reasons which are interesting to folk-lore, and not to be discussed here and now.

But not only at this day in Norfolk, which might argue degeneracy, but in the "Sad Shepherd" they wear white.

> "There in the stocks of trees white fays do dwell,
> And span-long elves that dance about a pool
> With each a little changeling in their arms."

The trees were lime trees, of course, though the poet does not specify. I wish I had time to talk about changelings. I know any number of first hand, collective, veridical, well-attested stories about them. *And I know the spell to counteract the change.* I tried it once on a baby, but it didn't work, which of course was the baby's fault. It was an ugly cross little thing ever since the day when ——. Before that, its grandfather told me, "it was a very ceevil child."

There are perhaps no traditions more vivid or of more recent evidence as to fairies than one finds in the Highlands. There is no phenomenon of Puck-like spooks which one may not find there. Martin tells us of some beliefs of the inhabitants of his time, which illustrate so many points under discussion that it is worth while perhaps to quote them:—

> "In this island of Lewis there was an ancient custom to make a fiery circle about the houses, corn, and cattle, &c., belonging to each particular family. A man carried fire in his right hand, and went round, and it was called dessil, from the right hand, which, in the ancient language, is called dess (pronounced jess). There is another way of the dessil, or carrying fire round about women before they are churched, and about children before they are christened, both of which are performed in the morning and at night. They told me that this fire round was an effectual means to preserve both the mother and child from the power of the evil spirits, who are ready at such times to do mischief, and sometimes carry away the infants, and return them poor, meagre skeletons; and these infants are said to have voracious appetites, constantly craving for meat. In this case it was usual for those who believed that their children were thus taken away to dig a grave in the fields upon quarter-day, and there to lay the fairy skeleton till next morning, at which time the parents went to the place, where they doubted not to find their own child instead of the skeleton."—Martin's "Western Islands," p. 116.

Again, speaking of the Shetland Isles, Martin says:—

> "It is not long since every family of any considerable substance in those islands was haunted by a spirit they called Browny, which did several sorts of work; and this was the reason why they gave him offerings of the various products of the place. Thus some, when they churned their milk, or brewed, poured some milk and wort through the hole of a stone called Browny's stone." *Ibid.* p. 334, he says: "A spirit, by the country people called Browny, was frequently seen in all the most considerable families in these isles and north of Scotland, in the shape of a tall man; but within these twenty or thirty years past he is seen but rarely. There were spirits also that appeared in the shape of women, horses, swine, cats, and some like fiery balls, which would follow men in the fields; but there have been but few instances of these for forty years past. These spirits used to form sounds in the air, resembling those of a harp, pipe, crowing of a cock, and of the grinding of querns, and sometimes they thrice heard voices in the air by night, singing Irish songs; the words of which songs some of my acquaintance still retain. One of them resembled the voice of a woman who had died some time before, and the song related to her state in the other world. These accounts I had from persons of as great integrity as any are in the world." Speaking of three chapels in the Island of Valay, he says: "Below the chapels there is a flat thin stone, called *Brownie's Stone*, upon which the ancient inhabitants offered a cow's milk every Sunday, but this custom is now quite abolished."—*Ibid.* 391.

ABSENCE OF COLLECTIVE EVIDENCE.

There is no need to dwell upon the frequent absence of collective evidence, in regard either to Pucks or Spooks. If everyone present saw them at the same time, we should say they were "mere matter"; as this rarely happens, the critic says they are "no matter." After all, it doesn't matter. It is the critic's loss. The same holds good in all matters of Second Sight. There is a queer story, something like that Mr. Lang has lately

* Sir John Sinclair, in his *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1792, iv., 560, says: "A belief in fairies prevailed very much in the Highlands of old; nor at this day is it quite obliterated. A small conical hill, called Sien, was assigned them for a dwelling, from which melodious music was frequently heard, and gleams of light seen on dark nights."

"In the autumnal season, when the moon shines from a serene sky, often is the wayfaring traveller arrested by the music of the hills, more melodious than the strains of Orpheus. Often struck with a more solemn scene, he beholds the visionary hunters engaged in the chase, and pursuing the deer of the clouds, while the hollow rocks in long-sounding echoes reverberate their cries. There are several now living who assert that they have seen and heard this aerial hunting, and that they have been suddenly surrounded by visionary forms, and assailed by a multitude of voices." (Ibid. xii., 461.)

"Sith-bhreog, the same as sigh-brog, a fairy; hence bean-sighe, plural mna-sighe, women fairies; credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night, whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end by death: but no families which are not of an ancient and noble stock" (of Oriental extraction, he should have said) "are believed to be honoured with this fairy privilege."
Note in O'Brien's Dictionary, Hib.

† "My grandmother has often told me of fairies dancing upon our green, and that they were little creatures clothed *in green*."—*Round about our Coal Fire*, p. 42.

"The Brownie was a very obliging spirit, who used to come into houses by night, and, for a dish of cream, to perform lustily any piece of work that might remain to be done; sometimes he would work, and sometimes eat till he bursted; if old clothes were laid out for him, he took them in great distress, and never more returned."—*Heron's Journey through Part of Scotland*, 1799 ii., p. 227.

There is an account of Oberon's clothing in *Poole's English Parnassus*, too long to quote.

"Notwithstanding the progressive increase of knowledge, and proportional decay of superstition in the Highlands, these genii are still supposed by many of the people to exist in the woods and sequestered valleys of the mountains, where they frequently appear to the lonely traveller, clothed *in green*, with dishevelled hair floating over their shoulders, and with faces more blooming than the vermil blush of a summer morning."—*Statistical Account of Scotland: Sir John Sinclair*, 1792, iv., p. 462.

"A *Pück*," says Grimm, "once served in a convent in Mecklenburg, for thirty years, in kitchen and stable, and the only reward he asked was 'tunicam de diversis coloribus et tintinnabulis plenam.'"

republished for us, about the Rev. Mr. Kirk, which illustrates this point. I could quote fifty, but select this as the most reputable. No one but the Robert Ellesmere of Psychical Research would dispute a letter to a Bishop.

"*An account of Anne Jefferies, now living in the county of Cornwall, who was fed for six months by a small sort of airy people called fairies; and of the strange and wonderful cures she performed with salves and medicines she received from them, for which she never took one penny of her patients. In a letter from Moses Pitt to the right reverend father in God Dr. Edward Fowler, Lord Bishop of Gloucester. London, printed for Richard Cumberland,*" 1696. Morgan tells us that the copy from which he reprinted it had, at the bottom of its title page, this N.B. in manuscript: "Recommended by the Right Rev. to his friend Mrs. Eliz. Rye." He means, no doubt, the above Bishop of Gloucester, who, it should seem, had tacked to his creed this article of belief in fairies. This tract states that "Anne Jefferies (for that was her maiden name), was born in the parish of St. Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December, 1626, and is still living, 1696, aged 70. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician, Dr. Richard Lower, deceased, and now to Sir Andrew Slanning, of Devon, Bart." That A.D. 1645, as she was one day sitting in an arbour in the garden, there came over the hedge, of a sudden, six persons of a small stature, all clothed in green, which frighted her so much as to throw her into a great sickness. They continued their appearance to her, never less than two at a time, nor never more than eight, always in even numbers, 2, 4, 6, 8. "She forsook eating our victuals," continues the narrator, in whose family she lived as a servant, "and was fed by these fairies from the harvest time to the next Christmas day, upon which day she came to our table and said, because it was that day she would eat some roast beef with us, which she did, I myself being then at table. One day she gave me a piece of her (fairy) bread, which I did eat, and think it was the most delicious bread that ever I did eat, either before or since. One day, these fairies gave my sister Mary a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her give it my mother, but my mother would not accept it. I presume this was the time my sister owns she *saw* the fairies. I confess to your lordship I never did see them. I have seen Anne in the orchard dancing among the trees; and she told me she was then dancing with the fairies."

IN CONCLUSION.

But one might as well begin to talk of Universal History as to exhaust what can be said of these gay irresponsible little beings, even in this one aspect of schoolboy pranks.

Here on the fairies' knowe I look down on a fertile valley with a glorious river of sporting renown gleaming like silver at the foot of the opposite hills. The hills themselves are of royal purple, and they stand out clear against the bluest of April skies. Far away to the west snow-covered mountains rise, dazzling against the blue; elms and birches are veiled in tenderest green; near by, hundreds of golden daffodils dance even for me and the dogs, as they danced long ago for Wordsworth and Dorothy. A few late snowdrops and crocuses show white and purple in the shadow of the pines, and I know that at the foot of the bank fragrant violets are hiding among their cool dark leaves.

Beast and bird are at their gayest. Just now a golden mist filled the air for a moment, a flock of yellow-ammers on their way to the rick-yard. The rabbits are frisking gaily, despite the dogs, for they know of a certain quarrel I have had as to traps, and other unsportsmanlike methods, and they know who won the day. Rhododendrons and azaleas gleam in crimson and gold on the slope above me, and the sun is so hot that the kitten is stretching himself full length on the gravel, making a little gridiron of his outline with legs and tail outstretched.

With wide green lawns around, and cheerful sunlight all about it, stands a substantial roomy house, not more than a century old. It is, above all else, comfortable and home-like, and for us it has been a scene of hospitality and good cheer, mental and physical. We have had good talk and good company, and books, and music, and pleasant friendships, and Gloire de Dijon roses, and good fires, and kindliness from man and beast, and the days have sped quickly and happily away. It seems but yesterday we glided over the snow in swift toboggans, and now I am writing on the self-same hill in glorious sunshine.

And yet, it has seemed when we let our fancy stray, that we now and then caught a glimpse of another world than ours, of mysteries dim and faded, of passions weary with despair, of a cold grief-laden air which struck a chill into the hearts of all. But a few minutes' walk from here lies another glen, such as this in outline, where, alike in snowy dusk, and rosy sunset, we may look each night on the sad grey shadow of an old-time human sorrow.

But here, to-day, in the sunshine, such things are hard to remember, and the fairy world seems nearer at hand than the land of shades.

Has the ploughman finished that fourth furrow, I wonder? and are his collops ready? Come along, little dogs, let us go in to luncheon. "*I am half sick of shadows,*" said the Lady of Shalott.

X.

VII.—HOW SHOULD SPIRITUALISTS REGARD SCIENTIFIC MEN?

A PLEA FOR A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING. BY PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE.

THE subject selected by Professor Oliver Lodge for his address to the Spiritualist Alliance of London on the 29th of March was "The Attitude of Scientific Men to Psychical Investigation in General, and to the Spiritualistic Hypothesis in Particular." It is, however, much more correctly described by the heading which I have given it, for as the discourse was addressed to spiritualists, it was naturally much more of an attempt to vindicate the methods of scientists to spiritualists than to invite the attention of scientists to the phenomena of spiritualism. The address, however titled, is well worthy the careful consideration of both parties. The cross headings, of course, are my own.

PROFESSOR LODGE'S ADDRESS.

I HAVE been asked to speak to you to-night, notwithstanding the fact that I am an outsider, and not a Spiritualist. I appreciate the courtesy of the request, and suppose that you wish occasionally to have addresses not from members of your own body, and will not resent the expression of necessary differences of opinion. At the same time, I realise that this is a sort of family gathering, and that you would not care for the presence of hostile persons.

HIS STANDPOINT.

I am not a hostile person, else I should not have consented to come. On the contrary, in the course of purely scientific investigation which is my proper business, I have come across some facts which have been long familiarly known to you, but which are not known at all to orthodox science. To certain scientific men, of course, they have long been known, as the names Augustus de Morgan, Alfred Russel Wallace, and William Crookes testify; but to the great bulk of scientific men of the present day they are unknown, and in orthodox scientific societies they are not mentioned.

I lay no claim to a first-hand knowledge of facts akin to that of Dr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes, but I am aware of the existence of certain facts not yet recognised by science which are familiarly held true by you.

SPIRITUALISM AHEAD OF SCIENCE.

Hence, it seemed to me proper that I should not hold aloof when asked to come and address you, but should come and make confession that on certain definite points of facts and knowledge your body was ahead of our body, and that you had something clear and distinct to teach us.

I will go further than that. The conviction has gradually grown upon me that the facts known to you, and not known collectively to us, are not merely facts of ordinary interest, like the constitution of the sun, or the distance of the stars, or the nature of light, or the age of the earth, or the origin of species, but are facts which, in all probability, will be found to have quite an unique interest for humanity, since they appear likely to throw some light, not, indeed, upon the past or the future of the terrestrial human race, but upon the destiny of man as possibly existing distinct from this or any other planet.

THESE FACTS CERTAIN—BUT THEIR DEDUCTIONS?

I say that they appear likely to throw light of this kind, and you may impatiently feel that it is certain that they do. You will, I trust, allow me to proceed cautiously in this matter, and maintain that the deductions from the facts are by no means so certain and well-grounded as the facts themselves. In the early days of a science hypotheses are often useful, but not until they have developed into established and luminous theories are they entitled to any authority or weight.

If I had to read a scientific paper on the facts, I might, or might not, be competent to make out a case; but if I had to read a scientific paper on the meaning and consequences of those facts, I know well that I am incompetent. I can but speak for myself. The conviction which, as I say, has been growing upon me that these facts *have* an important meaning is a subjective conviction—I could not express it in accurate and conclusive terms. It is a question rather of probabilities than of proof; hence, though I hold it myself, and hold it with some strength of conviction, I can find no fault whatever with another person to whose mind the same facts present themselves in some other guise, and lead him to other conclusions.

SPIRITUALISM ONLY A HYPOTHESIS.

Now, the very name of your society shows that you are in no doubt about the general meaning of your facts; you may differ as to details—it is to be hoped you do, or there would be a dead level of stagnation, not at all conducive to healthy growth and progress in knowledge—but in the rough you have collectively adopted the spiritualistic hypothesis, and you, perhaps, feel impatience with those who find themselves unable to adopt this hypothesis with the same ease and fulness.

Pardon my calling it a hypothesis, but you will admit that it must rank as a deduction from facts rather than as a fact itself; and unless it can be shown to be the one and only possible deduction, so long as it remains only the most probable deduction, it cannot be regarded as an established theory, as certain as, let us say, the kinetic theory of gases, or the electro-magnetic theory of light.

You have held the spiritualistic hypothesis so earnestly and so long that perhaps you fail to realise the difficulties which it presents to the ordinary outside mind. In case it is of any interest, I may mention some of these difficulties. De Morgan, I think, spoke of it once as "sufficient, but ponderously difficult." With great deference I venture to doubt its complete sufficiency, unless, of course, it be held in some form more elaborate and refined than that in which I usually meet with it in the current literature of its believers.

NATURAL TO SAVAGES.

Consider, for instance, any one simple and funda-

mental fact. It is a fact that under certain conditions, not yet properly investigated and reduced to essentials, it is possible for a piece of matter to change its place in an unusual manner without the ordinary and normal intervention of any of the persons present. A savage, seeing for the first time a locomotive or a magnetic needle or an electrified body so behaving, might express, and historically has expressed, the opinion that it was due to the agency of a spirit; meaning thereby, as I understand it, some living and active being inhabiting space but not visible or tangible or appreciable directly by our ordinary senses. The being need not have had any incarnate experience on earth, it need not be the disembodied spirit of a former inhabitant of this planet, though that possibility is not excluded; all that is essential is some spiritual or mental activity analogous to our own spiritual and mental activity, but not associated with any material body.

NOT IMPOSSIBLE *à priori*.

Now, *à priori*, nothing definite can be said against the hypothesis that active and conscious living entities inhabit free space, for, however puzzling and unknown are the phenomena of life, we yet know that a multitude of living entities inhabit the surface of, at any rate, this one of the many lumps of matter flying through space; and we know that life has never yet been evoked by any attempted combination of the forms of matter available on this earth. Hence the hypothesis that it has come from without, and exists in greater quantities in space than on the planetary masses, is not an unjustifiable and demonstrably false hypothesis

BUT INVOLVING USE OF MATERIAL AGENT.

But suppose it granted; the only conception that we can form as to the possible actions and powers of such —as we will call them for short—"spirits," must be abstracted and generalised from our knowledge of the actions and powers of the less material parts of our own nature; and one of the things we have learned about that is that we are unable to move objects without some form of material or etherial contact. Hence, if we proceed by reasonable steps and do not make blind jumps, we must assume that spirits generally require some kind of material agency to achieve material results.

But this, no doubt, will be granted by the supporters of the hypothesis; and thus these hypothetical beings are not purely and entirely spiritual, but have in some rudimentary or residual form a connection with matter akin to that which we possess. It may seem that the power of moving matter is a small power; but if it be considered, it will be found that our material powers are limited to that. The only thing that we can do to matter is to move it about, and place its parts in such positions that mutual actions, mechanical or chemical or electrical, may occur. So we are postulating, for the uncorporeal beings, mechanical power the same in kind as our own, notwithstanding that we possess a special and elaborate machinery for the purpose, which we call our body, and which is the true *medium* between spirit and matter.

WHY DO THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE SEE NO SPIRITS?

So we have now the double hypothesis,—first that such living beings exist; and, second, that they can, if they choose, move pieces of matter and interfere in the course of our existence, as we interfere, let us say, with the existence of the fish in the sea. The further question now arises, How comes it, then, that the human race is not fully aware of the action,—why is it not a part of ordinary experience? Why may the majority of people live their lives, why may a multitude of experimenters conduct delicate experiments, and never see the slightest trace of a phenomenon which anyone could feel it necessary to refer to spiritual interference? How is it that nothing happens except in the presence of a person in an abnormal state?

WHAT IS A MEDIUM?

If the presence of a given kind of person is necessary and sufficient for the production of any given class of events, then it is not unreasonable to assume as our working hypothesis that the events are caused by that person in some fashion or other,—a person who, though called the medium, may really all the time be the agent, not necessarily the fraudulent agent, but the unconscious agent, or the agent in some unexplained way which is known neither to the operator nor to us. How do we digest our food, effect secretions, supply sufficient blood to the brain and other parts, send messages along the right nerves, and so on, in the ordinary activities of the body? All these processes we carry on unconsciously and in ignorance of how they are done. We used our nerves and our brain centres long before we knew that we possessed such things. Any person who is not a physiologist is in blank ignorance as to a host of functions which, nevertheless, he performs with accuracy and despatch.

THE USES OF THE SUBLIMINAL SELF.

How do we know that a "medium" is not a person whose powers of unconscious and ignorant action are a little more extended, so as to cover the motion of objects or the acquisition of intelligence by processes to which the majority have no clue? This is, no doubt, a crude form of the hypothesis which has become in highly skilled and philosophic hands the hypothesis of the "subliminal self," and I suppose it stinks in the nostrils of all true Spiritualists.

But observe that, whether the phenomena are due to spirits or not, someone was sure to postulate spirits to account for them. There are three favourite hypotheses to account for anything unusual or mysterious—Spirits, Electricity, and Cheating.

The earnest inquirer and religiously-minded person thinks, Spirits.

The casual onlooker and carelessly-minded person does not *think* particularly, but *says*, Electricity.

The scientific and legal and common-sense person sometimes thinks, and always says, Cheating.

A PLEA FOR TESTING THIS HYPOTHESIS.

A few careful and studious inquirers have taken a fourth line, and while by no means excluding the possibility of the first and third surmises, try to see how far the unstudied and only half-known possibilities of human agency, manifested by a certain small percentage of individuals, sometimes in the form of genius and inspiration, sometimes in the form of insanity and disease, sometimes when in a state of trance, sometimes when hypnotised, sometimes in sleep, sometimes when apparently normal, may not by investigation be extended and found to cover also those other singular and more material phenomena.

You do not think so. And perhaps it will not turn out so. But the attempt has to be made. If attempts were not made to use a hypothesis for everything it is good

for, we should never sift the good from the bad, the false from the true. We should be littered up with a bundle of hypotheses, and afraid to test and strain any of them for fear of offending the susceptibilities of whose who have elected to believe some other.

A HELPFUL ANALOGY FROM FISH.

Going back now to the question I suggested before, viz., the question how it is that if spirits can act upon our material surroundings, all mankind is not familiarly aware of this fact; why is it so rare? When speaking of it before, I likened it to our own interference with living beings in some other environment, say the fish; and one answer to the question is that, supposing the fish intelligent and communicative, they might be found still incredulous about the existence of the human race. A few of those near the surface would have legends, and those near the shore would be strongly convinced, of the existence and activity of humanity; but the great bulk of the deep-sea fish might be serenely unconscious and profoundly sceptical.

YOU ARE CERTAIN, BUT HOW CAN YOU CONVINCE ME?

An answer on these lines seems to me, on the whole, a good and sufficient one; but it need not seem so to everybody. There is no cogency or compelling power in an analogy, and until we have a conclusive demonstration to which people will not listen, we have no right to vehemently complain of their incredulous attitude. Of course, in so far as they are shutting their eyes to truth, the loss is their own; but a man who perceives and realises a new truth cannot rest satisfied with the indifference of his fellow mortals, but burns to deliver it to them. It is for no ulterior or sordid motive that he feels this; it is natural and instinctive. A man who has composed an oratorio, or written a great book, or composed a poem, or received an inspiration, or perceived a fact, cannot rest with his burden, unless his soul has been seared into hardness and warped into morbid indifference by repression and neglect; he is straitened till it be accomplished. This is the mainspring, or at least the only wholesome mainspring, of all missionary enterprise. This is the meaning of the enthusiasm of the teacher, the pertinacity of the prophet.

But then, not all those who *think* that they have a great poem, or a divine revelation, or a new fact, are *really* trustees of these noble things. Some of them are merely swollen with their own vanity, and their deliverance results in wind. The human race has by long and bitter experience become suspicious, and sometimes it stones its prophets, not knowing that they are prophets; while at other times it has set on high its self-seekers and windbags, believing them to be somewhat. It is no proof, therefore, to mankind that you believe yourselves the exponents of a mighty truth, because it has happened before now that believers in such things have turned out mistaken.

ONLY BY FACTS! FACTS! FACTS!

How, then, can we secure the attention of the men of science, who are no doubt the accepted leaders of the human race in respect of questions of bare and straightforward matter-of-fact truth? It must be by demonstration; it must be by facts; not by hypothetical explanation of such facts. The spiritualistic hypothesis may be true, and to its believers it may stand in the place of, or be equivalent to, a religion; but to the outside world it will seem nothing more than a hypothetical explanation of a series of imaginary facts. Before they will listen to the explanation they must be assured of the facts, and when they are assured of the facts there may be various rival apparent explanations which may struggle for a time, until the fittest, and surely we may hope the truest, ultimately survives.

WITHOUT ADULTERATION OF FICTION.

What is needed first is demonstration of fact—of fact without any admixture of fiction. It is wonderful how small a trace of fiction spoils the taste of a whole bushel of fact. The merest modicum of cheating or of misstatement is like leaven; its influence is liable to spread through the would-be investigator's mind till it has permeated the whole of the evidence, and has produced an utter distaste and repugnance to the subject.

Now, this is one, I think it is even the chief, cause of the backward development of your subject, considered as a science. The demonstrations are dependent on the power of individuals in an abnormal or unusual condition, and perhaps this weakens their moral sense, or perhaps there is some more subtle cause at work; but whatever the explanation, unsatisfactory elements are liable to make their appearance at any stage in the most disheartening way, and the attainment of a really crucial and flawless proof seems at present withheld from us.

THEREFORE HUNT DOWN FRAUDS.

And besides this liability to unconscious, or only semi-conscious fraud, there is another more diabolical danger, viz., the presence of impostors—the real and genuine unbelievers, who, perceiving, as they think, a set of credulous fools, set themselves to earn coin by performances of the most barefaced and organized duplicity. I marvel sometimes at the patience and gentleness of treatment accorded to these wolves. On the principle, I suppose, of the wheat and the tares, and the difficulty of discrimination, they are allowed to remain and mislead ignorant persons in security; but they have a most deadly effect all round, and it seems to me that at any cost an effort should be made to root them out. I wonder if you will permit me to ask whether, as a body, just now you are not somewhat supine—more supine than your fathers were who toiled and suffered somewhat in the good cause. You have a truth which the world has not received; you are the trustees of it; are you being faithful to your trust? It is not for me or for any outsider to answer that question. By placid contemplation and *laisser faire* nothing will be accomplished towards introducing this new truth to mankind.

PUBLISH NOTHING WITHOUT EVIDENCE.

It might be possible for your Alliance, if it was thought worth while, to devise some practical system adapted to guard inquirers against known impostors, and to guard yourselves from being thought to believe in persons who pretend to possess what they have not got. I feel also that more precautions should be taken against the publication of spurious and lying tales. It seems to me that incidents are sometimes published as genuine on absolutely no real evidence. What sort of repute would a scientific society have which should publish all the papers sent in? Even when there is no temptation to deceive, yet the mass of incompetent and vague stuff sent in to such a body as, say, the British Association, every year is considerable. So it is to the meteorological department of an observatory. It all has to be carefully sifted, and a quantity of chaff rejected. The mere wish to be quoted in a report or a paper

seems, strange to say, to operate on the minds of feeble persons, and causes them to invent phenomena that never happened; while the astounding vanity of the ignorant is constantly leading them to suppose that they have discovered the nature of electricity, or the structure of the ether, or the solution of some other recondite and sometimes impossible problem.

IMITATE THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

By the Royal Society the care taken is still greater, and every paper, no matter how high the standing of its author, is submitted to two referees, or to a special committee of experts in that particular branch of science, for scrutiny and report before it is accepted. Sometimes, no doubt, it has unfortunately happened that some sack of wheat has been thus mistakenly rejected along with the chaff—*humanum est errare*—but the need for caution and scrutiny is felt to be so pressing that the risks inseparable from deficient omniscience must be run. All this care being taken in the region of perfectly orthodox and accepted science, how is it likely, think you, that a mass of unsifted testimony, containing unsupported anecdotes on the bare word of Dick, Tom, and Harry, and subjected to no kind of evidential examination or verifying process, how is it likely that such a mass of testimony should affect scientific persons? Those who have not grown acclimatised to it, it affects with nausea.

DELAY PUBLICATION TILL AFTER VERIFICATION.

Now, I would urge that if the possibility of a given class of events is believed, the publication of any given instance of the occurrence of such an event should take place only after a careful scrutiny, and with all possible verifying circumstances. The suppression of a given event is no great loss, provided such events certainly occur from time to time. The publication of a spurious instance for the edification of scoffers does unmitigated harm, even when the contradiction of the hostile evidence is scrupulously published at a later date. But if there is any tendency to suppress or minimise the hostile evidence, then the harm done is of a still more serious character, and raises questions even concerning the honesty of persons of really the most unimpeachable character but of partially defective judgment. If it is possible for ghosts to appear or for unwound clocks to tick, it does not follow that every asserted instance of such events is necessarily true. Even if ghosts appeared once a month, good people might still mistake patches of moonlight for them, and fraudulent miners might still wind clocks on the sly.

DON'T ADVERTISE UNCERTIFIED MEDIUMS.

Even if it were certain that when an exceptionally gifted person is fastened up in a cabinet other forms may perambulate the room animated by other intelligences, but making use of the person's corporeal organisation for the manifestation, even if this, I say, were certainly authentic, it would not follow that the performance of every person who chooses to charge a guinea at the doors for the demonstration was to be encouraged. The chances are surely against their being genuine. They should run a severe gauntlet before being accepted, if they are to make a living by it. From what little I know of occult phenomena they are not to be brought on at a given time for a given coin of the realm. The mere acceptance of money is not the most deadly symptom; it is the pretended control of the afflatus at a specific advertised time which strikes me as the most suspicious circumstance. I would not dogmatise against anyone in this unknown region; but I would be most scrupulously careful not to sanction or assume any kind of responsibility; it might be well even to exclude a self-advertisement of such persons, unless they had been critically examined and passed by a committee of sane and competent and responsible persons.

IN PRAISE OF THE S.P.R.

Well, but of late years a body has arisen, a body to which I have indeed the honour to belong, but not as a leader, only as a worker in the ranks, and therefore I may speak of it without compunction, though I must by no means be understood as speaking for it; it has no representative voice, and if it had would not choose mine. A body, I say, has arisen which is imbued with the kind of feelings I have been representing, and which, although scientific and philosophic in a high degree, nevertheless on the average believes in the possibility of those phenomena of which you are assured; it believes at any rate in the possibility of phenomena not known to orthodox science. This body recognises the importance of immense caution and of absolute and undiluted truthfulness if it is to make headway among the mass of material which previous generations had accumulated. It has set its face keenly against the least trace of imposture, and visits with unflinching severity the slightest lapse from integrity even of persons endowed with genuine power. It sifts every anecdote presented to it, worrying the details with amazing pertinacity, till it can feel assured of integrity and first-hand responsibility for everything it publishes. In so doing it may make mistakes. It may occasionally admit an occurrence in which a flaw is subsequently discovered; it may frequently exclude testimonials of a sound and valuable kind. It makes no pretence to infallibility, and it does the best it can, but at least it takes trouble; and it feels assured of this—that it is safer to reject many accounts of genuine occurrences than it is to admit as genuine a single fraudulent or unscrupulously reported transaction.

A PROPHECY OF ITS FUTURE.

If it perseveres in this course, it will ultimately gain the ear of the orthodox scientific world. Indeed, it is making a scientific atmosphere for itself, and after some years may be able to dictate terms of truce with other scientific societies of no better or more scientific standing than itself. At present, however, it is looked at askance, by you on the one hand, by orthodox science on the other; by you as too sceptical, by science as too credulous. Well, it must put up with this. It sees before it a definite path, and it realises that though its progress may be slow, it must at all costs be made secure. Better a halt for ten years and then an assured advance, than a constant tremulous beating about the bush and finding oneself in swamps or among the arrows of savages.

THE HYPOTHESIS OF HIGHER POWERS.

But whether we are immortal or not, we are at least, in a very practical sense, certainly mortal, and during one of these halts the leaders of that Society may be removed. I see no chance of replacing their judgment and discretion by others of equal value, and quite possibly some such check is in store for the society. Very well, so be it. I myself am inclined to hold, as at

any rate a tenable hypothesis, that affairs are regulated, on the large scale as to general tendency by higher forces. If so, we must in those higher powers have faith. If they do not think it well for the human race to receive too speedily a great accession of new truth, who are we to repine and try to force it on?

IN RE EUSAPIA.

We have all, perhaps, hoped to be honoured by being the vehicle of some new truth to mankind. If we are so utilised, well. If not, well also. Eternity is long, and there is plenty of time. I myself, two years ago, experienced some phenomena familiar to most of you. In my haste I reported on them. I did not then know that the person who in some way caused those genuine phenomena was also willing to cheat when they would not appear. I learned that later; I ought to have learnt it before I reported, and incorporated the whole of the facts in my report. I have gained experience; but even tentative and provisional acceptance of the facts has been thrown back. Possibly they must now wait for a fresh investigator, one of greater skill and judgment, before again they have a chance of catching the ear of the scientific world.

LIVING IN HOPE OF ANOTHER D. D. HOME.

But I beg you who are already acquainted with the facts not to imagine that you have any ground for war with the Society for Psychical Research in this matter. The evidence was tainted—that is enough. Tainted evidence is utterly useless for public purposes. The Society must bide its time. Some day another Home may be vouchsafed to us. I venture to say that he will meet with a different reception this time. There will not be wanting a Mr. Crookes to investigate him; there will not be wanting a Dr. Carpenter to misrepresent and slander the investigation; but I hope and believe that this time there will not be lacking official and responsible persons willing to look into the matter and obtain a first-hand experience of the facts for themselves. If it should not be so, the scientific world, the custodian of mundane and material truth will have failed in its duty. Up to the present time I do not feel sure that it has so failed. It ran perilously near it at the time of Mr. Crookes and Home. It must be left to the judgment of posterity whether it did or did not at that time run over the frontier of the truth-seeking camp into the opposite camp of blind and blatant fanaticism or obscurantism. But for myself, I should not dare to pass an adverse judgment. The Society for Psychical Research had not then existed. No long and patient sifting of evidence for many years had taken place; there were no traditions of security to which to appeal. The half-way houses of telepathy and automatism had not been built. The facts were all there, of course, and had been for ages, but they had not been treated with adequate patience and care; and finally the great experimenter, Faraday, had reported adversely on certain pretensions which he had investigated.

"I KNOW THAT TELEPATHY IS A FACT."

Yes, you will say, Faraday now—how utterly mistaken was his attitude, and how far he misled his confident disciples. Well, I do not find myself entirely able to approve the whole of Faraday's attitude to the subject, but he did investigate certain facts which by believers were put forward as important—the facts of table movements under contact, and he showed them to be possibly all due to unconscious muscular action. I was not myself awake at the time, but I venture to surmise that believers had not then realised the potency of unconscious muscular action; just as, later, they did not recognise the power of muscle reading to simulate the phenomena of telepathy. Now, as I know that telepathy is a fact, I am ready to admit as a pious opinion that, intermixed with much that we confidently call muscle reading or unconscious muscular guidance, there may be an element, sometimes perhaps a large element, of true telepathy; but I maintain that as *evidence* of telepathy it is utterly worthless, so long as the possibility of the faintest trace of muscular guidance—*i.e.*, sense guidance of any kind—is allowed to remain unexcluded. The more convinced I am of telepathy the more strenuously would I sift out of the evidence for it anything in the slightest degree doubtful or indistinct.

WAITING PATIENTLY FOR PHENOMENA.

When one is hesitating about whether a thing is true or no, and has to be guided by probabilities, then one may have to submit one's judgment to inconclusive evidence and only half-proven facts, in order to make an estimate of probability one way or the other. But as soon as the evidence is conclusive, it is not so easy to adduce supporting evidence. Henceforth any evidence which is not supporting is liable to be obstructive and cumbersome. Faraday discovered, or let us say emphasised, the power of unconscious muscular action. He did not go to the root of the matter, and he never saw anything of the more striking and remarkable phenomena such as we know of. He was observing the trivialities of drawing-room table-turning, and he exploded it. What a pity that he was not shown something better! Yes; but that was what was looming large in the eyes of the public just then. Somebody was exploiting it; that was the phenomenon then called spiritualistic. All true Spiritualists should have repudiated it beforehand, and said: "Not this evening party amusement, but these other more serious and noteworthy events are what we mean by Spiritualism, and what demand investigation." They might have anticipated that a physical explanation could, perhaps, be given for minor facts; but they could have said: "We are not so hard up for facts that we wish to claim every trivial occurrence which in any place may be said to occur; wait till we tell you of an occurrence which it is worth your while to investigate." Perhaps they did say so, and were not listened to. It is not unlikely. But then the better phenomena are not always available. We are told that the phenomena that you get in your houses are too delicate and sometimes too sacred for investigation; that they would be impossible in the presence of strangers. That being so, we must wait patiently till stronger and more decided, though perhaps more elementary, things occur.

GENERAL LORRISON'S EGGS FROM NEW YORK.

But must it not be admitted that some of the phenomena asserted to be occurring at private séances—assuming they are genuine—involve what appears to be a waste of power; unless, indeed, they are a sort of rehearsal! I can only go by hearsay, and the worst of it is that after stories have been published I feel no guarantee that any subsequent contradiction will be equally published. I hope, indeed, that it is so. I regard it as vitally important that it should be so, but I feel no security. Hence when I quote asserted events,

I quote them as mere legends or assertions, not as facts of which I have any, even third-hand, knowledge. But about a year ago a number of remarkable phenomena were reported as occurring in the house of one "General Lorrison," a gentleman of probity. They were not published by the General himself, and the real evidence for them is therefore not known to me, but they were related as if authentic, and they were assertions of a series of phenomena of a verifiable kind, viz., the transport of actual goods, mostly provisions, from New York to the South of England. Now, perhaps it may have been impossible to subject this transfer to investigation except at the risk of stopping it, or there may have been other reasons, but anyway no serious attempt seems to have been made to make the conditions rigorous at both ends and the facts certain. If such an attempt had been made it might have failed, but if no such attempt was made what on earth was the good of the whole thing? The nett upshot would appear to be that the General acquired by spiritual parcel post some American eggs which his own hens might just as well have laid, and some New England fruit which he might equally well have bought in the market at home. I venture to think either that the event did not happen, or that if it did happen it was wasted for humanity. Unevidenced phenomena are practically useless to the world. To the favoured person to whom they occur they may, no doubt, give some information in matters of detail, but if he believes them genuine he is accepting a serious responsibility if he hides his light under a bushel.

DON'T RESENT REQUESTS FOR CORROBORATION!

Then, again, I might ask whether it would not be well, even in the most private and friendly sittings, to arrange for good notes to be taken and a critical record kept. Some labour is involved in this, and that may be distasteful, but surely no science was ever established without hard work. Some one or two individuals of your body are so working, in the same spirit as Dr. Hodgson has worked for eight years on ths case of Mrs. Piper; and though the result is not immediate, that does not matter. Requests for corroboration, again, and for fuller details, should never be considered insulting. Full details are well known to be essential to the formation of a judgment in every scientific paper, and corroborative circumstances are mentioned with the greatest care in connection with every new departure, in proportion to its newness and its magnitude. It is the mark of a truth that it will stand a thorough sifting and probing, and will emerge the better for the process; hence such probing should be encouraged.

SCIENTISTS AND THE S. P. R.

But now you may urge that not only do scientific men contemn the spiritualistic hypothesis, and ignore its believers, who, being satisfied themselves, take no adequate pains to verify their assertions and convince others, but they likewise decline to look at the evidence adduced by the scrupulously careful Society for Psychical Research. They do not confront and confute it —as Mr. Crookes has said—they shirk and evade it. Well, they do; as a body they take no interest in our investigation, and even the individuals who bestow occasional distant glances in our direction are few and far between.

WHY PSYCHIC FACTS ARE IGNORED.

This, I think, is largely because the class of facts concerning which we have evidence of the most convincing description are facts of a psychological character, none of them clearly and obviously connected with either the physical or the biological region as usually studied. The orthodox psychologists might, indeed, take the matter up, and, as you know, Professor James conspicuously has done so; but the majority of them are unused to experiment, and mistrust anything obtained by its aid. Philosophers of the very first magnitude, like Kant, did realise the place which the phenomena of clairvoyance and the like might have in a comprehensive scheme of the universe, and to them we should not have had to appeal in vain on behalf of telepathy. Such men as these, however, are rare, and no single generation can complain because it does not find them on the planet. For myself, but as one who is clearly no judge, I may say that it seems to me possible that posterity will look back at this age as not without importance in philosophy.

A GOOD WORD FOR MR. MYERS.

I do not think that the careful and critical work of the Psychical Society will go for nothing. I do not think that the comprehensive and unifying and synthetic scheme of Mr. Myers, if he lives to complete the great work he has in hand, will find its place upon the dustbin of exploded heresies, or be relegated to the museum of antiquated speculations. I think that in due time it will be regarded as one of the most valuable and luminous works of the present age. I do not, indeed, know what orthodox scientific work now in process of construction is likely to stand on an eminence superior to his.

"THEY STUMBLE WHO RUN FAST."

You think the methods of the Society slow. But, indeed, they are rapid enough. Can you point to another twenty years in which solid progress in this department of knowledge has been more rapid? Are you not somewhat in a hurry when you object to a patient sifting and scrutiny of facts? Without it, be assured, it is all labour lost.

In so far as Spiritualism is an esoteric religion and influences conduct and feeds emotion, I have nothing whatever to say to it. Perhaps it is there in its place, and doing its most useful work; no outsider can judge of such things as that, though certainly some of the automatic writings of Mr. Stainton Moses (I mean the selections printed and published as 'Spirit Teachings') appeal with force to the admiration and sympathy even of an outsider; and it is largely for this reason that I am here as a visitor to-day.

A PERSONAL CONFESSION.

A conviction of the certainty of future existence has to me personally been brought home on purely scientific grounds; not in such form that I can as yet formulate them distinctly so as to convince others, but amply sufficient for my own life. As sure as I am that other persons exist at all, so sure am I that the desease of the body does not mean the cessation of the intelligence; the mind and the brain are not so inextricably and essentially and indissolubly connected as has been supposed.* The brain is the material organ of mind just as the body is of the individual life, but the mind and the life have another and a larger existence. If *time* has any ultimate meaning, and if post-existence is ascertained, then a pre-existence must be granted also—not reincarnation in the ordinary commonplace use of the term, but a larger ex-

* *Cf.* Professor John Fiske, of Harvard, on "Man's Destiny," p. 109.

istence, of which a portion only is manifested in space and time here and now.

A POSSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE.

Communication with the larger self and with other larger selves is not impossible, though that communion is not so easy as with the smaller selves who are displayed here amid contemporary material surroundings and with suitable organs for sensible intercourse. Partial and one-sided communication with the past inhabitants of the earth has long been possible, through books and writings; herein man has passed immeasurably above the animals and become the heir of all the ages; hereafter it may be that a further step in advance will become possible for him, as a human race, if only he persists in his calm and unbending search for solid and indubitable truth.

A PLEA FOR SCIENTISTS.

Do not consider scientific men your enemies. In the long run they will be your firmest and safest friends, because they are genuinely loyal to truth as far as they can see it. They have much to learn, every man in his special department, and they have not unlimited time. The miserable education of the country must have some effect in keeping them back; it certainly puts needless difficulties in their way; but still they are progressing in their present range of subjects; they are mastering, as it were, the orderly planets and the fixed stars of nature, and some day, all in good time, your subjects will swim, meteor-like, comet-like, into their field of view. It is not wilful blindness that holds some of them aloof now. It is the portentous difficulty of making thoroughly sure of the facts, in the region where the foibles and weaknesses of humanity are necessarily so prominent. The investigation of *life* has always been more difficult than the equally complete investigation of inorganic matter; hence the biological sciences are so far behind the physical ones. The investigation of mind is still more difficult; and the psychology of the future, in any real scientific sense, is only having the ground prepared for it to-day. Physics and astronomy have had their Newton; biology has only had as yet its Copernicus; psychology is waiting, shall we say, for its Hipparchus and its Ptolemy.

SPIRITUALISTS AS THE CHALDEANS OF OUR DAY.

Permit me to surmise that in this sort of parable you are like the Chaldeans gazing and contemplating and almost worshipping the majestic dome of Heaven with its fixed and moving stars; while the Society for Psychical Research and other experimental psychologists are like Archimedes, studying the weights of bodies and the properties of materials, the sections of a cone, and the conceptions of mathematics—all remote apparently from that gorgeous display above us, but all in the fulness of time destined to lead to the telescope, to spherical geometry, to the refinements of observation, and to the powers of analysis, which have set modern astronomy on so firm and lofty a pedestal. Meantime the busy world went on its way and attended to its own affairs, fighting sometimes and ploughing sometimes, struggling on without regard for either groper or star-gazer, except occasionally pausing to scoff at the gullibility of those who believed that in those specks up there there might be worlds not realised, or at the folly of those who supposed that by patient and laborious research a time would come when not the motions and governing forces only, but the very chemical constitution and details of structure of those distant bodies, might to mankind become intimately known.

"SOME DAY."

Astronomers are beginning, or only half beginning, to contemplate the possibility of one day communicating with the denizens of Mars. Perhaps we shall be able some day to teach them that there are nearer people than those on Mars with whom they can communicate. The ocean used to separate continents, now it unites them. The vast spaces of the ether separate the worlds, bringing apparently nothing but ripples from one to the other; some day it may be found that life is not limited to those visible lumps, and that a possibility of indirect communication exists, by processes hitherto undreamt of.

Professor Lodge, in a brief speech, acknowledging the vote of thanks, remarked that he believed a great deal of the opposition to Spiritualism had come from the clergy, and this suggested the curious idea that in the next century the scientific men might be found to be believing in more than the parsons did! It would be a remarkable inversion of things. He did not know why the clergy opposed the subject, because it would be a tremendous help to them.

VIII.—HAUNTINGS UP-TO-DATE.

I.—THE SPECTRE AT CLANDON HOUSE.

AS SEEN BY MISS X.

SOME months ago the readers of BORDERLAND heard, in an article called "A Game of Russian Scandal," by Miss X., of the alleged hauntings of Lord Onslow's house at Clandon, near Guildford. Details of the true story were at that time already known to myself and other members of the S.P.R., but, as a matter of courtesy to the owner of the house, publication was deferred till permission had been received to make known the real circumstances; with, or, if desired, without, the names of persons concerned, or even of the place itself.

Lord Onslow was abroad at the time, but the secret soon came to exist in name only. A really good, well-attested, ghost-story, spread over many years is not a light to be hidden under a bushel, and while the S.P.R. waited, other persons, less scrupulous, seized an effective opportunity, and the story, with gross exaggerations and many additions, appeared in a dozen newspapers, English and foreign.

A BLUE FUNK.

The foreign accounts were the most grotesque. London was desolate. Society was rushing down to Clandon to see the "Count of Onslow" in a "blue funk," with Sir George Lewis helping him. Society, as a matter of fact, did not concern itself particularly, and Sir George Lewis had nothing to do with it. To say that Lord Onslow was in "a blue funk" was to antedate the little episode about the revolvers which he has been good enough to confide to the public.

There is a tide in the affairs of houses and of men, which neglected at the turn leads on to the rocks. Lord Onslow lost an opportunity of which he would have done well to avail himself. A careful discussion of the phenomena at Clandon, anonymously if need be, by the S.P.R. would probably have done more than any other process conceivable to eliminate exaggeration and misstatement, and by the time Thought Transference and Subliminal Activity had been allowed for, and Mr. Podmore had traced the disturbances to telepathic infection, or naughty little girls, the house would have been reduced to the characteristics of the play "a nice girl takes her mother to." As things stand, the chatterboxes (and the commercial value of a good many things is in the hands of the chatterbox)—the people who have time to go out to lunch—will soon allow the statement to pass into history, that "Clandon has been investigated by the S.P.R., but Lord Onslow was afraid to publish the result."

Such fear is not, of course, of the nature of a "blue funk," but only of a retiring disposition which prefers to confide in the public through the medium of the newspapers. All that the S.P.R. intends to make known at present is contained in the following statement which I made at a meeting of the Society in Westminster Town Hall on January 29th, the President, Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., in the chair.

A PASSING NOTE ON A HAUNTED HOUSE.

It has been thought that the Society would be interested to hear a brief statement with regard to an enquiry made into the alleged hauntings of Clandon House, near Guildford, in Surrey; although, for reasons that I shall explain, the enquiry has not led to results at present admitting of publication in our *Proceedings*.

The story of these hauntings is probably still fresh in the minds of most, in the form in which it was discussed in the newspapers about a year ago. It is by no means a new one. The traditions of haunting have been well known in the neighbourhood for many years past, and the evidence seemed, on the whole, sufficient to warrant some examination by the S.P.R.

THE EVIDENCE.

At the suggestion of the Marquis of Bute, a Vice-President of this Society, who happened to have a personal interest in the locality, I was invited to collect and examine all the evidence obtainable, with the assistance of the late distinguished Q.C., Mr. Bidder, also a personal friend of Lord Bute's. The evidence was not far to seek. I had recently been staying in some country houses in the neighbourhood of Clandon, and Mr. Bidder was a resident in the same county. It was abundant and varied in kind. We ascertained that the witnesses amounted to nearly a score. They were diverse as to age and class—adults and children, educated persons and servants. There had been no panic, no passing excitement, the evidence extended over a lengthened period, and was in many cases especially definite and clear. With Mr. Bidder's able assistance, I examined some of the witnesses in person, and we are in possession of certain signed statements, in addition to other narratives awaiting further examination and endorsement, and we had hoped to have a case of special interest in this particular direction to present to the Society.

The first check was caused by the death, owing to an accident, a year ago, of Mr. Bidder. His notes of the case, however, are happily in our possession. In the next place, the family who had recently rented Clandon as Lord Onslow's tenants, upon whom we were in part dependent for help, refused entirely to give any assistance in the matter. They are in no way opposed to the methods of this Society, and have no personal reason for concealment of any kind; their refusal is entirely from motives of courtesy to Lord Onslow.

It was natural to appeal to the owner himself. The story, in an absurdly exaggerated form, had appeared in a great number of newspapers, English and foreign, the full name and address of Lord Onslow as owner of Clandon having been published again and again. It seemed to us, therefore, that the interests of Lord Onslow—as owner of a property which he desired to let—had nothing to lose by further investigation; and that—in view of the ridiculous stories which were already afloat—those interests might be promoted by the application to the case of our customary methods of systematic enquiry, precision as to evidence, and moderation in the deduction of conclusions. Accordingly, Lord Bute undertook to communicate with him in an indirect manner.

LORD ONSLOW'S VIEW.

The answer was disappointing and surprising. Lord Onslow had no belief in hauntings, and was anxious,

for the sake of his property, to avoid publicity. His method of securing privacy was to send to the newspapers his reply to Lord Bute's letter; and his indifference to the hauntings was manifested by the announcement on the same occasion that he and his family slept with revolvers under their pillows.

LORD BUTE'S VIEW.

The following is Lord Bute's own statement of the result of his attempt.

CARDIFF CASTLE, CARDIFF,
August 9th, 1896.

DEAR MISS X.—I did not keep a copy of my letter to Lady Burghclere, because it had not occurred to me that Lord Onslow would write to the newspapers upon the subject; and still less that, in doing so, he would take care to suppress my letter while publishing his own reply. I have, however, a recollection of my letter quite sufficient to enable me to tell you what were its contents.

I have not the honour of being known to Lord Onslow personally, and consequently I did not like to take the liberty of writing to him directly. On the advice of Mr. Myers I wrote to Lady Burghclere, a member of the S.P.R. with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. Lord Burghclere is, as I understand, Lord Onslow's brother-in-law. I told Lady Burghclere that Colonel Tredcroft had sent me a newspaper-cutting containing a very long account of the phenomena at Clandon, written by a special reporter who had been sent to the place on behalf of the newspaper in question. I said that I had communicated this paper to Mr. Myers, as Secretary S.P.R., and that you (whom I described) and our late lamented friend, the eminent Q.C., Mr. Bidder, had consequently gone to Clandon, where you had interrogated a number of the eye-witnesses, and where you yourself had been so fortunate as to witness one of the most striking of the phenomena. I then asked Lady Burghclere kindly to submit two requests for Lord Onslow's favourable consideration. The first of these was on behalf of Mr. Myers—who has the honour of being well known to Lady Burghclere—and was that Lord Onslow would sanction the publication of the real names by the S.P.R. when giving a notice of the facts. I said that I thought that Lord Onslow could have little objection to this, as the statements had already been published with the real names, not only in the English Press, but also in French and Italian journals which I had seen, but that if Lord Onslow for any reason did not desire their further publication, I could guarantee that the S.P.R. would keep them entirely concealed, and either make use of initials or of names avowedly false, as it often does in such cases.

The second request, namely, that Lord Onslow would permit further investigation and sifting of evidence upon the spot, I said that I regarded as the more important of the two. I said that no one would be sent to Clandon to whom Lord Onslow could in any way object, or indeed whom he had not approved, and that everything would be done in whatever way he might consider as most convenient to himself. I said that the S.P.R. would probably desire to send down one or more sensitives such as yourself, but that it was also very desirable to make experiments with scientific instruments, and that the frequent recurrence of the phenomena at Clandon seemed to make it a case where such experiments could be arranged for with good results.

I think, but am not quite sure, that I mentioned certain leading members of the S.P.R.—Mr. Gladstone Mr. Arthur Balfour, his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, our late eminent friend, Mr. Bidder, Mr. Crookes (the President of the British Electrical Association, &c., &c.), and Professor Lodge—whose names would inspire Lord Onslow with more confidence than I could hope he would attach to my own.

On April 15th I underwent a surgical operation, from the consequences of which I was laid up for weeks. On the day after the operation, as I lay in bed, a letter was brought me, from the gilded initial and coronet on which I found that Lord Onslow had been so good as to write to me directly, which I had been too diffident to do to him. As in my then condition I was unable to answer him myself, I directed the letter to be forwarded unopened to Mr. Myers, but I had immediately the advantage of reading its contents in the *Edinbro' Evening Despatch*, the London *Globe* and *Daily Graphic*, and the *Glasgow Herald*.—Sincerely yours,

(Signed) BUTE.

It has seemed desirable to make this letter known to the Society; because Lord Onslow's letter to Lord Bute—if read (as it naturally has been) by persons unacquainted with the previous circumstances, or with the terms of Lord Bute's request—was calculated to suggest that Lord Bute had shown some hastiness of belief in the matter in question. This supposition would be erroneous, since Lord Bute's sole desire has been that phenomena which, however caused, have become a matter of much notoriety, should be enquired into in a manner as searching as possible.

MISS X.'S VIEW.

There is just one witness who may be summoned before the Society without the sanction either of Lord Onslow or of his tenants, that witness being myself.

I had an opportunity some little time ago of paying a visit to Clandon Park. I do not quote the date, because I do not, under the present circumstances, consider it necessary to identify which, of several tenants of Clandon, was my host on the occasion in question.

VIEWS AS TO EVIDENCE.

At the time of my visit I knew that the house had the reputation of being haunted. I knew absolutely nothing of any details—a point I can prove when the right time comes, so far as one can ever prove a negative. Moreover, I should like to say, with emphasis, that I do not think I am suggestible in such matters. Many members of this Society, and others, have been good enough to invite me to explore houses alleged to be haunted, often, to their disappointment, with a wholly negative result. In short, I do not necessarily see a phantasm because one is talked of; expectation, indeed, is apt, when one is accustomed to careful criticism of one's own phenomena, to produce a self-suggestion to the contrary.

THE VIEW OF THE GHOST.

I arrived at the house in the dusk of an autumn day. I had been disposed to discount largely from its eerie reputation, from the fact that the late owner had shut it up for nearly forty years, but there is nothing of the typical haunted-house character in its appearance. It is light and airy, and, except for a handsome marble hall, essentially commonplace. It suggests draughts, and rats, and dry-rot, but not ghosts.

We had tea cheerfully in the hall. The subject of the hauntings was mentioned, but I begged, for evidential

reasons, that it might be dropped at once. Should any phenomena present themselves, I did not wish to have to discount more than was necessary for expectation. I was permitted to sit alone, in the dark, in four rooms alleged to be haunted, but entirely without result. When I went up to dress for dinner, my hostess left me at the door of my room, with a promise to send the maid. I followed her out a minute later to ask her to send an additional message as to something I wanted. Nothing else was for the moment in my consciousness. I ran in the direction from which we had come, but my hostess had disappeared, and I turned back towards my room. As I turned I saw a lady coming towards me, perhaps twenty feet away. I stood for a moment, waiting for her to get nearer before deciding—I am slow-sighted—whether this really was my hostess. No, it was evidently some one who had come to dine; I had heard that guests were expected. She was cloaked and hooded, her dress of yellowish white satin gleamed where her cloak parted—she had jewels on the low bodice. The costume was quaint, the hood of the kind known to our great-grandmothers as a "riding-hood." I happen to possess one of the kind, about a hundred and twenty years old, and the outline is quite familiar to me. She should be interesting and original, I reflected, and moved forward. Just as we met—when I could have touched her—she vanished. I discovered later that my description of her corresponds with that of other seers who have met the same figure before and since.

I give my experience for what it is worth. I do not offer any opinion as to whether what I saw was the effect of thought-transference from others—whether it was in truth some phantasm out of the past, or whether it was merely a subjective hallucination, strangely coincident with that of other persons unknown to me, as to place and detail. The conditions under which I received the impression tend to support the consciousness I had at the time of not being in a nervous or excited state; nor had I a preconceived idea—or information of any kind—as to what I was expected to see.

X.

II.—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GHOST.

A ROYAL SPECTRE AT WINDSOR.

THE *Petit Journal* having published a fantastic story about the ghost of Queen Elizabeth having terrified the guard at Windsor Castle, the *Daily Mail* of February 9 publishes the following special report on the subject, called "A Royal Ghost":—

An apparition has been seen in Windsor Castle. An officer of the Grenadier Guards, who would probably prefer to lead the forlornest of forlorn hopes rather than have to make an admission so eminently calculated to bring ridicule and chaff upon him, sticks to his assertion that he has seen something, which he believes to be supernatural, in Windsor Castle. The officer in question is Lieutenant A. St. Leger Glyn, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards.

To commence with, of course, the story reproduced in Saturday's *Daily Mail* from the *Petit Journal*, of Paris, must still be characterised as absurd to a degree. The inhabitants of Windsor Castle are not in any state of terror about the matter, and the recruiting of the night guard has not become a matter of difficulty because of any awe on the part of the soldiers. The guardsmen would prefer feminine company, even if it were only the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, rather than solitude. Nor have any dreadful portents been deduced from anything which has happened.

But after ridicule had been heaped upon the French news about the state of affairs at Windsor, information was received by the *Daily Mail* that something strange had undoubtedly been reported upon high authority.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH,

for instance, had told several people about an uncanny appearance, and the bishop's nephew, Lieutenant Glyn, was mentioned as one who was prepared to vouch for a strange occurrence.

Investigation of the matter was not easy. The Bishop of Peterborough had gone abroad, Lieutenant Glyn was in Argyllshire. The Castle authorities were at Osborne, in Scotland, or on the Continent; and even hardened *Daily Mail* reporters did not care to ask too ostentatiously in Sunday's sunlight for information about Queen Elizabeth's ghost. At length, however, the mother of Lieutenant Glyn, the Hon. Mrs. Sidney-Glyn, was found, and this lady astonished the inquiring newspaper man by remarking quietly, in reply to the question introducing this eerie topic, that there was truth in the matter.

From the communication the lady then proceeded to make it appear that this Royal phantom is no mere conventional spirit. It did not wait until midnight to sound before it appeared; it did not groan or even beckon; and, most unaccountable circumstance of all in a castle like this, it did not make the customary clanking noises.

The Hon. Mrs. Carr Glyn said:—"It is perfectly true that my son has witnessed something abnormal. He was, he tells me,

SITTING IN THE LIBRARY

of Windsor Castle, reading a book, the "History of Dorsetshire," to be exact. As he read, he became aware of somebody passing in the inner library. He looked up and saw a female figure in black, with black lace on the head, falling on to the shoulders.

"The figure passed across the library towards a corner which was out of view as my son sat, and he did not take much notice, thinking it was somebody reading in the inner room.

"This was just upon four in the afternoon, and an attendant soon afterwards came up to close the place. My son asked who the lady was who was at work in the inner room, and the attendant replied that no one else was in the library.

"My son assured the attendant that a lady had just before walked across the inner room.

"'Then where could she be?' asked the attendant, having ascertained that nobody was in the inner room. 'She must have gone out of a door in the corner,' said my son, indicating the corner to which the figure had passed. 'But there is no door,' said the attendant.

"My son said nothing about this incident, and did not think very much about it, I understand, until Mr. Holmes, the librarian, asked him about it, the attendant having mentioned the matter to Mr. Holmes."

Asked by Mr. Holmes to describe the figure he had seen, my son did so, and Mr. Holmes replied that my son had seen the

APPARITION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Mr. Holmes added that there were records that this apparition haunted these rooms, but Lieutenant Glyn was the first man in our time who had seen it. The Dean of Windsor also asked my son about it, and several members of the Royal Family have interviewed him on the subject.

As for Mr. Holmes, I am given to understand that he has spent nights and days in the library since, in the hopes of being vouchsafed a visitation.

The Hon. Sydney Carr Glyn, the famous Crimean veteran, and father of Lieutenant Glyn, here entered the room, and upon learning of the topic under discussion, said:—"If my son says he has seen anything, you may take it from us that he has seen it. He is a fresh, honest English boy, only a subaltern, but fond of field sports, like most guardsmen, and unlike some guardsmen, fond of reading. He wouldn't exaggerate anything a hair's breadth."

Both the Hon. and Mrs. Carr Glyn gave permission for the publication of this statement by their son, subject to the sanction of Lieutenant Glyn. On Sunday night a wire was despatched to Lieutenant Glyn, soliciting leave to give the story on his authority, and yesterday morning came the answer, "Certainly, if you like.—GLYN, Grenadiers, Islay."

WHERE THE GHOST WALKS.

The representative of the *Daily Mail* next saw Mr. R. R. Holmes, F.S.A., the librarian of the Castle, and writes:—"Mr.

Holmes conducted me to the scene of the alleged apparition, He pointed out the chair occupied by Mr. Glyn, which stands on the east side of the first room, and I seated myself in it. Immediately before me was a large globe, looking past which a few steps lead up into a gallery, the sides of which are lined with books, there being windows on the left hand and a series of bays on the right, various windows of which look down upon the Terrace and out over the broad expanse of water, in the midst of which, at the present moment, Windsor town lies like an island attached to the mainland by lines of trees, and telegraph-posts marking the sites of submerged roads.

"At the far end of the gallery is a turret, two windows of which looking on the west make a broadish space of light, against which any figure traversing the gallery would be sharply silhouetted. On the south side of the gallery—which was built by Queen Elizabeth, and used by her as a picture gallery in which she was accustomed to walk, and wherein she devised, or reflected upon, those masterpieces of statecraft which have made her reputation what it is—stands a fine chimney-piece, over which a bust of the 'Virgin Queen' looks down somewhat severely upon the spot where her shade has been so recently seen.

"It is here that Mr. Glyn says he saw the apparition which, passing from him along the gallery, turned sharply to the right, and disappeared into the bay from whence in former times a staircase led down to the Terrace, on which also Queen Elizabeth was wont to promenade.

"Mr. Holmes says that this gallery has had the

REPUTATION OF BEING HAUNTED

by the ghost of Queen Elizabeth from time out of memory. His own recollection of the story dates from twenty-seven years ago, and he has been in the habit of spending Hallowe'en in the gallery for several years in the hope of encountering her deceased Majesty. He had heard some rumour to the effect that the Empress Frederick had, when a child, seen an apparition in the gallery, and on her visiting Windsor next week hopes to secure some corroboration or denial of the rumour."

I sent the foregoing report to Mr. Holmes. He replied that so far as he was concerned the report was entirely unauthorized and incorrect, and that he refused to say anything more on the subject. "Unauthorized," of course, "incorrect"—possibly enough. A single inaccuracy in any trivial detail is held to justify the use of such a word, but if there is nothing in it why this peremptory refusal to say anything more on the subject?

A HAUNTED SHIP.

MR. ANDREW LANG, writing "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman* for April, says :—

One seldom hears of a haunted ship. Here is a case :—

A more uncomfortable voyage than that of the good ship *Recovery* (Captain Wood), leaving Plymouth for Virginia, on October 1, 1674, has rarely been recorded. The ship, according to Captain Wood's affidavit, "rowled excessively, sea or no sea." To abridge a very technical narrative, everything broke that could break, and a few things which, in a natural state of affairs, could not. The anchors being raised, in the road of Fiall, the ship actually *ran away*, in a dead calm, when the captain was on shore. By the aid of heaven and a boat the captain recaptured his vessel, but had no joy of her, all the gear, however new and good, spontaneously flying into smithereens.

The carpenter's mate now betook himself to prayer, imploring light on the peculiar and distressing circumstances. It was revealed to him that one witch on board and two on shore were the causes of the misery. Suspicion fell on Elizabeth Masters, a passenger, and she was chained to a gun in the steerage. It was reckoned a singular thing that whole water butts now ran out in a single night, with no sign of leakage, and nothing to show for it but the marks of a cat's claws upon the hoops. Finally, the *Recovery* made land in a deplorable condition, with only three gallons of water left. William Reynolds, passenger, deposed that Elizabeth Masters tried to recruit him into her gang of witches and warlocks. John Hall had actually seen two black cats, on October 23, which ran into a scupper hole. Matthew Lewis had the same terrifying experience.

Martha Jeffreys, passenger, made oath that, about October 14, Elizabeth Masters (though chained in the body to a gun in the steerage) came to her between decks, "and desired her to go to London in a coach, which she would provide for her, with four black horses, to fetch on board Mary [Reynolds] living in Dog and Bitch Yard, London. Martha Jeffreys further saith she went into a coach, with four black horses, on the same night, and was conveyed out of the upper deck gun port, of the said ship, into a dark room," where she met Mary Reynolds. The room was "full of black shaggy dogs." Mary remarked that she would come to Mrs. Masters that night, on mid ocean, "in a coach." In Martha's company, by the way, on this unusual journey "was a woman who turned like a bullock when she talked with the aforesaid Mary Reynolds." Martha added that Elizabeth Masters "saith she will die before she will confess anything." Many other witnesses saw the black cat, and Mary Leare, being pinched by an invisible agency, "was very desirous to get blood of Elizabeth Masters," in which amiable purpose she succeeded. Elizabeth was also pricked by John Westron, and complained that nothing was done to Martha Jeffreys, "who went the other night to London."

So ends this absurd narrative, published in *The Athenian Oracle* (iii. 129), and corroborated by the Editor, who personally "interviewed" Captain Wood. The captain added that Martha Jeffreys was afterwards, as he heard, burned for a witch, probably in Virginia. She was obviously mad, or delirious, but the Editors of *The Athenian Oracle* (among whom was the Rev. Samuel Wesley) publish the tale for the conversion of sceptics! Scarcely any of the witnesses could write their names.

IX.—THE PRAYER TELEPHONE.

WITH A SUGGESTION FOR A PRAYING BROTHERHOOD.

THE suggestion which was thrown out in the pages of BORDERLAND last year, as to the help which the analogy of the telephone affords in considering what has appeared to many scientists the insoluble problem of answers to prayer, has set people thinking all over the world. Articles on the subject have appeared both in France and India, as well as in this country, with the result that many people are disposed to treat answers to prayer more seriously than they have hitherto done.

I.—SOME TESTIMONIES.

The *Sunday Magazine*, for instance, has begun a series of articles, in each of which some leading philanthropist or Christian teacher relates his experience in answers to prayers. The first of these papers was by Mr. Quarrier, the Dr. Barnardo of Scotland. His paper follows very properly on the account given by Dr. Barnardo himself as to the way in which his prayers have been answered.

1.—MR. QUARRIER.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for February is the testimony, taken down by a stenographer from the lips of Mr. Quarrier in his sick room, to the connection of prayer with his great work for the orphans of Scotland.

"For twenty-five years," he says, "it has been with me a continual answer to prayer." When very young he vowed that "if God prospered him" he should build houses for orphans. He worked seven years in caring for the rough street-boys of Glasgow, and was in touch with some three hundred of them in the Shoeblack, Parcels and Newspaper Brigade. He was then in business, and had a wife and family to provide for. But he longed for a better way of carrying out his childish dream:—

For three months I prayed to God for guidance, and in the end resolved that if he sent me £2,000 I should embark in the greater work. Nobody knew of that resolution; it was a matter between God and myself. If God wanted me to do more work than I was doing, I felt that He would send me the £2,000, not in proportions, but in a solid sum.

He wrote to the newspapers urging that poorhouse and reformatory were not enough for street children. Homes were needed:—

After waiting thirteen days, the answer came. Amongst my other letters was one from a Scotch friend in London, to the effect that the writer would, to the extent of £2,000, provide me with money to buy or rent a house for orphan children. When I received that call I felt that my family interests and my business interests should be second, and that God's work among the children should be first.

HOW HE BEGAN.

He commenced by renting a workshop in Renfrew Lane. One day two boys came in and were fitted out with clothes, except that there was no jacket for one of them. The matron concluded, "We must just pray God for it." That night a parcel came from Dumbarton, with a jacket exactly fitting the boy. "That was a small thing," observed Mr. Quarrier, "but if you don't see God in the gift of a pair of stockings, you won't see Him in a gift of £10,000."

They kept thirty boys in the first home; but feeling the need of a larger home, prayed for it and got it. This was Cessnock House, with room for one hundred. In 1872 they had sixty children able to go to Canada. Of the £600 needed they had got all but £70; and having prayed for that amount they got it exactly in £50, £10, and two £5 notes, at the precise moment it was wanted. Similarly, in regard to a needed evangelist, it was a case of "Ask and have."

TOO PARTICULAR IN PRAYER.

Mr. Quarrier felt it no irreverence to indicate to the Almighty the precise details as well as the general outline of what he wanted:—

After a number of years' work in Glasgow with the Girls' Home, in Govan with the Boys' Home, and with the Mission premises, the need of a farm became great. I prayed for money to purchase a farm of about fifty acres, three miles or so from Glasgow. It was to have a burn running through it, good drainage, and everything necessary. I was anxious to get this burn for the children to paddle in and fish in; but I feel now that at the time I was rebellious against God in fixing the site so near Glasgow. We visited a dozen places, but the cost was so great that I was fairly beaten. God had shut up every door.

A friend met me on the street, and asked if I had seen the farm in Kilmalcolm Parish that was to be sold. I replied that I had not, and that I considered the place too far away. In talking over the matter, he persuaded me to go and see the farm, and when I did go, and standing where our big central building is now, saw that it had everything I prayed for—perfect drainage, and not only the burn, but a river and a large flat field for a recreation ground—I said in my heart to the Lord: "This will do." Ever since I have blessed the Lord for that; my way is not God's way, and so He shut us in amongst these Renfrewshire hills, away from the ways of men.

DOUBLING INCOME BY PRAYER.

The crash of the City of Glasgow bank was a terrible menace, but it only roused him to more audacity of request:—

All the money belonging to the Homes and all my own was in the City of Glasgow bank when it failed, and hundreds of givers were involved as well. On my way up from the Homes on the day of the disaster, a gentleman met me and told me the sad news. At the moment I realised what the news meant for me—my own personal loss and the needs of the Homes—for that was in September, and our financial year closed in October. . . . There and then I prayed that God would help me through, and that during the course of the following year, which I saw would be one of financial distress all over Scotland, He would double the gifts to us. The result was that we were able to clear our financial accounts with ease at the end of October, and in the year following, when every church in Scotland and every philanthropic work had less money than they needed, the Orphan Homes had double what it required. In that God honoured my trust.

DEFINITENESS OF PETITION.

His first church at Bridge-of-Weir proving too small, he prayed for a new church to hold one thousand persons and to cost £5,000, and he prayed not that the money might come anyhow, but that it might be the gift of a single donor. After a period of praying and waiting, a friend turned up and planked down £5,000 for the church. In the same way he prayed for clock and chimes for the church, and got them. He prayed for a reservoir of good water for his village, and got it. This strange interview concludes with Mr. Quarrier remarking:—

The direct answers to prayers of which I could tell you would fill a volume, and what I have mentioned are only those fixed in my memory. I have always asked God for a definite gift for a definite purpose, and God has always given it to me. The value of the buildings at Bridge-of-Weir is £200,000, and, since we started, the cost of their "upkeep" has been £150,000. And we are still building as busily as in the beginning.

2.—MR. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for March, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes contributes some of the more remarkable of his experiences in answer to prayer. They are nothing like so remarkable as those

which have been noticed heretofore in connection with the work of George Müller, Dr. Barnardo, and Mr. Quarrier, but they bring out the telepathic telephonic character of prayer very strongly. Mr. Price Hughes begins by telling a story how the prayer of a daughter for the conversion of her father was presented at a prayer meeting near Chelsea on a Tuesday night. The girl's father was an avowed infidel, who had hated religion so much that he forbade his daughter to write to him as she bored him with her religious exhortations. So she was reduced to praying for him and asking the prayers of other people. Hence that application on Tuesday night. Now, on that evening her father was on his way to the theatre a hundred miles away from London. Down came a deluge of rain, which drove him to take shelter in the porch of a neighbouring chapel. The loud voice of the preacher fell upon his ear. He was interested, and before the meeting closed, he had joined those whom he had previously derided. The next morning he wrote and told his daughter of the strange way in which her prayer had been immediately answered.

A PRAYER ANSWERED IN ADVANCE.

On another occasion, twelve months ago, Price Hughes was in great need of a lay agent to help him among the young men of St. James's Hall. This time he was alone in prayer, crying with desperate anxiety that a suitable agent should be sent to him. While he was praying he felt assurance that God had heard his prayer. He went to sleep. The next morning came a letter from the very man whom he wanted, who asked for an interview. He told him that his mind had for two years been burning towards the subject of working among young men. He had been praying upon the subject when, suddenly, it seemed to him as though a divine voice said, "Offer yourself to Hugh Price Hughes," and this he promptly did. Now, the interesting part of this is that the command to offer himself to Price Hughes had been telepathed or telephoned to the man some hours before the precise moment he set himself to ring up the prayer telephone. In this, of course, there is nothing in the least surprising to those who are acquainted with occult phenomena. Many times, for instance, I have had events described by my automatic hand as having occurred, whereas, in reality, they did not take place until days later. On that side of Borderland the conditions of time and space are undoubtedly different from our own.

THAT MISSING £10.

The West End Mission, on one occasion, was so short of money that the situation became desperate. Price Hughes summoned a colleague to meet him at midnight to pray for £1,000. Price Hughes hoped rather than believed that the prayer was answered. His colleague was full of confidence that they would get the money by the particular day they named. When that day came, and they went to the meeting, they found that in one way and another, and by very extraordinary methods, £990 had been sent in. Mr. Price Hughes says that, as a theologian, he was perplexed. He had asked for £1,000. He could not understand it, and he puzzled a good deal as to why the odd ten pounds had not come to hand. While he was revolving this, on taking off his hat and coat in the hall of his own house, he noticed a letter lying on the table which he had passed as he had left home in a hurry that morning. Taking it up he opened it, and found that it contained the cheque for £10.

SUGGESTION BY TELEPATHY.

One more story, and the article is done:—

Let me make one other in reference to money, as this kind of illustration will perhaps, more than any other, impress those who are disposed to be cynical and to scoff. I was engaged in an effort to build Sunday Schools in the South of London. A benevolent friend promised a hundred pounds if I could get nine hundred pounds more within a week. I did my utmost, and by desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, did get eight hundred pounds, but not one penny more. We reached Saturday, and the terms of all the promises were that unless we obtained a thousand pounds that week we could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, and, indeed, never accomplished on the large scale we desired. On the Saturday morning one of my principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business: that a Christian woman in that neighbourhood whom I did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraordinary impression had come into her that she was at once to give me one hundred pounds! She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression as a caprice or a delusion. But it refused to leave her; it became stronger and stronger, until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that she had never before had, and would, in all probability, never again have one hundred pounds at her disposal for any such purpose. But that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this I have no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive, or in heaven, I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the rest of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than a thousand scholars to-day.

This last story is very telepathic, but, of course, there is no explanation as yet forthcoming save that of the orthodox believer as to how Price Hughes was switched on in connection with the donor of the £100.

4.—PRAYER AS A CUREALL.

ACCORDING to Dr. Koseffnikoff, president of Medical Society in Moscow, the prayer of faith still continues to display its ancient power. He told the story, of a case in which a peculiarly painful disease had been cured by prayer, to the professors and doctors of the University of Moscow. The following condensed report of the lecture was sent by Joseph de Kronhelm to *Light*:—

While Mons. D., professor of law at the University of Moscow, was travelling in the spring from the Caucasus to the Crimea, he observed a number of small pimples which appeared at regular intervals on his chin and other parts of his face. Having arrived at Simféropol, he consulted a doctor, who pronounced him as afflicted with "Sycosis"—that is to say, with inflammation at the roots of the hairs of the beard and moustaches. This disease is caused by the development of microbes, which contribute to the inflammation and occasion the secretion of virus. It lasts sometimes for thirty or forty years, and is extremely difficult to cure. If it disappears from the face it always leaves its trace behind, and the beard ceases to grow on the parts which had suffered from the attack. After consulting with the medical man the patient ventured to submit to a severe treatment—but without any beneficial result. He afterwards went abroad and consulted a number of celebrated specialists. They all pronounced it to be Sycosis, and for nine months he followed their instructions faithfully, but without experiencing any change in his condition. Tired out and despondent, he then had recourse to various treatments recommended to him by his friends and acquaintances, and having been told by a soldier at Simféropol that ammonia was a good remedy in such cases, he used it in the manner prescribed, but he found that instead of its affording him any relief the disease increased with greater virulence, till the whole of the face became one large mass of scab; and every half-hour he was obliged to renew the bandage because, although folded in five thicknesses, it had become completely saturated with secretion. In this condition, to add to his sufferings, he was obliged to isolate himself in his own room, and to refuse admission to every acquaintance. Until the appearance of these eruptions, Mons. D. had enjoyed perfect health, and as there had been no similar malady in the family, his attack could not be the result of inherited taint in the blood.

In his despair he returned to Moscow, in the month of April, at Easter. As he walked up and down in his apartments, sad and dejected, with his face completely concealed, the laundress of the house, in the service of his family, seeing his melancholy condition, said to him: "Dear sir, you have been abroad, and have consulted specialists of celebrity, but they have done you no good. Listen to me, and take my advice. Though I am but a poor simple soul without education, I venture to recommend you

to visit a good honest woman of my acquaintance, who treats with 'simples' those who give her their confidence. One of my friends has been cured by her of the very same complaint with which you are afflicted."

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Mons. D. sent the laundress to fetch her friend, and she came the same night, examined the diseased parts, and promised a complete cure, assuring him at the same time that she should not treat him with medicines but solely by prayer, as no remedy which had been tried had been of any avail. She accordingly directed him to repair at five o'clock on the following morning to the church of the Holy Saviour, which she herself attended.

Mons. D. went to the church next morning at the time appointed, and there found the "healer," who requested him to follower her to a secluded part of the building. He did so, and she there knelt down and engaged in prayer for fifteen minutes. They then left the church. That very day the eruptions diminished to such an extent that Mons. D. was able to attend at the church without any bandage on his face, and a few days afterwards, being completely cured, he visited a hairdresser, who made a remark to him about the delicacy of the skin of his face!

Professor Kozewnikoff closed his report by reminding his audience that the fact of this cure, which Mons. D. had willingly recounted to him with all the details, should be considered as authentic. "It is a surprising case," he said, "and as a representative of science I declare that this cure of Sycosis in the manner I have related must be regarded as a proof of the great influence of mind over matter."

II.—A SUGGESTED PRAYING BROTHERHOOD.

The observation of *Light*, that my theory of a celestial Telephone Exchange which enables those who pray to ring up a central celestial telephonic exchange—I do not dogmatize about angels—"seems too good to be true," reminds me that this was the final objection taken by my first agnostic friend to the Christian religion. It was, she persisted, "too good to be true." I am content to let my theory of the Prayer Telephone stand together with the Christian religion.

But now comes the question which immediately rises to the practical mind. If these things can be done by prayer, why should so vast and almost omnipotent a lever not be much more systematically used? We have George Muller, Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Quarrier, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes certifying that the Telephone works. They seem to be switched on to the Central Exchange right enough. None of them pretend that they have any exclusive right of subscription to the Prayer Exchange. What the general public is beginning to ask is, whether they cannot be put in connection?

A friend of mine, a very enthusiastic lady, who would gladly lay down her life if thereby she could open the portals of the Constitution to her sex, sent me a plaintive little note about this very subject. Is it only orphans, she asked, on whose behalf the telephone of prayer can be invoked? Muller is for orphans, so is Barnardo, so is Quarrier, so, she might have added, was Spurgeon. But Price Hughes breaks the monotony of orphanages. He prays for the West London Central Mission, and the cheques come rolling in. I don't want cheques, says my friend, but can we not get votes as well as subscriptions to prayer?

To bring matters to a point, one Bill—the Woman's Suffrage Bill—is to come before the House of Commons next June. We are told there is no chance for it. Obstruction will triumph, and, notwithstanding the large majority for the second reading, the Bill will be lost. Now what I want to ask is whether, seeing that we cannot carry it through, might we not, if your Prayer Telephone is in operation, pray it through?

The question is one that depends chiefly, I suppose, upon the amount of believing prayer that is available, the steady persistency with which it is applied. Of course, there may be prayer on the other side, as there is certainly when armies meet in battle. Each side prays for its own men, and often those who prayed with greatest confidence have not come off the victors. I suppose that there is less doubt about the desirability of feeding the orphan than there is, say, about the victory of the Greeks in a war against Europe, or even about woman's suffrage. Hence the more remarkable instances of prayer telephony occur in connection with orphanages.

But that is no reason why it should not be tried for other things. If the *Inquirer* objects to calling this kind of petitioning prayer—well and good, let us call it, to please them, "ringing up the Central." Can it be done? That is the question. And at this point a psychic friend, in wrath almost as that of a Mœnad, bursts in upon one with fierce objurgations, bitter sarcasm, and much bludgeoning abuse. "Did I not four years ago," she exclaims, "press upon your attention the need, the urgent need, for the formation of a Brotherhood for Prayer? And why have you not tried it? What is the use of making suggestions to you if you never publish them?" and so forth and so forth ever in *crescendo*, until I begin to feel as if nothing will meet the requirements of the situation but my immediately being ordered for execution by slow torture.

Seriously, however, my psychic friend may do well to be wroth. To her the possibility of ringing up the Central dawned for the first time as a blessed reality only four years ago, and she has naturally been impatient that the experiment of forming a Prayer Brotherhood, and Sisterhood, has not been put into practical operation all these years. The organization of such a fraternity would be somewhat difficult; of course there are many praying bands and prayer unions on more or less distinctively Christian or sectarian lines.

But what my psychic friend wants is something that is not limited by theological agreement. Her idea, so far as I could ascertain from the wrathful incoherence of her expletives, is a brotherhood of believing souls who would undertake to pray in concert with each other for such objects as each of them felt they could pray for. Take as an example a widow upon whom has fallen such an intensity of lonely desolation that she is on the verge of taking her life; or a young man struggling with the deadly grip of some fleshly lust; or a mother longing for her missing child; each and all of these could, if this prayer brotherhood were in order, be switched on to those who would be most likely to unite with them in sympathetic and prevailing prayer.

It is a strange latter-day variant upon the despairing cry, *ora pro nobis*, which for ages has expressed the deepest longings of the human heart. It is no answer to my friend's suggestion that the Christian Church itself is, or ought to be, a prayer brotherhood. For the fact is undeniable that there are millions who are not in touch with the Church, and who would as soon think of flying to the moon as of applying for the prayers of the Church. What is to be done for them?

I invite communications from my readers on this subject. There may be more in it than at first sight appears.

"More things are wrought by prayer than the world wots of," and although the suggestion may seem quaint, and even irreverent, to many, there are some perchance who may recognise the soul beneath and hearken to its cry.

X.—SPIRITUALISM.

EUSAPIA PALADINO AGAIN.

WITH unaccountable long-suffering, the Paris Researchers have been investigating Eusapia once more. One is lost in admiration of their patience, their courage, their tenacity of purpose. If your butcher gives you New Zealand mutton for South Down, you go to another shop; if your companion cheats you at cards, you don't play with him again. Eusapia cheated in Paris, she cheated in Cambridge, she cheated at l'Aguélas, and yet again these good-natured folk give her another chance.

It is a mere platitude to say that this does not prove that she cheats always, and in discussing one experiment it is not really relevant to prove that she cheated in another. Among the most fraudulent of mediums it is tolerably certain that they have some genuine phenomena, or how could the poor things live? There are limits to even human credulity. It seems exceedingly probable that a fair proportion of Eusapia's performances are genuine enough; but it remains, as we have already said, a matter for astonishment that anyone goes on playing cards with a man who has even once been caught with an ace up his sleeve.

WHEN AND WHERE.

Eusapia arrived in Paris on the 26th of September, and M. Marcel Mangin, whose name is honourably known in psychic enquiry, and who was one of the former Eusapia group, received her into his house at Auteuil. The séances were held on the second floor in a built-out room, unfurnished and accessible by one door only. No one was allowed to accompany Eusapia, no one was admitted except the group of six enquirers, all friends, and with entire confidence in each other.

The group was literary rather than scientific, and consisted of well-known persons; Dr. Dariex, a distinguished oculist and physician, editor of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques;* Madame Boisseaux and M. Marcel Mangin, his contributors, and deeply interested in psychic enquiry; two editors, M. Emilé Desbeaux, of *l'Illustration*, also a physicist, and M. Guerronnan, of the *Paris Photographe*, and M. Sully Prudhomme, the distinguished Academician.

HOW THE REPORT WAS WRITTEN.

The six researchers each furnished an account of his or her impression of what occurred, in the style of Wilkie Collins's novels, but Eusapia was considerably less interesting than *The Woman in White*. If she had even worn a white gown it might have added to the interest of the occasion, though, perhaps, not to the reputation of Eusapia, for it would have made it considerably easier to follow her movements. On page 337 of the Report there is a murmur that except once at l'Aguélas, the last scene of inquiry, she has refused to wear even a white bodice. On one occasion she did allow a handkerchief to be put on her head, so that the observers, in the darkened room, might keep that in view.

Dr. Dariex, who edits the Report, himself points out a sufficient reason for its being somewhat dull reading. Eusapia's repertory of performances is very small, and they are all frequently repeated under pretty much the same conditions. It is not easy to get much entertainment out of reading how someone felt a touch on his face, another person on his hand, how the table was levitated and the curtain bulged, how a pebble was thrown on the table, and a chair went for a walk. Such things are exciting enough once or twice, but they would pall upon you after a time. No one takes a season-ticket for Maskelyne & Cooke.

THE FRAUD HYPOTHESIS.

Dr. Dariex and his colleagues have done their best for us in this as in other particulars. He, as editor, has subtracted from the account all phenomena which either were or were suspected of being simulated, merely saying that at all the séances a certain number fell under this category. Moreover, he tells us:—

> I also reject all those which might be attributed to the lower limbs, when the feet are not distinctly held by the hands of the experimenter; because we acknowledge the control of the feet to be quite efficacious only when it is exercised by the hands, as practised in 1895 at the experiments of Aguélas.

In short, he does not bore us with long stories of phenomena which appear to him suspicious. At the present stage of our acquaintance with Eusapia, this system seems fair enough. If we were under any misapprehension as to her possible methods, such reticence would of course be unfair; but as things are, it is only like the sitters at a table or a *ouija* board agreeing among themselves beforehand not to waste time and argument by saying, "You pushed." Of course you pushed, we all do (unless of course the dear deceased is concerned). The thing wouldn't move if you didn't; a lie is the intention to deceive, and the point is not, did you push the *ouija?* but, did your pushing make it write anything not within your normal consciousness? If so, push away as hard as you like.

WHAT "COUNTS."

Dr. Dariex is apparently very exclusive as to what he admits as evidence. He tells us (p. 324):—

> In enquiry of this kind, moreover, we can only admit phenomena when the guarantee of control is quite above suspicion, and without going so far as to think there *must* be trickery, whenever the control is not above suspicion, we are authorised to say that it is a "maldonne" (failure), and therefore does not count.
>
> Further, we say "failure," whenever Eusapia confines herselt to placing her feet on the feet of the "controlled" from right to left, because we know that one foot can be substituted for the other, and that the same foot may be placed at the same time on the foot of *two* persons next the medium, and give to each the impression of contact, and, therefore, of control of the foot by which they are held, when in reality such "control" is a mere illusion.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

These conjuring tricks demand some attention and analysis, but what use is there in our investigating this trivial side of the question? What we wish to know, *and what is important from a scientific point of view*, is, if Eusapia *is* or if she is *not* endowed with the power of displacing objects without contact—without any direct material action—and, therefore, if the movements at a distance under the influence of a power which remains to be determined are, indeed, a reality. What we also wish to know (and this is still more extraordinary) is, if the hands with which one is so often in contact, and which one sometimes sees, are also a reality, or only an illusion.

ARE THE OBSERVERS HALLUCINATED?

These materialisations are to the mere researcher, the person who asks How, with no regard to Why, perhaps the most interesting, because the most definite, of all phenomena. The shadow of the bust of a China-man, or the sight of the hands of the mysterious John, or a touch from a bearded face, are material enough to make enquiry under the circumstances (six to one in an unfurnished room) comparatively easy. It is interesting to note Dr. Dariex's attitude on the subject of hallucination, especially when we remember that the hypothesis (using the word "hallucination" in its English, not its S.P.R. sense) is the last resort of those who deny the well-attested phenomena of Mr. Home.

"As to the hypothesis of hallucination, we reject it *categorically*, for it is not to be admitted that all those who for twelve years, separately or in groups, have experimented with Eusapia, should all have the same hallucinations, should all see in the same manner. Probably these number over two hundred; in France alone I can count over thirty, among whom have been *savants* of the first rank, of universal reputation. Moreover, the reality of the facts observed has sometimes been demonstrated by photography, which puts the hypothesis of hallucination out of court."

WHY SHE CHEATS.

If Eusapia can do so much that is undeniable, so much that lends itself to the test of photography, why does she ever risk her reputation by cheating? Dr. Dariex is prepared with a theory.

I have said that in these phenomena there is an admixture of the real and the false. Eusapia seems to find it necessary to relax herself, and, above all, to rest herself, by certain interludes, more or less suspicious, with which she occupies the observers. She gave me the effect of a musician relaxing himself by the exercises which precede the concert and are sometimes even dispersed among the real music. One might say that Eusapia also has her scales and exercises, but as these are very like the real music, one has to be very much at "attention" and somewhat used to her game in order to distinguish the true from the false.

It would be tedious to follow even in outline the carefully-described experiments of last September. We feel that the enquiry has been in good hands, and we are satisfied, well satisfied, to make it by deputy. We are satisfied, too, that Dr. Dariex should draw our conclusions. He is a man of science, a man trained in minute observation. At the end of each report of each observer, he adds his own observations upon each séance. At the end of the report he sums up the position as a whole. We give some of the more important points.

THE PRECAUTIONS OF THE SITTERS.

One sees that the phenomena that Eusapia produced are so few and repeat themselves so often under the same conditions, that it is easy to reckon with possible imitations. As for controlling the hands, which is the leading question of these experiences, we know how it must be done, and under what conditions one may regard it as good, suspicious, or bad. Everyone will agree that (when one has thought over or experimented for five years upon experiences that are always identical, and as a fact so simple as that of knowing if one is holding or if one is not holding a hand, and which is the hand that is held) it is possible —even without possessing extraordinary perspicacity—to know if either hand of the medium has been moved, or if it has been allowed to get free and in what way it freed itself. It is evident that when M. Desbeaux, or M. Mangin, or anybody else as well versed in psychic phenomena as they are—and particularly the phenomena that Eusapia produced—said, "I am sure of the right hand, I will be responsible for the control of the right hand," it is clear that they must consider that control good, because neither their capability nor their sincerity can be suspected, and, besides, suspicion has no right to overstep certain limits without which scientific progress would be no longer possible.

THE AMOUNT OF LIGHT.

"The darkness, relative or complete, in which most of the phenomena in question are produced, is certainly a fact to be regretted, as it discredits the experiences in the eyes of those who have not seen them; but to anyone who has been a witness himself, this question diminishes in importance, for, in certain séances at least, the control is often so satisfactory, and the phenomena are so numerous, that it is not allowable that the medium should always have to baffle the control, and produce with her own hand all the phenomena observed and imputed solely with the action of one hand. What would a prestidigitator do with someone on each side of him each holding a hand?"

WHY DO OBSERVERS DIFFER?

If the whole thing is trickery, says Dr. Dariex, why should men honoured in Science have wasted time for years past upon experiments with Eusapia, or how is it that those who persevere should feel a growing conviction that, tricks apart (and they don't deny the tricks), there is "something in it" after all? "One cannot overlook the fact," he says, "that there is a difference of opinion among these men of science" [between Professor Oliver Lodge and Professor Sidgwick, let us say], "but what does that prove, except that Eusapia has periods of failure or of powerlessness—which we know—or even [which is more than probable] that some observers have not known how to manage a being so impressionable, an instrument so delicate, and have only succeeded in spoiling the experiment?"

Dr. Dariex dwells at some length, justly enough, upon the necessity of obtaining her confidence, of refraining from unnecessary irritation, from discouraging her in what is so far difficult that all the *savants* in Europe put together cannot do it themselves.

By all means, in such an enquiry, let it alone or give the poor woman all the rope she wants. Dr. Dariex did, and when the control of hands or feet was imperfect or he caught her "in the act," he didn't grumble at the hit, but he simply didn't let it score.

X.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

VERY MUCH WANTED.

A CORRESPONDENT in Brisbane, who sends me her name and address, wishes to ask whether an explanation can be suggested to explain the alleged control of a medium. by the spirit which speaks as the disembodied soul of a deceased person, while all the time the man in question, although unknown to the medium, is alive and well. I remember Mrs. Besant in her early investigating days being troubled in this way by a control which purported to be the spirit of a well-known clergyman whose death was duly reported through the table, but who shortly afterwards turned up alive and well. In her case it seemed an instance of a lying spook. In the case mentioned by our correspondent, the difficulty is complicated by the medium's theory that the control was genuine, but that the spirit had got confused and did not know whether he was alive or dead! Here is the letter, however, which I commend to the consideration of those learned on such matters.

DEAR SIR,—Some months ago, stumbling upon a chance number of your remarkable periodical, and recognising its vast possibilities, I sent to you for Volumes I. and II. They duly arrived, and I went carefully and deliberately through their interesting contents. I am now taking each succeeding number as it appears.

This, and the professed object of the publication itself, may perhaps be accepted as some reasonable excuse for troubling you on the following subject.

In the *Harbinger of Light* of 1st July last, a copy of which I send you herewith, is an article entitled, "Evenings with Artists," by Senex. I think it will explain itself as underlined by me; but I should add, in common fairness, that *I* am the *N* referred to, and that the medium (John W. Sutton), and the Alonso Prese introduced in *spirit-corroboration*, are both intimately known to me as past pupils in voice cultivation as vocalists.

The story is very interesting; the references to *N* are quite correct; and all seems fair and "above-board."

It has been followed by monthly communications from other painters of celebrity who have passed away—Barry, Haydon, Van Eyck, Correggio, Da Vinci, Raffaelle, Michel Angelo, Blake, Carracci, and others—professing to give details unknown to their biographers or unnoticed by them, down to those of recent date, from Leighton and Du Maurier.

This is all innocent enough, possibly.

But in addition, I myself have received *private* communications, through the same channels, of so startling a character, as to past re-incarnations, assurances of extension of the normal life-period for the prosecution of work to which I am informed I am "appointed," and *by the authority of no less a name than that of Jesus of Nazareth*—the Master, as he is reverently termed—and who is claimed to be constantly appearing and dictating all this; that, did I not know myself too well to be utterly unworthy of such distinction, and were by mental powers less evenly balanced than perhaps they are, my moral equilibrium might have been completely disturbed ere this by this powerful and flattering appeal to my vanity.

From the nature of my daily avocation, however, I am necessarily of an accurate and analytical habit of thought; and the absence of any *personal* manifestation to *myself* in any more *direct* form has led me to hold all in abeyance, waiting further development.

Curiously enough, that has happened in the most unexpected manner. Now mark what follows—the *cloven hoof* (?)! or what?

My attention being called to a similar advertisement to that attached to the article, but of date *4th December*, I wrote enquiring if the Signor Presa referred to could be my old friend, and found it was so! Several letters have since passed between us, proving that he is still living in the flesh, and has had no communication whatever with Sutton, the medium, for four or five years. A copy of the advertisement only, *and without further explanation*, being also sent to both medium and transcriber as a problem for solution, I, from the latter, received in reply not only a positive reiteration of the circumstance of the spiritual corroboration as a *fact*, accounted for on too palpably absurd a basis—that of a spirit being able to leave the body for a time, take a short excursion into the spirit-world, but being *confused* by the novelty of its surroundings, *thinking* it had left the earth-plane for good, and speaking accordingly to my own mind rather inconsistent with the placidity of the Presa utterance, let alone one or two other trifling details—but a private spiritual scolding from the Landseer spirit (who, by-the-bye, appears to have been most *easily hoodwinked* by a brother spirit whom he had already unsuccessfully tried to control) for doubting its authenticity.

I had certainly mildly offered for consideration what some people consider, but the spiritualistic jingle-jangle of "thought suggestion," "subliminal consciousness," "the döppel-ganger," "mischievous spirit-impersonation," &c., as tolerably decent avenues of escape out of the awkward dilemma, or the painful alternative of the establishment of a simple delusive lie!—and perhaps deserved my reproof—who knows? But I need scarcely add that I have your private conclusions (I had almost written *convictions*) carefully arrived at, as far as your limited practical experience of the mysteries of spiritualism permit me, only desiring now to ventilate the matter in order to secure, if possible, the opinions of other *believers* in spiritualism, better judges than myself on what might be *misleading* of a most interested and serious character. To my mind, this one *error*, if it be one, invalidates the trustworthiness of the whole subsequent matter, public or private, and considering the stupendous character of the latter, my hesitation may not, perhaps, be considered unwise.

I may also tell you that until this extraordinary series of messages I have had no correspondence with the medium for several years, and that my intercourse with the transcriber, "Senex," has been initiated by the medium himself.

The difficulty has been to unite brevity with clearness of exposition. Any way, I should like an unbiassed opinion *re* spiritual delusion *v.* spiritual lying, and so will leave it for your courteous consideration, if deemed worthy of it.

I am, Sir,
Yours, etc.,
DENBIGH NEWTON.

P.S.—I omitted to mention that in the December number of the *Harbinger* appears an article headed "A Phantasm of the Living," giving an account which many thinking people would, I am afraid, stigmatise as fantastic, of a visit of Du Maurier's spirit *before his death* to the witer in Melbourne, complimenting him on the superior merit of his forthcoming book, to that of his own "Trilby," both supposed to be written under spirit control. A second report being added of a second visit *after Du Maurier's decease*, confirming the former. Granted the possibility, who is to detect the *element of untruth* in this, so apparent in the Landseer instance? And what is its purpose, if not intuitive anticipation of future question and argument?

D. N.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The Report of the Council for the year ended December 31st, 1896, presented to the members at the recent Annual General Meeting, says:—

The year was marked by the accomplishment of much satisfactory work, the addition of many new members and associates, and an increasing appreciation of the Society's valuable library.

Addresses were given during the season by Mr. G. Horatio Biddings on "The Testimony of the Ages to Modern Spiritualism"; by Mrs. H. T. Brigham, of New York, in reply to questions submitted by the audience; by Mrs. H. M. Wallis, on "Spiritual Gifts"; by Mr. Thomas Heywood, on "Obsession"; by Mr. Richard Harte, on "The New Spiritualism"; by Mr. Herbert Burrows, on "Science and the Life Beyond"; and by Mr. F. W. Thurstan, M.A., on "Psychical Powers, with Suggestions for their Development."

It may be useful to remind the members of the Alliance that next year (1898) will be the jubilee of the birth of the movement known as Modern Spiritualism, and that a suggestion has been made that the occasion should be celebrated by a Congress of British and Foreign Spiritualists, to be held in London. The matter has been well considered by the Council, and they have been in correspondence with many of the leading Spiritualists at home and abroad; but beyond this they have hesitated to go, in view of the fact that they are, in compliance with the Society's Articles of Association, about to retire from office, and deemed it imprudent on their part to commit their successors to any definite decision in the matter. But whatever may be the result of the election at the Annual General Meeting—whether the present Members of Council are re-elected or whether they are replaced by others—it is important to bear in mind that if the Congress is to be convened there is no time to be lost, that the work must be vigorously pressed forward at once, and that all Spiritualists at home, both in London and the provinces, should be earnestly invited to give their cordial co-operation, that a fitting reception may be accorded to the friends from abroad.

SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE AT BIRMINGHAM.

The Quarterly Report of the above Society contains some interesting reading.

The criticism elicited after their exhibition last September, in the press and elsewhere, showed the complete innocence of all concerned as to the nature of the subjects dealt with, and the supporting authorities. A reply to the critics of the claims of spirit or psychic photography was made the subject of a special item in the Quarterly Meeting of February 15th, and Mr. Hall Edwards, Mr. Tylar, or any other photographer, will be met privately or publicly at any time and any place, mutually convenient, by a representative of the Society, to elucidate any issue that may remain obscure. Among the commentors on the exhibition, the editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post* suggested that, in face of the claims made, the responsible scientific men of Birmingham should be asked to re-examine the mediums through whom the photos were alleged to have been taken. The Committee communicated with the leading exponents and obtained their assent to visit Birmingham for this purpose. They were surprised, however, to find that, even in Birmingham, Spiritualism is made the exception to the time-honoured custom of hearing before condemning. The Professors of Physiology and Physics declined absolutely to examine the subject and refused to give their support to the reading of a paper before the representative Scientific Society of the City. The Committee of that Society also declined absolutely to even listen to the evidence.

As this has been the experience of all other societies, the Committee of the Spiritual Evidence Society proceeded with their programme as originally laid down, trusting to vindicate the soundness of their position to the broader public, to whom appeal has ever to be made in such great questions. As a consequence of their work, the membership has doubled, and the income rather more so; so that they are seeking better accommodation and wider scope.

The evidence upon which the greatest care has been bestowed is that known as the physical, since it is the trend of modern ideas to regard everything from a physical standpoint. The phenomena of direct rapping, and writing, of levitation of material objects without contact and materialisation of hands, with the occasional appearance of arms and drapery in addition, can now be shown to a mixed audience of enquirers of almost any grade. Under these circumstances, the Committee have ventured upon the bold step of inviting the general public to attend the circles held.

The highest consummation in this class of phenomena was witnessed by some thirty Associates of the Society, at the visit of a private physical medium, now manifesting to a degree as high as has yet been attained. The full form of a tall female spirit appeared in the séance room, spoke to and touched many of those present. This phenomenon was witnessed by a representative of the *Birmingham Gazette*, whose report was published in the issue of the 25th ult. The facts here observed confirmed in every way the assertions of Professor Crookes, F.R.S., and gave an intense stimulus to all who witnessed it. A further visit has been arranged for.

The Committee, however, have sought how to turn these discoveries to account in mitigating social misery. They have examined the philosophy imparted by the higher order of intelligencies, and have established an experimental school wherein to put to practical test the advice given.

At the February Quarterly Meeting Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten replied to questions on the ethics and philosophy of Spiritualism. This was followed by an exhibition of psychic photographs, showing the present position of research. This exhibition is based upon the classification of Mr. A. Glendinning in "The Veil Lifted," as follows:—(1) Photos of persons recognised as relations or friends. (2) Photos of symbols, as crosses, birds, &c. (3) Photos of pictures, being portraits or other pictorial subjects, and appearing flat through stereoscope. (4) Photos of "materialized" forms apparent to normal vision. (5) Photos of the Double. (6) Photos, the figures in which are seen by Clairvoyants. (7) Photos taken without camera. (8) Photos taken in the dark.

THAT WOODEN-LEGGED GHOST.

A Question for Miss Mellon's Control.

Mrs. Grace Taylor writes to me from Bon Accord Cottage, Princes Street, Christchurch, New Zealand, as follows:—

I will ask you to kindly excuse the liberty I take in writing you, but in the Borderland which I received on Saturday (through the agents here, Messrs. Simpson and Williams), I notice, on page 465, an account of a séance held in Melbourne, under the mediumship of Mrs. Mellon. A letter about the séance was in the *Harbinger* of September. After receiving the *Harbinger* my husband wrote Mrs. Rising, expressing his disbelief in the form with the wooden leg being Mr. George Thompson, jun., ex-Provost of Aberdeen and Laird of Pitmidden, Dyce. How the Mr. and Mrs. Duncan alluded to could have accepted it as a test, professing to be connected to him also, is a surprising thing.

Mr. Rising's reply to us, although perfectly courteous, made one feel that the writer of it would prefer you to mind your own business. He replied that all those present had seen it—namely the wooden leg. That those present had seen a materialized form with a wooden leg we do not dispute, but that it was the late ex-Provost Thompson, of Aberdeen, with a wooden leg, we do not believe.

To both my husband and myself his figure, when in life, was perfectly familiar. My husband was brought up from infancy on his estate at Pitmidden, my father-in-law being Laird Thompson's coachman for over thirty (30) years, driving him or his family every day. So to us it does seem absurd, and quite contrary to the idea of what a dignified and courtly gentleman like Mr. Thompson would do, to appear in a circle in Melbourne, with what he was never seen with either by his own household and dependents nor the Aberdeen public generally.

Also Mr. Thompson never was called anything but George Thompson, jun., and signed himself that. His said son, the familiarly named "Geordie" of the séance was always known to us Aberdonians as Mr. George, or George Thompson of Binghill (his estate), never jun. Mr. Thompson, jun., ex-Lord Provost, *had a stiff leg* at the time, caused, I understand, by an accident in his youth. There is a glimmer of truth in the presenting of the key of the city to Her Majesty, who allowed him to present it standing, owing to the stiff leg. Mr. Thompson died only about three years ago, and he was over eighty years of age. His wife, a daughter of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, died many years ago. I think nearly all his family have now passed over, except Mr. Stephen Thompson, who, I think, still lives in London, and is the sole survivor of the builders and founders of the Aberdeen clippers and Aberdeen line of steamships to the Cape and Australia. I do not know Mr. Stephen Thompson's address in London, but I intend to write either Sir Wm. Henderson, Devanah House, Aberdeen (my old bible-class teacher), or the Rev. Andrew Doak, of Queen's Road, Aberdeen, and enclose the letter in the *Harbinger*. Either of these gentlemen could tell us the truth, as both are sons-in-law of Provost Thompson.

After writing Mr. Rising to say there was a mistake we

intended to let the matter drop, but, since seeing the notice in your widely-read journal, we would like to know the truth. If he had not a stiff leg as I described, he may have had a *very real* looking artificial leg and *foot*, but a wooden or "pin-leg" never.

THE GOSPEL IN PICTURES. BY A SPIRITUALIST.

"THE Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. 365 pictures taken from the four Gospels, supplemented by Paintings and Pen-and-ink Drawings, Landscape and Figures. Studies made in Palestine by J. James Tissot." Such is the title of the catalogue of the remarkable series of pictures which has been for several months on view at the Lemercier Gallery, 35, New Bond Street.

M. Tissot is an artist who is also a spiritualist. The discovery that the soul exists and can manifest itself materially after the body has dissolved, transformed his life. A writer in the *Harbinger of Light* says:—

Upwards of ten years ago, M. Tissot received such convincing proofs of spirit return as only a fool could deny; and they changed the current of his life. Up to that time he had been a fashionable portrait painter both in London and Paris, where his sitters had included the Prince Imperial, Lady Londonderry, Lady Waldegrave, and other people of rank and distinction. He was also a skilful craftsman in enamels, bronzes, and goldsmith's work, and had made a fortune by his powerful etchings. But, falling under the influence of the higher intelligences in the Unseen World, he thenceforth devoted his pencil, obedient to their guidance, to the highest form of spiritual art. "Suddenly," observes the writer in the *Century*, "in the full tide of worldly prosperity and success, he withdrew himself, and in retirement, almost solitude, devoted himself to the development of this idea of a truthful, historical, and ethical portrayal of the life and times of Christ, bringing to it the patience and devotion of a monk of the Middle Ages, combined with the most refined skill of the nineteenth century."

Knowing, as he seems to have done, that spiritual inspiration must depend for its efficacy, in some measure, upon the perfection of the instrument it employs, and the channel through which it is conveyed, M. Tissot made two journeys to Palestine, studied the Talmud and Josephus, made a new translation of the Latin text of the Vulgate, and read "the works of the celebrated ecstatics (or mediæval mediums), and, among the last, those marvellous volumes of Katrine Emmerich, almost unknown and now out of print, which are among the most curious revelations of the human mind."

The writer just quoted seems at times to have a dim perception of the fact that the work of M. Tissot is not altogether of human origin, for she speaks of his "special powers of intuition," and adds: "Apart from his intimate knowledge of the subject, and his technical skill, which is fully adequate to the portrayal of even the most delicate and elusive of human emotions, he seems, at times, in the subtle suggestiveness of his imagination *to be able to give some hints of things transmundane.* In this latter quality he may here and there recall William Blake in his most intuitive moments, though, unlike that artist, he is never *naif.* In its whole, however, the work resembles that of no other master, belongs to no school. Sure of his art, unflagging in industry, tireless in the pursuit of truth, he has represented to us this old life of the Gospels as none other has done—clear, distinct, impressive; the mists of time lifted; the veil of legend pushed aside; those men and women revealed to us breathing and human, busied about many things, with petty griefs and joys, yet raised for ever, as they are, out of the ranks of common history of peoples and countries, by having had the Son of Man among them." M. Tissot's marvellous work constitutes the first phase of a new development of art spiritualised, to which William Blake's pictures, crude as they were, served as a preface. During the next quarter of a century, as we have reason to know, there will be such an efflorescence of what men call genius, and spiritualists inspiration or impression, ooth in literature and art, the latter including music, as the world has not seen in our present era. M. Tissot's singularly devout and beautiful pictures appear to us to be a foretaste of this period of intellectual blossoming which those who live to see it will very likely hail in the words of Virgil:—

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

A tolerably full account of his pictures appears in the *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* for December last; and the writer of the article evidently perceives that there is something supra-normal in the achievement. It consists of 350 water-colour drawings, as exquisitely finished as the illuminations of a missal, and a great number of pen-and-ink sketches comprising *portraits* of Christ, his disciples, and those persons who were brought into contact with him; scenes from the life of the Master, and symbolical representations of certain phrases or passages in the inspired portions of the New Testament. When the whole of these pictures were exhibited in Paris, they created an unprecedented sensation of a religious character. "People were seen to go away weeping; women made the tour of the rooms on their knees. Many came from the provinces in groups, with return tickets. It partook, indeed, towards the end, of the character of a pilgrimage. This quickening was visible not alone among professing Christians, but innumerable were the letters received by M. Tissot from that large class of people who, while unable to accept the Gospels as divinely inspired, and are irreligious in the common sense, are ever responsive to the noble and the good, in whatever guise it comes to them, and to whom the pictures had possibly suggested new spiritual potencies." The writer adds that she saw a letter from Meissonier, a sceptic and a worldling, penned shortly before his death, in which he speaks of "the trouble of soul into which the examination of the pictures had thrown him."

M. Tissot's own account of the mode of his work may be commended to the consideration of those who are "certain sure" that Spiritualism must be anti-Christian. M. Tissot witnessed the materialization of his wife's spirit and of her guide through the mediumship of W. Eglinton, and reproduced the scene in black and white. But the result of these experiences was, as he tells us in his preface to this collection of his pictures, that

Every work, whatever it is, has its ideal—mine was truth, truth in the life and death of Christ. To represent faithfully, to bring to life again beneath the eyes of the spectator, the divine personality of Jesus, in His spirit, in His actions, in all the sublime beauty of His teaching—what could be so attractive—or what so difficult? I had to try and identify myself as much as possible with the Gospel stories, to read them over a hundred times—and it is indeed there, on the very spot where those sublime scenes were enacted, that one feels most apt to seize and receive the varied impressions of them.

Now that my meditations have taken shape, and that, after ten years of labour, this new *Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ* is about to appear, bearing the accurate stamp of things seen and lived through, I wish to say this: I do not pretend to affirm that the events which I here recall happened just in this way; far from it. I have only desired to give a personal interpretation, based upon serious study, and intended to dispel as much as possible an inaccurate and vague view from people's minds. I have thus accomplished what I trust is a useful work, I have made one step towards the truth, and raised a beacon which may lead the way to a further investigation of this inexhaustible subject.

MR. LUCY AND DICKENS'S GHOST.

MR. H. W. LUCY is about as unexpected a witness in favour of spiritualism as could be found on a summer's day. But it appears from a letter written by him in the *Sydney Morning Herald* that he owes his introduction to journalism, or at least his *début* in literature, to the

spirit of Charles Dickens. Here is the story as Mr. Lucy tells it.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy is not a spiritualist. He says—

I never had any transaction with Charles Dickens the younger but once, and that under very peculiar circumstances. More than twenty years ago, at a time when table-turning was in vogue, I took part in an attempt made by three other earnest seekers after truth to test the *bona-fides* of the mystery. For what followed I can certainly vouch that it was due to no deliberate trickery. We four sat round a table, which presently conducted itself in liveliest fashion. After a while the usual formula of inquiry elicited the interesting circumstance that "the spirit" at the moment in communication with us was that of the late Charles Dickens. A peculiarity of the visitation was that Charles Dickens declined to hold communication with any one but me. When any of the three others joined in the conversation there was no reply. When I took up the examination, answers were promptly spelled out. I have them now somewhere among my papers, written down at the time. I remember the purport of the message was that Charles Dickens was very anxious for me to make the acquaintance of his son Charles, and bade me call upon him at the office of *All the Year Round* in Wellington Street. What much impressed me and the others was the boyish, almost babyish, humour of the style of communication. It was a sort of imitation of exaggerated East End talk, substituting w's for v's and the like. This seemed nonsensical and out of keeping with Dickens's habits. When, a short time after, "Foster's Life" came out I found in it many scraps of letters sent to Foster and other intimate friends, in which Dickens dropped into exactly the same exaggeratedly colloquial style as his curious message to me.

I was so impressed with the incident that I resolved to follow it up. At that time my name was unknown outside a narrow journalistic circle. If I called on the editor of a then prosperous journal, I had no more right to expect to be admitted to his presence than had a passing milkman or bus-driver. However, I made the call as bidden, was forthwith invited to the editorial sanctum, and found cordial acceptance for a suggestion, timidly made, to write an article for *All the Year Round*. I did not then, nor at any time since, tell Charles Dickens the younger how I came to call upon him.

THE RELIGIOUS IMPORTANCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

AT a recent meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association, says Mr. Hopps in the *Coming Day*, a Paper was read by a prominent minister on *The Psychological basis of Immortality*. The speaker dealt with a mass of facts, and then drew the following conclusions:—

1. Psychology makes it clear that a man in his essential nature is a soul, or a spirit. This teaching is greatly strengthend by considering such strange phenomena as child prodigies, dreams, hypnotism, etc., which reveal the wonderful power and possibility of the human soul.

2. Psychology emphasizes the personality of the soul:—shows that it is a unit, hence, probably imperishable.

3. Through the power of hypnotism it has been proven that a soul in the body can gain control of another soul in the body. By the power of telepathy is has been shown that a soul in the body can communicate with another soul in the body, even at a great distance. Hence, it is seen to be possible for a soul out of the body, if there is any such thing, to gain control of a soul in the body.

4. In clairvoyancy it has been established that the soul can separate itself from the body and maintain a distinct existence at a distance from it. Hence, at death the soul can be separated from the body and maintain such an existence.

5. In the instance of supersensitive people, if there are any spirit forms around us and if they are more ethereal than our material bodies, then these supersensitive people would more probably see these spirit forms than those having only ordinary power of sensation. There are many honest, intelligent people who claim to be able to see such forms.

6. Notwithstanding that many of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism are fraudulent and that others can be accounted for on other grounds than claimed, as through mind reading, hypnotism, clairvoyancy, etc., still, the impartial investigator must admit that there remains a large residiuum of fact which has never been explained except in harmony with the theory of Spiritualism.

7. There are multitudes of people outside the ranks of Spiritualists who testify that they have had experiences which they cannot account for except through the mediation of spirits.

8. A scientific Spiritualism practically demonstrated would make the Bible an open book. It wouid explain the miracles of healing, the visions of prophets, the mediation of angels and spirits, the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, Paul's exaltation to the third heaven, and the apocalyptic visions.

9. Psychology furnishes a basis for a future scientific Spiritualism which shall practically demonstrate the immortality of the human soul and establish a means of communication between this world and the world of spirits. Then the grand doctrine of the soul's immortality shall no longer rest upon the theory and speculation, but upon established fact.

Fancy, adds Mr. Hopps, such a naive piece of realism at a Unitarian Conference in England!

A PRAYER FOR THE DEPARTED.

AT the funeral of Mrs. Massingberd, Canon Wilberforce publicly used a "Prayer for a departed friend." In its masculine form it runs thus:—

Our Father, the Father of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be; I beseech Thee for *him* whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe *him* light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation in paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of Thy great love. Grant that *his* life [so troubled here] may unfold itself in Thy sight, and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity.

If *he* had ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore *him* that *he* may serve Thee without hindrance.

Tell *him*, O Gracious Lord, if it may be, how much I love *him* and miss *him*, and long to see *him* again; and if there be ways in which *he* may come, vouchsafe *him* to me as a guide and guard, and grant me a sense of *his* nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit.

If in aught I can minister to *his* peace, be pleased of Thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of *him* as soon as our trial-time is over, or mar the fulness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this my prayer, and let Thy will be done, for my will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceeding abundantly all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE CYPRIAN PRIESTESS.

MR. A. J. RIKO, who some time ago wrote a somewhat severe criticism of the Cyprian Priestess, sends me the following amende:—

Your readers remember my article on the Cyprian Priestess in BORDERLAND, in which I did not accuse positively any one, but fixed the attention on a number of incidents which seemed to indicate fraud on this or on the other side. I need not say that I wrote so in perfect good faith as I do now. Well, I have since then

followed with attention all that has been written on the same subject by my old acquaintance, Mr. Glendinning, by Edina and others, and I frankly confess that my suspicions are greatly shaken, and that now I admit also the most perfect honesty at least of the operators on this side, Mr. Duguid and consorts. On the other side there remains, however still, I will not say any more fraud, but an amount of mystery in relation to that perfect beauty of the "priestess, whom I offer my homage." If others have changed their opinion as I have, let them say so.

The Hague, Holland, Feb., 1897. A. J. RIKO.

MRS. GRADDON'S GIFTS.

J. M. writes to *Light* as follows :—

On the 15th ult. I missed an important official book of which I had charge, and could not find it in any desk or cupboard I was in the habit of using. It soon became necessary for me to report the loss, which was serious enough to cause me three sleepless nights. As a last resource it occurred to me to consult Mrs. Graddon.

Like your interviewer, I wrote my questions on scraps of paper, which I placed in her hand so that she could not see what was written thereon.

She said: 'I see something of a light colour, looks like a book, ruled in a peculiar way, like squares (right) and partly written on (right). I feel that I must go somewhere. Where do you wish me to go?'

'That is exactly what I want to know. Where is that book now?'

'It seems to be in an office. I see a nest of pigeon-holes.' (As a matter of fact there were two such nests in different offices, and I had searched them both several times.)

'This is an old set, made of unpolished wood, very dusty, in a dark corner of the room, with a space of about one or two inches behind it.' (This identified one set.)

'Your book is not in, but on the top of, this, mixed with some papers. You will find it there.'

I had still so little faith in this statement that I devoted an hour next morning to an exhaustive third search in my office in Aldersgate-street. I then went to the other office in which was the set of pigeon-holes described by Mrs. Graddon. Two gentlemen were in that office at the time, who knew of my loss, and in their presence I went straight to the place indicated by the medium, and there found the missing book!

Not even my sceptism was proof against this direct evidence of supernormal power, of which I am unable to divine the true nature.

J. M.

A SPIRITUALIST DIRECTORY.

HERR MAX RAHN, editor of the *Uebersinnlichen Welt*, of Berlin, has issued the *Adress-Buchvereinter Wahrheit-Sucher*, compiled by Herr Leopold Engel, and the *Adress-Almanach Okkultisticher Vereine, und Zeitschriften*, compiled by himself; the two forming a handy little volume of about 160 pages; and containing a list of the various associations and societies of spiritualists and kindred truth seekers, in all parts of the world; as also of the periodicals published in connection with occultism in all its forms.

Suitable premises have been secured for the future offices of *Light*, and the London Spiritualist Alliance, at 110, St. Martin's Lane, about three minutes' walk from Charing Cross, and not more than five or six minutes from the present address.

MR. GLADSTONE AND SPIRITISM.

WRITING to the author of a pamphlet which admits the facts of spirit phenomena but imputes them all to the devil, Mr. Gladstone says :—

November 17, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your pamphlet with much sympathy, for I can neither sweepingly deny the facts nor approve their character; but I have not studied spiritism solidly or comprehensively enough to assume the character of a monitor with any hope of advantage.

Yours very faithful,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

A SPIRITUALIST'S BEQUEST.

THE validity of a bequest made to a Spiritualist Tabernacle was upheld by our Court last quarter.

The plaintiff, Mr. Albert Wilkinson, commercial traveller, of Addison Street, Accrington, is an executor under the will, dated July 31st, 1896, which he propounded. The defendant, Israel Eastwood, a brother of the deceased, pleaded that the will was not duly executed, that deceased was not of sound mind, and did not know and approve of the contents of the will.

Notwithstanding this conflict of evidence, a verdict was given for the plaintiff, the jury finding that the will was duly executed, and that deceased was of sound mind at the time, the jury finding "(1) that the will was duly executed; (2) that the testatrix was at the time of sound mind, memory, and understanding; and (3) that she knew and approved of the contents of the will, which were as follows :—

"This is the last Will and Testament of me Mary Parker of 168, Burnley Road, Accrington in the county of Lancaster Widow. *I hereby* revoke all former wills and testamentary dispositions made by me and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. I appoint Albert Wilkinson of 5 Addison Street Accrington to be Executor and sole Trustee of all my estate of every description. I bequeath the sum of Three Pounds to George Laxton of 168 Burnley Road Accrington for services rendered to me in my sickness. I bequeath all the remainder of my estate goods of every kind to be sold and realised in cash and such money along with all other moneys invested for and by me after paying all funeral expenses shall be given to the Trustees of the Whalley Road Spiritual Tabernacle Accrington for the purpose of helping them to purchase the said Building. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this Thirty First day of July One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety Six

"The mark of
"Mary X Parker.

"Witness
"Robert Matthews, 29, Manor Street, Accrington.
"Eleanor Jane Groom Laxton, 168, Burnley Road, Accrington."

"Miss X., who is writing a book on "Crystal-Gazing," would be grateful for any account of experiences, or to hear of any successful crystal-gazers to whom she might suggest certain experiments. Address, "Miss X.," care of the Society for Psychical Research, 19, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

"Miss X." desires to thank readers of BORDERLAND who have, in consequence of her request, offered themselves as subjects to the Hypnotic Committee of the S.P.R.

Absence from England, during the past two months, has prevented her from continuing active work as a member of the Committee, but she promptly forwarded all the offers received to the Secretary, *Ernest Westlake, Esq., Vale Lodge, Hampstead.*

She still asks for *More.*

XI.—A PROFESSOR OF HINDOO MAGIC.

OR, THE WONDERS OF PROFESSOR JHINGAN AND MR. JACOB OF SIMLA.

I HAVE received from the *Akhbar-i-Am* Office, Lahore, the following article by Mr. Kanhaiyalal, dated February 8th, 1897. My editorial correspondent prefaced his MSS. with the following private note:—

"Herewith I have the pleasure to enclose a paper on 'The Wonders of Professor Jhingan,' for publication in BORDERLAND. Everything referred in it is based on written evidence; but, I assure you, the Professor, my intimate friend, has far more wonderful things to show to the favoured few; such as raising himself from the ground and remaining suspended in the air without any support, making his body so stiff as not a heavy hammer can hurt it, or break his skull. Perhaps it will be a news to you, that when he makes a stick stand in the air without support, he himself and the stick lose their shadows, that is, no shadow is cast at day before the sun, or at night before a lamp. This is not noticed by ordinary spectators. I have asked my friend to show *you from here* something you would like to see, such as reading your thought on some fixed date and time, or some other thing."

In reply to this letter I have written out, in a clear, legible hand, two simple questions, one of which relates to a certain combination of numerals, the other is much in my thoughts at this moment of writing, and indeed many other moments. No one else but myself would understand it. I am at a loss to answer my own question. I have placed both questions in a closed envelope, and have secured it in a safe receptacle. No one knows of the contents of the envelope but myself, and I myself do not know the answer to the second question. If Professor Jhingan can read my written questions from Lahore, and still more, if he can answer them, it will be a very stringent test. The questions were written on March 17th, 1897, and an intimation of its existence forwarded to Mr. Kanhaiyalal by the next Mail. The result will be announced in BORDERLAND next quarter.

It will be noticed that Professor Jhingan, while claiming occult powers, is nevertheless also practising legerdemain, although for amusement and not for gain. I may add that I have taken the liberty of transposing the order of my contributor's MSS., and omitting many of the testimonials to the Professor's skill with which it is accompanied. I have also given the first place to my correspondent's account of Mr. Jacob, of Simla, which, it will be seen, curiously confirms the story told by "Tautriadelta."

I.—MR. JACOB, OF SIMLA.

YOUR readers, perhaps, will be anxious to know something more about Mr. Jacob, of Simla. Professor Jhingan had an interview during the last summer, in which season Simla becomes the seat of the Governments of India and the Punjab. As it was in these days that Professor Jhingan had given entertainments to Captain Lyon, Captain Swanston, Messrs. Thorburn, and Premnath Pandit, *Rai Bahadar*, he was naturally lionised in the English as well as the native society of Simla. Some Simla papers also commented on his powers. These papers and other rumours were the cause of an interview between the two magicians.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MASTER.

I may note that Professor Jhingan had never heard even the name of Mr. Jacob, neither of BORDERLAND. Mr. Jacob at once wrote to Professor Jhingan through a mutual friend that he was desirous of seeing him. Professor Jhingan complied. After preliminary conversation, Mr. Jacob asked Mr. Jhingan to show him his powers. Mr. Jhingan, as I have already said, is only twenty-one years of age, and rather a little reserved and bashful. He denied any great powers, but still read Mr. Jacob's thought, and made a little walking-stick of Mr. Jacob's stand in the air before his eyes without any support. Mr. Jacob approved the experiments with a smile. These were perhaps the most wonderful feats which he could show to such a master as Mr. Jacob. This was done in a merchant's premises.

MR. JACOB AND HIS DOUBLE.

Mr. Jacob was naturally anxious to meet him at his leisure, and asked him to call at his house. There Mr. Jhingan went. Here, on being asked by Mr. Jhingan in turn to show his own powers, Mr. Jacob asked him where was he (Jacob). Mr. Jhingan replied that he was standing before him. Mr. Jacob pointed to outside the door, and Mr. Jhingdan saw the double of Mr. Jacob suspended in the air immovable. Mr. Jhingan stood on the threshold of the door, the original Mr. Jacob was inside the room, and his double outside the room in the sky.

THE BUTTERFLY STORM.

Secondly, Mr. Jacob produced a butterfly storm, as mentioned by "Tautriadelta" in his autobiography (BORDERLAND for April, 1896, page 149). Mr. Jacob has a baguette (charm), which he always keeps with himself, like the lamp of Aladdin, with a black silk thread round his neck. This baguette he waved against Professor Jhingan's face (to mesmerise?) and presently there appeared to the eyes of the Professor a storm of butterflies, so dense, that no object in the room or its walls or ceiling could be seen through; and again with another word the storm disappeared.

THE PHANTOM FLAMES.

Thirdly, he showed his drawing-room (in which only Mr. Jacob and Professor Jhingan were sitting) to be on fire, filled with large flames, but without warmth. Mr. Jhingan was fully gratified to see all this.

WHO IS MR. JACOB?

Mr. Jacob is about forty-five years old. His full name is A. M. Jacob (Yaaquob). He has a brownish face and small stature, and seems to be of Asiatic origin, an Egyptian or an Armenian. He dresses, however, in the best English fashion. He likes to remain in a veiled position, and very few people know about his real powers. Those who know him aver his mysteriousness. The police has had also some experience of his magical powers. He mixes freely in picnic parties and female society. He is extremely rich, and deals in precious stones and articles. I have learned much about Mr. Jacob through my friend, Mr. Jhingan, which I reserve for another occasion.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAGICIAN.

For the present, however, I send you a free translation of one of the articles contributed by me to the *Akhbar-i-Am*, the leading Urdu daily of Lahore:—

The correct and full name of Mr. Jacob is A. M. (Ali Muhamad) Yaaquob. The rows of bungalows situated on the left side of the road going from the Town Hall to the Lakkar Bazaar, all belong to Mr. Jacob. Mr. Jacob is tremendously rich. His drawing room is far more richly furnished than that of His Excellency the Viceroy, that of any Maharaja of Patiala or Nizam of Hyderabad. As the reader knows, Mr. Jacob deals in precious stones and other articles, and his customers are the Native Chiefs of India.

WHERE HE CAME FROM.

He is of middle size and greyish colour. He seems to be of Asiatic origin, either Armenian or Gypsy. Nothing is known of his religious predilections, but when conversing in vernacular he frequently uses Mohamadan phrases. He lives in the best European fashion. He is unmarried, but has free access to the most fashionable female societies and joins freely in picnic parties. He is a helper of the poor and, outwardly, seems to be of very merciful disposition. If any herder beats his cattle hardly before Mr. Jacob, he becomes angry.

HOW HE LIVES.

High class society considers him to be a very rich merchant, lord of lords; but for the middle class of Europeans or Indians it is difficult even to see Mr. Jacob. He seldom quits his house. When he comes to Bazaar he buys *the most* valuable articles at European and Native shops. Though he is single, he has hundreds of servants and grooms who live with him in his bungalows, and, (perhaps) to guard his valuable property, he always keeps a police guard to serve him, consisting of about twenty constables and one "sergeant," the expenses of which are paid by himself.

THE HYDERABAD DIAMOND SCANDAL.

In spite of this Mr. Jacob is generally unknown in Simla. In India his name came to be known, some three years ago, in connection with the Hyderabad Diamond case. The price of this diamond was 43 lakhs (4,300,000) of rupees. The reader is aware of the ordinary proceedings of this case; to-day we break some extraordinary details on him,—one of the feats of his magical powers.

Mr. Jacob transacted the sale of this diamond in Hyderabad; gave it to the Nizam; took 43 lakhs of rupees, and came up to Simla again. After some days the Nizam came to know the diamond which he had thus bought was spurious. He at once telegraphed to the police at Simla. The police surrounded Mr. Jacob's houses and satisfied itself to know perfectly well that Mr. Jacob was in his room. Mr. Jacob also knew of the procedure of the police.

THE POLICE AND THE DOUBLE.

Presently there came a telegram from Hyderabad that Mr. Jacob was there—that he interviewed the Nizam—the genuine diamond and 43 lakhs of rupees were with him. Mr. Jacob apologized to the Nizam for his mistake in giving him the inferior stone instead of the genuine one. He laid before the Nizam the amount of 43 lakhs of rupees and also the genuine article, and asked him to accept the one or the other whichever he preferred. The Nizam preferred to take the genuine stone, and Mr. Jacob, with the amount and the spurious diamond, again disappeared. The Simla police meanwhile received another telegram, informing them that the matter was settled, and the police had nothing to do. . . .

The case which came in court afterwards was the consequence of the Nizam's after-thought. The Nizam after this settlement, again wanted to return the diamond—perhaps some suspicion was the cause—which Mr. Jacob did not like, and on this ground the case came before the High Court of Calcutta. During the proceedings of the court, it is said, Mr. Jacob spent some four lakhs of rupees within four days. The Nizam's waste also certainly would have amounted to ten lakhs. At last the case ended with a compromise. Mr. Jacob contended himself with half the price, returning the other half, and the Nizam retained the diamond.

We do not believe that Mr. Jacob can make diamonds by his magical powers; but those acquainted with his secrets have reason to surmise so. What is the making of silver or gold to one who can make diamonds worth 43 lakhs? Sceptics! don't be angry, and do not ask *us* to transmute baser metals before their eyes: it is only our guess. . . .

MR. JACOB SELLING OFF.

It is said the Government has become suspicious of Mr. Jacob now, and he has been ordered not to transact any business with the Chiefs of India, even that he should leave this country itself. During the last season Mr. Jacob has sold by auction much of the rich collection of his curios, the notices of which our readers might have seen in the Simla papers, as well as the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, and the *C. and M. Gazette* of Lahore. He told our interviewer that in the last auction he had to incur a loss of 40 or 50 lakhs of rupees. But his drawing-room still contains many articles such as snuff-boxes, spoons, cups, knives, sticks, pens, &c., each worth 1 lakh or 10 lakhs of rupees; and God knows how many billions worth of jewels are shut up in his trunks.

During winters Mr. Jacob used to go to foreign countries, and whenever he had a voyage he reserved the whole steamer for himself. Now he intends to go to China or Tartary and to spend the remainder of his life in that country. During the Christmas week he was in Lahore, now-a-days he is in Calcutta.

II.—WONDERS OF PROFESSOR JHINGAN.

I am personally acquainted (and so are other numerous gentlemen) with Professor B. M. Jhingan since many years, and have known him perform many wonderful, not to say perplexing, experiments in mesmerism and psychics. I have no doubt of his psychic acquirements.

A BRIEF LIST OF HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

He can produce, apparently from nothing, all sorts of things such as flowers, vegetables, fruits, betal leaves, coins, &c., &c. He can make a stick, or a paper, or a book on a burning lamp, stand in the air without any support, apparently by his mere force of will. Not only this, but he can order it to lean towards this point or that. He can pass knives through the body without injury, and the cut is healed at once. He can remove small articles such as rings, coins, &c., held in your hand, by his mysterious power, and order them to come

out from where you please. Once he removed a large bottle from under the cover of a handkerchief to another room.

THE VALUE OF EVIDENCE.

I must admit, I myself have seen nothing extraordinary from him worth mentioning, not that he has ever hesitated to satisfy me, but simply because I have never asked him to do; for, these things have nothing curious for me. I like to be guided rather by the intellect than the senses. When I have once satisfied myself with the possibility of such "miracles," there is an end of it, and I do not further trouble myself in hunting up the "miracle" workers, and being personal witness to their performances. Further, when periodicals like BORDERLAND furnish me with the evidence of the best and first class scientific men of the enlightened West, such as Messrs. Crookes, Lodge, and Wallace, &c., I would rather believe in the acumen and far-sightedness of those experts than my own unexperienced and weak senses.

When I myself do not like to see these things with my own eyes with any curiosity, I may be mistaken; but certainly for the rest of the world there is nothing to find fault with. Suppose I also did affix my name to the list of numerous witnesses, what will it be for the sceptic? Only one single more witness of "deluded senses" or "deranged brain!"

A CHALLENGE.

However, though I myself am not anxious to test the Professor's abilities, I am interested in the work you are doing to convince the sceptics, and therefore it is that I have taken the trouble of writing this paper. I have asked him one thing (suggested by you in the case of "General Lorrison," to test his "spookics" in the instant transportation of articles from New York to England, see BORDERLAND for April, 1896, page 128), that is, if he can, let the *London Times* or the *New York World* be brought here, say, within a day of the publication. (The Professor can transport articles also.)

A DARING ACCEPTANCE.

I am glad to inform you that he has accepted the challenge. For the present he is unable to try such a tremendous experiment, but after further development and increase of his powers, he says he will do. If he succeeds to get the *Times* or the *World* within a day of publication, and for the matter of that even a week earlier than the Mail, I shall at once post different leaves or pieces of leaves to you and other leading newspapers of the world under registered cover. Professor Jhingan, as it seems to me, has no thought of the psychological difficulties in performing this feat, as hinted at by "General Lorrison." To an ordinary mind it really seems very strange, that while ordinary articles can be transported from one place to another with ease, there would be so much difficulty in doing the same with a newspaper. However, the "General's" reasons are quite intelligible. Perhaps you know, even the late Madam Blavatsky was also asked by, perhaps, Mr. A. P. Sinnet, the then Editor of the *Pioneer*, to perform the same feat if she wished to give a most convincing proof of her powers to the sceptic, and to shut his mouth once for all. But she did not do it, as all the world knows. It is needless to give her explanation, why she *did* not do, and not that she *could* not.

PROFESSOR B. M. JHINGAN.

RECOVERING A LOST ARTICLE.

Without explaining further, why I am not so curious as some of my readers certainly are to be a personal witness to such—to the ordinary mortal—wonderful things—I mention below a very wonderful performance of my friend the professor:—

My father, my two younger brothers, and two other gentlemen were the witnesses, besides the gentleman who was the subject of, and gainer, by the experiment. I have no objection in giving full names. One Pandit Bishambar Nath Mota, a neighbour of ours and a clerk in the Government Railway offices, was one evening sitting with other gentlemen on our shop. Mr. Jhingan came to the shop, and as was his wont, kept standing by the roadside. My father, who is quite familiar with him and has seen many of his wonders, asked him if he could do some *tamasha* for the amusement of those sitting. The Professor consented, and asked what they liked to see. Some suggested transferance of a ring or a seal. Meanwhile, Pandit Bishambar Nath Mota asked whether he could bring a lost thing also. The Professor asked what was that. Being told that it was his watch, which was missing for some weeks, he consented to try. He washed his hands, for which water was brought by my younger brother Balkrisna, and then asked for a little quantity of rice. It was given him, and he read some words on it He then asked that a glass full of water be brought before him to receive the lost watch. It was brought and kept before him at a distance of six or seven yards, and *he never touched it, nor even came near it*. He then threw away the enchanted rice about himself, and the glass full of water. He then brought

his both hands to his mouth as if to blow through them. He shut his eyes, and after a while opened them, and told the audience that the watch had come. He asked the owner to go to the glass and see if his watch was there—and lo! the watch *was* there!

Certainly the sceptic may offer very elaborate and also very simple dodge to explain this all, such as this, that Mr. Jhingan himself was the thief and our servant who brought the glass of water was in his confidence, who simply put the watch in the glass beforehand. Take the reader as he will, but though I was not an eye-witness, so much I can vouch for that Mr. Jhingan had not even a chance acquaintance with Mr. Mota, and that it was perfectly a thing of chance that Mr. Mota and Prof. Jhingan had met together there and then. Neither the Professor could be suspected of such a daring practice as of stealing.

WHO IS PROF. JHINGAN?

Naturally the reader will be anxious to know who Mr. Jhingan is. He is a very beautiful young man of medium size, of stout muscles but delicate skeleton. His age is about twenty-one years. He belongs to a very respectable family of Brahmans (priests), and "Jhingan" is his sub-caste, resident of Amritsar (the great Sikh city), in the Punjab. His grandfather, who became an ascetic in old age, was even more wonderful than he is. There is a small marble structure in Amritsar, where the tomb of his ashes is an object of worship to the people of Armitsar. Mr. Balmokand Jhingan is a strict vegetarian and never touches intoxicants in any form. He lives according to the most orthodox and strictest rules of his religion and caste. He fasts on Tuesday and abstains from food of any kind. He has received a little school education, and can talk English tolerably well. He is a married man (since ten years!) but has no issue. He is a pupil of the late Prof. R. B. Robinson (who came to see India in 1890), the pupil of the late Mr. Stainton Moses. Their first meeting was very romantic. He seems to be a born psychic, and has also command over a spirit. He cannot perform his wonders at all times, and after he has done something he seems to be exhausted and tired. He never takes any money for exhibiting his powers. In various ways he has been put to the greatest temptations, monetary and sensual, but up to now he has yielded to none. As School Inspector, Mr. Shiv Diyal, M.A., writes (17th April, 1895), "The Pandit is a gentleman of means, and has chosen this walk of life more for his own amusement than gain. As far as I know he is the first amateur in the line, produced by the Punjab. . . ."

LEGERDEMAIN WITHOUT APPARATUS.

The Pandit is as master of legerdemain as of mesmerism and psychism, and his plays of cards and various tricks of the sleight of hand are as interesting and wonderful as any European professional can do with all the paraphernalia of the professional stage. But what makes the performances of the Professor more astonishing is that, when he can do, he does in the most simple way, without any prearranged materials or platform, as many of the witnesses have observed. Mr. Brij Lal Ghose, *Rai Bahadar*, Honorary Assistant Surgeon to His Excellency the Governor-General and Viceroy in India, writes, dated Simla, the 13th September, 1896 (I quote once more from his book of testimonials:

The great thing with the Pandit is that he does not require any prepared platform or stage. He did his tricks on an ordinary table in the centre of the drawing-room. . . . With necessary stage arrangements I think he will take the public by storm, and will, I am sure, distance his colleagues of the magical entertainment.

It is really very mortifying to know that even the best educated men produced by the universities here have very little knowledge of the literature produced by you and your co-workers, the Psychical Research Societies, the *Light*, &c., and are quite ignorant of the progress the science of the mysterious Borderland between the Known and the Unknown, has made during the last five-and-twenty years, under the patronage of so distinguished members as are of the S.P.R.

SOME CERTIFICATES AS TO HIS EXPLOITS.

To bring him to the light of the world, through some world-wide medium (as undoubtedly your BORDERLAND is), I suggested to him that he should get written certificates from some persons of position, before any one could hazard to write about him. Because this unbelieving world, you know, is very hard to be satisfied, even when first-hand witnesses are ready to swear.

To make the long story short, my friend the Professor did comply with my suggestion, and during the last few months he has actually gathered a book full of such certificates from persons of high standing, both European and Indians. He has kindly handed the book to me, from which I quote the following testimonies.

I do not intend to go in detail at this moment, and, therefore, only briefly mention what the Professor has already shown to so many gentlemen. His power of thought-reading is certainly wonderful. On April 7th, 1895, Mr. Jhingan gave a performance before a special meeting of the Punjab Union Club—a club, by the way, the most respectable in the Punjab, consisting of the cream of the native community and the most successful members of the bench and bar; and last, but not least, numbering among them the most sceptic and incredulous persons. This is the unanimous testimony:

He performed one remarkable piece of thought-reading by transcribing correctly certain words written on a piece of paper while he was absent from the room and held closely folded in the writer's hand. The words were written in a language with which the Pundit is not quite familiar.

(Signed) KALI PROSONO ROY, M.A., B.L.
(The richest and most successful Pleader, High Court, Calcutta and Chief Court, Punjab), *Chairman.*
N. GUPTA (Editor, *Tribune*),
JAISHI RAM, B.A., (Pleader, Chief Court, Punjab), *Hon. Secretaries.*

Lahore, *April 8th* 1895.

Mr. Hari Kishan Kaul, M.A., and the first native Junior Secretary to the Financial Commissioner, Punjab, writes:—

His most wonderful feat was that of re-writing the sentences written in all sorts of languages without seeing or touching the original paper. I wrote something in an alphabet of my own making which could not have been known to any one in the world except myself and some members of my family, and yet he reproduced it with as much ease and accuracy as one would copy a passage in his mother language. He displayed this power in various forms. Its application to card tricks made them simply inexplicable.

(Dated, Simla, the *29th September*, 1895.)

Mr. Chandar Bhan, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Oriental College, Lahore, writes on date 1st October 1895:—

His most wonderful performance was that of thought-reading in any language of the world. I wrote some Mathematical

formula, quite unknown to him, in his absence, and he reproduced them on another paper so easily as if he was familiar with them like a student using them every day.

S. S. Thorburn, Esq., C.S., Commissioner of Rawalpindi Circle, writes :—

After seeing the Pandit's thought-reading at a friend's house he came to mine and I have twice subjected his powers to the severest tests I could apply. All I can say is that it is, as far as I could judge, a real power and incomprehensible. There could be no explanation of the performance other than that he really read the thought on which the mind of his subject—even though a sceptic—was concentrated.

HIS OTHER WONDERS.

Mr. W. K. Chand, B.A., Principal, Christian Mission High School, Multan, writes on date 9th August, 1895, about his performance at the Mission School, Multan, on the evening of August 7th, 1895 :—

His magnetising objects, card and ring tricks, were really amusing and astonishing. He produced fruits and vegetables &c., by means of enchantment. But his thought-reading in any language of the world was most wonderful of all and above all praise.

Mr. Narendra Nath, M.A., Deputy Commissioner of Montgomery, Punjab, writes, dated 2nd September, 1895 :—

Pundit B. M. Jhingan, gave us a performance last night. His thought-reading and producing fruits and vegetables, &c., were specially good.

Captain F. Lyon and Captain Oliver Swanston, Aides-de-Camp to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, India, write, dated Simla, the 21st August, 1896 :—

We have had the pleasure of seeing Pundit Balmokand Jhingan, of Amritsar, do two excellent performances which he calls objects mesmerism and thought-reading. In the former he caused a ring which I had to apparently pass into a brinjal, and in the latter he read a book which was in front of him with his eyes blind-folded. Both his performances were very well done and different from anything usually seen in that line. He also made a hole in his tongue with a pen knife and passed a handkerchief through it.

III.—MORE ABOUT MR. JACOB.

A CHALLENGE TO THE S.P.R.

Among the many forms of psychical phenomena which have exercised the attention of the modern inquirer, none has been more successful in eluding discovery and defying explanation than that branch which goes by the name of "Indian Magic." The devout believer will still talk to us of "invisible influences," the scientific student will damp our enthusiasm with "Collective Hallucination" and "Hypnotic Suggestion," and even the ordinary observer, unprejudiced by either faith or theory, has no better solution to offer, as the result of careful and critical observation, than the "prepared tricks" of the conjurer or the ever-ready "accomplice" in the audience. The growing mango, the showers of blossoms, the entranced fakir, and the suspended rope are still mysteries to us, and, in spite of ridicule and common sense, we come back to the verdict of Browning, in his poem on "Natural Magic :"—

"Impossible ! only —*I saw it.*"

The subject, it may be remembered, was handled some time since in BORDERLAND, and as one result of the interest then aroused, we are glad to welcome, through the courtesy of a valued correspondent, some further details of these phenomena, gathered from an eye-witness and performer, and also to hold out to those really interested in the question, the possibility of more minute investigation and observation of the facts as they appear than has as yet been within the range of the English inquirer.

A well-known member of the S.P.R.—whose name has been much before us of late in connection with the Burton case—has kindly sent us the following extracts from the letters of a highly distinguished officer in India, whose interest in the question is as keen as his powers of discrimination and careful observation are undoubted. We cannot but hope that some result will follow from the impetus which his communications will be sure to give to the matter.

MR. JACOB'S EXPLANATIONS.

The first extract refers to the account given by the "magician" himself—who is well known to Englishmen in India, and whom we will call "J."—of certain phenomena which had been reported by some too credulous observer, anxious to see the "most marvellous" side of the question, and, therefore, not to be depended upon as a witness.

As to the budding and blossoming of the dry stick—a feat once performed by Aaron— "J." says he did *not* take a stick from a guest, but took a prepared stick, and that I—or any one—could do the "trick" on being shown how. With reference to the piercing of the body by a sword, he says the correspondent omitted to mention the preparatory process, which consisted of pinching the flesh until the blood was driven away, when the only further precautions to be taken are to avoid vital places and to take care that air does not enter the wound, and that it is a quite common performance on the part of certain natives.

When he came to the walking on water, he took an entirely different tone, and said, "Ah, I cannot do that now." He said the pond was not in his own garden but in a place about seven miles away, which I have seen, and that the water was then about eighteen inches deep—it is now dry. He further said, "I did not walk on the water, though I appeared to; but *I was supported* in the air by 'my friend,' who was invisible to the others." He then proceeded to tell me that his "friend" was a gentleman who died one hundred and fifty years ago, and who had been kind enough to act as his guardian through life since his introduction to him. This introduction took place shortly after joining his sect, when he was a boy, by his uncle, who at that time was over ninety years old; that some time since he had alienated his friend, and that since then he had not seen him. All this he told me as if he actually believed it.

PROJECTED LETTERS.

The next extract refers to the subject of "projected letters," of which we have heard much of late.

About a month ago, I went to see him, and asked him casually if he had seen his friend lately. He said, "Oh, yes, he was here yesterday," and, after a pause, "he is now in London." He then told me that he had come to tell him that a great friend of his, in London, was in great danger of her life, that she had been suffering from extreme poverty of blood, and that a doctor was now giving her such strong blood-making remedies, that unless the treatment was stopped at once it would overtax her heart, and she would be dead in a few days. It was then agreed between them that "J." was to have an unsigned letter printed, warning her of what was taking place and its certain results, and the "friend" was to convey it to————————, where she lives. The letter had been completed, according to him, at

5 P.M. on the previous day, and placed on her dressing-table in her room on the same evening, before she went up to dress for dinner. I saw him *two days* later and asked him if he had heard any result as to his medical advice. He said, "Oh yes; the letter was delivered, the advice accepted, and her life saved."

THE SUSPENSION OF ANIMATION.

The next extract savours still more of the marvellous, though here "J." is a witness only.

He told me he had *seen* both the trance and the "rope to the sky" businesses. He said he was present at the burying and resuscitation after six months of the fakir, whose case has been described by Mr. Drummond, at that time Commissioner at Bareilly, about 1870. The man was buried, suspended in a deep grave by chains, about three feet from the bottom; over the coffin, which was screwed down in sight of many, and two or three feet above it, were placed boards, about six inches below ground level, on these was laid earth up to the level, and on this was sown corn, which sprang up and was reaped. During the interment there were always six men, two of the Commissioner's and four of the Nawab's, on guard on the spot. At the end of six months he was taken out, and revived on being rubbed and warmed. He says that he *could not* have been revived before the six months—for which the "Astor" had arranged to leave the body—had expired, and that during such a trance the blood is "condensed," which he explains by saying it has become of a yellow slimy substance which won't flow.

THE ROPE IN THE SKY.

Of the rope to the sky he said, "That is not done by the Buddhists, but by the worshippers of Vishnu in Madras. It is done by the same kind of agency, and these men are allowed to make their livelihood by exhibiting it." This sounds as though it were a common performance, which it certainly is not.

I read what you said about hypnotism, and he said, "No, there is no hypnotism; your friend is clever enough to see that many people could not be hypnotised, and answer his own question." He then said, "It is done by 'covering,' and explained what he meant by unseen agency, "just as when I seemed to walk across the water. You could understand that an eagle might be trained to support you in the air, while you seemed to walk on water, but that would be visible. In the same way the rope is supported, and when the boy goes up he is shrouded in a mist of the same colour as the air, and so rendered invisible—that is 'covering.'"

He said he had seen it done before the Nizam in the open air, where only the Nizam was seated, but all the court around him. The rope was thrown up and remained, the end, about thirty feet up, being hidden; two boys went up and disappeared, presently their limbs were thrown down. The performers said, "Oh, we we will burn these," and made a hot fire on which they threw them. A little girl, their sister, cried out, "If my brothers are burned I will perform *suttee*," and rushed into the flames; the whole of them were consumed in a few minutes. Then one of the boys walked in from behind the crowd and asked for his brother; he called, and a voice answered from far up above, then the brother came down the rope, and both looked for their sister, who answered, and then came out from under the Nizam's chair. These are descriptions of both these manifestations, as nearly as I can give them in brief, from an eye-witness (according to his own account). He suggested that if you would leave your house for six months to go into Thibet you would see more wonderful things than these, as the Buddhists make no secrets of what they believe and do.

FROM INDIA TO LONDON IN TWO HOURS.

I mentioned the Society for Psychical Research. He said, "I could make that Society six times what it is. I could get six savants and men of honour collected here, get them to sign a paper, and have the identical paper delivered in London in two hours. But why should I do it? I don't want to be shut up in prison as an impostor or a madman, and in the present state of knowledge that is what would happen."

At a later interview "J." remarked that a letter could be sent to you in the same way; he promised to ask the "friend" (who has now fortunately relented and resumed his position) about it.

On a second interview the writer of the letters says:

I was interrupted . . . . by a gentleman coming in, who said, "Why did you only tell me half the name?" It appeared that this man, an old acquaintance, had returned from home a few days before, and had asked "J.," who was to officiate as Resident at H. He said he would ask his friend, and the following day told him that a *Mr. Bull* was to do so. On the morning in question the papers announced that *Mr. Bullock* had been chosen. "J." said, "I did not know anything about it, my friend told me in Arabic a man named *Thor* was to be selected, and *thor* is the Arabic word for bull." On which he produced a dictionary and showed us the translation.

AN OFFER TO THE S.P.R.

Apropos of the rope story he made me a fair offer. He said, "If your friend (or others) will guarantee the expenses—and they would not be great, as the men would travel as artisans, and they don't want money for themselves—I will undertake to send men to London who will do the performance and satisfy the Society for Psychical Research, or anyone they like to see it."

The offer is certainly a fair and open one, and, should it be accepted, we shall look anxiously for the results of the careful investigation the phenomena will doubtless receive, and even hope that, with such exceptional advantages for study, we may arrive at some elucidation of the hitherto sealed mysteries of the Mahatmas.

X.

XII.—THE IMMORTALTIY OF THE SOUL.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF CRITICAL PHILOSOPHY. BY POLYOPO.

IN the July number of BORDERLAND, 1896, the Editor, speaking of Bishop Butler's arguments in favour of the belief in man's immortality, remarks: "They are very lame and inconclusive compared with the direct evidence that is afforded by the phenomenon of spirit return."

I do not wish here to express an opinion as regards Bishop Butler's reasoning, but it seems to me that if the phenomenon of spirit return were the only fact that can produce conviction in our mind regarding the immortality of the soul and its existence after death, even admitting the evidence that spirits return, the vast majority of human beings would be left in a deplorable state of ignorance regarding matters that are absolutely inseparable from, and form the only solid basis of, man's moral and religious life. I, for my own part, am convinced that it ought to be, and is, possible for reason alone, and by its own normal methods, to answer definitely and satisfactorily all those questions which are so closely interwoven with our moral nature, and the affirmative reply to which alone can give us that basis which is needed to make us, however painful our present conditions may be, prefer what is good and true for all times, to what is merely expedient for the time being. I am very well aware of the fact that there exists a tendency among many of our contemporaries to place ethics on a lower level, by deducting the moral laws from experience, and by appointing as their aim "the greatest benefit for the greatest number." To those who are satisfied with this explanation and this ultimate object, I have nothing to say; but, speaking for myself and thousands of others who desire a higher warrant for ethical truth and a firmer guidance in action, I feel certain that the immortality of the soul and its future existence must be granted as a condition *sine quâ non*, if we wish a secure basis for morality. May it be permitted to me, therefore to communicate to the readers of BORDERLAND some messages regarding these problems that I have obtained from a source, the absolute reliability of which nobody can doubt, especially since the investigation of the methods and their re-employment is possible for all and each of the readers of this magazine, which gives to what I have to communicate a practical value that, I think, cannot be attributed to all communications regarding transcendental matters.

THE BASIS OF THE INQUIRY.

In all philosophical inquiries—and what deserves this name better than an inquiry into the nature of the self, the immortality of our being, the existence of a transcendental world under supreme guidance and man's duties involving his moral freedom?—the first duty is to start from a solid basis and to beware of assumptions. Now there is only one absolutely reliable basis from the standpoint of critical philosophy, namely, the directly given facts, *i.e.*, the *data* of consciousness. These, then, we must analyse in order to find what exists beyond doubt, and what does not exist, ere we venture into such questions as what has existed, may exist, or will exist.

For my inquiry this basis is fully sufficient, but since I address myself to others, I assume, as we all do, that there are conscious beings. Students of Borderland will no doubt grant me this privilege without parley, though the sceptical philosopher may justly ask me to prove my assumption; yet even he will be silenced when I promise him not to use this assumption as a basis of my investigation, but merely as an explanation why I commit my thoughts to paper. I start with the consciousness of which I am aware while writing the following pages, nor shall I call it *mine* without acknowledging that so far this can have no other value than that of a figure of speech. If there are other conscious beings subject to the same laws to which what I call my consciousness is subject, and if these written words become a part of their consciousness, I feel certain that there will occur the same effects that occurred in mine by means of the analytic-synthetic processes desc rbed Of what I call consciousness, I am certain. *Sum. cogitans*. Its existence is an undeniable fact given directly. Let us now make a rapid survey of what it is that constitutes consciousness, and throw a superficial glance at its contents and its processes. Above all, it will serve us to become acquainted with the correct use of the various psychological terms, which is absolutely necessary in order to understand what follows.

WHAT CONSTITUTES CONSCIOUSNESS?

The most obvious and important elements of consciousness are what are called *intuitions;* and let me state at once that I employ this term strictly in the sense in which Kant used it, namely, as referring to all immediately given sensations, or sense perceptions of whatever kind they may be, and without any reference to their subjectivity, to their dimness or clearness, their vagueness or distinctness, their matter or form. Thus the pain I just felt was an intuition. It gradually becomes a clear presentation distinguishable from others, and is cognised as located in my mouth; *i.e.*, a cognition, therefore, has resulted through the process of thinking, and is also recognised by association of ideas arising in memory, as incipient tooth-ache. The object which, by looking at it at this moment I recognise as a lamp, was before that cognised as a solid object in space, but even ere this occurred it was merely an intuition, called a slight impression. My recognition of the lamp, therefore, also began with an intuition. The intuition which makes me rise and go to the door is cognised as sound, and recognised as the ringing of the door-bell. Now that I have returned to my desk, it still remains as a faint representation, a faint mental image of an impression on my auditory nerves, while there also remains in my consciousness the faint image of the letter-carrier who just left me. This is associated, it appears, with former images, recognised as those of the same person, together with sounds of his voice, with images of human beings in general, &c., &c., forming together a complete idea, a *concept*, *i.e.*, a representation formed of fragments of past intuitions, joined together and supplemented during the process of thinking. The whole seems to me a fair representation of the letter-carrier as I know him; while I am trying to ascertain, however, whether the likeness is good, there intrudes itself into my consciousness the word "man" associated with its sound and its appearance in writing and printing. Other ideas and sensations arise with it, all clustering together, depositing special

parts of their own, and, finally, producing what may be called the persuasion of knowing the meaning of the word "man." Some of the ideas, leading to this persuasion at first, consist of images of various men; visual or audible sensations of words follow, and so on in constant succession. "Man has a hand," I hear myself saying to myself, and the faint image of a hand appears. "He suffers"; at once my feeling of toothache revives; I had quite forgotten it for the moment, but its cause must have survived, for it still acts as I perceive. "Man has virtues" is another thought that occurs; I am puzzled for a moment. What does that mean? Pictures come and go of printed pages, human groups in action, scenes of battle, scenes representing kind acts, self-sacrifice, &c. Suddenly I am iutuitively aware of a complex sensation; I feel that I am elated by my thoughts; it is the *emotion* recognised as moral joy. Moral! that recalls the word virtue once more. What are these ideas called Morality, Virtue? They are abstract concepts, *notions*, complexes formed by combining characteristic features of other concepts, mere empty forms that must be filled in ere they give an answer, but can be filled in, in many hundred ways, and fit equally well many groups of ideas. Concepts differ from both direct sense-perceptions (intuitions) and revived sense-perceptions (objects of memory), in so far as sense-perceptions, whether direct or revived, refer immediately (without mediation) to sensuous objects, while concepts do so merely mediately, *i.e.*, by means of characteristics that belong to various sensuous objects in common.

The concepts may be either what is called *empirical* concepts, or they may be *pure* concepts. The former are those that contain something gathered from experience; the latter are products of subsumption of "relations" under the forms and laws of thought, and in so far as they contain no sense-element, but merely thought, are called *notions*. The *forms* of thought, the *categories* (of quality, quantity, relation, and modality), force us to think in definite ways; the *laws* of thought, such as the laws of analysis and synthesis, determine the process of thinking. They are not products of thought, like concepts, nor matters of thought, such as the objects of the intuitions, although they may be discovered while thinking, and symbolically represented by concepts such as synthesis, analysis, conceivableness, contradiction, &c. These forms and laws did not originate while thinking, for they underlie all thought processes. Consequently they do not arise in time, but are beyond all limits of time, and just like the forms of intuition *i.e.*, space, and time, of which more will be said later, they are *necessary conditions* of consciousness, but not contents thereof.

The result of thinking (in the logical sense) is called knowledge, or cognition of truth. "The truth of what?" it may be asked. Above all, the truth of the objective *reality* of all the objects given by intuitions in experience, and also of their relations—the truth, therefore, of phenomenal objects given in space, *e.g.*, colours, shapes, &c., or of sensations given in time, *e.g.*, sensations of chilliness, heat, effort, &c., and all their characteristics and inter-relations, but also the truth of purely ideal, *i.e.*, imaginary objects; thus, for instance, the agreement of some pure concepts with other pure concepts, and the distinction between what is inconceivable and what is not. Thus, for instance, if we know that with regard to something only two possibilities exist, and find that one is the direct contradiction of the other, we can make the apodictic statement that, provided the one is not true, the other must be true, quite regardless whether we speak of anything given in experience or not. Thinking, therefore, though it starts with intuitions, has its own laws and its own functions independently of intuitions. Without sensibility we would have no objects, and without reason we would not think these objects. Therefore, as Kant says, thought without intuitions is empty (*i.e.*, mere words), while intuitions without thought are blind (not understood).

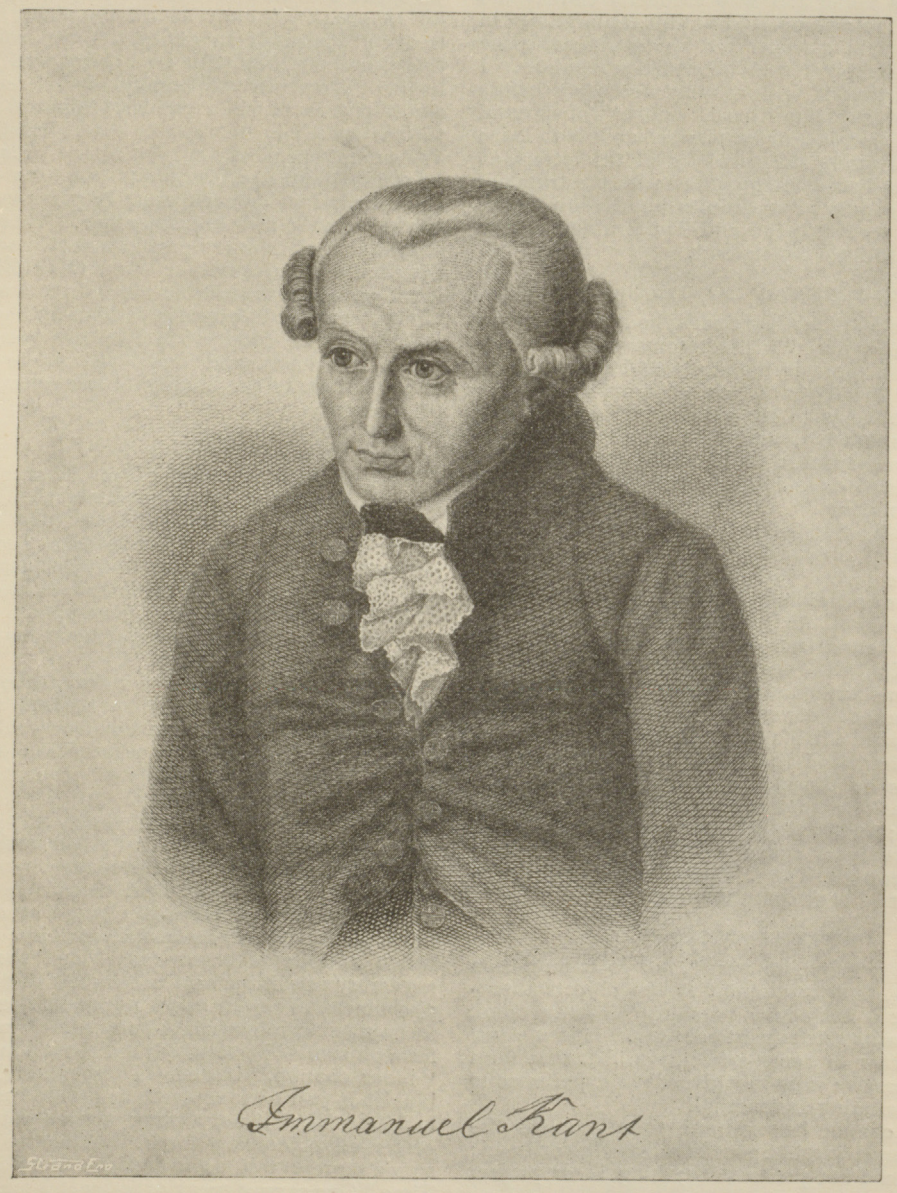
Thus far this constitutes consciousness. The above is not a complete list of the contents and forms of consciousness, but contains all that we need at present. What is lacking I shall supplement whenever it will be required.

CLASSIFICATION OF CONTENTS.

We will now proceed to classify the contents more carefully, and separate all there is in their immediate appearance from what is added to them during the process of thinking, and also from what is mere form. In doing this we find that, first, all the contents, without exception are continually shifting and changing, while what remains fixed is merely consciousness itself as such. Let us not jump to the conclusion that this consciousness is really uninterrupted, nor let any one affirm the opposite, namely, that there exist interruptions of consciousness, as, for instance, in sleep, trance, &c. Whether or not consciousness is absolutely permanent and continuous can never be ascertained by us, as our only means of knowing is consciousness itself; and, naturally, we cannot be conscious of unconsciousness, even if it should exist.

Consciousness, as we know it, is stable, notwithstanding the continual change of what constitutes its contents. But, first of all, what is it that entitles us to speak of its "contents," and to treat consciousness as a whole containing the manifold? The reply is that we are here face to face with one of those laws of thinking of which I have spoken already, and which we must obey, whether we will or no. Although consciousness is given to us as absolutely undefined, *i.e*, not enclosed within any definite limits, but having only vague and ever-shifting boundaries, we cannot but treat all that constitutes it as belonging together, and its manifold as a total. This law that compels us, in all our processes of thinking, to a more and more complete reintegration and unification of separate elements by a more and more definite synthesis, leading ultimately to the unity of all that is, is a law given to us, and not made by us. It must be taken, therefore, to contain a revelation of the highest truth.

One, then, of the immediately given facts of consciousness regarding itself, is its tendency towards synthesis; the other fact is the continual change of all its *data*, or given contents, and may be expressed as follows: "All intuitions are given in Time." This brings us to the consideration of the two vital questions, the comprehension of which is the *sine quâ non* for the understanding of all that follows: namely, the questions, What are Time and Space? Those who are not trained in philosophical thinking and who are unaccustomed to a clear analysis of thoughts and ideas, may, at first, find it difficult to grasp the fact that both Time and Space are merely *forms* of our sensibility, and I must refer them for further explanations to Kant's "Transcendental Æsthetics," which form the first part of his famous "Critique of Pure Reason," for I am convinced that nobody who has read this portion of that master



Immanuel Kant

work with care, can ever, for a moment even, fall into the delusion that Space and Time really exist outside of us, or have a reality transcending sense-perception. To reproduce, however, Kant's arguments in detail is absolutely impossible within the limited compass of this essay. I shall, therefore, have to confine myself to a very summary explanation. Nevertheless, everybody whose intellect is sound and who earnestly endeavours to be guided by facts alone, and not by assumptions, in his self-analysis will discover for himself, that Space and Time are merely forms of sense-perception. I repeat, however, that it is absolutely necessary before preceding further, to "lay" these "ghosts" of external Space and Time, for, just as impossible as it is to learn to read before knowing the meaning of the letters, so impossible it is to become acquainted with the truths of existence ere we acquire a definite knowledge of the meaning of the words Space and Time, which are so glibly used and so little understood.

THE FORMS OF INTUITION.

Space and Time are, as Kant calls them, *pure forms of intuition*, and "pure" is the term used to indicate concepts in which there is nothing found that belongs to sensation. "In all sensations we must distinguish between what belongs to the sensation itself, *i.e.*, the *matter* of the sensation, and that which causes the manifold of consciousness to be sensuously perceived under definite relations and arrangements, which is the *form* of the sensation." Our receptivity, or as it is more usually called "sensibility," comprises a sense of *externality* and of *internality*. (I use these terms in preference to the terms "inner" and "outer" senses, which latter are misleading, since these words might give the impression of localisation, while, of course, the senses here spoken of are merely "characteristics of our mind" as Kant calls them, and the names given to them indicate in what manner they present to us their objects.) By the sense of externality things appear to us as existing in Space outside of us. By the sense of internality, on the other hand, though we cannot contemplate our real self as an object, we, at all events, receive all those sensations that are called changes of our inner condition; and, since all these are given in Time, it is through the inner sense that we perceive occurrences as happening in Time. But what then are Space and Time? Let us begin with the former.

WHAT IS SPACE?

Space is not a thing, an entity, nor is it a relation between objects, that is, inherent in the objects themselves, nor is it a subjective "quality" of the mind, which is afterwards attributed to objects. It is *a pure form of intuition* or sense-perception, *i.e.*, that form by which we perceive what is "given" in experience to the sense of externality as external.

Experiences cannot be external to us, unless the possibility of perceiving in Space is already given to us; otherwise we could not perceive anything in or project anything into Space.

Space, therefore, is not a borrowed, *i.e.*, an abstract idea, deducted from perceiving space-relations, for such relations presuppose the conception of Space as a total.

Space is a *necessary form of perception which underlies all that is perceived as external.* It is quite impossible to present objects or shapes as existing at all, if not in Space, and equally impossible it is to think of Space as non-existent as long as there are objects. On the other hand, we can conceive the absence of definite objects in Space, or treat it as a blank in which there are no shapes as yet. Space, therefore, is a necessary condition of and not merely the relation between objects in so far as they present themselves as external. It is that pure form of externality to which the sensation of externality itself is due. To speak of Space as infinite is a lax way of speaking; for to speak of limit at all regarding Space means treating Space as an entity, a thing, while it is not a thing, nothing that can be represented objectively in itself. Whenever we attempt doing so visually, the result proves to be a vaguely coloured homogeneous surface which is not Space, but is existing in Space. We cannot speak of limits of Space because it is itself a form of limitation. It limits our form of sensibility, so that what we perceive must be perceived in such and such a manner and not otherwise. Therefore, instead of speaking of infinite Space, we should say that though Space limits our external sense to definite directions, it yet permits it to go on in these directions indefinitely, adding expanse to expanse without finding a boundary. In other words, progress in Space in various directions meets no check, and this leads us to attribute the characteristic of the infinity of our sensation to a fictitious entity.

WHAT IS TIME?

Time is *sense of internality.* Through our sense of internality we perceive phenomena as occurring (happening) under the form of Time, and since all that happens or occurs is only perceived as having happened or occurred when it appears in consciousness, and since we claim the only consciousness of which we know directly as *our* consciousness, we speak of phenomena happening in time as internal phenomena in comparison with objects given in space.

Exactly as in the case of Space, time is not an empirical concept, not an idea derived from relations events occurring successively or simultaneously, for succession and simultaneousness could not be perceived, unless the possibility of perception under the form of Time existed already.

Time, therefore, is a *necessary form of perception which underlies all that is perceived as internal.* It is totally impossible to conceive any changes except as occurring in Time. Nor can we consider Time as non-existent as long as there is change or definite alterations in consciousness, and treat Time as a blank in which nothing is occurring. Time, therefore, is the necessary condition, and not merely a relation between phenomena in so far as we represent them to ourselves as happening in our consciousness. Time is that pure form of sensibility to which the sensation of internality, "inner change," is due. To speak of Time as being infinite is just as inaccurate as it is to speak of space as infinite. Time is not a thing, not an entity that can be presented objectively itself. (When we attempt doing so we represent it as a straight line; but this is not Time.) One cannot speak of limits of Time, because Time itself is a form of intuition. It limits our sensibility, so that what we perceive as happening can be perceived as happening in such and such a manner, and not otherwise. Therefore, instead of speaking of infinite Time we should say that Time limits our internal sense to perceive that all that occurs does so in one direction, merely. Time permits us to go on in that direction forward and backward indefinitely, from whatever given occurrence we may start, and to add occurrence after occurrence

without finding a boundary. In other words, our progress in Time either forward or backward from the given datum meets with no check, and this leads us to attribute the characteristic of the infinity of our sensations to a fictitious entity.

That Space is not a reality existing outside of us is usually grasped more easily, even by the untrained mind, than that Time exists merely in us as a form of regulating or limiting our sense-perception. The cause of this may be the fact that there is no difficulty whatever in demonstrating that all that we actually perceive—*i.e.*, all that constitutes the phenomenal, such as colours, shapes, sounds, hardness, softness, &c., which at first are believed to be inherent in the objects, cannot be so for purely physiological reasons. Thus, for example, all that is called sight-perception, even if we speak in the language of scientific materialism, is a process taking place inside of the body and not outside of it, and the colours are subjective interpretations of changes occurring on the retina of the eye, that are transferred by the optical nerves to the brain; so whatever there may exist outside of us, what we see or perceive through any of our senses is not what is outside, even if we grant a real "outside" existence, and can in the best case be said to be the result of something that acts from the outside. It may be just as well to remind the reader here that, so far, nothing has been said by me either affirming or denying the possible existence of anything underlying or causing phenomena; though this very important question will be dealt with presently. For the moment it will suffice to bear in mind that the externality of phenomena given in space is admitted even by materialistic thinkers to be an assumption merely, and not a reality that can be proved. All outside-existence has been treated as an absolute delusion by Berkeley and his disciples, as well as by many other philosophers of the past and present; who unfortunately, in swimming against the current of materialistic dogmatism, have gone beyond the boundaries of discretion, since they themselves have made "dogmatic" statements about something that they cannot know from experience.

As regards the unreality of Time, however, unreality in so far only as we think of Time as something independent of human consciousness, it is more difficult for most of us to recognise our delusion than in the case of Space. "Even if outside Space is not needed," most people will say, "to explain our sensations of externality, we cannot possibly get rid of Time. The changes of our inner self are real and directly given; therefore, Time must be real."

Now all this is perfectly true. Change, and therefore Time, is certainly real as far as our present existence and our sensuous experience are concerned. Time, therefore, is *empirically* real as a form of intuition. It has no meaning, however, when we speak of what exists outside of the limits of sense-perception. Therefore, Time is transcendentally *ideal* in so far as the term cannot be applied to things or conditions transcending the world of sense.

If sense perception were all there is, or even only all there is regarding our present consciousness, a distinction between Empirical and Transcendental Idealism would be meaningless. On analyzing our consciousness, however, we discover, as already indicated in our hasty summary, that there are not merely the data of intuition—*i.e.*, the phenomenal objects of our senses of internality and externality, but also the products of thinking, the concepts; and since these are the products of actually given psychical activity, regulated by definite and unalterable *laws*, and possible only under definite and permanent *forms*, they have an importance at least equal, and in many ways superior, to all that refers exclusively to the senses. Assuming sensuousness to be absent in our nature, Time, as well as Space, being its forms merely, lapse into nothingness, for in the realm of pure thought they have no meaning. At a first glance this last sentence may appear to be a mere figure of speech, but we will see forthwith that this is not the case, and that it has a meaning of great import.

So far, then, we have found in our more systematic analysis the following:—Consciousness appears to us as a manifold, the contents of which are continually changing. What is immediately given amongst these contents is the *data*, which are not products of thinking, but enter consciousness we know not whence. They have that in common, as we have seen, that *all* of them are given under the forms of Time—*i.e.*, they *are* not, but they *happen* (or) *occur*, some of them simultaneously, others successively. (It has not been explained, so far, how it is that some of these *data* after disappearing reappear, some apparently unaltered, others apparently modified, and that under some aspects their disappearance or reappearance seems to be controllable by what is called subjective activity. To this reference will be made later, but it may be pointed out that even this takes place under the form of Time). We have also found that a very large group of *data* appears under the form of Space in consciousness, and these are the *data* which are usually called "objects" in the narrower sense of the word; in reality all that is *given*, be it a so-called inner sensation or something that appears in Space, is an "object," for the very fact that it is cognised as "given" and not produced or created shows that we do not attribute its existence to what is called "subjective" activity. The fact that all *data* of consciousness are given under a definite relation or form implies that they have only a "relative" existence—*i.e.*, they are *phenomena*, appearances under such or such a form; but now the legitimate question arises: Is this apparent character their only and necessary character, and all that there is to them, or is it merely a special aspect of them? This is a question that can only be answered by thinking, and we must, therefore, now investigate what is meant by thinking, and what relative value have its products as compared with direct sense-perceptions or intuitions.

WHAT IS THINKING?

Thinking, in the widest sense, comprises all those conscious processes through which, from the *data* of consciousness, percepts or ideas, and concepts are produced. This would include, therefore, also passive imagination, such as real dreaming, day-dreaming, &c. In its *logical* sense, however, thinking comprises only those processes that aim at cognition *i.e.*, *knowledge*. All thinking starts from, or has its basis in, intuitions (sense-perception), which form the material of thinking, from which our whole thought-world is constructed, under the action of unalterable laws, and confined under definite forms of analysis and synthesis. All that is presupposed in thinking is that there should be *data* of consciousness, no matter whence they come or what they be. Their being there occurs, as we have seen, in experience, and they arrange themselves in various relations and combinations in consequence of a necessity inherent in themselves, as we must say, since certain of these relations, as we will find, cannot be altered by any effor on our own part. On the other hand, to some extent at

least, the relations between *data* or groups of *data* appear, for instance in what we call active imagination or thought-activity, to be alterable or subject to changes consequent upon what are called "*volitions*." Now, that which characterises cognition or knowledge, as distinguished from fancy, is awareness of *those* relations that are *unalterable* and *strictly necessary*, and which are this in consequence of a necessity beyond subjective control, and inherent therefore in the objects themselves. Knowledge is the result of what is called "logical" thinking or, as the philosophical expression is, *objectively necessitated presentation*. All logical or objectively necessitated thinking aims at an arrangement of all that is given in experience into a complete and harmonious connection of which we are convinced that it is *true*, or objectively real. If the *data* of consciousness could be arranged in such a connection without any supplementing of what is given in experience by the addition elements that are not given, the process of thinking would be nothing but the arrangement of the *data* of sense in this manner. It is found, however, that the complex of what comprises the so-called "true universe" contains elements that were "not given" but supplemented during the process of thinking, in consequence of a necessity over which we have just as little control as over the necessity of sense-perception under the forms of Time and Space. This "logical" necessity therefore, in the same degree as the empirical necessity of limited sensibility, must be accepted as a condition of our present existence, within which alone we must seek our way upwards.

THE PROGRESS FROM SENSATION TO COGNITION.

Although consciousness, as we have seen, appears to us as uninterrupted, it does not appear as always of the same degree. Sometimes it is fainter and sometimes clearer, varying from great vividness almost to the point of "unconsciousness" regarding some or all of its objects. I intentionally avoid the vague term "sub-consciousness," to which I decidedly object, as misleading, for, if sub-consciousness is anything at all it is faint consciousness and therefore the term, being a special name for something that has no special distinction, is objectionable under the *lex parsimoniæ*.

Clearness is a term very often illegitimately restricted to clearness of a presentation, but this, as Kant correctly points out, is inadmissible, since a certain degree of clearness must be granted as existing with regard to everything that can be said to appear in consciousness, even though this degree may not suffice for later remembrance. Were this not the case we could never, as we actually do, make a selection of faint or, as they are often called, "dark" presentations in order to combine them. Thus, taking concepts for instance, we may select amongst faint characteristics in order to distinguish between what is *equitable* merely and what is *just*. Or, taking sound presentations for an example, a musical virtuoso in improvising grasps whole groups of keys on the piano simultaneously, which shows that the sounds must at least be faintly cognised even ere they appear clearly on being reproduced on the instrument. Clearness of consciousness therefore is not identical with clearness of a presentation; the latter is clear when consciousness suffices for the consciousness of the *difference* between a presentation and others; if consciousness merely suffices to distinguish its presence, but not to distinguish its difference from other presentations, the presentation is not yet clear, but faint or "dark," though a certain degree of clearness of consciousness is even then present.*

THE BEGINNING OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

After the *data* of consciousness have received a definite degree of clearness their similarities and differences are perceived, and they become percepts or clear presentations that can be arranged or grouped and definitely related to each other into synthetical complexes. Thus two great separate parts develop, the one called the *world of objects*, in the narrow sense, and the other called the *Self*. This separation is the basis of all *self-consciousness*, as distinguished from what now begins to appear as consciousness of a not-Self.

The world of objects, in the narrower sense, the so-called external world, is a manifold containing all the *data* received by our sense of externality—*i.e.*, the objects given in Space, while what is called the Self presents itself as a unit, notwithstanding its inner changes, and exists neither in Space nor Time. The sense-impressions, in the narrower sense (those of touch, sight, sound, etc., for example) and all that they contain form the material of the former, while the sensations of pain and pleasure, the desires, the emotions, volitions, etc. form the material of the latter. So far we have not yet a world of sense as contrasted with a world of thought (with this distinction we will become acquainted forthwith), but merely a separation of the immediately given world, and the Self here spoken of is neither the so-called transcendental Ego nor the corporeal personality, the body-self. The Self in this preliminary stage is the Self of which we are immediately aware in our joys, our sorrows, our volitions, etc.—*i.e.*, the Self of all our so-called inner experiences.

This Self throughout consciousness forms the centre to which all other immediately given objects of consciousness appear to refer in a twofold manner. Sometimes their appearance, disappearance, reappearance, connection, their inter-relation or separation, their remaining unaltered or their modification, present themselves as being a realisation, so to say, of my volitions, and the feeling of activity and freedom accompanies these processes. This constitutes what is called the immediate *Consciousness of Subjectivity*. Sometimes the objects seem to force themselves into our conscious life, they appear to impede free ideation, they necessitate its progress in forcing it into special channels, etc., and the feeling of being acted upon, of being unfree, passive, arises. This constitutes the immediate *Consciousness of Objectivity*. Though different names are given here to these two forms of consciousness, the reader will easily recognise that they are merely two aspects of one and the same consciousness, and that the elements of the one are those of the other.

THE BEGINNING OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE NOT-SELF.

Up to the present we have confined ourselves to classification of sense-perceptions, we now come to thought-activity which transforms what the senses perceive into what is called cognition or knowledge, which (latter) distinguishes, as has been said already, between what is necessary, *i.e.*, objectively real, and what is merely imaginary or subjectively real.

Thinking that leads to knowledge, though it presupposes preliminary distinction between the consciousness of subjectivity and objectivity, has for its solid

* The above examples are given in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

foundation the latter only. Both forms of consciousness can either refer to the objects themselves, or to their inter-relation, and these objects or their inter-relation may appear as products of my active ideation and dependent thereon, or they and their inter-relation may appear as forced upon me, such as they are, and unalterable through subjective activity. In both cases, of course, these objects and relations, since they are there at all, have *subjective reality*; but they have *objective reality* only in so far as they appear independent of subjective activity, and are what they are through a necessity inherent in themselves.

Both subjective and objective reality, however, may exist in our consciousness without being *known* as such. To know them implies "being aware" of what is necessary in them. Knowledge, moreover, is of a two-fold kind in so far as it may be *formal knowledge*, or *material knowledge*.

Formal knowledge decides between what is conceivable or inconceivable, regardless whether its objects are given by intuition or represented as mental images merely, as, for instance, in imagination or memory.

Material knowledge decides what is conceivable or not conceivable *in order to produce the judgment* of the *objective reality* of that of which we are conscious.

Thus, for instance, when I am conscious that two sides of any and every triangle are always greater than the third, I have arrived at formal knowledge, teaching me that the absence of this relation between the sides of triangles is inconceivable, regardless as to whether these triangles are actually seen or merely imagined. On the other hand, if I am forced to conceive that all real men are mortal, this is due to material knowledge; for it is not inconceivable that men might be immortal. In imagination I can very well represent to myself men as immortal, but I cannot do so without being convinced of their *unreality*.

Thus we have seen that both formal and material knowledge, *i.e.*, all knowledge, teaches us what is necessary, *i.e.*, what we must admit as *true*, whether we will or no; just as we must *perceive* the sensuous (phenomenal) world in the way in which it presents itself under the forms of intuition whether we will or no. But while the latter confines us to what is immediately given, thinking, though it also is strictly regulated by laws, permits us to transcend the immediately given, and to distinguish between what may be merely, and what necessarily is, for us, not only in the sensuous, but also in the non-sensuous world.

The process of thinking consists in developing step by step, at first a more and more complete separation of Self and not—Self, and afterwards in producing a more and more complete synthesis of all that belongs to either, finally leading, as the reader will see, to a complete synthesis of all that *is in reality*.

SECOND DEGREE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Proceeding further in the analysis of consciousness after having so far analysed its contents, let us now watch the genesis of the products of thought activity, which begins with what we term "trying to recollect." As we all know, meditation is aided by excluding for the time being (if necessary by closing our eyes), as best we can, the so-called outside world. After having sat for some time, letting our thoughts wander aimlessly, some unknown object intrudes itself upon our consciousness, and we are aware of its objective reality. So far we simply know that it *is*, but not what it is; but gradually it enters more and more into the focus of consciousness, and we clearly distinguish between it and other objects. By its characteristics we perhaps recognise it now as a remembered element of our inner life, a former joy, pain or desire, or as a former subjective sensation. In this case we have no longer merely an "immediately given" Self, but a Self enlarged by "thought activity," and thus new elements that at first appear, as do the intuitions, on entering my consciousness, as independent of the Self and merely possessing objective reality, now appear in my memory as connected with a past part of my Self. This is the *second* degree of self-consciousness, which increases steadily, element after element being added by selecting from whatever appears as objectively real and is remembered as once having been an element of my so-called inner life, while what cannot be so classified is added to the external complex as a former element of my non-Self, which complex also enlarges by consciousness of the second degree. The second degree of self-consciousness therefore requires thought activity, while for the first sensibility sufficed.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL SELF.

The thought-activity above described is, as the reader will recognise, a process of analysis and synthesis, and what is called completed knowledge is the completed synthesis of all that is *objectively real*. As has been said already, however, we find that this completed synthesis is not possible without supplementing by thought-products the manifold of the immediately given, and we are now face to face with this necessity, which being forced upon us by the supreme laws of thought, commands our respect as imperiously as what is forced upon us by the laws of sensibility. In order that the elements of a past Self may become a complete unity together with the immediately given, a copula, a missing link, is needed, *i.e.*, a relation between the present Self and the past Self must be established. The only way in which it is possible to do this is by conceiving both elements as appertaining to something that is neither directly given now, nor was ever thus given before. This something is the famous *transcendental Ego*, the "logical" Self which figures as the "subject" in all thoughts concerning so-called self-activity or self-passivity; and is known under the name of "I," the grammatical subject in our language whenever the Self is spoken of as active or passive. This transcendental Self is a *noumenon* (from Gr. νοῦς, *i.e.*, the thinking mind), or thought-product, and though we know nothing *about* it, *i.e.*, though we cannot speak of the characteristics, qualities, functions, etc., of this Self, it is not a product of fancy, or of metaphysical speculation, as some seem to think, but an absolutely "necessary" element of reason, without which our thinking would lead to contradictions that *must* be removed ere the mind can find rest. It is, therefore, though not given as a sense-object, nevertheless forced upon us as a necessary thought-datum, and has a dignity not only equal to the data of intuition but superior to the latter, for this transcendental Self is recognised as *real* and is *the only real* in our Self, while all else that we call Self consists merely of its *phenomenal* contents, *i.e.*, of appearances existing only in consequence of and *for* our sensibility.

THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE NON-SELF.

The preliminary stage of our consciousness of the non-Self consists also like in the case of the Self, merely of a

grouping of intuitios or sense-objects ; but here also we reach a *second degree*, by the addition of "remembered" sense-objects within the complex of the immediately given objects, and thus the non-Self becomes enlarged by combining a past non-Self with a present non-Self. Again, however, that complete synthesis which is necessitated by the action of the laws of thought cannot be obtained, and the conditions that prevent mental rest cannot be obtained, without ultimately supplementing the data of sensuous experience by adding something that is not given amongst them. We need a connection between the past non-Self and the present non-Self to produce the conviction of reality.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL NON-SELF.

The connection between the various elements that constitute the world of objects given to the sense of externality, does not exist at first in any other way except in so far as their first appearance in consciousness as "given," *i.e.*, as not dependent upon violition, marks them out as something to be classified in a separate group. Afterwards, when we become conscious by remembrance of a past non-Self in which elements that had faded away after their first appearance reappear, and still more when we find that intuitions are repeated, not only in memory but in immediately given sensation in a manner identical with their first appearance, the consciousness of their persistence forces itself upon us, and we need something to join the past with the present. In attempting to find this, we discover that again a complete synthesis is only possible by conceiving both elements as appertaining to something that is neither directly given now, nor was ever thus given before. This something is the famous *transcendental object*, the "thing in itself" or the "logical object" as distinguished from the "logical" subject in all thoughts in which we speak of Self and non-Self together. These transcendental objects are also *noumena*, *i.e.*, thought-products, and though we know nothing *about* them, and cannot speak of their characteristics, qualities, etc., they are not products of our fancy, but absolutely "necessary" elements of reason without which thinking would lead to contradictions. Their conception, exactly as that of the transcendental Self is forced upon us, and has exactly the same validity as what is given to sense-perception. Moreover, it possesses even greater importance than the latter because the transcendental objects are *real*, and constitute in fact the *only real external world*, because all its other elements are purely *phenomenal* and have existence only in consequence of and *for* our sensibility, but in themselves are nothing.

THE BODY.

We come now, however, to a very important step in our analysis of consciousness, which shows us that our synthesis must proceed further yet ere reason is satisfied that it has attained truth.

On attempting to separate completely Self and not-Self we suddenly discover that there is one point at which this separation has to stop ; namely, the point at which we have to classify what is called "our body."

From one point of view we find that our body certainly belongs to the so-called external world, for its physical elements are, beyond doubt, data of intuition or sense-perception, they are objective phenomena, like all other material objects perceived as existing in Space. Therefore from this point of view, if I speak of my body as *my* body, I can do so only in so far as I may speak of all objects existing in my consciousness as *my* intuitions or *my* objective universe. From another point of view, however, the very same body, not only as regards its manner of appearance in consciousness or as an object of my senses, but also as regards its objectively real functions, appears to be directly dependent upon my Self and controlled by my volitions.

From this point of view the word *my* has a very different meaning, for in this case the judgment that this body is my own body is due to the perception that all that I call "subjectively real," *i.e.*, all that constitutes the phenomenal elements of my Self, including the very existence of their subjective phenomena, as well as their character, are linked to this body. Consequently, in so far as, and whatever of, this body or its parts is directly related to my subjective reality, it does not belong to the so-called external world, but to the real Self, or, as it is often called, the spiritual Self, since the transcendental or *real* Self is exactly that to which we are forced to refer all that is subjectively real in our thoughts. This *real* Self is not distinguished from the external world by its character or nature, for of those we know nothing, exactly as we know nothing of the character or nature of the real non-Self, but it is distinguished in so far as it is a necessary thought-product for the complete synthesis of all that is subjectively real, while the *real* non-Self is a necessary thought-product to complete the synthesis of what is objectively real.

THE COMPLETED SYNTHESIS.

We now come to the point which necessitates the complete synthesis of the real universe and the junction between the real Self and the real non-Self. The very fact of the dependence of the subjectively real upon any element of the objectively real external world (as we find to be the case in regard to the body), forces us to the conviction that in reality the real that underlies the Self and the real that underlies the non-Self are *one*, notwithstanding their complete separation in sensuous experience.

To the same result also a different mental process leads us, namely, the following :—

We always act, whenever we do act, on the assumption that there are other conscious beings exactly like ourselves in what we call the external world. This is not an immediately given fact, but an assumption pure and simple, yet one which is necessary to our thinking. Its correctness, moreover, is constantly proved by the verification of anticipated occurrences in the phenomenal world. In other words, when treating living bodies resembling ours, as if they were as capable of acting as ours, and when assuming that their reaction upon sense-impressions will be the same as in the case of our body, the results verify this assumption. When, therefore, we recognise our bodily actions as linked to our conscious Self, we attribute similar changes in similar bodies to be dependent upon volitions like our own occurring in other conscious Selfs. Let us remember now that what we call "transcendental objects" is the name for the real entities underlying material objects in general. This being the case, those transcendental realities that underlie the material objects that are called human bodies, *i.e.*, bodies like our own, logically must, though we do not know anything about the qualities or characteristics of either, be like our own *real* Self. But even the realities underlying animal bodies cannot but be of the same nature and there is finally no reason whatever to think that what underlies inanimated nature should be different. Differences can only be spoken of when

we speak of the phenomenal, the real cannot be assumed as qualitatively divided. All that is qualitative in our own Self belongs, as we have seen, to the phenomenal; and we have no right to transfer these characteristics to what is not phenomenon.

Summing up the above we obtain the following necessary result of thinking. My own real Self in our present existence is perceived by others, not directly but *mediately*, *i.e.*, by the mediation of what is called my body, and is for them one of the transcendental "objects" of their external world, while in the same way their real Selfs are transcendental "objects" of my external world.

It must be borne, in mind, however, that not all the changes produced in or by my body are interpreted by others as dependent upon my *true* Self. Only those are thus interpreted that are results of what is called my voluntary activity, and a certain allowance is made by all of us as regards each other's actions by assuming that even our body is to some extent not under our control, because other realities underlie its constituting elements which act in a manner interfering with the intentions of the human Self. The latter therefore is held responsible only where the whole bodily complex seems to indicate a complete control by the human Self. There are many important deductions to be derived from this with which I cannot deal in the present article, but I thought it necessary to mention these circumstances in order to prevent the reader from hasty and erroneous conclusions regarding the relations between our body and the real Self. It was for this reason also that in speaking of the section dealing with the "body," I expressly stated that only "*in so far as and whatever of this body and its parts is directly related to my subjective reality . . .*" it belongs to *the real Self*, but not otherwise.

Not only, however, are our real Selfs mutually objects of each other's external worlds, but our external worlds overlap, so to say, and are in reality—or might be at least provided our areas of the sense-world were co-extensive—identical, except as regards the momentary point of view, so that in this case what we call individual differences would be merely differences of the special point of view. As far as the character of sense experience is concerned there exists to all appearance strict similarity between all whose organisms are similar as in the case, for instance, of all human beings. And, taking man as a starting point, we can conceive a progress upward and downward in the scale of organisms implying the existence of conscious beings, amongst whom some may have much less complicated forms of consciousness than ours, while perhaps in other regions of the universe or under other phenomenal conditions even in our own area of the universe, beings may be imagined to exist whose senses have far greater liberties than ours, and whose aspect of and interference in the phenomenal world is gigantic as compared with ours. Be that, however, as it may, even these beings are outside of us only in so far as phenomenally perceived they must appear under the form of externality, while as real beings their separation in space has no meaning. Also as regards their difference of individuality, or as regards our conceiving them at all as separate existences, this merely refers to our interpretation of their existence by the medium of sense-experience and to nothing else. It must be also pointed out, however, that as regards present human existence separate existence in itself is not what truly distinguishes one from another. Our real separation is due to the thought-world, constructed by each of us on the basis of his or her intuitions, with more or less regard to what we necessarily *must* think as compared to what we merely *may* think.

As it is, our thought world, far more than our world of sense, guides us in our voluntarily acts, which ought to be guided only by what is necessarily true in an ethical sense. This may be assumed to be the cause of the various conditions under which each of us enters human life, and which impede in different degrees the clear aspect of the *true* universe, and also of the eventual modifications of our conditions after death for better or worse, as necessary consequences of our voluntary activity in adding or removing during our present life impediments that now bar our way towards a higher form of consciousness.

This brings me to the subject in the interest of which this whole inquiry was undertaken, namely: what bearing have the results, which we have been obtained by strictly logical thinking on the basis of the immediately given in consciousness and without any assumptions whatever, upon the Immortality of the Soul and our Existence after Death.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

In the beginning of this essay I said that I should try to demonstrate that our reason suffices to prove that our Self cannot be effected by the disintegration of the body, and that a life beyond this life is granted to it. A few moments more of the reader's attention will, I think, convince him that I have kept my promise.

After the necessary conclusions to which our analysis of consciousness has led us, it seems to me it must be apparent to everybody that there can remain no fear whatever that after the matter of our body is disintegrated our Self should cease to exist, or that our present existence is the only one. This fear turns out to be, as Kant has pointed out so clearly, a fear of our own making, and I think I can not do better than conclude my essay by giving a translation of a very remarkable passage of the "Critique of Pure Reason," which contains, so to say, in a nutshell the truths at which we now have arrived.

All the difficulties which people seem to discover in dealing with these questions (*i.e.*, the union between soul and body, the beginning of this union in or before birth, and the end of this union after the death of man, involving the question of immortality), and with which, by making dogmatical statements, they try to . . . give the impression as if they had a deeper insight into the nature of things than the common understanding can supply, are based upon mere deception. These difficulties are the result of hypostatizing what merely exists in thought and treating it as if it were a real thing, namely, extension (in Space), which is nothing but a phenomenon; and by speaking of it as if it were a quality of external things which has an existence (which it has not) even outside of our sensibility. In the same way they treat motion as if it were an effect of these external objects that actually exists even independent of our sense-perception. This "matter" the community of which, with our soul, gives rise to such great apprehension, is nothing but a form or a manner in which we present to ourselves an unknown object, by what is called our outer sense. It may well be that there exists something outside of us, to which this matter corresponds, but in that quality in which it is phenomenon, it is not outside of us, but merely a thought existing within us, although in this thought in consequence of (the peculiarity of) the outer sense, it appears as external. Matter, therefore, has not the meaning of a substance totally different and heterogeneous from our Soul, *i.e.*, from the object of our inner sense. The only difference consists in the dissimilarity of the phenomena of the substances whose appearance we call external as compared with the phenomenal character of what we perceive by

our inner sense. The former (the material) phenomena are just as much thoughts merely of the thinking Self, as any of its other houghts, the only difference being that by their apparent externality in Space, they seem to sever themselves in imagination from the Self and, so to say, to hover outside of it, while in reality the very Space in which they appear is nothing but an idea of which anything corresponding to it in quality is found nowhere outside of the Self. Consequently there no longer exists the question how a community can exist between the Soul and other known, but strange, substances outside of us; but the only question that remains is that of the relation between the percepts of our inner sense and the modifications of our outer sense, and how these may be connected under definite laws, so that in experience they are united.

This union Kant explains in a very simple and obvious manner. He then continues :—

The idea then that the thinking subject may have been able to think before all community with a body can now be expressed in this form. Before the beginning of that kind of sensibility by which something appears as external in Space, the same transcendental objects that at present appear as bodies, may have been perceived in a very different manner. While the idea that the same after the severance of its community with the (phenomenal) world of objects, can still continue to think, may be expressed thus :—If that kind of sense-perception by which transcendental, and in our present existence to us entirely unknown, objects appear to us as a world of matter, should cease, it would, nevertheless, not imply that all perception of them must become impossible; in reality it is very well possible that these transcendental objects will be perceived by the thinking subject, although no longer under the quality of bodies.

So far the great German thinker. Let me merely remind the reader once more that in reality our Self has never existed in Time, but exists outside of Time, since Time is merely a thought in us, exactly as Space is, and he will acknowledge that the question of our ceasing to exist in Time has no meaning whatever. What our form of existence after the dissolution of the body is likely to be, and in some way necessarily must be, I can, unfortunately, not discuss in this essay, and equally impossible it is for me to discuss at present another very important subject closely connected with the problem of the immortality of the soul, namely, how the freedom of the human will can co-exist with the strict necessitation existing as regards all occurrences, including human actions, in the phenomenal world. I hope, however, that an opportuni y may be granted to me to deal also with these questions in BORDERLAND on a future occasion. As regards, however, the question of the immortality of the soul and its continued existence after death, I think that what has been said will convince my readers that not only have we no reason to doubt the independence of our soul from the material world, but its independence is plainly established, and can never even be questioned unless we indulge in gratuitous assumptions.

A CASE OF ALTERNATE PERSONALITY.

THE *Daily Mail* of March 6th says :—

A young girl who is two different persons in one body has just been exhibited by Dr. Albert Wilson to the members of the Clinical Society of London, and this most interesting case of dual states of consciousness is exciting much attention in the medical world.

The girl is fourteen and a-half years of age, and there was nothing unusual about her until in 1895 she was attacked by influenza. It was a very bad attack, accompanied by delusions and hallucinations, and at such times she manifested great strength.

As the mania passed, off her mental condition was found to have changed, and among other things she gave fresh names to those around, calling her father "Tom," her mother "Mary Ann," one doctor "Jim," and another "Sam." Physically she improved; the sight got much better, but she remained paralysed in the legs. After the fifth week the curious condition of dual personality began to show itself. While sitting in bed playing with her dolls she would say, "It is coming," and push all the toys to one side, then there would be a shaking of the legs; then she would turn a somersault and sit up in a new personality, generally calling out "Halloa," as if she had just arrived. In this abnormal condition she called those around by the nicknames she had given them at the time of the mania, which suggested some connection between this abnormal state and the mania which had preceded it. During this abnormal or "B" stage, she talked baby talk, clipping words and not recognising the names of things. This stage lasted from ten to fifty minutes, and when she recovered she was dazed for two or three minutes, when she would begin playing with her dolls at the point where she had left off. Thus, as Dr. Wilson said, "The 'A' or normal stage is continuous, and the 'B' or abnormal stage is also continuous; but 'A' knows nothing of 'B,' and 'B' knows nothing of 'A.'"

After two or three months the girl was almost as frequently the girl "B" as she was the girl "A." Up to the present time, when she is in her normal or "A" state, she knows absolutely nothing of what occurs in the abnormal conditions. She is a good and honest girl as "A," while in her "B" condition, she has stolen things. One day outside a shop she took an apple. On seeing a policeman she put it back again. Last January she became quite blind and imbecile, and had to be guided by sound and touch. But a little later on she improved much in health, so that she could walk, and could see things at a distance of about three inches. During the abnormal state there was a certain protrusion of the eyeballs, which, however, disappeared when she returned to the normal mental state. The *Hospital* mentions a particularly curious symptom of the case. Although in the normal she was not known to have any knowledge of drawing, she made some rather clever memory sketches while in the "B" state, clearly from remembered fashion-plates, and some of these she drew when stone-blind and when a book was placed between her eyes and the paper. So that the influenza, which treated her so wickedly, seems at least to have taught the poor child to draw.

A JESUIT FATHER ON OCCULTISM.

FATHER CLARKE, S.J., according to *Light* has been lecturing on Occultism. Our contemporary says :—

It is good news that the Roman Catholic Church is again turning its attention to Occultism. At Archbishop's House in London, with the Archbishop in the chair, Father Clarke lately gave a lecture on this subject. Very lucidly and convincingly he showed that occultism, in the sense of secret teaching of sacred or important matters, was both very ancient and very necessary, in order to keep such matters from distortion, corruption, mockery, or abuse. But, with regard to occultism as thaumaturgy and wonder-working, he had little to say that was favourable or friendly. In fact, he appeared to be a good deal more of an Agnostic about such matters than we should expect a devout Catholic to be.

XIII.—ASTROLOGY.

TAKING a hint from *Modern Astrology*, I quote the following explanation of the symbols and other technical terms used under this heading.

The twelve zodiacal signs and their symbols are :—

♈ Aries	♎ Libra
♉ Taurus	♏ Scorpio
♊ Gemini	♐ Sagittarius
♋ Cancer	♑ Capricorn
♌ Leo	♒ Aquarius
♍ Virgo	♓ Pisces

The planets and their symbols are :—

☉ Sun	♃ Jupiter	☊ Dragon's Head
☽ Moon	♄ Saturn	☋ Dragon's Tail
☿ Mercury	♅ Herschel (Uranus)	
♀ Venus	♆ Neptune	
♂ Mars	⊕ Pars Fortuna	

The aspects and their symbols are :—

The ⚺	Semi-sextile, when planets are	30°	apart.
,, ∠	Semi-square ,, ,,	45°	,,
,, ⚹	Sextile ,, ,,	60°	,,
,, Q	Quintile ,, ,,	72°	,,
,, □	Square ,, ,,	90°	,,
,, △	Trine ,, ,,	120°	,,
,, ⧠	Sesquiquadrate ,, ,,	135°	,,
,, Bq.	Bi-quintile ,, ,,	144°	,,
,, ☍	Opposition ,, ,,	180°	,,

,, P. Parallel, when planets are the same distance either north or south of the Equator.

,, ☌ Conjunction, when planets are within 5° of each other.

No fewer than three irate astrologers have written me at length demanding to be allowed to administer the necessary trouncing to Mr. Andrew Lang for having the temerity to describe astrology as the most baseless of all superstitions. But I have bidden them to hold their peace and observe the stars, and make predictions by which they may pull off double events in the future. One fulfilled prophecy well published in advance of the event is worth a thousand scarifications of the scoffer. Two correspondents, it will be seen, send me their predictions month by month. Others need to be specially consulted. Two Indian astrologers have predicted the death of the Queen. One places it on November 11th, 1897, the other in 1899. When Astrologers disagree, the people decide.

SOME PREDICTIONS OF THE QUARTER.

M.A., writing on 20th February, says :

Permit me to comment on my letter of December 3.

The Benin massacre and the Cretan troubles verify my anticipation of complications nearly amounting to war.

Holders of Americans would indeed have done well to realize at the beginning of December.

The forecast of English Rails was not so good, as though they fell sharply the next week there was a good rally at the close of the year.

I do not know that anyone else has attempted to predict the dates of events in parliament. Should the method continue to be successful I will calculate for next quarter and send you the result in time to print.

Foreign affairs quieted temporarily in March, but a notable death is threatened about the 11th of March.

M.A., writing on 27th March, says :

The Parliamentary dates I sent you have been successful so far. The first was the Division on Second Reading of Education Bill. Then came the entrance into Committee, the Cretan Debate, and one of the chief amendments to the Education Bill.

I have further calculated the following:

April 2, 13, 30; May 18; June 8; July 5.

Professor Drummond died on the very date I named. Is this notable enough to fulfil the prediction?

The outlook is again gloomy as to foreign politics, though I think the Colonies will now eclipse the East in importance to us. The chief crisis will be about May 3. If this pass over without a rupture, I believe the quarter will end without war.

Holders of Americans must expect lower prices still. A crisis indicated about 24th April, apparently on foreign complications. Other fluctuations I will not trouble you with.

"Trident" wrote me on March 8th as follows :

My astrological forecast of this season has so far been singularly correct.

Things for the present in general, and Eastern affairs in particular, look much quieter for a very short time. The 18th inst. will most probably inaugurate a period of martial excitement, not, however, of any long duration. Benign influences then get uppermost for a few months, and things should simmer down.

The King of Greece comes under very good influences now, and will come out of this bother with considerable success.

The King of Roumania also plays to win.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria is dreadfully unlucky if February 26th, 1861, is his birthday.

Alexander of Servia (August 14th, 1876) is a villainously quarrelsome and desperate fellow. He stands to lose much too.

Montenegro ought to get some accession of territory shortly also.

Greece, Roumania, Montenegro ought to strengthen their positions shortly.

The Kaiser's equilibrium is just now less stable than ever. I judge he is the most critical factor in European affairs at the present time.

And, again, on March 11th he writes :

Look out for squalls in the near East round the 18th inst. I think our Government will succeed in "lying low," while Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria close round the Turk.

The Czar, the Emperor, and the Kaiser—especially the last—are almost certain to get dragged into the broil.

France, Italy, and England will try to remain only most interested spectators.

The rift in the lute of the European Concert has already, you will notice, begun to gape over the proposal how much to coerce Greece.

This is my opinion judging from astronomical data.

BRIGHTON "A" STOCK.

BY MR. RICHARD BLAND.

IN the October issue of BORDERLAND I gave a forecast of the probable movement of this stock on certain

dates. Although I have averaged a success, it is far below my average.

The forecasts and results are :—

Forecast, October 29th, noon, to November 3rd, noon, a fall. Result, October 29th, at 11.29 A.M., price 176½—177; at 1.30 P.M. 177—177½. November 4th, prices, 11.54 A.M., 177—178½. Taking the time on October 29th, 11.29 A.M., as the nearest to noon, this is ½ a point against me.

Forecast, November 23rd, noon, to November 28th, noon, a rise. Results, November 23rd, prices, 18.16 A.T., 181—181½; 1.5 P.M., 181—181½. November 28th, prices, 11.12 A.M., 183—183½; 12.59 P.M., 182¾—183¼. Taking the price nearest to noon, this gives me 2 points to the good.

Forecast, December 2nd, closing price to December 3rd, noon, a rise. Results, December 2nd, closing, 183—183½. December 3rd, noon, 11.64 A.M., 183⅛—183⅜. As the middle price of these are alike, the two balance.

Forecast, December 19th to December 23rd, a fall. Result, December 19th, 184⅛—184⅜. December 23rd, 184⅞—185⅛. This is ¼ against me.

Summary.

1st forecast	½	against	0	for.	
2nd	,,		0	,,	2 ,,
3rd	,,		0	,,	0 ,,
4th	,,		¾	,,	0 ,,
			—	,,	—
			1⅓	,,	2 ,,

This shows 2 points in my favour, and 1¼ points against, a success of ¾ points.

Prior experience has made evident to me I can forecast big movements, even at times for months beforehand. In the forecasts under consideration I made an error in attempting to do so, for months beforehand, from minor indications only. These I now see are too delicate to properly estimate for any length of time previous. It is best to treat these as near the times of the events as possible, so as to consider all the indications of the influences in force at these times. These minor movements can be easily forecast a few hours before they act, but it is evident it cannot be done with much success for months beforehand.

The greater movements having political and national significance can often be forecast for some time in advance. When I recognise this I will again submit them in time for publication, but the minor influences I shall not attempt to explain except just before due.

RICHARD BLAND.

5, Sandringham Street, Hull.

A PROPOSED BOARD OF ASTROLOGERS.

BY MR. G. H. LOCK.

NOTHING could tell apparently more powerfully against the utility of Astrology than the chapter on Astrological Predictions in the January issue of BORDERLAND. The want of agreement between the compilers of the prophetic almanacs is sufficient to confuse, amuse, and finally disgust the casual reader, and to cause the initiated painful regret that such inconsistencies should be sent forth for the criticism and confounding of ordinary mortals. Surely it must be palpable to every intelligent astrologer that the time has arrived for the destruction of this scientific iniquity and absurdity. Private speculators in astrological lore can no longer escape the search-light of modern knowledge and investigation. The profits derived by the almanac astrologers, and the curiosity of confiding and credulous purchasers, ought no longer to remain the chief consideration; and it is for honest searchers into this branch of occult science to see to it that astrology is vindicated and the public protected. Doubtless, our professional astrologers do their best, but no single individual, however excellent his judgment, and however unbiased his political views, can answer the purpose required. We have to consider—

1. That the predictions of public events belong to one of the most difficult branches of astrology; and that where one might judge a private horoscope with accuracy, he might be all at sea when venturing forth into the world's future.

2. That the mind of the individual astrologer has no efficient corrective. The judgment may be perverted by prejudice, by ignorance of political complications, by private worries, by interest in the commercial results of prediction, by untoward influences operating through his own horoscope—as, for instance, a retrograde and otherwise afflicted mercury.

3. That errors may creep in, such as the accidental and unnoticed misplacing of a planet.

4. That the human will is free, the soul can rise above the stars, and that some person or persons in authority may act so as to prevent the fulfilment of a given prediction.

5. That half the truth foreseen by different men may lead to apparently conflicting statements. A very good example occurred last quarter, when Jupiter was in Leo in the eighth house. One predicted a dangerous period, and another a period of advantage, for the clergy. Opposed as these two statements seemed, both were correct; for it was through the sudden decease of the late Archbishop of Canterbury that others of the clergy enjoyed preferment.

In view of the foregoing facts and possibilities, it becomes important for astrologers to consider in what way the tendencies to error in prediction may be reduced to a minimum. The only cure for this crying evil is scientific community of interest, the sinking of private enterprise—at least in this special department of the science; and the formation of a Board, to be constituted by our best astrologers, whose duty it shall be to discuss all predictions bearing upon public matters, and to issue an official report of their conclusions. Failing the enlistment of experts whose interests are bound up in their literary ventures, the services of other and equally proficient men should be invited; for the country abounds in able students of this entrancing science. Private competition and the craving for the plaudits of an astonished or mystified public should cease, and the fraternal influences of Gemini should everywhere prevail. Astrology without brotherhood is as a body without a soul, or as Astronomy without the vital teachings of the astral science.

G. H. LOCK.

44, Wright Street, Hull.

A PLEA FOR HORARY ASTROLOGY.

BY MR. RICHARD BLAND.

THERE are several branches in Astrology; that of natal or horoscope is the best known, the branch of Horary Astrology is perhaps the least known to the public, yet when used aright should be to them the most

useful of any branch, because for the use of this the exact knowledge of the birth minute is not necessary.

The term "Horary" is taken from hour, and refers to the question of the hour. The philosophy of the practice of Horary Astrology is this:—A person intends to do a certain thing, and is most anxious to know if he would do right should he do it, he asks the question if he will do right? At the moment of anxiety he wants to know, a map of the heavens taken for this time will show the planetary influences at work causing the anxiety, agitating his mind, whether this be good or evil, will show whether the object he proposes will do him good or not, for coming good, as well as coming evil, will cause anxiety, and coming evil will often impress the mind with great force, as though it was something very good, a map of the heavens taken at such a time will show whether it be good or evil, this is of high importance, and cannot be over estimated. The advantage of this method of fore-knowledge or advice, because it is more often by advice than prognostication, is invaluable for practical purposes. There are very few affairs of life that cannot have light and guidance thereupon by means of Horary Astrology, and in most people's lives there occur times when a little advice, if it be but to indicate the right, is beyond price, and in business matters, events of sufficient importance are almost daily occurring, in which the difference between right and wrong may make the difference between success or failure for a number of years. But of all the means called occult for getting advice in business, and for the affairs of life, there is none equal to Horary Astrology in the hands of one having practical every-day experience spread over a great number of years.

Some people look upon Horary Astrology as a species of chance; there is no such thing as chance, for what we call chance is but the operation of some law unknown to us. A person asks a question in all sincerity, because of much importance to him, he will ask at the right time to get the right answer. Call this chance or law, or whatever term may suit, if he act according to impression and according to rule, to separate his question from all other subjects, the heavens will record him an answer. But it is important that he should follow the rule, to isolate his question, and for this purpose it is essential to ask only one question at a time, to ask only when impressed, and desirous for an answer, to isolate and keep from all other subjects when asking the question. His question may be sent to the Astrologer by wire, letter, messenger, or verbally; let him send at the time he is anxious for an answer to that question, and with no doubt in his mind whether to ask that question or another at that time; when he feel any indecision he should wait until events bring that question clear, definite, and separate from all other questions.

Some astrologers think the best time is when the enquirer is writing, but astrologers who have the greatest practice favour the time when the question is read, and understood by the astrologer.

It will be seen from the foregoing that there must be a definite personal interest in the question, the enquirer must be anxious to know, because it is important to him. A number of questions arise to which he would like to know the answer, but in which he has no personal interest, such as enquiries about someone else, or some events or circumstances he expects taking place. Horory astrology will often give light in this way, but not so regularly or so clearly as when there is personal interest by the enquirer; the best form of question is, Should I do so and so. For instance, a tradesman heard that another firm in the same line of business was about to take the premises next door to his; if this was true he would endeavour to take them himself, to keep the others out. He sends a question: "Is So-and-so going to take the premises next door?" No prior experience completely covered this case, first because the planet signifying the other person had to be found in the map, and it was difficult to decide which planet represented him, and the portion of the heavens representing "next door" was difficult to settle, and with this element of uncertainty there might be a mistake in the reading, whereas the question in this form: "Should I take the premises next door?" would be quite easy to read, because the enquirer is always easily found, and good or evil coming to him is much clearer to read than coming to any other person.

When the enquiry is respecting another person, it is always necessary to say who that other person may be, for other people can only be found in the map by relation to the enquirer, one portion of the heavens shows his brother, another his wife, another his aunts, another his father, another his mother, another his friends, and and so on, if the relationship is by blood, or business or employees, or partners, or friendship, whichever it may be, requiring the map to be considered according to how the facts stand.

It will be seen that the enquirer who is anxious to use Horary Astrology must do so according to rule, that he has some little to learn, to know *how to ask* the question aright, so as to get the best results by answer.

It is wise to avoid an alternative question, because some maps record their answer by yes or no.

A farmer asked if he should put a certain field down to grass, or plough it; the answer was Yes, but he alone could say which was the intention of his mind, the question should have been for the one thing he intended to do.

In some maps of the heavens taken for questions, there are indications to show that the map is not safe to read, in such cases the map should not be read, but the enquirer should repeat the question or put it in some other form according to the way he was impressed when he is writing the question. Just before the recent rise in flour a dealer sent a question in this form: Will flour rise, stand still, or fall? The answer of the map was affirmative, but to which of these questions Astrology could not say, this makes it evident that the enquiry should be in single form, or the one thing the enquirer intends to do, and anxious to know if that is right. If these rules be followed by the enquirer, and the Astrologer has sufficient experience to enable him to read the map aright, the good that can be got by means of Horary Astrology is very great indeed.

RICHARD BLAND.

A CAMBRIDGE graduate, who is unable either to teach or to preach, owing to an unhappy stammer, is endeavouring to make his living by the practice of astrology, a study to which he is passionately addicted. He announces that he will assist any one who wishes to test the science on the following terms: Fortunate and unfortunate periods of life, together with general advice, 5s.; directions for any year of life, 2s. 6d.; advice and information on any one subject, 2s. 6d. Data required: time (as exactly as possible); date and place of birth; photos optional. Address: Rex., B.A. (Cantab), 4, Devonshire Terrace, Duncan Road, Ramsgate

XIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MARCONI WAVES.

THE novelty of the Röntgen rays has hardly worn off before we are confronted with a much more startling development of the electrical miracle. It is one which brings the science of the Materialist very close indeed to the speculations of the Borderlander. The wonder is the Marconi electric wave, if it may be so described, which has been discovered by a young Anglo-Italian, who is only twenty-two years old this month.

HOW THE MARCONI WAVE WAS DISCOVERED.

A long and interesting interview appears with him in the *Strand Magazine* for March, from which it seems that in the opinion of such expert electricians as Mr. Preece, the head of the Electrical Department of the British Post Office, we are on the verge of a discovery which will enable any one to telegraph anywhere without the aid of wires, posts, and cables. At present what Mr. Marconi claims to have done is to send messages with instruments of proper size and power across any number of miles of space. Mr. Marconi was experimenting with the Hertz electric waves, ascertaining how far those waves would travel through the air for signalling purposes. He was sending waves through the air and getting signals at distances of a mile, when he discovered that the wave "which went to my receiver through the air, was also affecting another receiver which I had set up on the other side of a hill." In his opinion they went through the hill, which was three-quarters of a mile thick. As a result he continued his experiments, and found that while the Hertz waves have but a very limited penetrative power, another kind of electric wave can be produced which will penetrate anything and everything.

HOW THE MARCONI WAVES ACT.

The Hertz waves are stopped by metal and by water. The same amount of energy that is used in generating the Hertz waves will generate the Marconi waves; they are excited in the same general way by an apparatus which he is patenting, but their power is entirely different. The Marconi waves are not reflected or refracted. On Salisbury Plain he got results at two miles with an eight volt battery of three ampères, containing other accumulators and a box. Using the same battery and his receiver and transmitter, he sent and received the waves at the General Post Office through seven or eight walls over a distance of one hundred yards. He thinks a dispatch could be sent twenty miles in the same way; the distance depends simply upon the amount of the exciting energy and the dimensions of the two conductors from which the wave proceeds.

THE DOOM OF THE CABLE COMPANIES.

Nay, Mr. Marconi thinks that by establishing a fifty or sixty horse-power engine in a room forty feet square in England, and another of equal size in New York, it will be possible, at a total cost of not more than £10,000, to telegraph between London and New York without any difficulty, which is a lively look out for the cable companies. At present he is experimenting in establishing communication through the air from the shore to a lightship. The length of the Marconi waves varies from ten inches to thirty yards. These waves have an alternation of about two hundred and fifty millions per second. By their use ships fitted with this apparatus will be able to ascertain the presence of another ship at any desired distance; that is to say, in a fog ships will ring each other up by alarm bells whenever they come within a mile of each other, and the direction of the approaching vessel will be indicated by an index.

A REVOLUTION IN WARFARE.

More than that, Mr. Marconi believes that it is possible for a small ship, fitted with the proper battery, to approach an immense fleet, and at a distance of twenty miles blow up the magazine in every ship's hold. If there happened to be in the powder magazine two nails or wires or plates which were in a position to set up induction, the Marconi destroyer would be able to blow the whole fleet into eternity before it had even been sighted from the mast-head. Mr. Marconi maintains that he has actually exploded gunpowder by his electric waves at a distance of a mile and a half. All that he needs is to put two wires or two plates in the powder, and then to set up an induced current, which causes a spark and explodes it. It is obvious that what can be done in relation to ironclads can also be done in relation to powder magazines of land armies, and, therefore, if Mr. Marconi is correct, the doom of the explosive is near at hand. It would be a strange thing if the evolution of science should practically abolish gunpowder by rendering its use impossible. It would still be used against savages who were not able to generate the Marconi waves, but against civilised foes its presence would be a much greater danger to the army that carried it than to the enemy against whom it would be used.

YARNS ABOUT THE X RAYS.

The Light of Truth says—

The action of the X ray on blind persons has resulted in some truly wonderful experiments on Dr. J. R. Cocke, of Boston a gentleman blind from his infancy, but at present most thoroughly conversant with medicine and the most modern teachings and procedure in nerve diseases. This man, who has been blind since he was three weeks old, earned his way through college by testing tobacco for the Lorillards. He never has had any conception of light or colour, yet he can touch a fabric and tell the stripes or figures on it and their colours; he correctly estimates the dimensions of a room; he can by the touch of the hand recognise persons, things, shapes, forms, and uses of objects. And yet he has never seen any of these at all. He has a large practice and does much scientific work.

The experiments were conducted in the private laboratory of the Boston University School of Medicine and in the presence of a number of physicians and professors of various medical schools. The tube used was a specially constructed instrument, which gives the most intense Röentgen ray of any tube heretofore made.

The results of Saturday evening's experiments certainly amount to this: "That, withought sight, the shape of objects held between the light and Dr. Cocke's head was carried to his brain, and there produced an impression that enabled him correctly to describe them and the positions they were held in. Whether it would do so in brains less acutely sensitive and magnificently developed is questionable. But, at any rate, it is a new step in the path of the wonderful light. It seems as if the cortex or outer shell of the brain were rendered fluorescent,

like the sensitive plate, and the shadow of these objects was communicated to it and then transmitted to the visual areas at the posterior part. Perhaps new developments will follow this significant and astonishing test.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

SOME DREAM STORIES.

In the *Cornhill Magazine* for April the writer of the arictle, "Pages from a Private Diary," concludes his paper with a reference to dream stories in current literature. Speaking of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's reminiscences, he says:—

There are two capital dreams in the book. The famous one of Wilkes, who dreamed he was dining at an inn the other side of Styx with Lord Sandwich, who grumbled to the inn-keeper that the champagne was not iced, and was answered sadly, "No ice here, no ice here;" while, at the word, little blue flames curled up through the table like spring flowers (i. 266); and one I had not seen, or had forgotten, told to Dickens, of the United States President who met his council with the remark, "Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence," he having had a certain dream which always heralded some great disaster. In this case the disaster was Lincoln's assassination (ii. 143). Lord Roberts, in the first volume of his memoirs, tells how his father put off a dance because a dream that with him foreboded trouble had come three times; and was justified in his confidence by losing a relative. The only case within my own experience of a dream coming true happened to a friend who was giving a course of lectures in a Midland town. He dreamt for three nights running that when he arrived at the lecture hall he found he had forgotten his manuscript, took a hansom to return for it, the horse of which stumbled at a certain corner, could not find it, and had to deliver the lecture from memory; all of which happened precisely as he had dreamed. And the accident had this lasting result—that, finding he succeeded better without a manuscript than with one, he has ever since abjured such artificial aids.

DREAMS IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.

A correspondent in the Australian bush sends me the following account of his experiences in dreaming. Dreams to him, it will be noticed, are much more vivid when he is in ill-health. This is by no means an invariable experience:—

I notice from your publications that you are particularly interested in psychical phenomena. I may mention that I have seen *my* visions, and heard voices and music of the sweetest kind in dreamland. Indeed I may say I am an inveterate dreamer of dreams, so much so that I almost seem to live a dual life. Still, I am by no means a Spiritualist, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. My visions were confined entirely to the different periods when my illnesses reduced me to a mere shadow, and my feebleness was extreme. I had then only to shut my eyes and faces would appear, flashing and disappearing like motes in a sunbeam. I would often hear "still small voices" calling me by name. Once the face of my father, who was dead, looked upon me with an expression of sadness; but the apparition was only momentary. I have sometimes thought that these and like phenomena might be accounted for on the principle of the *mirage*, which can only be seen at a certain angle of refraction and through a suitable atmospheric medium. When the body becomes weak and attenuated through disease, it may be possible that the soul can look through it at an angle which discovers the otherwise invisible. Of one thing I, however, feel certain, and that is, it is not a healthy condition of the mind. And it disappears with returning bodily health.

R. W. M.

THE SUN IN DREAMS.

A correspondent in New York, replying to the inquiry published in a previous number of BORDERLAND, as to whether any one saw sunlight in their dreams, says, "The very night before I read the inquiry in BORDERLAND, I had an unusually vivid dream of most brilliant sunlight. I for one occasionally dream in the sun, seeing the orb itself so distinctly as to seem blinded by the intense light. More frequently and simply I see the sunshine, and I am conscious of the warmth and glow. I supposed that all dreamers had this occasional experience, and I am astonished that it is not an ordinary one."

In reply to the same inquiry, Mr. John Greenwood, builder and contractor, Wood Street, Mansfield, writes:—

For the benefit of your correspondent, I wish to say that many times I have seen the sun in my dreams, with a clear sky and with a clouded sky, the sun emerging from them as they broke and revealed the blue. A clear sky with the sun shining means to me a good day's business.

Other correspondents have also reported that they dream of the sun.

SHIPWRECK SEEN IN A DREAM.

The Author of "Advance Thought" sends me the following interesting story:—

On the night of April 13th, 1896, I had a painful dream and vision. I thought that in daylight I caught a rope from the side of a vessel and sprang on board. There were several persons on deck, and I heard them say a disaster had overtaken a vessel, and there was great agitation. I looked over the side, but could not see anything of a vessel in trouble, but in the water alongside I saw clearly a cardboard slip, about six inches long, with the word DAYSPRING thereon. Next morning this dream greatly concerned me. I could not remember any vessel of the name, but my memory was quite clear of the word seen on the slip, and the reflection as to the "spring" on to the vessel during the "day" seemed to convey a double assurance as to the name. I looked up the shipping list in the morning's paper and there found amongst the arrivals the name of the missionary steamer "Dayspring." I never went on such a mission before, but feeling impelled I visited her about noon of that day (April 14th), and took a note of it in writing. I first saw the engineer—told him of my dream—and advised care. Afterwards I saw the captain and told him: "I feared he was not far from some great peril, or disaster," because of my dream on the previous night and my experiences in such matters. The captain and the engineer can now substantiate this statement. At the time of my visit I found the captain in conversation with some clergyman on deck aft, and they must have noticed me. On October 16th, 1896 (six months after this prediction), the "Dayspring" was lost. She struck on a coral patch of about 100 yards in extent, covered by eleven feet of water, situate between New Caledonia and the D'Entrecasteaux group. This coral patch was said to be uncharted, at the Marine Board's inquiry afterwards made, and no evidence was adduced upon which to found a charge of default against the master or any other person conected with the navigation of the vessel, and the Board decided that the attention of the Governor of New Caledonia be directed to the matter in order to correctly finding and charting of the coral formation. By referring to my book "Adance Thought," published by Messrs. Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill, in 1876, the particulars of some remarkable previous experiences may be seen by those who take an interest in such matters.

SOME PROPHECIES AWAITING FULFILMENT.

I.—A PROPHECY OF WAR IN EGYPT.

THE publication in our last issue of a prophecy concerning the approaching end of the Ottoman Empire, has led Mr. Thomas Stanley Wilmot to copy out for my readers a curious political prophecy which

he says he received August 10th, 1888, and which he published in "Gleams of Light and Glimpses through the Rift." The prediction of an attack by the forces of Mahdiism in the Soudan upon the combined forces of England and France may perhaps appear somewhat fantastic. But the other day a leading French Jingo publicly expressed his intense alarm lest England's advance on Khartoum might provoke a reaction in which Islam, at bay, would prove so formidable an adversary as to compel both England and France to stand on the defensive. Here is Mr. Wilmot's message as he received it.

At midnight I, Mustapha, the servant of Allah, sat in silent meditation. A bright light suddenly flashed from the windows of the Orient, and a voice as of a trumpet said:

"Proclaim."

I, Mustapha, answered: "What must I proclaim?"

The voice as of a trumpet again spoke:

"Proclaim the future of the world and the destiny of nations.

"The descendants of Ishmael are prepared for the coming struggle. Their faces are shining with the reflected glory of the Crescent Moon.

"The ensign of Conquest awaiteth the advent of the re-incarnate Mahomet. Surely the words I speak are true! Ere nine successive cycles of the earth have rolled, he, the Saviour of Islam, shall lead his faithful warriors eastwards towards the land of the Pharaohs, and for the space of ten full moons shall menace the power of the Western Lion (England) upon the borders of Western Egypt.

"The Eagle (France) shall join in compact with the Lion in conflict against the followers of the re-incarnate Mahomet.

"A terrible war shall be waged, and for a short season the hordes of Islam shall be wounded by the talons of the Eagle and the paw of the Lion.

"The Eagle shall flap her wings and obscure the light of the Crescent Moon.

"'Allah Ackbar! God is great! There is no God but God! And Mahomet is his prophet!'

"Thus the steeds of the desert shall neigh! Thus shall the faithful followers of the prophet cry aloud in the ears of the Lion. With this cry also shall the Eagle be startled!

"A truce shall be proclaimed for the space of two full moons, and then the Ravens (Arabs) being a-hungered shall sweep across the borders, and put to flight the Eagle, who, being wounded, shall take his flight northwards.

"The Ravens shall feed in the granaries of Egypt, and the spear of the Prophet shall wound the head of the Lion.

"The banner shall then wave gloriously, having driven the Infidels northwards into the sea.

"In the space of twelve cycles of the earth from the voice of this prophecy, the banner of the Prophet shall wave in triumph from the western border of the desert, even unto the lands which lie eastward of Arabia.

"Then shall a mighty strife commence between the servants of Allah and the Great Northern Bear" (Russia).

The voice as of a trumpet now ceased, and I, Mustapha, the servant of Allah, sat in silent meditation even until the sun rose.

The Lion shall roar in his strength, and cause the steeds of the desert to halt in their courses.

This bringeth thee onward to the tenth year from this prophecy.

The Northern Bear shall stretch herself southwards, and, fearing not the strength of the Lion, whose face is turned from her, shall seize and slay the Sick Man (Turks) upon her borders.

The remnants of the defeated depart eastwards, and, taking ship, shall escape eastwards and southwards in terror, settling in Little Asia, and spreading southwards into the borders of Judea.

The Lion and the Eagle shall augment their forces and resist for a season of three full moons the advance of the Prophet of Allah.

The Crescent Moon shall now sail southwards, and shining in splendour over the land of Nubia (whose southern borders shall welcome her light) shall attract by her beams the forces of Turkey southward.

Then shall a compact be made between the children of the desert and the Moslems from the north.

Truly then shall the horse-tails of Islam whisk in fury around the borders of the land of the Pharaohs; and as a horse-shoe upon the hoof of the steed of Mahomet shall the hordes of Islam encircle it. Then truly shall be waged a mighty struggle! Then the moon shall shine in full-orbed splendour upon the banner of the true Prophet of Allah, the Saviour of Islam.

2.—SOME HINDOO PROPHECIES.

MR. BANON, writing from Kulu-Kangra, Punjab, India, February 18th, 1897, sends us the following prophecy widely current in India:—

THE YEAR 1899-1900, A.D.

This year will be the worst yet experienced for many centuries.

In the year when the great *Mahabharat* battle was fought between the *Pandavas* and the *Kauravas*, eight *Ghrahas* had entered a single *rasi*. The same conjunction occurs in this year.

(1) A very large comet will appear between the 1st and the 10th of October in the South-Western regions.

(2) A great Sovereign of Europe, who is the oldest, has perhaps reigned for the largest period on record, has acquired more extensive possessions of lands and races than his predecessors, and has the common verdict of being about the best ruler that the nineteenth century has seen, will die.

(3) Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress Victoria's son will get power.

(4) Great demonstration will be held in England and in India.

(5) The potentates of the Western and Northern countries will declare war. One of them being defeated will lose the throne, whereby the Indian Government will extend its possessions. A portion of these new dominions will subsequently have to pass to Russia, and thus a treaty will be patched up between the English and the Russian Governments.

(6) There will be famine in the Northern and the Western countries.

(7) From the 7th of August to the 7th of September, 1899, there will be unwelcome rains, earthquakes, and cyclones.

(8) Two of the Indian chiefs will either be deposed or will die.

(9) There will be battles on the North-Western Frontier of the Indian Empire and the Southern Frontier of the Russian dominions between 7th October and 25th November, 1899; but disquietude will last up to the month of May, 1900. The British and Indian Ministers will find it a very troublesome time.

(10) The Indian Government will grant *jagirs* to the natives of India in the end of 1900.

Every Hindu is looking to the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy that when all the planets meet in Scorpio (Hindu 23° ♏ and 22° ♐) at the end of the first five thousand years at Kali Yuga, there will be a great change of government in India. The total eclipse of 21st January, 1898, marks the beginning of the end. This is borne out, not only by the Hindu prophetic scriptures, but by the prophecies of Nostradamus and Thomas of Ercildoune (the Rhymer).

3.—PROPHECIES ABOUT THE SULTAN.

An astrologer in *Star Lore* casts the horoscope of the Sultan by his methods, and arrives at the following result:—

The known and undoubted facts about the Sultan are as follow:—He was born at Constantinople, September 21, 1842; his father died June 26, 1861; his eldest son born January 11, 1870; he succeeded his brother, who was deposed as insane, and is believed to be still living, on August 31, and was invested with the sword of Othman on September 7. In the autumn of

1877 the Russo-Turkish war broke out. According to either horoscope a violent death seems indicated. I consider on or about the 9th April *dangerous*, and July or August will relieve Europe—sick of the carnage, but too selfish and cowardly to interfere—of the incubus of this man's life or rule. Beyond that I am not, nor, I imagine, are any of your readers, interested in Abdul the Damned.

Mr. Banon, who is a great student of Nostradamus, writes :—

It may interest the readers of BORDERLAND to know that Nostradamus, in his epistle to Henry II. of France (1558) prophesies the death and deposition of the Great Assassin by England, France, and Russia in these words : "Oh, what a calamitous time will that be for women with child ! for then the Sultan of the East will be vanquished, driven for the most part by the North-Western men, who will kill him, overthrow him, and put the rest to flight ; and his children, the offsprings of many women, imprisoned. What great oppression shall then fall upon the princes and rulers of kingdoms, even on those who are maritime and Oriental, their tongues intermingled from all nations of the earth. Tongues of the Latin nations, mingled with Arabic and North African communication. All the Eastern kings will be driven away, overthrown, and exterminated, not at all by means of the kings of the North and the drawing near of our age, but by means of the three secretly united, who seek out death and snares by ambush sprung upon one another. The renewal of this triumvirate shall endure for seven years, while its renown shall spread all over the world, and the sacrifice of the holy and immaculate wafer shall be upheld. Then shall two lords of the North conquer the Orientals, and so great report and tumultuary warfare shall issue from these, that all the East shall tremble at the noise of these two brothers of the North, who are yet not brothers.

I have copied the above from page 66, the "Oracles of Nostradamus," by Charles A. Ward.

SOME PREMONITIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following list of some recent premonitions, some of which, including that she regards as contradictory, appear to be very good. It is seldom premonitions are so exact as to date.

The first premonition I received was in the summer of 1894, stating "I would be ill, and in danger of death in about seven months' time."

The 14th November—*five* months after the receipt of the message—I had inflammation of the lungs.

The next message came in March, 1895. I was engaged in teaching at the time, and I was told that one tuition in particular would soon terminate (though, so far as I could see, it seemed likely to continue for many months) "as I was wanted elsewhere."

In May this was fulfilled, and I entered on my duties in another family.

I received a message at this time stating I would retain this new engagement for some months, but that my "time of tuition was rapidly drawing to a close and other work would claim my attention." "But," added the Intelligence, "it is possible, after a lapse of months, you may form one or two engagements, but it will not be for long." And it added, "It is useless for you to strive against what is appointed for you."

I was informed I would receive permanent employment in August last.

On the 28th August I received an application for tuition, which resulted in an engagement. Now it seems to me there is a contradiction between those two messages—though, oddly enough, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, as well as the failure of my own health, I was obliged to relinquish my tuitions last Christmas. It was stated that I would receive a small payment about 28th August. I received on the 29th a returned subscription ; but *no payment*.

It was also stated, long before we were informed of the fact by letter, that my nephew was born on the 13th July. In receiving this message my mind wandered, and I asked that the message should be repeated. The first time the date given was 3rd July, the second time the 13th July was named, on which date the child actually was born in California.

In a murder case in which my father was engaged as counsel for the accused, the result was communicated to me before the trial took place, viz., that the verdict would be manslaughter. This turned out to be correct, but I do not attach the value to it I would otherwise do, because my own wishes in the matter were keenly in my mind, and I dreaded a death sentence for the prisoners on my father's account. Besides, I have a great objection to capital punishment.

I have spoken of these incidents in my family ; reading the messages for my mother when received, and prior to their fulfilment, so that, if necessary, she could attest they did not occur after the events had taken place.

W. E. J.

The *Sunday Journal* of New York published last year the following three case of premonition, which were extracted from their own columns of the previous week :—

(From Cable Reports last Sunday.)

CASE I.

The steamship *Linlithgow* sailed from San Francisco, July 31st, for Leith, with a cargo of barley. Weeks afterward a man who had seen the vessel in port at San Francisco had a dream in which he saw the *Linlithgow* disabled in mid-ocean and her officers and crew leaving her in boats. Simultaneously the rumour spread throughout Europe that she was lost. Last week a boat, containing nineteen of her company, landed in Guatemala, and reported that the ship had foundered 220 miles oft Santa Cruz, and that they had finally abandoned her in September. The actual mid-ocean disaster had occurred precisely at the time the rumours spread both here and in Europe.

(From Telegraph News of Tuesday.)

CASE II.

Mrs. P. E. Gulick, a deaf mute, lived in Atlantic City. Her husband, also a deaf mute, has been peddling pictures throughout New England. A week ago last Friday he wrote to her that he was coming home. She was much delighted and communicated the news to her neighbours. At 8.25 o'clock in the evening she rushed into the landlady's room in a hysterical state and hastily wrote, "Something has happened to my husband." From hysterics she passed into unconsciousness, and died a few hours later. The following morning a telegram, addressed to her and opened by the neighbours, said that her husband had been killed by a locomotive at Yonkers, between eight and nine o'clock the evening before.

(From Telegraph News of Wednesday.)

CASE III.

Mrs. Catherine Poltz, eighty-two years old, of Baltimore, was killed one day last week by falling headlong down a flight of stairs. She had often spoken, during the past few weeks, of a premonition that her death was not far off, and that it would come suddenly. When she arose on the morning of the day she died, she told her son of another forewarning she had received during the night. She dreamed that she was in her mint field, in the Green Spring Valley, and there, she declared, a spirit had come to her and told her death was near. The son pooh-poohed the dream, and calmed the old woman's fears. But before noontime she tripped going downstairs, and fell to her death.

HAVE SQUIRRELS SOULS ?

THIS is a strange suggestion, but it is one that naturally rises to the mind on reading the delightful piteou tribute which Mr. W. J. Stillman, the *Times* correspondent at Rome, has paid his two beloved squirrels.

Mr. Stillman writes of his little pets with all the tenderness with which Cowper wrote of his hares, and he laments their loss as if they had been his own children. The story of the too brief lives of Billy and Hans, whom he found in the Black Forest and carried with him to Rome, is as delightfully and as touchingly told as anything in literature. Here, for example, is the way in which the old war correspondent—Mr. Stillman went through more than one campaign in Montenegro, among the sternest warriors in Europe—records the death of his first pet squirrel, Billy:—

On the last afternoon I took him out into the grounds of the Villa Borghese to lie in the sunshine, and get perhaps a moment of return to Mother Nature; but when I put him on the grass in the warm light he only looked away into vacancy, and lay still, and after a little dreamily indicated to me to take him up again; and I remembered that on the day before his death I had carried Russie, a son of his who had died in infancy, into the green fields, hoping they would revive him for one breathing-space, for I knew that death was on him: and he lay and looked off beyond the field and flowers, and now he almost seemed to be looking out of dear little Billy's eyes.

I went out to walk early the next morning, and when I returned I found Billy dead, still warm, and sitting up in his box of fresh hay in the attitude of making his toilet; for to the last he would wash his face and paws, and comb out his tail, even when his strength no longer sufficed for more than the mere form of it. I am not ashamed to say that I wept like a child. The dear little creature had been to me not merely a pet to amuse my vacant hours, though many of those most vacant which sleepless nights bring had been diverted by his pretty ways as he shared my bed, and by his singular devotion to me, but he had been as a door open into the world of God's lesser creatures, an apostle of pity and tenderness for all living things, and his memory stands on the eternal threshold nodding and beckoning to me to enter in and make part of the creation I had ignored till he taught it to me, so that while life lasts I can no longer inflict pain or death upon the least of God's creatures. If it be true that "to win the secret of a plain weed's heart" gives the winner a clue to the hidden things of the spiritual life, how much more the conscious and reciprocal love which Billy and I bore, and I could gladly say still bear, each other must widen the sphere of spiritual sympathy which, widening still, reaches at last the eternal source of all life and love, and finds indeed that one touch of nature makes all things kin. Living and dying, Billy has opened to me a window into the universe of the existence of which I had no suspicion: his little history is an added chamber to that eternal mansion into which my constant and humble faith assures me that I shall some time enter; he has helped me to a higher life. If love could confer immortality, he would share eternity with me, and I would thank the Creator for the companionship. And who knows? Thousands of human beings to whom we dare not deny the possession of immortal souls have not half Billy's claim to live for ever. May not the Indian philosopher, with his transmigration of souls, have had some glimpses of a truth?

If the readers of my little history are disposed to think me weak, when I say that his death was to me a great and lasting grief, I am not concerned to dispute their judgment. I have known grief in all its most blinding and varied forms, and I thank God that He constituted me loving enough to have kept a tender place in my heart "even for the least of these," the little companions of two years; and but for my having perhaps shortened their innocent lives, I thank Him for having known and loved them as I have.

HOW THE SENSES CAN BE TRICKED.

THE psychological laboratories of the United States will probably discover something in time. They are taking plenty of pains and conducting no end of experiments. The researches at Yale, for instance, have succeeded in proving that among ordinary healthy acute students, who are therefore over the average of outsiders in education and in intelligence, the senses are almost useless as a test of the truth of any observations. *Science* thus summarises the result of the experiments of the professors:—

A typical case of the application of the method is found in measuring hallucinations of sounds. The person experimented upon was placed in a quiet room, and was told that when a telegraph-sounder clicked a very faint tone would be turned on, and that this tone would be slowly increased in intensity. As soon as he heard it, he was to press a telegraph key. The experimenter in a distant room had a means of producing tone of any intensity in the quiet room.

In the first few experiments a tone would be actually produced every time the sounder clicked, but after that the tone was not necessary. It was sufficient to click the sounder in order to produce a pure hallucination.

The persons experimented on did not know they were deceived, and said that all tones were of the same intensity. The real tone could be measured in its intensity, and since the hallucination was of the same intensity it was also indirectly measured.

Similar experiments were made on other senses. For example, in regard to touch, a light pith-ball would be dropped regularly on the back of the hand to the sound of the metronome. After a few times it was not necessary to drop the ball. The person would feel the touch by pure hallucination.

Similar experiments were made on taste. Of six bottles two contained pure water and the other four a series of solutions of pure sugar-cane—the first one-half per cent., the second ten per cent., the third two per cent., and the fourth four per cent. sugar, according to weight. A block was placed in front of them so that the observer could not see them, although he was aware that they stood near him, because he saw them when he received his instructions. It was required of him to tell how weak a solution of sugar he could possibly detect.

The experimenter took a glass-dropper and deposited drops on his tongue, drawing first from the two water-bottles, and then from the sugar solutions, in order of increasing strength. The sugar in the solutions was detected in the first trial. Proposing to repeat the test, the experimenter proceeded as before, but drew from the first water-bottle every time. The result was that when the pure water had been tasted from two to ten times the observer, almost without exception, thought he detected sugar.

A test on olfactory hallucinations was conducted similarly, with the result that about three-fourths of the persons experimented upon perceived the smell of oil of cloves from a pure water-bottle.

In another set of experiments the subject was told to walk slowly forward till he could detect a spot within a white ring. As soon as he did so, he read off the distance on a tape measure at his side. The spot was a small blue bead. The experiment was repeated a number of times. Thereafter the bead was removed, but the suggestion of having previously traversed a certain distance was sufficient to produce a hallucination of the bead.

ONE OF MR. ANDREW LANG'S STORIES.

"THE WISEST AUNT TELLING THE SADDEST TALE."

MR. ANDREW LANG contributes to a recent number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* a story entitled "The Wisest Aunt Telling the Saddest Tale," which he tells us is true, excepting the explanation which he fastened on it; therefore, in repeating the substance of the story, I will omit the explanation, and give it as it would run if his fantastic and admittedly false explanation did not exist. "The Wisest Aunt" tells her nephew how, on one occasion, she went to bed—it would seem—in a small *appartement* "near the Boulevard Hausmann." She was not asleep. Two candles were burning in the room. She was reading a fashionable novel, with a black cat asleep at the foot of the bed, when suddenly—

"I heard the door-handle rattle and shake, as if some very weak person or a child were trying to open it. Naturally, I thought it was my uncle who wanted something. I called out: 'Come in, I'm not asleep!' But the door-handle still rattled in a feeble way, which, I confess, rather surprised me. I knew I had not locked the door.

"Suddenly the door gave way, rather than opened gradually, and a figure tottered into the room. That was when the cat gave an extraordinary scream and ran for the door, but it was shut again, and he dashed himself like a mad thing against the walls. What I saw was my uncle, but not my uncle. *He* was tall, well made, with a bright happy face; *this* thing was he, but shrunken to a foot less than his height. The jaw dropped, there was no intelligence or recognition in the eyes, only a vacant, hideous stare. It was dressed in a kind of smock of a light colour. He, or it, or whatever I am to call it, went shambling with trailing feet and shaking knees across the room. It came right up to the bed; it tripped on the steps of the daïs and fell headforemost across me, touching me; and so it wallowed, as I may call it, for a minute or a moment, I don't know. I shrank to the furthest corner of the bed, when the horrid thing recovered itself, reeled to its feet, and so staggered across the room to the opposite wall, knocking against the furniture. Then it groped aimlessly for the handle of the door which you have bricked up, and I could hear the handle rattle and shake as it had done before the creature entered. At last the door gave way, a draught shook the candles, and I heard a fall on the floor beyond, for you remember there were steps down into the room.

"I ran to the door and locked it; then I took a candle and went into the passage. The cat rushed by me like a shadow and was never seen again—by any of *us*, I mean; for it must have gone *somewhere*, of course. I crossed to my uncle's door and listened: all was quiet. I opened the door gently: he was sound asleep, and had not any sign of the horrible idiot face I had just seen. Then I went back to my room, looked behind all the curtains and tapestry, found nothing unusual, and crept back to bed. I kept my candles alight and went to sleep about dawn. I wrote an account of the matter to my mother, and, soon after, went home."

"Have you the letter still?"

"Yes; I found it among my dear mother's papers, endorsed 'Rachael—strange dream'; and you can see it if you like."

I may add that I *have* seen it, and it essentially corroborates my aunt's story.

"And now what do you say to it?" asked my aunt.

"I say that it was a nightmare. You fell asleep over 'Tremaine.'"

"But the *fulfilment*?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, your great-uncle's health became strangely bad. He had what is called *locomotor ataxia* and softening of the brain; and when I saw him last, poor dear! he was an idiot, all shrunken and dwindled, with hanging jaw, and vacant eyes that recognised nothing, and trailing legs. So he would wander about a room, knowing nobody, and so, after years of suffering, he died. Now, where is your explanation?"

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

"I AM not at all sure," writes Mr. W. R. Tomlinson, "that some Dorsetshire people do not regard the Will-of-the-Wisp, or Jack-o'-Lantern as they call it, as a being. An old neighbour of mine once said to me: 'Did you ever see a Jack-o'-Lantern?' 'Yes, once, at a distance, as I was travelling outside a coach, near a large tract of swamp,' I answered. 'Well,' he said, 'one night, when a boy, I was going down a lane alone, in the Isle of Purbeck, when a Jack-o'-Lantern came hopping before me.' It seems by this, and another case I know of, the Will-of-the-Wisp is at times a sort of illuminated ball, tangible for a moment at least, and not a mere meteor light travelling horizontally. It appears, also, that the boy had already heard a bad character of the thing he saw before him. So he went on to say: 'I was frightened, and went along keeping one foot in the rut, so as not to be led out of my way. This went on until we came to a gate, where there was a pond on the other side of it. It there hopped through the gate, and tried to entice me to the pond. I was so alarmed that I ran and lost my way. At length I saw a light in a house. I ran there, and one of the family took me across a field and set me on my way home. I had to pass a swamp before I got there; and then the Jack-o'-Lantern came hopping before me again. I got home half-dead with fear.' When my friend had finished his story, his wife chimed in: 'When a Jack-o'-Lantern gets you into the water, then he sniggers; he laughs, you know; I have heard my father say that scores of times.' My good neighbours only repeated a world-wide tradition; and neither of them seemed to doubt but that the event occurred by design. There seems to have been method in the movements of this meteor football. Can it be that invisible, intelligent beings, with more ill-will than good, are sometimes able to 'hag-ride' travellers, by availing themselves of known natural phenomena, and, under certain conditions guiding these natural and well-acknowledged appearances, to lead people astray for their own spite or delectation?

"I am proud to say that it is a Spiritualist to whom I am indebted for my other tale of what was evidently a Will-of-the-Wisp. It is contained in a late number of *The Two Worlds*, which I regret I am not able to quote from, as I sent it to a friend abroad. The evidence is this: that a lady, well known and very highly respected among our earnest Spiritualist friends in the Midland counties, and a very leading Spiritualist herself, was walking one evening in a field with a lady friend, and saw a round luminous ball before her. She did not know what it was, but was deeply interested at the sight; and scorning to touch it with her foot, she stooped down and touched it with her hand. On her touch, the ball dematerialized. But this courageous act has proved that the ball she saw was, at the moment, physical and tangible, and was probably the ball which the Dorset boy saw, and was probably similar to what many others have seen."

PALMISTRY PROSECUTIONS.

IN January last, Madame Zeila, whose real name is Mrs. Martha Smith, was prosecuted by the police for unlawfully pretending to tell fortunes to deceive and impose on certain of Her Majesty's subjects. It was proved that she had read their hands and had made various predictions based on what she saw there.

Mr. Quilliam, in addressing the bench on behalf of the prisoner, said that the difficulty was to draw the line between fortune-telling and mere advice founded upon a science in the same sense as phrenology was regarded as a science, or at least a semi-science. There were people who believed that just as the form of the head showed certain propensities, so the form and moulding of the hands depicted character, and might be read. Prisoner was always careful to inform her clients that she did not tell fortunes, but that she simply practiced palmistry or reading the hands.

A clergyman named Kelly, who gave an address in Manchester, was called, and said he had known the prisoner for two years. He had been present during many of the interviews with visitors, and had never heard her prophesy the future in such a way as to say certain things would happen. She took notice of the propensities as indicated by the face and hands, and drew her deductions from these, but always said that this was not fate, and that it was not in the power of any person to foretell the future.

After a lengthy hearing Mr. Stewart said he could not but come to the conclusion that prisoner had fortold persons' fate. He saw no objection to what was called character-reading, and upon the understanding that prisoner would keep strictly within the limits of character-reading or delineating he would bind her over to be of good behaviour. This was done in a sum of £5, and prisoner was released.

Madame Zeila afterwards sent to the papers the following challenge:—

Through the misapprehension of ignorant individuals who have utterly misconstrued my words, and who in their evidence have inadvertently made absolutely inaccurate statements, it has been made to appear as if I had practised fortune-telling. To prove the genuineness and reasonableness of my work of character-reading, and my capacity to truthfully delineate a character, I would be quite prepared to face any body of unbiased gentlemen of legal standing or other high position, and prove to their satisfaction that palmistry as a science is worthy of honourable recognition, and is in no way to be confounded with fortune-telling.

At Hastings, on January 6th, as the result of a police prosecution, the wives of two policemen being employed to tempt their victim to commit the offence for which the chief constable prosecuted, Ella Gordon Ford, *alias* Gordon Vernon, was sent to gaol for six weeks for telling fortunes by palmistry and by cards. The solicitor for the defence contended that palmistry was a science, and handed to the bench testimonials supporting this view from Melton Prior, Mark Twain, and John Strange Winter, and also a delineation of Mr. Chamberlain's hand. The magistrates considered the case fully proved, and said such practices might lead to very serious results. The prisoner was fined £10 or six weeks' imprisonment. An application for time to pay was refused, and the "fashionably attired young lady," as she was described in the newspapers, did her six weeks in gaol.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

In the "Journal of the Folk Lore Society" for April, there is an interesting paper on the Superstitions of the peasants of West of Ireland. Among these there is a good deal about witches who appear to flourish in that neighbourhood.

Witches (human or devil) are said to be not uncommon around here. Old women principally follow the avocation, oftentimes changing themselves into hares and roaming around during night-time or by daybreak, visiting their neighbours' byres (cow-houses), from which they are able by some mysterious power to take with them the milk and butter. Some of these witches of higher powers have no need to transform themselves, but are able by the aid of a peculiar hair-rope—made from the mane of a stallion in which there is not a single *white* hair—and the recital of some queer incantations to effect their object. Baeltine, or May-eve, is the only day in the year for weaving these spells and making the fetters. On several occasions these witches in the form of hares have been shot at, but without success. The only thing that can injure them is a *silver* bullet made from a sixpence or a shilling. I have heard that where they have been wounded by such fired from a gun, instead of the ordinary lead-pellets, on following up the wounded animal it was found in the form of a woman, seated with injured arm or leg in the corner of her own dwelling-house.

Old horse-shoes nailed inside doors are quite common. They are said to act as a preventive against the spells of the witches. When churning, the tongs are put in the fire, or a piece of heated iron is put under the churn, and kept there till the operation is finished. Also a piece of hair-rope is sometimes put round the vessel. Several times have I heard men and women complain that they might churn for days but could get no butter, owing to the spells of the witches. The buttermilk too was frothy and fulsome in taste and smell, and could not be used.

A case was heard before a coroner at Belfast on January 15th, 1897, which brought to light a curious belief in the charming away of disease. John James Stewart, an infant residing at 11, Hopps Court, died of bronchitis. The only treatment the baby had received was being passed under an ass. His mother, being called before the coroner, gave evidence as follows:—

On Saturday, 2nd January, when she returned from her work n Miller's Jam Factory, a Mrs. M'Kee told her that her child was ill. Its throat appeared to be sore. The neighbours advised her to take the child to a man named M'Ilhattan, who had an ass. They thought that this charm would check the child's illness. She took the child to his house in Tate's Court, and told him that the child had the whooping cough. He took the child from her, and passed it three times under the ass.

To the Coroner—M'Ilhattan never asked her for money, nor did she give him any at any time.

Witness (continuing)—The ass was in the stable attached to the house. The only person in the stable was herself, M'Ilhattan and his wife. He passed the child three times under the ass's belly and right over its back. Witness helped him to go through the performance. While he was passing the child round the ass he used no expressions or words. After each passing the ass ate some oaten bread out of the deceased's slip. She had been told to bring the oaten bread to the house with her. She got the bread from a woman in Millfield.

To the Coroner—Witness thought that bringing the child to M'Ilhattan would do it good, and she was influenced in that belief by what the neighbours told her.

The charm did not do any good in this case, for the child died. The charmer was called before the coroner, whom he found quite unusually sympathetic. I quote from the newspaper report.

The "charmer" himself, William M'Ilhattan, was the next witness. After being warned by the Coroner, he said he was a dealer, living in No. 4, Tate's Court, Millfield. He remembered the child Stewart being brought to him on Sunday, 3rd January. He had never seen the mother before. When she came in she asked if he had a donkey, and he said he had. She then said that the child was "bad" with the whooping cough. He had never done the performance before himself, but he had seen it done regularly on the streets of Belfast. The child at the time was very delicate and had a bad cough.

To the Coroner—The child got very little of the bread because the donkey ate it. Witness honestly believed that the practice would do the child good. At the end of his examination he said that the papers had been talking about the practice being witchcraft.

The Coroner—These charms are called by various names, and in fact about twenty centuries ago they had heard of witchcraft, and the Egyptians practised magic.

M'Ilhattan (interrupting)—But we are in Belfast now.

The Coroner—This magic subsequently was called witchcraft, and then, after that, sorcery, and in modern times spiritualism. There are at present men more influential and greater than himself or M'Ilhattan that believe in spiritualism at the present day, and they are called spiritualists. He knew one of the greatest journalists in England who believed in it, and he (M'Ilhattan) need not be put out at what appeared in the papers.

M'Ilhattan—It is very hard on me to be away from my work both to-day and on Friday last, when I should be working for the support of myself and my donkey. People also begin to talk about me, and it is hard on me to be talked about

After the doctors had been heard, the Coroner, in his charge to the jury, referred to witchcraft, sorcery, and such like in the time of the Egyptians and the Romans, and even to the fourteenth century. No blame, he said, was to be attached to M'Ilhattan.

The following verdict was returned shortly after four o'clock:—"That the deceased, on the 8th January, 1897, at No. 11, Hopp's Court, in the city of Belfast, came to his death from bronchitis."

XV.—BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOWETT.*

THESE two handsome volumes are offered by the friends, disciples, and admirers as a tribute to the memory of a great and good man, whose influence in the University of Oxford for over half a century was second to that of none. It is not by any means a Borderland book in the ordinary sense, but it is interesting to Borderlanders on account of the evidence which it contains as to the attitude assumed by this informal Archbishop of English Broad Churchmen in relation to the phenomena of Borderland. It is very curious to find here again a strange inconsistency familiar enough in much more narrow-minded and orthodox persons. The narrow-minded bigot is much more to be excused than was Dr. Jowett for failing to recognise the significance of the phenomena of Borderland. The ordinary Evangelical or High Churchman considers that his eternal salvation depends upon his capacity to harmonise the observations and deductions of his reason and his senses, with a system of theological propositions which he believes have been revealed to him by Almighty God.

Jowett held no such belief. His plan of salvation was very different; it was based, he was continually telling us, upon recognising facts as they are. To be resigned to the general facts of the world and life, to admit the truth of facts as they force themselves clearly on your perception, these things were for him the beginning of all righteousness. Yet no sooner is he confronted with facts which do not square with his theories, than he puts them on one side on a variety of pretexts, not one whit more respectable than the excuses which the narrow-minded ecclesiastics made when they were, as he said, "fighting against science, against criticism, against the spirit of the Law, against the Conscience and moral perceptions of mankind." His biographer, speaking of this subject, says:—

> To one set of so-called phenomena indeed he deliberately closed his eyes. In one of his earlier essays he had spoken by way of illustration of "Clairvoyance, if there be such a thing." But in the end he refused to listen to the whisperings of occult doctrine which from time to time prevailed. He loved the open day. "I do not mean to say that I can account for everything; and I feel that there is something in me to which such things appeal. But they are so inextricably mixed up with charlatanism and lies, that it is mere waste of time and intellect to inquire into them."

This is pure mental indolence, unworthy of the Master of Balliol. It is indeed sin against the light, for as he says, "He felt there was something within himself to which the phenomena appealed," but because it needed sifting, "it was mere waste of time and intellect to inquire into the subject." Far more truly scientific was the attitude of the late Dean Church, whose breadth of view on religious subjects, Professor Jowett would consider much more limited than his own, for Dean Church said, with one of those profound intuitions which characterised his rare and subtle genius, "There is truth mixed up in these things, a truth which it is very difficult to disentangle from the superincumbent mass of fraud and inaccurate observation, but the progress of civilisation is marked by fresh discoveries of how to utilise waste material. Each generation discovers sources of unsuspected wealth in what its predecessors discarded as useless rubbish. So it will be, I believe, with the so-called phenomena of spiritualism." The passage quoted above is not the only one in which the Master expresses his strong view as to the uselessness of studying the subject. On another page we read:—

> If Jowett disliked æstheticism, he was positively afraid of Spiritualism, which, for some time past, had been gaining ground at Oxford. He discussed the subject with his friends, especially with Huxley, whose strong sense re-assured him. Still he felt that there was something uncanny about it; something by which the mind might easily be thrown off its balance. It seemed to lie on a borderland into which reason could not wholly penetrate.
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> "I always refuse to inquire into these things," he writes, "because they seem to me to be against the laws of nature, although they are repeated to me by the most veracious witnesses."
>
> "Is this reasonable?"
>
> "I think it is, whether in myself or in scientific men: because —(1) They are mixed up with imposture. (2) The evidence of them can never be satisfactorily examined. (3) No progress has ever been made in the investigation of them, any more than in the refutation of them. They are too vague for proof or disproof, and therefore it is unlikely that I shall make any progress. I am much more certain that the laws of nature are uniform than I can be of any testimony to the contrary—not perhaps of any conceivable testimony, but of any testimony known to exist. (4) The fluctuating character of them in different ages seems to show that they are subjective. There are no miracles in England, no ghost stories in America. (5) The evidence produced against them would constantly be denied or forgotten by human credulity.
>
> "Yet, on the other hand, I am unable to deny many extraordinary phenomena, *e.g.*, mesmeric sleep, the extraordinary personal influence called electro-biology, inexplicable noises in so-called haunted houses."

Now it would be difficult to condense into a similar compass a more compact mass of mis-statements than those which Dr. Jowett has strung together as justification for his evading the subject. It is curious to note how conscious he is that his attitude is unworthy of his own principle. "I always refuse," he says, "to inquire into those things, because they seem to be against the laws of nature." But how on earth can anyone dogmatise as to what are the laws of nature, unless he investigates the phenomena from which it might be possible to deduce hitherto unsuspected laws, or materially to modify those which are supposed at present to be of uniform and unvarying operation. The Eastern monarch who decapitated a man for telling him that in the northern regions water under intense cold became as solid as iron, acted exactly like Dr. Jowett. He said that such an assertion seemed to him to be against the laws of nature, and the man who asserted it deserved to be treated as an impudent liar. Dr. Jowett felt this, and therefore we have those five different reasons, if they may be so called, for investigating the subject. Let us take them in order. First because "they are mixed up with imposture." It is difficult to speak of such a pretext with politeness. If there is chaff among the grain, shall we, therefore, deny the existence of grain? Because counterfeit coin is in circulation, shall we ignore all currency? What is there in the world that

* "The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford." By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. With Portraits and other Illustrations. In two vols. John Murray.

is not mixed up with imposture? Dr. Jowett would have been the first man to admit that alike in science and religion, in art and in politics, impostors abound. In fact, the existence of imposture is one of the most generally recognised demonstrations of the existence of something worth counterfeiting. His "second reason" is hardly less contemptible. "The evidence," he says, "can never be satisfactorily examined." The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, now filling many volumes, are sufficient to prove the falsity of this statement; nor need we go beyond Professor Crookes's own investigations, summarised in this number of BORDERLAND, to prove that the evidence not only has been satisfactorily examined, but has been indisputably established. Jowett's third assertion is equally groundless. Neither are the statements "too vague for proof or disproof." Again, to refer to Professor Crookes's experiments, the phenomena, although their origin is obscure enough, are as positive and real as any other facts in nature. But this is cast into the shade by his astounding assertion, "that there are no miracles in England, and no ghost stories in America." As Jowett did not believe in miracles ever happening anywhere, he did not mean that no miracles actually happened in England, but that it was not claimed that any miracles occurred in England; which is simply not true. Whether it is with faith healing, with the Christian scientists, with the Catholics, or the Salvation Army, there are claims constantly made of miraculous occurrences, which, whether true or false, at least demolish Jowett's statement that miracles are not reported in England. It would be interesting to know on what authority he asserts that there are no ghost stories in America. There is certainly not one week's issue of any American newspaper which does not report more or less extraordinary ghost stories, apparently very well authenticated. His fifth point would apply equally to every statement as to the occurrence of anything apparently supernatural, whether in the Old Testament or in the New, or anywhere else.

Even with all his five "reasons," worthless as they are, Dr. Jowett was unable to deny facts that had come within his own experience, and it is in these unexplained facts that are to be found the clues of the discovery of laws which, when investigated, will materially modify the whole of our conceptions of Nature.

For a book containing the Life and Letters of one who so stoutly rejected miracles, it is curious to find so many references to quasi-supernatural or miraculous events, as can be quoted from this book. Speaking of Mr. Ruskin, whom Dr. Jowett knew well, we have the following curious story of a sign from heaven. Says Dr. Jowett:—

> As an illustration of his religious belief, Ruskin told me this story: "Once I had been very much excited by a letter which I had received from a friend, and so great was my passion that my nerves were shaken for a fortnight. On a dark and stormy day I walked up the hill out of Keswick, and as I walked a sign came to me from heaven. I was praying to be delivered from my burden, when suddenly a streak of light appeared in the heavens. I walked on, and the clouds gathered, and the old frame of mind returned. Again I prayed, and again I saw the light. 'This,' he added, 'I believe to have been the state of mind of pious men in the Middle Ages. They had signs from heaven, and so have Catholics at the present day.'"

Here is another story which is even more interesting:—

> Among the undergraduates staying at Malvern at this time was E——, a Welshman, who had come to Balliol on his way from work in a stone quarry to orders as a Dissenting minister; one of those men to whom religious feeling has become a reality more vivid than the realities of common life. When at work in the quarry, so he told me, he one day felt himself warned by a voice to remove from the place where he was standing, and no sooner had he stepped aside than a heavy stone fell upon the spot, which would certainly have killed him had he remained where he was. He regarded the voice as divine; he believed that a miracle had been wrought in his favour, and he resolved to devote to the service of God the powers which He had saved from destruction.

Again, to my delight and surprise, Jowett chronicles a case where the Voice of the Silence was heard, and he avows his belief that it was not a mere illusion.

> Let me tell you something which has struck me greatly during the last fortnight, though not wholly applicable to yourself. A friend of mine had an illness similar in its general character to your own. (I should explain that he is what is called a free-thinker, but also the best parish clergyman I have ever known, a man of the world, but wonderfully kind and disinterested). I saw him ten days since, and six weeks ago we thought him dying, but he is now fast recovering. He told me that in his illness he felt assured of his recovery; that when he lay awake at night he used to hear the voice of God speaking to him and telling him "That the sickness was not unto death, but for the improvement of life," and "that such and such things must be altered." Some persons will think all this fanciful and superstitious, but I am inclined to believe that in strange ways great truths are taught us.

Dr. Jowett has a strong belief in personal immortality, and he repeatedly asserts the necessity of faith in immortality as the foundation of religion. Yet his faith in the doctrine, although real enough, seems to have been singularly devoid of any consolation, such as is offered by the comforting doctrine of our re-union with those who have gone before. Writing to a mother whose sons had died, he says:—

> The two brothers are at rest now. Whether they recognise one another, or whether we shall recognise others in another life, we cannot tell. I cannot believe myself in consolations of this sort. They are removed from our sight, and are in the hands of God, where we shall soon be. We must leave them with Him, though often recalling their gracious and noble ways when they were with us.

In some of his letters he cannot refrain from indulging in framing a thought based on the possibility of the conscious communion between those who have gone and those who have remained behind. The phenomena of dream-life also attracted his curiosity, but in his later years he lost the power of dreaming entirely. Apart from its special interest in subjects of Borderland, the two volumes are full of interesting reading, giving us, as they do, vivid glimpses of the interior working of the mind of one of the most acute men of the century.

LORD ROBERTS AS A BORDERLANDER.*

IT might be thought at first sight that there were few books less pertaining to BORDERLAND than the record of "Forty-one Years spent in Soldiering in British India." But the Borderland is like the atmosphere, it is all around us, and if any one, no matter how materialistic he may be—and Lord Roberts is not materialistic—will but write honestly of his life, he can hardly

* "Forty-one Years in India." By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. Two vols. Bentley & Sons.

fail to put on record some instances in which the phenomena from the invisible world have pressed themselves upon his attention. Lord Roberts is no exception to this rule. He has lived a long and eventful life, he has passed through many perils, having ventured his life in the high places of many a field, and his story, merely as a story of adventure, is full of interest and excitement; but in two or three cases his narrative touches the region with which we, of this Quarterly, are more closely concerned.

There are three or four extracts, showing how the under-world, or the over-world if you like, pressed itself upon Lord Roberts's attention. The first is one of the familiar instances in which the occurrence of death at a distance casts a chill or gloom over relatives who are entirely unconscious of what has happened, the experience, although recorded by Lord Roberts as one which occurred to his father. Father and son were serving together in the Punjaub, when the father was compelled to leave India. Lord Roberts says:—

Shortly before his departure, an incident occurred which I will relate for the benefit of psychological students; they may, perhaps, be able to explain it; I never could. My father had, some time before, issued an invitation for a dance which was to take place in two days' time—on Monday, the 17th October, 1853. On Saturday morning he appeared disturbed and unhappy, and during breakfast he was silent and despondent—very different from his usual bright and cheery self. On my questioning him as to the cause, he told me he had had an unpleasant dream—one which he had dreamt several times before, and which had always been followed by the death of a near relative. As the day advanced, in spite of my efforts to cheer him, he became more and more depressed, and even said he would like to put off the dance. I dissuaded him from taking this step, for the time being; but that night he had the same dream again, and the next morning he insisted on the dance being postponed. It seemed to me rather absurd to disappoint our friends because of a dream; there was, however, nothing for it but to carry out my father's wishes, and intimation of postponement was accordingly sent to the invited guests. The following morning brought news of the sudden death of a half-sister with whom I had stayed on my way to Peshawar.

This phenomenon of the prophetic dream, oft repeated, is very familiar, as all students of Borderland know. It is an often expressed wish, which I fear is not destined to be gratified, that readers of BORDERLAND would assist me in compiling a kind of inventory of dreams that are precursors of ill or of good fortune. There seems to be no general law on the subject, for what portends good for some people, portends evil to others. Some persons, for instance, maintain that the result of their experience justifies their conviction that if they dream of a beetle or of a mouse they will certainly hear bad news, bereavement, death, or loss within a very short time after. Lord Roberts does not explain the nature of the dream which foreshadowed the death of his half-sister, but it was evidently a well authenticated precursor of misfortune.

When General Anson's force was in camp before Delhi, a baby was born, under a heavy cannonade, in the waggon in which the mother was accompanying the General.

The baby was christened Stanley Delhi Force, and its birth was looked upon by the soldiers with quite a superstitious feeling. Its father had overheard a soldier say, "Now we shall get our reinforcements. This camp was formed to avenge the blood of innocents, and the first reinforcement sent to us is a new-born infant." Reinforcements did actually arrive the next day.

The most remarkable incident which Lord Roberts mentions illustrating his own psychic gift is that in which he describes the premonitory foreboding of the fate of poor Cavagnari, who was killed at Cabul. As Commander of the Kuram Field Force he marched with Cavagnari on his way to Cabul, and parted with him within five miles of the summit of the Shutar Gardan Pass. "After dinner," says Lord Roberts, "I was asked to propose the health of Cavagnari and those with him. But somehow I did not feel equal to the task; I was so thoroughly depressed, and my mind was filled with such gloomy forebodings as to the fate of those fine fellows that I could not utter a word." Cavagnari was in the best of spirits. The next morning, as they descended the Pass, says Lord Roberts, "curiously enough we came across a solitary magpie, which I should not have noticed had not Cavagnari pointed it out to me, and begged me not to mention the fact of his having seen it to his wife, as she would be sure to consider it an unlucky omen." On leaving the Afghan camp everything was done to cheer the parting envoy. "But," says Lord Roberts, "I could not feel happy as to the prospects of the mission, and my heart sunk as I wished Cavagnari 'Good-bye.' When we had proceeded a few yards in our different directions, we both turned round, retraced our steps, shook hands once more, and parted for ever." This, of course, may be said to be due solely to the calculations of an experienced officer, who felt, as he tells us, that the Afghans had not been sufficiently beaten to justify any confidence in the stability of the peace. But, all the same, the incident is a curious one, and the sight of the single magpie adds an element of old-world superstition to this modern presentiment.

The *Theosophist* for January calls attention to another passage in the book as affording evidence of Lord Roberts's psychic gifts, which, I confess, had not impressed me in this manner. The story, however, is very interesting. It is told in the first volume, and is one of the most remarkable adventures that befell Lord Roberts, even in the midst of the perilous times of the mutiny. Lord Roberts says:—

While we were halting at this place, Watson and I had rather a curious adventure. During a morning's ride my greyhound put up a nilghau so close to us that Watson, aiming a blow at him with his sword, gashed his quarter. Off he started, and we after him at full speed; the chase continued for some miles without our getting much nearer when, all at once, we beheld moving towards us from our right front a body of the enemy's cavalry. We were in an awkward position; our horses were very nearly dead beat, and we could hardly get away if pursued. We pulled up, turned round, and trotted back, very quietly at first, that our horses might recover their breath before we should have to ride for our lives. Every now and then we looked back to see whether they were gaining upon us, and at last we distinctly saw them open out and make as if to charge down upon us. We thought our last hour was come. We bade each other good-bye, agreeing that each must do his best to escape, and that neither was to wait for the other, when, lo! as suddenly as they had appeared, the horsemen vanished, as though the ground had opened and swallowed them; there was nothing to be seen but the open plain, where a second before there had been a crowd of mounted men. We could hardly believe our eyes, or comprehend at first that what we had seen was simply a mirage but so like reality that any one must have been deceived.

There is no doubt from this narrative that Lord Roberts and his companions were absolutely convinced as to the objective reality of the troop of horsemen by whom they were pursued. If it was a mirage, it is certainly a mirage quite different from any that is on record before, and this leads up to the observation of the Theo-

sophist, whose explanation is certainly more credible than the hypothesis favoured by Lord Roberts.

The mirage explanation is too lame to be accepted, considering that a mirage is never seen in India except in a few parts of Rajputana, and certainly never in the country where Lord Roberts then was. There could not have been a mirage of a troop of cavalry unless the living men and horses had been somewhere existing, and even then their reflected picture would have been seen as inverted; the men and horses would have seemed as if standing on their heads. Moreover, the mirage would have been in the air, not on the ground, and certainly Lord Roberts and his companion were not so devoid of intelligence as to mistake a reflected picture of cavalry with its edges all trembling and indistinct, for a solid group of soldiers opening out as if preparing to charge upon them. Any tyro in the science of optics will see how absurd is the explanation given of a phenomenon which belongs solely to the domain of *Mâyâ* and was, apparently, an objectified picture in the astral light of a past military manœuvre on that very spot. Clearly, one may be a great fighting general and strategist, and at the same time as ignorant as a child of the science of psychology.

What the Theosophist called "an objectified picture" in the astral light is by no means an unfamiliar phenomenon. It is a constant occurrence in places which are the scenes of what I called in "Real Ghost Stories" "rehearsal ghosts." That is to say, certain scenes where a great tragedy has taken place, clairvoyants, and sometimes those who are not clairvoyant, can see transacted endlessly over and over again the scene of the murder. Once upon a time this was held to be the natural penalty of the criminal, compelled as a punishment, by re-enacting for endless ages the crime which had damned his soul. But this explanation involves the equally unfavourable hypothesis that the ghost of his victim is to be subjected to a perpetual renewal of the outrage which cost her her life. The analogy of the kinetoscope helps us in this. Imagine a kinetoscope in nature with a phonograph attachment capable of being turned on indefinitely, under certain circumstances or on certain days, and you have the rehearsal ghost exactly. Lord Roberts may have happened upon the day on which this natural or supernatural kinetoscope was at work, with the result that he and his companions were almost scared out of their wits.

It would be interesting to know if Lord Roberts has any more psychic marvels in his wallet. I should say the odds are heavy that he has, but that he deemed those he had given quite as many as the public would stand. For there is an extraordinary repugnance to psychic phenomena on the part of those who are non-psychic, and still more on the part of those who are sufficiently psychic to dread phenomena, the reality of which, although they deny with their lips, they know to be true in their hearts.

Another point which is not exactly psychic in Lord Roberts's book bears directly on what may be called the fundamental thesis on which our belief rests, viz., the dominance of mind over matter. Speaking of the hardships which he endured during the arduous campaign for the suppression of the mutiny, Lord Roberts says:—

It was a rough experience, but, notwithstanding the exposure, hard work, and a minimum of sleep, there was no great sickness amongst the troops. The personal interest which every man in the force felt in the rescue of his countrymen and countrywomen, in addition to the excitement at all times inseparable from war, was a stimulant which enabled all ranks to bear up in a marvellous manner against long-continued privations and hardships—for body and mind are equally affected by will—and there was no doubt about the will in this instance to endure anything that was necessary for the speedy achievement of the object in view. Personally, I was in the best of health, and though I almost lived on horseback, I never felt inconvenience or fatigue.

This is only one of innumerable instances that might be adduced to prove the way in which, under great hardships, the mind can enable the body to pass scot free through dangers which, under ordinary circumstances, would be fatal.

Perhaps the most remarkable piece of evidence as to Lord Roberts's psychic gift was the fact that he divined by his sixth sense the disaster of Maiwand before the news arrived. He had started on a little expedition to the Khyber when the impact of the bad news as yet unknown was perceived by his sensitive nature. He writes:

My intention, when I left Kabul, was to ride as far as the Khyber Pass, but suddenly a presentiment, which I have never been able to explain to myself, made me retrace my steps and hurry back towards Kabul—a presentiment of coming trouble which I can only characterise as instinctive.

The feeling was justified when, about half-way between Butkhak and Kabul, I was met by Sir Donald Stewart and my Chief of the Staff, who brought me the astounding news of the total defeat by Ayub Khan of Brigadier-General Burrows's brigade at Maiwand, and of Lieutenant-General Primrose, with the remainder of his force, being besieged at Kandahar.

It is curious to note Lord Roberts's explanation of this premonition of coming trouble. He can only characterize it as "instinctive." But what is instinct? Such characterization explains nothing.

In connection with this sensitiveness to coming trouble, common to both father and son, although revealed to the former in sleep by dreams, and to the latter "by instinct" while awake, it may be interesting to quote a well-recorded instance of a similar premonition on the part of an even more distinguished man.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff, in his "Notes from a Diary," tells the story as follows. It was told to the author by Charles Dickens, who had it from Staunton. Dean Stanley, who had also heard Dickens tell the story, corroborated the accuracy of the present version. Staunton had been called to a Council at the President's, but arrived somewhat late:—

After the Council was over, I walked away with the Attorney-General, and said to him, "Well, if all Councils were like this, the war would soon be at an end. The President, instead of sitting on half-a-dozen different chairs and telling improper stories, has applied himself to business, and we've got through a great deal of work." "Yes," said the Attorney-General, "but you were late. You don't know what happened." "No," I answered. "What did happen?" "All the rest of us," rejoined he, "were pretty punctual, and when we came in we found the President sitting with his head on his hand, and looking very unlike himself. At length he lifted his head, and looking around us, said, 'Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.'" Very much surprised, I said to him, "Sir, you have got some very bad news." "No," he answered, "I have got no news, but in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence?" Still more astonished, I said, "May we ask, sir, what leads you to suppose we shall receive this intelligence?" He replied, "I've had a dream. I had it the night before Bull's Run. I had it on some other occasion" (which Mr. Dickens had forgotten), "and I had it last night." This was stranger than ever, and I said, "May we ask, sir, the nature of your dream?" He replied, "I'm alone—I'm in a boat, and I'm out on the bosom of a great rushing river, and I drift, and I drift, and I drift." At this moment came your knock at the door. The President said, "but this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Staunton." Five hours afterwards Lincoln was assassinated.

THE FACTS OF BEING.*

THE AUTHOR.

THIS volume, so solid in both build and contents, well represents its author, William Graham, who was physically and mentally a splendid specimen of the Yorkshireman; an utterly honest, honourable man, firm in will and conviction, deep-thinking, philosophical and democratic; of great native ability and rugged mental vigour; shrewd, retiring, and self-contained; somewhat deficient in the fineness of perception a more thorough education would have supplied, and which would have rendered him invincible as a philosophical opponent. He poured out his soul into the book before us, and bequeathed it to the thinking world.

THE BOOK.

The Book is well written, and breathes the sober and devout spirit of its author, and is, to say the least, formidable. It is "A concurrent study of, and a compilation from, the Divine Word and the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg;" and its object, "to set forth, in some intelligible form, the essential facts of being as obtainable from every source of reliable information." Practically, however, the only such sources in the author's view are the Scriptures and Swedenborg; and his argument is limited to the theology, psychology, and philosophy of the Swedish seer. It is with a sense of loss that we seek almost in vain for the side lights of modern science and discovery which would have aided in adapting the work to the modern mind.

ITS VALUE.

Its value to the ordinary reader is nil. As an appeal to the general public it is a failure; for, from the first page to the last, the author has indulged in the Swedenborgian terminology, or has invented terms still more difficult of apprehension, which, in the absence of glossary and definition, breed perplexity in the uninitiated. To the mind already stocked with Swedenborgian lore, the book is of some interest, bristling as it does with points around which circle interminable discussion and divergence of opinion. In reading Swedenborg direct, one naturally expects to meet with peculiarity of expression, especially when it is known that he found himself under the necessity of departing from the vocabulary of the schoolmen; but to peruse a modern work couched almost entirely in the technical phraseology of an old author, is much like taking a header into the seas of some distant orb. The average reader would derive benefit from a careful study of Swedenborg's smaller works, *The Divine Love and Wisdom*, *The Divine Providence*, &c.—where a plunge into *The Facts of Being* would, in most cases, cause "confusion worse confounded."

THE DISCIPLES.

The Disciples of Swedenborg are too apt to bury themselves in the vast world of thought presented in his writings; they lose touch with, and forget the intellectual state of, the outside world. They tend to pay less attention to his general principles than to his literal statements, seeking rather to harmonize the latter, and out of them to construct a system, than to thoroughly digest and apply the former. The result can be no other than frequent limitations and confusion. Mr. Graham wrought in a laboratory whose atmosphere was charged with Swedenborgian germs. He could not stand out in the ordinary world of men, and say as one with them, "See, this is what we are seeking!" He became (as many others have become) so literally a Swedenborgian, as to be clean cut off from current modes of thought, and as to lose the ability to interpret his master in language adapted to modern requirements.

THE SUBJECTS TREATED.

The subjects treated are of vast importance to the modern philosopher. Thus, our author reasons in effect:—The existence of the finite implies the existence of the infinite. The finite may be traced back to the most general principles upon the physical plane. One function of revelation is to enable us to trace the finite from the point where natural science fails, to the very threshold of the infinite. This may be accomplished from both man and the external universe as the starting points, and also from the Divine Word and the Divine Man. Hence a relation does actually exist between all planes of the finite on the one hand, and the infinite on the other.

SWEDENBORG'S MISSION.

Swedenborg's Mission as a revealer was to make known the existence of planes of being that lie between the inmost essence of matter and the infinite; to tell us the how and the why of all mediate causes; to open out before our intellectual view the links that bind the universe to its First Cause, and that unite, co-relate, and vitalise all planes of spiritual and physical being; and to make apparent the different modes and lines of communication between God and His creatures. Mr. Graham has taken a comprehensive view of the teachings of Swedenborg upon these sublime subjects, and has embodied them in *The Facts of Being* as they took shape in his own mental mould.

Whatever the defects in presentation, the book clearly evidences the fact that Swedenborg's revelations were of the spiritual scientific, as distinguished from the visionary, disconnected, and non-rational order. Hence in *The Facts of Being* we find a body of reason, an inter-relation of all the subjects treated, a rational exposition of spiritual laws—in the main a correct *résumé* of the seer's doctrine. There exist statements, however, which as presentations of Swedenborg's real teaching, must be taken *cum grano salis*. Thus on page 369 we read: "This regenerating process must be accomplished during man's lifetime on earth; if not, he is irretrievably lost." True, Swedenborg said something of the kind, but gave no sufficient reason; the statement is inconsistent with his general principles, and suggests that his mind was not yet entirely emancipated from the effects of early training, or that, fearing evil results in an unspiritual age from a full declaration of the truth, he thus crudely taught that some eternal detriment would follow a persistently evil life. On the other hand, his *Diary* contains the record of a case where, under his own eyes, a soul was taken out of hell and saved through repentance.

The only satisfactory way of reading Swedenborg is to grasp and adhere to his main principles, and to discard casual statements not in harmony therewith. This Mr. Graham has not done. As a copyist, rather than an enlightened and independent exponent, he has reflected the defects as well as the wisdom of his master—a fact which further detracts from the value of the book.

G. H. LOCK.

* "The Facts of Being." A concurrent Study of, and a Compilation from, the Divine Word, and the Theological Works of Emanuel Swedenborg. By William Graham. Published by James Speirs, 1, Bloomsbury Street, London. 579 pp.

THE HEAVEN OF THE BIBLE.*

THIS is a little book, neatly got up, containing about sixty-eight pages of good print. The ordinary reader will find great difficulty in deciding whether or not Miss Craddock is reducing to an absurdity the popular literal ideas as to the interpretation of the Bible, or whether she holds in good faith the extraordinary thesis which she has set forth with chapter and verse in this little book. Miss Craddock is not exactly the person whom anyone would have suspected of a desire to "sap a solemn creed with solemn sneer" in the fashion of Gibbon, but those who do not know her, and who take up this book as they might any other, without knowledge of its author, might well be pardoned for thinking that she had adopted this method as the most likely to be effective in demolishing the literalist's theory of biblical interpretation. In her preface she tells us reasonably enough that it ought to be worth while to put together the passages in which the Bible gives us information about the world beyond the grave, called heaven. Hence she endeavours to bring her intelligence to bear upon the glimpses of a future life, which she regards as affording momentary revelations of heavenly customs in order to construct a fairly vivid mental picture of life in heaven. Her sources of information are chiefly the Book of Revelation, the statements of Ezekiel, Isaiah and Daniel, the allusions to angels which are scattered throughout the Old and New Testament, references to man's double, or astral form, the apparition of Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration, and of Samuel in obedience to the call of the Witch of Endor, the ascensions of Elijah and Jesus, and lastly, the words of Jesus while on earth. Thus furnished with material, Miss Craddock arranges them under heads such as the following: "Topography of Heaven," "Food and Clothing," "Animals," "Industries," "Family Life," etc. Her method is to take the sacred text, and accept it exactly as it stands. When there is a reference to the Tree of Life, she maintains there must be a tree of life, a veritable tree standing in the midst of the city of the New Jerusalem, and so she goes on, applying the metewand of her American notions to the words of the Apocalyptic seer. As Jesus referred to "many mansions," therefore, she is prepared to find a vast population living in multitudinous houses which require for their management and control such regulations as are familiar to citizens of to-day. Here is a passage which sounds the keynote of the whole: "That which earthly, erring beings were able to accomplish in handling the crowds which flocked to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, can surely be equalled, if not surpassed, in a municipality run by angelic beings under the direct supervision of God." So she goes on, "The white-robed throng have 'palms' in their hands." "Palms," she says, "presuppose palm-trees, and a rather large grove, too, if the leaves have to be fresh and green." As they are to be robed in white, it is very probable there must be fields of flax in which to grow the material from which the robes are made, and so forth. Miss Craddock inclines to believe that clothes are worn in heaven, not for modesty, but for beauty.

There is a curious chapter concerning the "Radiance of Angels." She thinks it is due, "partly to an optical delusion caused by the seers' eyes being unaccustomed to focussing these beings from another plane of existence." The human eye lens is not suited for focussing angels, and their imperfection may account for the radiance that surrounds angels on the rare occasions when they have been focussed. She says, "if anyone lays a chiffon veil across spectacles known as cross-cylinders, the result very much resembles the description of the angelic radiance. The street lamps become straightway surrounded by a blurred but dazzling halo, through which the colours of the rainbow stream outwards in well-defined sheaves of rays." If a chiffon veil, therefore, can produce such astonishing effects in radiance of colour, may not a similar interference produce a similarly marvellous halo surrounding objects in another sphere of existence?

When she comes to deal with animals in heaven, she says: "Ezekiel was striving to describe a sort of compound bicycle of which the cherubim were the motor power;" the felloes of the wheels appeared to Ezekiel "high and dreadful, indicating, as in the earliest times of the earthly bicycle, the large diameter of the wheel is a conspicuous feature." She contends that there is nothing incongruous or irreverent in this idea, and if Ezekiel saw four bicycling cherubim moving simultaneously on their wheels, we need not wonder at his inability to describe this complex and astounding vehicle more accurately.

Her suggestion that the flaming sword which guarded the portals of Paradise may have been an electric sword which would flash electric sparks with each renewal and break in the circuit, is more obvious and less grotesque. Miss Craddock's peculiar method comes out most remarkably in the chapter describing "The Industries of Heaven." These passages must be quoted. Take for instance:—

This being, I think, self-evident to any careful reader of the Bible, I venture to set down a few of the industries and industrial workers which the Bible glimpses of life in Heaven suggest will be or have been at some time necessary:

CITY WALLS.

Stone-cutters and polishers to shape and polish the stones which form the city wall.
Implements to do this work.
Masons to build the wall.
Mortar, trowels, and hods for carrying mortar.
Workers skilled in cutting the large pearls of which the gates are made.
Special implements for same.
Metal hinges and rivets for the pearly gates.

POSSIBLE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

Committees of hospitality: at least one committee from each race of people, to welcome every new-comer to the Heavenly City and to assign him his proper place in municipal affairs.
Drill-masters to conduct the evolutions of the immense throng in the religious rites about the throne.
Officials to organize and superintend the various departments of municipal work,—clerical, gardening, house-building, metal-working, etc.
Other possible industries will readily suggest themselves to the earnest and thoughtful student of Scripture.

All this is somewhat calculated to make the enemy blaspheme, nor will the hostility of the critic be disarmed by Miss Craddock's chapter on Family Life.

FAMILY LIFE IN HEAVEN.

There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; but the relation of husband and wife still exists, and children may be begotten as upon earth. This we learn from Jesus himself. It appears that some Sadducees—that sect which held that there is no resurrection, propounded to Jesus a sort of catch question,

* "The Heaven of the Bible." By Ida C. Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1897.

evidently intended to trip him up. They assumed the case of a woman who had married successively seven men, without issue by any; and they asked Jesus which of the seven could claim her as his lawful wife in the resurrection. Jesus replied, in substance, that while men in this world marry and are given in marriage, such custom does not exist in Heaven. Instead, men shall there live as do the angels.

If angels were sexless, this statement would of course do away with the possibility of husbands, wives, and the begetting of children in Heaven. But the reverse is the case, as we learn from Scripture. In Genesis vi. we find the statement, "The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose." The Septuagint, however, originally rendered the words "sons of God" by "angels of God"; and this rendering is found in Philo, Eusebius, Augustine, and Ambrose. This view of the above text was held by most of the early Church Fathers. "Angels of God" seem to be the original rendering.

From this it is evident that angels, according to Scripture, are by no means sexless, but are as desirous as are earthly men to enter into lawful marital relations with the women of their choice. And another verse in the same chapter states that children were born from these unions of the angels of God with the daughters of men—and exceptionally fine children they were, too; for we read that "the same were the mighty men which were of old, the men of renown."

When we remember that Jesus spoke of conjugal union in Heaven as existing without the earthy custom of giving in marriage, we begin to realize why such stress is laid upon prohibiting the entrance of the impure into the Heavenly City in Revelation xxi. 8 and xxii. 15.

The authoress then sums up her conclusions, from which we may form some idea as to the fairly vivid mental picture of life in heaven which she has arrived at, by bringing her intelligence to bear upon the sacred texts.

There, as here, water quenches thirst and luscious fruits refresh. There, as here, life alternates between the city and the garden. There, as here, industries are evidently carried on,—since we can scarcely suppose that in Heaven God would Himself do the work of manufacturing garments, buildings, musical instruments, &c., in order to allow His children to fold their hands in idleness, any more than He does it here. Such differences as Scripture demonstrates to exist between life on earth and life in Heaven are, apparently, those incident to a world which embraces our world, and which has, in addition, many experiences of its own. The angels can evidently do all that we can on the physical plane, and some things that we cannot—such as did the angels who delivered Peter from prison; and, as we shall be equal to the angels when we get to Heaven, we, too, when occasion arises, shall be able to do for others what that angel did for Peter. The same emotions, the same affections prevail there as here, only intensified in all that is pure and uplifting, and suppressed utterly in all that is ignoble and impure. Wedded life, with all that the term signifies, may be entered upon, but only in purity and in love toward God, since to be unchaste or to fail to love God with *every* faculty of our being is to be debarred from citizenship in Paradise.

There is not one word said about the world beyond the grave being a ghostly place, peopled with misty shadows. It is, apparently, a tangible, actual, material world, where people live healthy, physical lives; where they love and beget children as they do here, but only in accordance with righteous laws; where communion with God is far more intimate and ecstatic than here; and where, finally, temptation to wrong-doing must still be met and overcome, and the moral nature kept uppermost, if a man's Heavenly citizenship is to be a permanent thing.

The idea, all too prevalent among Christian people, that Heaven is ethereal, unsubstantial, and intangible, with little or no likeness to earth and the earthly life, has not the least support in the testimony of Scripture. On the contrary, every glimpse the Bible gives us of Heaven and of its inhabitants goes to prove that the life of angels and of the blessed dead is but the old earth-life writ large and purified, plus additional capacities of which we are at present ignorant.

"ZISKA," THE PROBLEM OF A WICKED SOUL."*

THIS problem of a wicked soul is dedicated to the present living reincarnation of Araxes. It embodies the latest phase of Marie Corelli's dealing with occultism. Araxes was a famous warrior and favourite servant of the King Amenhotep of the eighteenth dynasty, who passed over to the invisible world some thousands of years ago.

Who the present living reincarnation of Araxes may be Marie Corelli does not say. The story of Ziska is an attempt to set forth the doctrine which she defines as that of Scientific Ghosts. It differs, it will be seen, from the ordinary doctrine of Reincarnation as taught by the Theosophists. According to Theosophy, so far as I can make it out, the souls of two persons who have injured each other or been injured, one by the other, in the past, are reincarnated after the lapse of some one thousand five hundred years in persons who live again on the earth, to work out their karma. For example, the soul of Brutus and the soul of Cæsar, being reincarnated, would now have to pay each other the debts that were incurred in their last incarnation. As Brutus slew Cæsar, so the reincarnated spirit of Cæsar would have to pay off that old score to the reincarnation of Brutus. But that is not Marie Corelli's doctrine which is to be found in "Ziska," for here we have the reincarnation of Araxes being pursued, and done to death, not by the reincarnation of the dancer, Ziska-Charmazel, whom he murdered, but by a phantasmal ghost, not a real woman, who although she appeared to be such, was in reality but the ghost of Ziska-Charmazel. Marie Corelli is not clear on this point. She leaves a certain haze over this question, but there seems to be very little doubt that I have rightly described what she teaches.

Dr. Dean emphatically declares Ziska to be not human. Although she has the outward appearance of the most beautiful and seductive human body, she has the soul of a fiend, and all his explanation as well as the denouement, when the beautiful princess vanishes away into shape, seems to imply that she is not a woman at all, but only a phantasm, or what Marie Corelli calls a Scientific Ghost.

The story is very brief. A certain Princess Ziska, of rare beauty, who bears a striking personal resemblance to pictures of Ziska-Charmazel, appears—coming no one knows whence, and disappearing no one knows whither—at Cairo, at the time when one Gervais, a great French artist, arrives on the scene. This Gervais is the reincarnation of the long-dead Araxes, while the Princess Ziska is, of course, none other than Ziska-Charmazel, who first appears as the mystery of a shadow, and a shape, that floats like a thin vapour through the grey dawn, resolves itself into the visionary semblance of a woman's form, and then waving her ghostly arms into the air sends out a wild voice, pulsating through the stillness, crying, "Araxes! . . . . Araxes! Thou art here, and I pursue thee! Through life unto death, through death out into life again! I find thee and I follow! I follow! Araxes!"

She is nothing but the mystery of a shadow and a shape, and she is explained by Dr. Dean as a scientific ghost.

"No; when I say ghosts I mean ghosts—ghosts that do not need the midnight hour to evolve themselves into being, and

* "Ziska, the Problem of a Wicked Soul," by Marie Corelli. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol, 1897. 6s. Pp. 365.

that by no means vanish at cock-crow. My ghosts are those that move about among us in social intercourse for days, months —sometimes years—according to their missions; ghosts that talk to us, imitate our customs and ways, shake hands with us, laugh and dance with us, and altogether comport themselves like human beings. Those are my kind of ghosts—scientific ghosts. There are hundreds, aye, perhaps thousands, of them in the world at this very moment.

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and the ghosts I speak of are the Lord's way of doing it. The sinner who imagines his sins are undiscovered is a fool who deceives himself. I mean, that the murderer who has secretly torn the life out of his shrieking victim in some unfrequented spot, and has succeeded in hiding his crime from what we call 'justice,' cannot escape the spiritual law of vengeance. What would you say if I told you that the soul of a murdered creature is often sent back to earth in human shape to dodge its murderer down? and that many a criminal, undiscovered by the police, is haunted by a seeming person, a man or a woman—who is on terms of intimacy with him—who eats at his table, drinks his wine, clasps his hand, smiles in his face, and yet is truly nothing but the ghost of his victim in human disguise, sent to drag him gradually to his well-deserved, miserable end; what would you say to such a thing?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Courtney, recoiling. "Beyond everything monstrous and horrible!"

Gervais, the reincarnated Araxes, of course, meets his fate and falls madly in love with the beautiful fiend, the avenging Ziska. She gives him a sitting. He paints her, but when his picture was finished, he finds, not the beautiful features of his sitter, but a strange and awful face, a thing of tortured passion and pain, while the distinct outline of a death's head was seen plainly through the rose-brown flesh tints.

Gervais discussed with Dr. Dean the mystery about the face of a woman as in torture having been painted by him while he was doing his best to reproduce the radiant loveliness of Princess Ziska. Dr. Dean's explanation is as follows:—

"You are now a man in the prime of life, Monsieur Gervais; but look back to your early youth—the period when young men do wild, reckless, and often wicked things—did you ever in your thoughtless time break a woman's heart?"

Gervais flushed and shrugged his shoulders. "Pardieu! I may have done! Who can tell? But if I did, what would that have to do with this?" and he tapped the picture impatiently.

The Doctor sat down and smacked his lips with a peculiar air of enjoyment.

"It would have a great deal to do with it," he answered; "that is, psychologically speaking. I have known such cases. We will argue the point out systematically thus:—Suppose that you, in your boyhood, had wronged some woman, and suppose that woman died. You might imagine you had got rid of that woman. But if her love was very strong, and her sense of outrage very bitter, I must tell you that you have not got rid of her by any means; moreover, you never will get rid of her. And why? Because her soul, like all souls, is imperishable. Now, putting it as a mere supposition, and for the sake of the argument, that you feel a certain admiration for the Princess Ziska, an admiration which might possibly deepen into something more than platonic, why then the soul of the other woman you once wronged might come between you and the face of the new attraction, and cause you to unconsciously paint the tortured look of the injured and unforgiving spirit on the countenance of the lovely fascinator, whose charms are just beginning to ensnare you. I repeat, I have known such cases." And, unheeding the amazed and incredulous looks of his listeners, the little Doctor folded both his short arms across his chest, and hugged himself in the exquisite delight of his own strange theories. "The fact is," he continued, "you cannot get rid of ghosts! They are all about us—everywhere. Sometimes they take forms, sometimes they are content to remain invisible; but they never fail to make their presence felt. Often during the performance of some great piece of music they drift between the air and the melody, making the sounds wilder and more haunting, and freezing the blood of the listener with a vague agony and chill. Sometimes they come between us and our friends, mysteriously forbidding any further exchange of civilities or sympathies, and occasionally they meet us alone and walk and talk with us invisiby. Generally they mean well, but sometimes they mean ill. And the only explanation I can offer you, Monsieur Gervais, as to the present picture problem is that a ghost must have come between you and your canvas!"

Of course, they ridiculed the idea, but the doctor was convinced that he was face to face with the most interesting psychic problem he had ever studied.

"If my researches on to the psychic spheres of action are worth anything, it can only be one case out of a thousand. Thousands? Aye, perhaps millions! Great heavens! Among what terrific unseen forces we live; and, in exact proportion to every man's arrogant denial of the 'Divinity that shapes our ends,' so will be measured out to him the revelation of the invisible. Strange that the human race has never entirely realised as yet the depth of meaning in the words describing hell: 'Where the worm dieth not, and where the flame is not quenched.' The 'worm' is retribution, the 'flame' is the immortal spirit; and the two are for ever striving to escape from the other. Horrible! And yet there are men who believe in neither one nor the other, and reject the redemption that does away with both! God forgive us all our sins—and especially the sins of pride and presumption!"

There is no need for dwelling upon the details of the story. Let us hurry at once to the final scene. While Gervais, who has been promised that Ziska will surrender herself to him at a secret trysting place, is conducted by a mysterious Nubian to the chamber beneath the floor of the great pyramid, in which Araxes was buried, surrounded by inconceivable treasures of gold and jewels, he cries aloud for Ziska, and the hollow vault echoes "Charmazel." He is alone, but, suddenly, like a strange spirit of evil rising from the ground, stood the mysterious Ziska, her black eyes flaming with wrath, menace, and passion. Gervais gazed at her spell-bound, and no wonder, for Ziska now looked like the picture he had painted of her. Her hands were as cold as ice, and clammy as the dews of the grave. When he seized her, her hands slipped through his like those of a corpse newly dead. With an unearthly voice she cried, as her black eyes flamed with wrath, menace, and passion.

"Welcome, my lover, to those arms for whose embrace your covetous soul has thirsted unappeased. Take me—each bit of me—for I am yours. So utterly yours that you can never escape me!—never separate from me—no! not through a thousand, thousand centuries! Life of my life! soul of my soul! Possess me, as I possess you!—for our two unrepenting spirits form a dual flame in Hell, which must burn on and on to all eternity! Leap to my arms, master and lord—king and conqueror! Here, here!" And she smote her white arms against her whiter bosom. "Take all your fill of burning wickedness—of cursed joy! and then—sleep! as you have slept before, these many thousand years!"

He threatened to murder her, whereupon she said, towering over him like an enraged demon evoked from mist or flame:

"You have done that once. To murder me twice is beyond your power. Here is the tomb of Araxes."

"My God! What frenzy is this! A woman's vain trick!—a fool's mad scheme! What is Araxes to me?—or I to Araxes?"

"Everything!" replied Ziska, the vindictive demon light in her eyes blazing with a truly frightful intensity. "Inasmuch as ye are one and the same! The same dark soul of sin-unpurged, uncleansed through ages of eternal fire! Sensualist! Voluptuary! accursed spirit of the man I loved, come forth from the

present seeming—of things! Come forth and cling to me. Cling!—for the whole forces of a million universes shall not separate us! O! Eternal Spirits of the Dead!" and she lifted her ghostly white arms with a wild gesture. "Rend ye the veil! Declare to the infidel and unbeliever the truth of the life beyond death; the life wherein ye and I dwell and work, clamouring for late justice!"

Here she sprang forward and caught the arm of Gervais with all the fierce eagerness of some ravenous bird of prey; and as she did so he knew her grasp meant death.

"Remember the days of old, Araxes! look back, look back from the present to the past, and remember the crimes that are still unavenged! Remember the love sought and won!—remember the broken heart!—remember the ruined life!"

There was not much fear of him forgetting her, and lest his memory should play him false, she went over all the scene of Ziska-Charmazel's murder, recalling the lonely anguish in which she died.

"Her murderer! to track him down to his grave wherein the king strewed gold, and devils strewed curses!—down, down to the end of all his glory and conquest into the silence of yon gold-encrusted clay. And out of silence again into sound and light and fire, ever pursuing, I have followed—followed through a thousand phases of existence!—and I will follow still through limitless space and endless time, till the great Maker of this terrible wheel of life Himself shall say, 'Stop! Here ends even the law of vengeance!' Oh, for ten thousand centuries more in which to work my passion and prove my wrong! All the treasure of love despised, all the hope of a life betrayed!—all the salvation of heaven denied! Tremble, Soul of Araxes!—for hate is eternal, as love is eternal! The veil is down, the Memory stings!"

She turned her face, now spectral and pallid as a waning moon, up to him; her form grew thin and skeleton-like, while still retaining the transparent outline of its beauty; and he realised at last that no creature of flesh and blood was this that clung to him, but some mysterious bodiless horror of the supernatural, unguessed at by the outer world of men!

The dew of death stood thick on his forehead; there was a straining agony at his heart, and his breath came in quick convulsive grasps; but worse than his physical torture was the overwhelming and convincing truth of the actual existence of the Spiritual Universe, now so suddenly and awfully revealed.

Even as she was dooming him to torture, and death, the old love revived, and, stretching out his arms, he cried, "Ziska! Ziska! Forgive—forgive!" As he uttered the words all the terror and torture passed over her face like a passing cloud, and a mystic glory glittered above the dusky hair!

"Love—Love!" he cried. "Not hate, but love! Come back out of the darkness, soul of the woman I wronged! Forgive me! Come back to me! Hell or Heaven, what matters it if we are together! Come to me, come. Love is stronger than hate!"

Speech failed him; the cold agony of death gripped at his heart and struck him mute, but still he saw the beautiful passionate eyes of a forgiving Love turned gloriously upon him like stars in the black chaos whither he now seemed rushing. Then came a solemn surging sound as of great wings beating on a tempestuous air, and all the light in the tomb was suddenly extinguished. One instant more he stood upright in the thick darkness; then a burning knife seemed plunged into his breast, and he reeled forward and fell, his last hold on life being the consciousness that soft arms were clasping him and drawing him away—away—he knew not whither—and that warm lips, sweet and tender, were closely pressed on his. And presently, out of the heavy gloom came a Voice which said: "Peace! The old gods are best, and the law is made perfect. A life demands a life. Love's debt must be paid by love! The woman's soul forgives; the man's repents,—wherefore they are both released from bondage and the memory of sin. Let them go hence,—the curse is lifted!"

And there the story ends. It is clear from this that Ziska is not flesh and blood woman, but as a shadowy, supernatural phantasm, a kind of Nemesis vampire, who after all these thousands of years was let loose upon her murderer. Where Marie Corelli got the idea is not stated. Possibly she invented it, or had it revealed to her. But the Scientific Ghost must be accepted solely as a creature of the imagination at present. Evidence as to its reality is not yet forthcoming, and in the interests of flesh and blood mortals, it is sincerely hoped the scientific ghost will remain confined within the covers of Marie Corelli's romance.

DU MAURIER'S POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE.

THE MARTIAN.

FOR some time past Du Maurier's new story "The Martian," has been running in *Harper's Magazine*. It is not yet finished, but sufficient progress has been made to enable the reader to understand that "The Martian" is distinctly a BORDERLAND romance. Barty Jocelyn, the hero of the book, is an illegitimate child, who has an extraordinary personal fascination, and possesses, moreover, the strange gift of always being able to feel the north wherever he may be. This sense of the North Pole is the first indication we have of his occult gifts. He loses the sight of one eye, and being intensely miserable, on one occasion he decides to take poison; he pours out the deadly draught, but before he takes it he falls asleep, and when he wakes he finds that the poison has been emptied out, and in its place there is a long letter, written apparently by his own hand, in a curious script known only to himself and one or two intimate friends, in which he was reproved for his suicidal intention, encouraged not to despair of his sight, and told that the writer, who signed herself "Martia," had availed herself of his hand in order to place herself in communication with him. Who Martia was he did not know, but the sense of the North Pole, which he had lost for some time, returned, and life once more smiled upon him. In the last instalment of the story, in the April number of *Harper*, Martia reappears. Barty wished to marry a furrier's daughter of the name of Leah, but this mysterious spirit-guide had other designs for his happiness. Every night he always said his prayers to Martia, but once he forgot, and in the morning he found the following letter in his own handwriting by the bedside.

BARTY, MY BELOVED,—A crisis has come in your affairs, which are mine; and great as the cost is to me, I must write again, at the risk of betraying what amounts to a sacred trust; a secret that I have innocently surprised, the secret of a noble woman's heart.

One of the richest girls in England, one of the healthiest and most beautiful women in the whole world, a bride fit for an emperor, is yours for the asking. It is my passionate wish, and a matter of life and death to me, that you and Julia Royce should become man and wife; when you are, you shall both know why.

Mr. Nobody of Nowhere—as you are so fond of calling yourself—you shall be such, some day, that the best and highest in the land will be only too proud to be your humble friends and followers; no woman is too good for you—only one good enough! and she loves you: of that I feel sure—and it is impossible you should not love her back again.

I have known her from a baby, and her father and mother also; I have inhabited her, as I have inhabited you, although I have never been able to give her the slightest intimation of the

fact. You are both, physically, the most perfect human beings I was ever in; and in heart and mind the most simply made, the most richly gifted, and the most admirably balanced: and I have inhabited many thousands, and in all parts of the globe.

You, Barty, are the only one I have ever been able to hold communication with, or make to feel my presence: it was a strange chance, that—a happy accident; it saved your life. I am the only one, among many thousands of homeless spirits, who has ever been able to influence an earthly human being, or even make him feel the magnetic current that flows through us all, and by which we are able to exist; all the rappings and table-turnings are mere hysterical imaginations, or worse—the cheapest form of either trickery or self-desception that can be. Barty, your unborn children are of a moment to me beyond anything you can realise or imagine, and Julia must be their mother; Julia Royce, and no other woman in the world.

It is in you to become so great when you are ripe that she will worship the ground you walk upon; but you can only become as great as that through her and through me, who have a message to deliver to mankind here on earth, and none but you to give it a voice—not one. But I must have my reward, and that can only come through your marriage with Julia.

When you have read this, Barty, go straight to Riffrath, and see Julia if you can, and be to her as you have so often been to any woman you wished to please, and who were not worth pleasing. Her heart is her own to give, like her fortune; she can do what she likes with them both, and will—her mother notwithstanding, and in the teeth of the whole world.

Poor as you are, maimed as you are, irregularly born as you are, it is better for her that she should be your wife than the wife of any man living, whoever he be.

MARTIA.

Barty made up his mind to obey, and departed, but the charms of Leah were too much for him. He went off to Riffrath. When he came back he went for a long walk by the Rhine, when he confided to his invisible guide that he could not possibly meet her wishes:—

"Martia," said he, in a low but audible voice, "it's no good, I *can't; c'est plus fort que moi.* I can't sell myself to a woman for gold; besides, I can't fall in love with Julia; I don't know why, but I *can't;* I will never marry her. I don't deserve that she should care for me; perhaps she doesn't—perhaps you're quite mistaken; and if she does, it's only a young girl's fancy. What does a girl of that age really know about her own heart? and how base I should be to take advantage of her innocence and inexperience!"

And then he went on in a passionate and eager voice to explain all he had thought of during the day, and still further defend his recalcitrancy.

"Give me at least your reasons, Martia; tell me, for God's sake, who you are and what! Are you *me?* Are you the spirit of my mother? Why do you love me, as you say you do, with a love passing the love of a woman? What am I to you? Why are you so bent on worldly things?"

This monologue lasted more than an hour, and he threw himself on to his bed quite worn out, and slept at once, in spite of the nightingales, who filled the starlit, breezy, balmy night with their shrill sweet clamour.

Next morning, as he expected, he found a letter:

"Barty, you are ruining me and breaking my life, and wrecking the plans of many years—plans made before you were born or thought of.

"Who am I, indeed? Who is this demure young black-eyed witch that has come between us, this friend of Ida Maurice's?

"She's the cause of all my misery, I feel sure; with Ida's eyes I saw you look at her; you never yet looked at Julia like that!—never at any woman before!

"Who is she? No mate for a man like you, I feel sure. In the first place, she is not rich; I could tell that by the querulous complaints of her middle-class mother. She's just fit to be some pious Quaker's wife, or a Sister of Charity, or a governess, or a hospital nurse, or a nun—no companion for a man destined to move the world!

"Barty, you don't *know* what you are: you have never *thought;* you have never yet looked *within!*

"Barty, with Julia by your side and me at your back, you will be a leader of men, and sway the destinies of your country, and raise it above all other nations, and make it the arbiter of Europe—of the whole world—and your seed will ever be first among the foremost of the earth.

"Will you give up all this for a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty white skin? Isn't Julia white enough for you?

"I will not hurry your decision; I will come back in exactly a week from to-night. I am at your mercy.

"MARTIA."

Barty, however, refused absolutely to marry Julia. Then the sensation of the North left him, and up to the conclusion of the April instalment, he is left alone without the presence of Martia. It is a very curious story, and it is difficult at present to guess who Martia may be. She is a disembodied spirit apparently, who possesses and controls Barty through his sleep, who enters into other human bodies and has never been able to make them conscious of her presence. The automatic handwriting of Barty only differs from my own in being written during sleep. But we must possess our souls in patience and wait the development of the story.

BORDERLAND FICTION.

"THE CITY OF REFUGE," by Sir W. Besant. London, Chatto & Windus.

Sir W. Besant here strays upon Borderland. The City of Refuge is a community of men and women living in Aldermanbury, New York, for the practice of the rite of meditation. Every night the brethren and sisters pass into a state of trance, in which they see visions. In these trances Cicely, the heroine, and the Master receive messages from her mother, hear the voice of the spirit and see its face; it is these messages from the other side of the grave that guide and mould the course of the story. In a state of absorption in the Unseen, the members commune with spiritual influences and receive spiritual instruction. They have no books, for they do not read or follow any form of worship, meditation supplying all their mental and spiritual needs.

"EN ROUTE." Kegan Paul & Co.

This is Mr. Kegan Paul's translation of J. K. Huysman's famous novel describing how a libertine, who had officiated at the diabolical ceremonies and obscene orgies of the Black Mass, found peace in the Roman Church. The occult element in the story is chiefly confined to the descriptions of the succubœ, which tormented him even in the cloister. In this case, their visits excited, stifled, disquieted him, but satisfaction found he none. Such phenomena, according to Huysman, are familiar in every cloister.

"STUDIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN," by F. W. Saunders. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

Seven short stories, of which the first, "Angel Voices," is of the Borderland. It describes a case of spirit return, in which the lover, mourned as dead, returns to his betrothed; describes his passing, and announces that he will continue to live with her in materialised form.

"NORTHUMBRIAN STORIES." Howard Pease. First, second, and third series. Mawson & Swan.

In the third series of these dialect stories there is a liberal infusion of Borderland lore. Note specially the tale of the haunted hall of Seaton Delaval, a local ghost story well told.

XVI.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

We shall be grateful for the Co-operation of Readers of BORDERLAND, as well as of publishers and editors of journals in the production of our Index. No trouble has been spared, but there is no doubt that a great many interesting publications may have escaped notice.

Apparitions:

Funeral Address given by an Apparition, R. Cooper, *Light*, March 27
Ghost of Queen Elizabeth seen at Windsor Castle, *Light*, February 13
Ghost seen by Mr. Buckland, *Light of Truth*, March 6
Regiment of Soldiers see an Apparition, A., *Light*, March 6

Astrology:

Character from Solar Biology, *Esoteric*. February, March
Curious Anecdote of Dryden, *Light of the East*, December
Curious Horoscopes, Childbirths, *Modern Astrology*. January
Earthquake in England, The, "Sepharial," *Herschell's Coming Events*, February
Esoteric Side of Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, January
First Annual Meeting of the Astrological Society, *Modern Astrology*, March
Horoscope: Heart Disease, *Modern Astrology*. March
Horoscopes of Cecil J. Rhodes and President Kruger, *Herschell's Coming Events*, January
Mental Qualities, The, *Modern Astrology*, March
National Horoscope, *Herschell's Coming Events*, January, February, March
Planetary Dominions, "Sepharial." *Herschell's Coming Events*, February
Planetary Metals, "Sepharial," *Herschell's Coming Events*, January
Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pages 17-18), *Herschell's Coming Events*, January, February
Royal Academy Election and the Stars, The, *Herschell's Coming Events*, March
"Sepharial's" Manual of Horoscopy, *Herschell's Coming Events*, March
Speculations, *Herschell's Coming Events*, February, March
Strange Horoscope of Twins, *Star Lore*, March
Horoscope of Mr. B. J. Barnato, *Star Lore*, March
Theoretical Basis of Astrology, The Moon, *Modern Astrology*, March

Automatism:

Case of "Speaking with Tongues," Professor William James, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Recent Experiments in Normal Motor Automatism, F. W. H. Myers, *Proceedings of the S.P.R*, December, 1896
Spirit Teachings through the Hand of W. S. Moses, *Light*, January 16, March 6, March 20

Biography:

Burrows's, Dr. J. H., His Reception in India. *Thinker*, January 23
Blake, William, An Early Spiritualist, *Harbinger of Light*, January
Cook, Miss Florrie, Sketch of, *Two Worlds*, March 12, 19
Coues, Elliott, Scientist (Sketch and Portrait), *Light of Truth*, February 13
Dositheus. G. R. S. Mead, *Lucifer*, February
Graddon, Mrs., Sketch of, *Light*, January 9
Pasquales, Martinez, *Lucifer*, January
Richmond, Mrs. C. L. V. (Sketch and Portrait), *Light of Truth*, December 26
Taylor, Henry J., Sketch of, *Two Worlds*, March 19
Terry, W. H., Sketch and Portrait (*continued*), *Banner of Light*, January 2, 9
Waite, A. E., Sketch of, *Two Worlds*, January 1
Wallace, A. R., LL.D., *Light of Truth*, January 9
"X," Miss, and the Burton Messages, *Light*, January 23

"Borderland" Notices:

Harbinger of Light, January, General Review
Light, January 30, General Notice
Light of the East, February, General Review
Light of the East, December, Hypnotism
Philosophical Journal, February 22, General Notice
Theosophic Isis, February, Reviewed at Length

Buddhism:

Buddhism Defined, *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society*, January, February
Buddhistic Code of Morals, *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society*, January
Initiation Address of Prince Prisdan Choomsai, *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society*, January
Is Buddhism Pessimism? *Buddhist*, December 4
Philosophy of Buddhism, Dr. Carus, *Monist*, January
Philosophy of Buddhism Outlined, *Buddhist*, December 18
Prince Prisdan Choomsai and the Order of Bhikshus, *Buddhist*, January 8
Tenent of Castes, The, *Light of the East*, December

Clairvoyance (see under Mediums):

Child seen Clairvoyantly, *Light*, January 16
Lost Brooch restored through Clairvoyance, *Light*, January 23

Crystal Gazing:

Experiments with a Crystal, Professor J. H. Hyslop, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896

Doubles:

How Doubles are Constituted, *Light*, March 13

Dreams:

Case of Dreaming, Clairvoyance or Telepathy? *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Control of Dreams, *Light of Truth*, January 30
Dreams and Dreaming, *Prasnottara*, December, January
Two Dreams—True and False, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March

Healing:

Church, Science, and Natural Healing Methods, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Day with Père Jourdain, the Healer, A, *Light*, February 27
Healer in Vermont, A, *Occult Science Quarterly*, February 13
Insanity of Fear, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*. March
Mental Therapeutics, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Methods of Healing, *Light of Truth*, January 23
Power of Imagination, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Psychic Power of the Detroit Healer, *Light of Truth*, January 30
Self-Healing by Self-Suggestion, *Light*, January 30
Vermont Healer, The, by a Patient, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Wichita, Kansas, Healer, A, *Philosophical Journal*, March 13

Hypnotism:

An Hour's Sleep for tired Shoppers, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Cases Cured at the Chicago School of Psychology, *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Children and Suggestion, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Crime—a Possibility under Hypnotic Control, *Hypnotic Magazine* January
Crime and Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
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Distance no bar to Hypnotic Phenomena, *Light of Truth*, February 20
Does Imagination produce the Phenomena of Hypnotism? *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Effects of Music on Hypnotised Subjects, *Light*, March 27
Experiments by Count de Rochas, *Occult Science Quarterly*, February 13
Hypnotic Phenomena Observed, Dr. J. M. Bramwell, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Hypnotism Defined, Dr. J. M. Bramwell, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Kleptomania Cured by Dr. Bertillon, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Melancholia and Anger Cured by Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Men and Women and Hypnotic Control, *Light of Truth*, March 13
Mesmeric Séance with M. De Rochas, *Light*, March 13
Mesmerism and Hypnotism, W. Ames, F.S.A., *Light*, February 27 March 6
Mesmerism, Hypnotism, and Mind Healing, Geo. Wild, M.D., *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Method of Inducing Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Plea for Divorce, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
To Cure Sleeplessness, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January

Magic and Mysticism:

Mysticism and Its Witnesses, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Occultism in Medicine, *Theosophic Isis*. January
Vivekananda, Swami, and Occultism, *Thinker*, February 20

Mediums and Mediumship:

Book of Research written through a Medium, *Light*, January 30
Education and Development of Mediums, *Two Worlds*, January 13
Experiences of a Trance Medium. *Two Worlds*. March 12
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Farm Reclaimed through Advice of Medium, *Philosophical Journal*, February 22
How Mediums are Controlled, J. B. Tetlow, *Two Worlds*, January 22, 29
Levitation and Flight of Mr. Craddock, *Light*, January 23
Lost Book recovered through Mrs. Graddon, *Light*, January 30
Materialisation Séances of Mr. Craddock, *Two Worlds*, February 5
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Place of Medium during "Spirit Control," *Vahan*, January
Predictions for 1897, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 13
Rights of Mediums and Hearers, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 6

Science of Mediumship, *Two Worlds*, February 5, 12
Sketch of Mrs. Graddon, *Light*, January 9
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Wilde, Thomas, in London, *Two Worlds*, February 12, 26

Miscellaneous:

Colony of Esoteric Philosophers in California, *Esoteric*, February
Matter defined by Professors Barrett, Lodge, and Crookes, *Light*, January 23

Personal:

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Barrett, H. D., on the Present Duty of Spiritualists, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
Barrows, Dr. J. H., on Christianity, *Thinker*, January 30
Besant, Mrs. Annie, on Christianity and Zoroastrianism, *Thinker*, January 9
Besant, Mrs. Annie, on her Tour in India, *Theosophy*, January, February
Bjerregaard, C. H. A., on the Sphinx and "Being," *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Bramwell, Dr. J. M., on Hypnotism, *Proceedings*, December
Carus, Dr. Paul, on the Philosophy of Buddhism, *Monist*, January
Crookes, William, on the Philosophy of Thought Transference, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, March, 1897
Gore, Canon, on a Future Life, *Light*, January, 16
Hargrove, E. T., on the Crusaders in India, *Theosophy*, January
James, Prof. William, on Case of Speaking with Tongues, *Proceedings*, December
Judge, W. Q., on Cyclic Impression and Return and our Evolution, *Theosophist*, January, February, March
Keightley, Bertram, on the Sânkhya Philosophy, *Lucifer*, January, February, March
Leadbeater, C. W., On Invisible Helpers, *Lucifer*, January
Leadbeater, C. W., On Root Races, *Vahan*, March
Leadbeater, C. W., On Sources of Information Received from the Unseen, *Light*, March 27
Leadbeater, C. W., on the Etheric Double's Relation to the Body, *Vahan*, February
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Mead, G. R. S., on Our Relation to Children, *Lucifer*, March
Mead, G. R. S., on the Re-embodiment of Ideas, *Vahan*, February
Morse, J. J., on Before Life and After Death, *Light*, February 20
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Myers, F. W. H., on Recent Experiments in Normal Motor Automatism, *Proceedings*, December
Olcott, H. S., on Mediums and Fire Elementals, *Theosophist*, February
Olcott, H. S., Old Diary Leaves, *Theosophist*, January, February
Paladino, Eusapia, Experiments with, *Light*, February 20
Rogers, E. Dawson, Report of the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, *Light*, March 13
Sidgwick, Professor Henry, on Whispering and Thought-Transference, *Proceedings*, December
Sinnett, A. P., on Beginnings of the Fifth Race, *Transactions of the London Lodge*, February
Sinnett, A. P., on Cataclysms and Earthquakes, *Lucifer*, March
Tingley, Mrs. Katherine A., on The Crusader's Object in India, *Theosophy*, January
Tingley, Mrs. Katherine A., on The Fruits of the Crusade, *Light of Truth*, March 13
Underwood, B. F., on Occult Communication, *Light of Truth*, March 6
Underwood, B. F., on Some Facts and their Meaning, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
Vivekananda, Swami, Interview with, *Thinker*, February 6
Vivekananda, Swami, on Occultism, *Thinker*, February 20
Wachtmeister, Constance, on How I Joined the T. S., *Mercury*, February

Phenomena:

Direct Writing in Mr. Thurstan's Circle, *Light*, February 27
Four Deaths Presaged by One Stroke of a Clock, *Light*, February 6
Materialisations in America, *Light*, January 9
Materialisations with Mr. Craddock, *Light*, January 23
Objects Transported by Spirits, *Light*, February 13
Physical Phenomena in Mr. Thurstan's Circle, *Light*, March 27
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Psychic:

Affinity of Souls, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Analysis of Anger, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January, February
Consciousness: Its Conquests and Prophecies, *Two Worlds*, March 19, 26
End, or Good, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Finding Our Place in Life, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Genesis of Consciousness, The, *Iconoclast*, January, March
Intuition, B. F. Underwood, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
New Philosophy, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Study of Delirium, A, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Subjective and Objective Realms, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February

Religion:

Hell No Part of Divine Revelation, *Arena*, January
Mysticism Throughout the Ages, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Origins of Christianity, G. R. S. Mead, *Lucifer*, January
Religious Evolution in India, *Light of the East*, January
Science and Faith, *Monist*, January
Science the Handmaiden of Religion, Hudor Genone, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
What "The Fall" Really Is, *Banner of Light*, February 27
World-wide Effects of Christianity, The, Dr. J. H. Barrows, *Thinker* January 23

Science:

Evolution and Catholic Dogma, *Lucifer*, January
Hereditary Influence and Medical Progress, *Arena*, January
Negro Folk-lore and Dialect, *Arena*, January
Remarkable Case of Suspended Animation, *Light of Truth*, February 6
Telegraphy Without Wires, *Light of Truth*, February 6

Spirit Photography:

"Truth Seeker" and the Psychic Photographers, *Light*, January 30, Febuary 13

Spiritualism:

Annual Report of the L. S. A. Council, E. Dawson Rogers, President, *Light*, March 13
Before Life and After Death, J. J. Morse, *Light*, February 20
Chemistry and Spiritual Phenomena, *Light of Truth*, February 20
Children in the Spirit Land, *Two Worlds*, March 5, 19 26
Duty of the Hour, The, H. D. Barrett, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
Early Spiritual Work in California, *Philosophical Magazine*, March 13
Forty-three years of Spiritualism, G. B. Stebbins, *Light of Truth*, February 6.
Ghost of Thackeray, *Light of Truth*, January 23
Guardian Angels, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, January
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Haunted House in Providence, A, *Light of Truth*, March 6
Home Circle Development, *Light of Truth*, January 9
How Spirit Creates Matter, *Light*, January 2, 9
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Let Us Know the Facts and their Meaning, B. F. Underwood, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
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Mediumship, Mrs. M. M. King, *Harbinger of Light*, February
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Miner and His Clock, The, *Light*, March 13
Occult Communication, B. F. Underwood, *Light of Truth*, March 6
Philosophy of Prayer, Aenos, *Two Worlds*, January 8
Prophesies fulfilled, *Light*, January 2
Reincarnation *versus* Individual Persistence, *Harbinger of Light*, February
Sardou's "Spiritisme," *Light*, February 20
Scraps from My Book of Life, L. C. Howe, *Light of Truth*, February 27
So-called "Spirits" of Seances, D. W. Daniel, *Mercury*, February.
Socialism and Spiritualism, Aenos, *Two Worlds*, January 15.
Sources of the Information Received from the Unseen, C. W. Leadbeater, *Light*, March 27
Speeches at the Glamorganshire Conference on Biblical Criticism, *Two Worlds*, February 12
Spirit Face in a Plate Glass Mirror, *Occult Science Quarterly*, February 13
Spirit Identity, *Two Worlds*, March 5
Spirits make Wax Moulds before Sitters, *Two Worlds*, February 19
Spiritual Alchemy, Quaestor Vitæ, *Light*, January 2, 30; February 6
Spiritual Explanation of Life's Problems, E. W. Wallis, *Light*, March 13, 20
Spiritualism Denied, *Two Worlds*, February 19, 26
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Spiritualism *v.* the Orthodox Faith, *Two Worlds*, January 1
Synopsis of Professor Crookes's Lecture, *Light*, February 13
Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism, *Harbinger of Light*, February
Use of Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, March 5
What Archbishop Temple does not know of the Future, *Two Worlds*, January 8
What Constitutes a Spiritualist? *Two Worlds*, January 12
Why we know so little of the Future Life, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
Will in favour of a Spiritualist Society Disputed, *Light*, March 13
Windows Smashed by Invisible Hands, *Two Worlds*, January 15

Telepathy:

Anecdotes of "that Electric Chain," *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Blind Girl reads Odinary Print, *Light of Truth*, March 20
Experiments in Mind Reading, *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Involuntary Whispering and Thought Transference, Professor Henry Sidgwick, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Mind or Muscle Reading, *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Telepathy, Clara K. Barnum, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Theory of Thought Transference, W. Crookes, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, March, 97

Theosophy:

Are we Responsible for Our Dreams? *Theosophical Forum*, March
Besant's Mrs., Tour, *Prasnottara*, December, January

Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life, The, *Irish Theosophist*, January, February, March
Bye-Paths in Occult Progress, *Irish Theosophist*, March
Cataclysms and Professor Milne's Theory of Earthquakes, A. P. Sinnett, *Lucifer*, March
Celts, Druids, and "Being," *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Crusade of American Theosophists, *Theosophy*, March
Crusaders in India, *Theosophy*, January, February
Cyclic Impression and Return and our Evolution, W. Q. Judge, *Theosophy*, January, February, March
Did the French Revolution Destroy Theosophy? *Theosophical Forum*, January
Dispositions indicated by Given Colours, *Vahan*, January
Do Ideas Re-embody: G.R. S.M., *Vahan*, February
Do We Live More than Once on Earth? W. J. Colville, *Banner of Light*, March 20
Doctrines of St. Martin, *Lucifer*, February
Does the Etheric Double leave the Body, C. W. L., *Vahan*, February
Education and Theosophy in America, *Irish Theosophist*, February
Education of Hindu Youth, Mrs. Beasant, *Theosophist*, March
Evolution and Ethics (concluded), Professor John Mackenzie, *Lucifer*, March
Evolution and Reincarnation, Wm. Scott, *Lamp*, January
Folk-Lore of the Mysore Mulnaad, S. M. Hunt, *Theosophist*, January
Fruits of the Crusade, Mrs. K. A. Tingley, *Light of Truth*, March 13
Future of Humanity, The, *Theosophic Gleaner*, January, February
Future of Theosophy, The, *Irish Theosophist*, February
Gaudapada and his Devi Sutras, *Theosophist*, March
General Report of the Twenty-First Anniversary of the T. S., *Theosophist* January
Glimpses of the Past, *Theosophic Isis*, February
Great Physical Changes in Root Races Explained, C. W. L., *Vahan*, March
Helpers in Times of Need, *Lucifer*, January
Hindu Cycles and the Circle's Ratio, A. Marques, *Mercury*, March
How to aid Our Children, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, March
Is Karma Absolute? *Theosophical Forum*, March
Kabbala and "Being," The, C. H. A. Bjerregaard, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Karma, H. E. Butler, *Esoteric*, February
Lectures by Mrs. Besant, *Thinker*, January 9
List of T. S. Branches in America, *Theosophical Forum*, February
Mediums and Fire Elementals, with Note by H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, February
New Old Philosophy of Life, The, *Arena*, January
Old Diary Leaves, H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, January, February, March
Old Indian Theosophy, *Theosophist*, March
Object of the Crusaders in India, Mrs. Tingley, *Theosophy*, January
Predestination and Free Will, A. G. Charu, *Theosophist*, January
Reincarnation and Spiritualism, *Theosophist*, March
Report of Indian Tour, by Mrs. Besant, *Theosophist*, January, February
Report of Mrs. Besant's Indian Work, *Lucifer*, January, February
Sânkhya Philosophy, The, *Lucifer*, January, February
School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, *Theosophy*, February
Science and Theosophy, *Lucifer*, January, February
Some Work of the Crusaders, *Theosophical Forum*, March
Subjects for Discussion in Lodge Meetings, *Theosophical Forum*, February
Sun Worship Among the Parsès, *Theosophist*, February, March
Theosophy and Science, A. Marques, *Mercury*, January
Theosophy as a Guide in Life, *Thinker*, December 19
Theosophy of Tennyson, The, *Theosophist*, January
True Significance of Kalirjuga, *Thinker*, December 5
Voice of the Silence, The, *Thinker*, January 23
When Love or Loathing is Wrong, *Theosophical Forum*, January, February
Where is the Medium During "Spirit Control"? *Vahan*, January

Visions:

Prophetic Vision Verified, *Spiritual Advocate*, March 20
Vision of a Clairvoyant, *Light*, January 23
Woman Saved a Cobra Bite by a Vision, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 13

XVII.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.

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Arena. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.

January.

Negro Folk-Lore and Dialect. Prof. W. S. Scarborough, A.M.
Hell no Part of Divine Revelation. Rev. W. E. Manley, D.D.
Hereditary Influence and Medical Progress. J. J. Morrissey, M.D.
Calve's Home and a Few Friends
The New Old Philosophy of Life. S. P. Colburn

Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston. $2.00 per annum.

January 2.

Sketch of Mr. W. H. Terry
Straws in the Wind. J. W. Fletcher

January 9.

Materialization in the Light of Recent Alleged "Exposes." J. C. F. Grumbine

January 23.

A. R. Wallace. Sketch and Portrait

January 30.

Present Religious Conditions. Rev. M. J. Savage
A Letter from Dr. Alex. Wilder

February 6.

Some Interesting Experiences. M. Cora Bland, M.D.

February 13.

Spiritual Significance of Numbers, Colours, and Symbols. W. J. Colville
The Christian Register and Spiritualism

February 20.

Practical Suggestions for the Esoteric Student
Education of Spiritual Teachers. E. W. Gould

February 27.

Is Religion Dying? Rev. M. J. Savage
What the Fall Really Is

March 6.

Spiritualism and Good Morals

March 13.

More Economic Methods of Time and Money for the Promotion of Spiritualism

March 20.

Do We Live More than Once on Earth. W. J. Colville

Buddhist. Colombo, Ceylon. 10s. per annum.

December 4.

Does Buddhism Teach the Doctrine of Pessimism?
Coincidences (continued). Address by Prof. Max Muller

December 11.

The Buddhist Temporalities

December 18.

American Theosophists in Ceylon
The Abhidharma Outlined

January 8.

Prince Prisdan Choomsai and the Order of Bhikshus

Deutsche Revue. Stuttgart, Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 2 marks.

January.

Truth and Fancy in Hypnotism. Prof. Ludwig Büchner

February.

Truth and Fancy in Hypnotism (continued). Prof. Ludwig Büchner

Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California. $1.75 per annum.

January.

The Seven Creative Principles. H. E. Butler
Creation. T. A. Williston
The Cycle of Religion. W. P. Pyle.
The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. B.

February.

Creation. T. A. Williston
The Cycles of Religions. W. P. Pyle
The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
The Seven Creative Principles. H. E. Butler
Applegate Farm, California
Karma. H. E. B.
Character from Solar Biology

March.

The Seven Creative Principles. H. E. B.
Creative Energies. T. A. Williston
Rewards and Punishments
The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. B.
Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

Harbinger of Light, W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per annum.

December.
Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King

January.
An Early Spiritualist. William Blake
Some Spirit Photographs
Spiritualism in India

February.
Reincarnation and Spiritualism
Objects and Ethics of Spiritualism
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July 15, 1897.

THE QUEEN AS BORDERLANDER.

IT is generally known, although seldom stated, that the Queen is much in advance of the majority of her subjects in matters psychic as well as in more mundane affairs. Mrs. Crawford, in an article on "The Queen and her Ministers" in the *Contemporary Review* for July, makes a guarded allusion to this subject.

While the Blood and Iron policy was being applied in the Duchies the Queen's thoughts had turned to life, death, and eternity. A civil war was raging on the other side of the Atlantic. It had broken out as the Prince Consort died. A spirit of violence seemed to sway the world, but Great Britain was fortunate in keeping out of the strife. The Queen had deemed herself more wretched than the most miserable beggar, but she found comfort in Zchokke's book on the threefold subject that filled her thoughts, and in Lady Augusta Stanley's friendship. That lady was with the Duchess of Kent in her last hours. The Queen vaguely felt that the spirit of the Prince was with her in her perplexities. She often sat before the portrait of him that gave her most satisfaction. When discussing affairs of foreign policy she sometimes retired to meditate on his words and memoranda. Lord Palmerston did not like this. He had never, he said, understood the Prince when he was living, and could not be expected to understand him now that he was dead. This was very Palmerstonian—that is to say, flippant and unfeeling under an air of good sense.

WHY IT IS NOT AVOWED.

The reason why the Queen does not definitely avow her belief in the doctrine of Spirit return I have thus described in my studies of the Sovereign and the Reign:—

The position of the Sovereign precludes any very active participation in the promotion of ideas or of doctrines which are in advance of the moral standard of the mass of the community. The action of Royalty is a kind of accepted register of national or local unanimity. When causes are in their fighting stage, however keenly the Queen may personally sympathise and wish them success, it is held unseemly for her to identify herself with any movement to which even a minority of her subjects are conscientiously opposed.

No one can read the way in which the Queen constantly refers to the consolation of her widowhood without feeling that Her Majesty not only believes but knows the truth of the doctrine of Spirit return. As she wrote on one occasion, speaking of the Prince Consort after his death: "The only sort of consolation she experiences is in the constant sense of his unseen presence, and the blessed thought of the eternal union hereafter which will make the anguish of the present appear as nought." But no one, on the strength of the Queen's own personal experiences, would have had her scandalise the prejudices of her subjects by becoming, let us say, a patron of the Spiritualistic Alliance. On the other hand, in taking part in a General Thanksgiving either for the recovery of the Prince of Wales or for the Jubilee of her Reign, the Queen is able to discharge the natural and proper rôle of her central position; for she then acts in accord with the unanimous sentiment of all her subjects.

A RECORD PREDICTION.

The announcement made last quarter by Mr. Balfour that the Government had determined to bring in a Local Government Bill for Ireland on lines which were so frankly democratic as to excite the enthusiasm of the Home Rulers, recalls a prophecy which was made several years since. It was when Mr. Morley was standing for Newcastle that my hand wrote automatically three specific prophecies. It declared (1) that Mr. Morley would be returned by a far larger majority than any one ventured to hope for, naming four figures and coming within twenty of the exact majority. (2) That Lord Salisbury would defeat the Home Rule Bill and be returned at the General Election by a majority of 139—in reality his majority was even higher. (3) And that after he had been three years in office he would bring in a Local Government Bill for Ireland which would be as like Home Rule as he would dare to make it. For prophets to pull off a double event is good, but to score three hits in succession is a "record." The same intelligence added that the Local Government Bill would be accepted for all that it was worth by the Irish, but that the Liberals would carry the next General Election, and broaden the

Bill so as to make it correspond more to the aspirations of the Irish people.

H. P. B. RE-INCARNATE.

The story is going the round of the press that Mrs. Besant, who is now lecturing in the United States upon the true faith which all theosophists should hold, declares that H. P. B. has been re-incarnated already.

"Madame Blavatsky has been re-incarnated in the person of a young Brahmin, now about nineteen years old, whose soul had departed. The re-incarnation took place five years ago, and the lad, who previously knew only Sanskrit and Hindustani, now speaks Russian, French, German, and Hebrew"; but she says "his identity must be held secret for some time to come. I knew from Madame Blavatsky of this re-incarnation before it was consummated. There can be no doubt of it, and the fact can be established without difficulty, when the right time comes."

This young Brahmin, whose thirteen-year-old body was thus selected as the vehicle for the spirit of H. P. B., seems to have acquired languages with astonishing ease. It will be interesting to discover when the secret is revealed whether, together with this gift of tongues, he has received the passionate temper, the unrestrained profanity, and the other distinguishing characteristics of Madame Blavatsky. No one could be disguised with more difficulty. But it is difficult to conceive of the H. P. B. whom we knew in the flesh living again in a live Brahmin boy.

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM.

Canon Wilberforce, who is a psychic born of a psychic family, has been preaching about spiritualism and theosophy. As becomes a psychic, he does not deny the reality of the phenomena called spiritualistic, but strongly deprecates profane dabbling in the mysteries for the sake of amusement. Therein all the experienced will agree with him. But in view of the deadness and apathy of the majority of men to all invisible things, there is something to be said in favour even of the experimental séance held to pass away the time. The Apostle rejoiced that the Gospel should be preached even of contention, and while fully recognising the risks of rash experimentalising, it is well not to forget that there are many who have learnt the truth of the other world by this means which would otherwise have remained a sealed book to them. It is not only in churches that some who come to scoff remain to pray. And after all do not let us exaggerate. There are many cases no doubt of obsession or demoniacal possession, but they occur quite as often as not among those who deny all spiritistic phenomena as among those who haunt tables.

EXCOMMUNICATE FOR TRYING THE SPIRITS.

The Apostle bade us "try the spirits," but there is one right reverend successor of the Apostles who knows better than to encourage any such nonsense. The Bishop of Maryland has decided that in his diocese those who hold séances shall be treated as if they were drunkards, whoremongers, blasphemers, and such ill-living men. Certain parishioners in his diocese who were wont to present themselves at the altar to receive the elements at the Holy Communion had been impressed with the phenomena held to prove spirit return, and were holding séances to see what truth there was in it. Whereupon the Bishop directed his clergy to fence the tables and forbid spiritualists to approach thereto. "The Bishop," says the American *Church News*, "closed a somewhat lengthy and detailed letter as follows:—'I think it is your duty kindly, but firmly, to give them notice that until they abandon such practices they may not receive the Holy Communion. Their names, of course, would still appear upon your record, but the fact that they have been suspended ought to be noted there. The Church loses nothing when she enforces her discipline if she does it kindly.'" How kindly a spirit is this! It recalls the tender scruples of the ecclesiastics against the shedding of blood which led them "kindly but firmly" to burn the heretics at the stake.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.

The knighthood bestowed upon Professor Crookes was one of the few items in the list of Jubilee honours which met with general approval. There were few—outside the colonies—who figured in the list whose names were recognised as public benefactors. But every one knew Professor Crookes, and every one endorsed the Royal certificate of merit. For that is what the title of Sir amounts to—when it is not bestowed upon political partizans. Knighthoods and baronetcies are the small change of political corruption. But when they are given to a non-partizan they attest merit that has succeeded in impressing exalted judges with its genuineness. As Borderlander Professor Crookes was not knighted, but as Chemist. Yet there was more of the chivalrous spirit of the knight in his exploration of the Borderland than in the researches into the laws of Radiant Heat.

TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.

This number of BORDERLAND bears strange evidence as to the diversity of views which prevail among the Invisibles, or whatever we may choose to designate the intelligences that communicate by one means to another with mortal men. In the Gallery of Borderlanders I describe, at some considerable length, Professor Buchanan's "Revelation" of "Primitive Christianity." From this it will be perceived that the good doctor is firmly convinced that he has been directly inspired by the Apostle John to edit the Gospel of St. John, the revision consisting for the most part in the removal of texts, which Unitarian Polemists have found most inconvenient in their contests with the Trinitarians. Readers of the life of Mrs. Kingsford will remember that Mr. Maitland is not less firmly convinced that he himself is the actual reincarnation of St. John! Each of these worthy doctors is proof against all suggestions that he may be mistaken. His St. John is the genuine original and only St. John the Divine. Curiously enough, Dr.

Buchanan's St. John will have nothing to say to the Apocalypse denouncing it *in toto* as Apocryphal.

"HAFED" AND HIS TWO MEDIUMS.

David Duguid and Dr. Buchanan each profess to have had communications from one Hafed, Prince of Persia, who is alleged to have been a contemporary of Jesus of Nazareth. Unfortunately the Californian seer reports that Hafed's alleged communications to David Duguid are a tissue of fables. He does not, indeed, deny that he communicated to Mr. Duguid. But it was not direct. There were intermediaries, and these intermediaries, instead of truthfully transmitting what Hafed told them, garbled it at their own sweet will and fancy, and now Hafed repudiates the statement made in his name. The game of Russian scandal would appear to flourish beyond the Border. Who can guarantee us from another communication from Hafed; this time let us say to a Hindoo fakir, repudiating Dr. Buchanan's message as peremptorily as that of Mr. Duguid. These things illustrate the difficulties which encompass the investigation of the Borderland.

HINDOO CLAIRVOYANCE.

In the last number of BORDERLAND I reported some marvels of Hindoo magic. I have not yet heard from Mr. Jhangan. But I have received a very interesting report of the attempt, successful attempt, of Pandit Chhedital Mizra to read the contents of a sealed envelope. I had sent the envelope to a correspondent in India. In it were four slips of paper written in four languages by four different persons. None of the languages were known to the Pandit, who speaks only Marathi. The test took place at Nagpur on February 1st. There were only two persons present besides the Pandit.

My correspondent writes:

> The clairvoyant first asked my brother, who held your envelope in his hand, to choose the names of five flowers. On his doing so, the clairvoyant began to work sums in arithmetic, and asked my brother and his friend, who were the only persons present, to work out sums in multiplying, dividing, adding, and subtracting certain figures. The envelope was all the while in my brother's hand. Once or twice the Pandit took it in his own hand and then returned it to my brother, who watched him attentively the whole time and assures me that everything was honest. The clairvoyant after some meditation and working out of arithmetical sums began to write down the contents of the envelope with his own hand on a piece of paper. He was very much disappointed when after finishing he was not allowed to see whether he had succeeded, the envelope having to be returned unopened to London. He is now most anxious to know the result of his calculations.

I shall reproduce in a future number the writings enclosed and the Pandit's successful reproduction of the unfamiliar languages, in which they were written. He put *u* for *a* in one and balanced it by putting *a* for *u* in another. In the fourth he put *n* for *a* and wrote Savoir as Saviour, but otherwise he was quite right. He also accurately describes the number and shape of the pieces of paper and the different colour of the ink used.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE INVISIBLES.

"Use lessens marvel" is an old adage, and we can get accustomed to anything, even to ghosts, but I confess I was hardly prepared to find that a dear friend of mine, who has had, at least, one horrifying experience of visitants from the spectral world, so far overcame her fear as to regard the invisible visitant with complacent satisfaction. My friend lives in a haunted castle, and in her last letter, written in reply to an inquiry from me as to how she was getting on among her spectres, she replied that everything was going well only, she added, for several nights past, "I have never put my arm outside the bedclothes, that my hand has not been immediately grasped by a soft, warm, invisible hand." The effect seems to have been both soothing and comforting, but I am afraid that if such an experience occurred to most of us, the first time we ever put out our hand outside the bedclothes would be the last. It is a distinct advantage that the spectral hand should be warm; usually, if we may believe the story-tellers the conventional ghost is clammy and cold.

TELEPATHY AND THE DETECTIVE FORCE.

So many absurd stories have been told of Miss Maud Lancaster's alleged association with the detective force of Scotland Yard, and quoted as if on her own authority, that it is only justice to so clever a lady to give circulation to her explicit denial of the fable. In a recent interview with a special reporter of the *Daily Mail*, "I am not attached to any force," said Miss Lancaster, "and have certainly not done any work for Scotland Yard."

She told the reporter many startling stories, any one of which would make a detective novel, but as she unfortunately refused to supply names and dates, they belong, meanwhile, rather to romance than to history. She was originally a public singer, but failure of voice induced her to select a different and more original stage, and since 1889 she has been before the public as "a telepathist."

A PSYCHIC DIRECTORY.

A useful French publication *Le Bulletin de la Presse*, has recently (March 10) devoted a considerable amount of space to a list of publications devoted to occult or psychic lore. The list is by no means complete, but, even as it stands, it is interesting and suggestive. There are one hundred and five publications named, with the addresses, and in many cases date of publication carefully given. It is interesting to note the proportions in which the countries appear. It is probably due to the fact of more complete information that France comes so near the top of the list:—

North America (United States), 27; France, 25; England, 13; Mexico, 11; Spain, 8; Italy, 6; Sweden and Norway, 3; Germany, 3; Cuba, 2; Denmark, 2; Australia, 2; Bohemia, 1; Argentine (Republic), 1; India, 1.

II.—LETTERS FROM THE BORDERLAND.

"JULIA" ON THE LOSING AND THE FINDING OF THE SOUL.

THE latest message from "Julia" differs from all her previous communications. It is, as the reader will see primarily religious, nor does it so much as allude to psychic phenomena, save in so far as they result from the Finding of the Soul. It may be objected that this letter from the Borderland is but a sermon on Wordsworth's familiar text:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

But the same objection might be made to the whole body of the teaching of the saints and sages, who in every age have endeavoured to bring Man nearer to God. At the same time Julia's letter has a distinctive note that is all her own. For when she speaks of the Loss of the Soul she does not mean the doom of the finally impenitent, but rather to the actual present impoverishment and mutilation of the life of Man that results from his losing touch of his Soul.

It is as if she were speaking of the loss of sight or hearing. It is an actual loss of the seat of the higher senses, by which, if she may be believed, man possesses the power to see the Invisible, to work Miracles, and to conquer Death. The Soul is the sense that apprehends God and establishes the connection between this world of fleeting phantasms and the Other World of eternal realities. Hence her exhortation for all men to set about the finding of the soul.

The message was written automatically by my hand late on Sunday night. When I sat down I was mildly wondering what "Julia" would write about. When she began about the Jubilee my immediate feeling was one of annoyance. For always in these messages the first thing is to keep the conscious mind from intruding its thoughts, its ideas upon the unconscious transmitter. I had been thinking for a full week past about the importance of endeavouring to unite the churches in a great national mission to celebrate the Jubilee by promoting a revival of religion in our midst. Hence, when my hand wrote the opening sentence, it seemed to me so much an echo of my own ideas that I half thought of laying down the pen. The intercalated observations in brackets express my objections which it will be seen were speedily silenced.

For the substance of "Julia's" message, so far from appearing to be emanating from my own mind, is so much at variance with what I fear is my own way of life, that it would be more reasonable to regard it as a rebuke primarily addressed to myself, than as an expression of my own views on the matter. This merely by way of explanation.

July 11th, 1897.—Julia. My dearest friend,—What I am now going to write is for BORDERLAND.

[I have not a ghost of an idea what it is to be about.]

Oh, what an opportunity you have this year of making a memorable and permanent memento of the Queen's Jubilee!

[Humph! Does the Jubilee interest you?]

Yes, we are interested in this as in all that stirs the heart and moves the soul of man. We see what you are thinking, and we see what you are doing. And we see also what you ought to do if you would but use the opportunity aright. And that is what I want to write with your hand to-day.

[Personally, I rather resent "Julia's" intervention with Jubilee affairs. The feeling may be absurd, but I wish she would not mix herself up in this business.]

Yes, I know, but when I have to say things, what you like or dislike does not matter. What I have to tell you is that the Jubilee gives you a great chance of effecting permanent good. All that you have done has been well done and useful. But you have now to begin the real Jubilee.

MY MESSAGE OR JULIA'S?

You have to make up for the self-jubilation and vain-glory of pride and power by humbling yourselves before the Giver of all these gifts. Otherwise you will not have long to wait for the humiliation to come.

[This is what I have said already myself.]

Oh, why will you not let me write quietly and leave your objections? I will say what I have to say and you can object afterwards. But let me say at once that you will find it very difficult to distinguish between what you say yourself and what we impress upon your mind. But now that I am writing please let me write without interruption.

What I want to say is that the people at large will be more receptive to the truth now than they were before. The Jubilee was a great mind-waker. And when the mind is wakened up your work is half done. What you have to do is to go through the open door which stands wide before you; and if you will but let me have my say without these restless questionings and objections, I think you will admit I have something to say which you have not said, but which I hope you will say here-

after. What you have said about a revival is good; but I wish to point out to you how that revival can be brought about.

All that is to be told would take a long time. But there are some things which can be said quite briefly, which you will see are not at all your ideas.

THE WORST EVIL OF THE DAY.

First of all, what you need to think of above everything else in regard to this matter is, what you or any one of you are doing to make the Real World real to men. The worst evil of the present day is not its love of money, nor its selfishness. No, but its Loss of the Soul. You forget that the Soul is *the* thing. And that all that concerns the body, except so far as it affects the Soul, is of no importance. But what you have to realise is that men and women in this generation have lost their Souls. And this is a terrible truth. It is not what we used to think of losing the Soul in hell, after laying aside the body. It is a thing not of the future only, but of the present. Your Soul is lost now. And you have to find it.

WHAT A LOST SOUL MEANS.

When I say lost, I mean it. You have lost it as you might lose a person in a crowd. It is severed from you. You are immersed in matter and you have lost your Soul. And the first, the most pressing of all things, is to find your Soul. For until you find it you are little better than an active automaton, whose feverish movements have no real significance, no lasting value. The Loss of the Soul, that is the Malady of the Day; and to find the Soul is the Way of Salvation.

HOW THE SOUL HAS BEEN LOST.

The finding of the Soul is the first thing and the most important thing. You will never find it unless you give yourself time to think, time to pray, time to realise that you have a soul. At present, then, do you remember that? You remember post time, and you remember when you must catch trains. But when do you remember that you must catch your Soul? No, no! All is rush, and jump, and whirl, and your Soul gets lost, crowded out of your life. You have so many engagements that you have no time to live the Soul-life. That is what you have to learn. No doubt your work is important, and duty must be done. But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own Soul?

THE SOUL OF THE NATION AND OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

The way the Jubilee helps is that the ordinary man has discovered that there is something he seldom thought of which he now sees is most important. He has at least got a glimpse of the Soul of the Nation, and sees the greatness of the sight. Now teach him that it is even more important to find his own Soul—the lost Soul which he has crowded out of his life.

You understand that? You grasp that?

HOW TO FIND THE SOUL.

Now I will go to speak as to how to find the Soul.

There is only one way. There is no chance of salvation if you never give yourself time to think on things that are timeless, that transcend time, that will be when time shall be no more.

You have no time but for the things of time which perish with the using.

And if you would find your Soul you must give time to the search.

You say you have no time. But you have time to make money, to amuse yourself, to make love, to do anything that you really want to do. But your Soul, that is a thing you do not care about. And so you have no time for the Soul.

You are getting less and less spiritual. The old ordinances, the services, the prayers, the meditation, the retreat, these gave you time. But one by one they all go—these oases where you could rest and meet your Soul. And you have materialised yourself even with the fretful struggle against materialism. For what is more important than struggling to stem evil is to save your Soul, to possess your Soul, to hold it and not let it go.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SOUL.

What seems to me quite clear is that the indifference to the Soul is caused by not understanding that the Soul is the Real Self, the only part of you which lasts, the Divine in you, which you are sacrificing to the things of the day.

What you do not understand is that it is through the Soul alone that you can commune with the Spiritual World that is all around you. And the Spiritual World includes all the world excepting the perishing things of time. When we say Spiritual World we include what you call God and His Holy Angels and the sainted dead. All these are lost to you when you lose your Soul. For the Soul alone communicates with the Real World.

It is through the Soul you obtain inspiration. The Soul links you with the Universe of God, with the Soul of the World. And when you lose touch with your Soul you become a mere prisoner in the dungeon of matter, through which you peer a little way by the windows of the senses.

[Objection. This is what all religions always say, and will the mere saying of it again do any good?]

What all religions say is true. But what I say is a little different. Not to what all religions have said, but to what materialised religions say now. And therein lies the difference.

ITS DIVINE POWERS.

For what I say is that the Soul has Divine powers, but if you will but find your Soul, and develop its Divine potency, there is opened before you a new Heaven and a new Earth, in which Absence is not for Death, and where the whole Universe of Love is yours.

[Miracles, then?]

Yes, I maintain that what you call miracles are the natural capacities of the Soul. Miracles of Healing, Miracles of Movement, Miracles of Power, which you little dream of are within the scope of the Soul. All that you have read of about the power of Spirit over Matter is nothing to the reality. You are as caterpillars to what you might be.

But the doorway into the Infinite is the Soul, and the Soul is lost. When you have no time to think, no time to pray. No time to live. Therefore you must before all else make time.

[Easier said than done.]

MAKE TIME!

Oh, my dear friend, why are you so sceptical? You waste more time in brooding over the Past which you cannot recall, or in anticipating the evils of the Future which you may never meet, than would help you to possess your Soul in the living Present.

What you do not seem to see is that the Soul is not a mere abstraction. It is the Power which enables you to do all things.

I speak the most sober and literal truth, when I say that if you did but possess your Soul and exercise its powers, Death or separation in this world would cease to exist for you, and the miseries which haunt the human race would disappear.

THE CAUSE OF MISERY.

For the whole of the evils that afflict society arise from the lack of seeing things from the standpoint of the Soul. If you lived for the Soul, cared for what made the Soul a more living reality, and less for the meat and drink and paraphernalia of the body, the whole world would be transfigured; you have got a wrong standpoint and everything is out of focus.

I do not say neglect the body. But make its health and ease only the means to the end. The body is only a machine. The work that it does ought to be for the Soul. What you do now is to make the machine everything. It consumes on itself its own force. The wheels go round, but nothing moves. And in the whirl of the wheels the soul is lost.

LOSING THE SOUL BY SEEKING TO SAVE IT.

No! I must repeat once more—you must find time to live. At present you have lost your souls even partly by the strain of trying to find them. I mean that much of the so-called religious life and works, while good in their way, constitute no small addition to the pre-occupation of time which renders Soul life impossible. It is possible to lose your soul in Church as well as on the Exchange. If you have not leisure to be alone with your soul—it does not so much matter whether the rush and whirl and pre-occupation is ecclesiastical or financial—the Soul is lost, and there is nothing to do but to find it again.

MAKE THE SOUL THE CENTRE.

You may sum up what I have to say in one or two words. What I wish you to do is to make the Soul the centre, and make time to use the soul which alone can do all things. Make Time to save Eternity, nay, to possess it now and to know God.

JULIA.

Colonel Olcott, writing in the April *Theosophist*, says:

The leading article in the April number is a "Message from Julia," the contents of which astounded Mr. Stead far more than they will any student of Raja-Yoga, even though but little advanced in his acquaintance with Patanjali's system. For she simply avers that one who would develop controllable spiritual sight—that which the late Major Buckley called "Conscious Clairvoyance" (*vide* Gregory's "Animal Magnetism," 4th. Ed., Redway, 1896, p. 159, *et seq.*) and which is called *Divyadrishti* in Sanskrit—could do so by retiring to a private place from which intruders can be excluded; sitting passive; allowing the effects of external things to pass off, and fixing the consciousness upon the person one wishes to see or the thing one wishes to know. The facts are as old as Aryan time, and the only wonder is that Mr. Stead should be learning them at this late hour. However, his is a mind whose appropriate motto would be, *Be Bold and Persevere*, and we need not doubt but that he will push ahead in the realm of the Debatable Land until he catches up with Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and their associate students.

Mr. Stead, it appears, took Mr. Leadbeater's opinion on Julia's message before daring to publish it, and that brother's views are laid before the readers of BORDERLAND. As might have been anticipated, two weak points in Julia's teaching are pointed out, viz., that passivity carried too far begets mediumship by extinction of the power of self-control, and, secondly, that carnal intercourse and a promiscuous diet need not, of necessity, be avoided. The whole body of adept teaching, from the earliest times until the present, are against this view. Only the other day, when I was going over the proof-sheets of the forthcoming 33rd Edition of the *Buddhist Catechism*, at Colombo, with the learned High Priest Sumangala, he pointed out to me that the transcendental powers of the would-be adept (Arahat) can only be permanently kept when the latter has extinguished the last vestige of human passion and appetite for physical enjoyments (*Klesa*): the powers may be actively exercised by an unpurified, unspiritualised person, but after a while the temptation to use them selfishly and not for the general good inflames the passions, tempts the proficient to use the powers criminally, and he ultimately falls a victim to the savage elemental and elementary entities whom he attracted about him. Actæon is devoured by his dogs, Faust borne off to hell. That is a very weighty fact, one never yet spoken of, to my recollection; and a good deal like the divine acting of the drunken tragedian, the imaginative writing of Poe in his state of alcoholisation, and the efforts of votaries of opium being made when physically paralyzed by the drug. But Julia's message is almost like a chapter out of the Yoga Shâstras, and Mr. Stead ought to give her every opportunity to continue.

Colonel Olcott having had to go, on the very shortest of notices, to New Zealand and Australia, his associate continues the notice of this highly interesting issue of BORDERLAND.

The "Message from 'Julia,'" is of considerable importance, as it shows that clairvoyant vision should not be regarded as a rare gift, but rather as an inborn inheritance which all may come in possession of by a perfectly normal course of development of our inherent powers, so that we can, when we so will, see beings and things "normally invisible to the naked eye," those realities which surround us on every side.

I have received several letters from correspondents in all parts of the world in reference to the communication by Julia in the last number of BORDERLAND. Some were encouraging, others were distinctly discouraging. A friend of mine who made the attempt to secure the presence of a friend by following Julia's prescription,

succeeded in very distinctly visualling his features; but the experiment was not tried under fair conditions, for her friend was entirely unconscious that she was making the effort. Julia's prescription was that at a given hour two persons in sympathy with each other should endeavour, the one to manifest, the other to receive. Personally, I have not myself been in a sufficiently tranquil mood to make the experiment with any hope of success. That, I hope, is still to come.

A well-known spiritualist has written to me, saying that it is years since his own control told him very much the same thing that Julia wrote with my hand last quarter, and although he has made many efforts, patiently persisting in the experiment for year after year, he has utterly failed. On the other hand,

The pastor of a Baptist Church in New York State writes:—

"Julia's" directions are almost the same as those given in Dr. Jno. Hamlin Dewey's, "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," to which I have given considerable attention, though not regularly and continuously. I find that in what I have called the borderland between waking and sleeping I both see and hear. Sometimes I get a very distinct impression of a person (as I did to-day) without seeming to see him. If, however, I seek to attend to what appears so as to deepen the impression or to hear further, I am wide awake and everything vanishes. If I do *not* do this, then I fall asleep. The chief outcome of this experimenting is that I can sleep in this way (hypnotically) at almost any time. If you will examine the Evangelist's account of the Transfiguration I think you will find something very like this to be the (partial) explanation.

Light says:—

The beacon-light of the April number of BORDERLAND is "Julia's" letter on "The open door and the open secret." It is mightily entertaining and somewhat important, but we cannot say that the "message" is entirely new or particularly hopeful. All the same, we are very glad indeed to have it. The chief interest to us lies, not in "Julia's" revelation, but in the revelation it gives us concerning Mr. Stead's passive writing. His interjected remarks and notes are intensely curious and enlightening. We are afraid we care very little for *what* the unseen "Julias" write. Our interest centres round the production of passive writing at all.

Apart altogether from the possible success of the particular experiment suggested by Mr. Stead's "Julia," in BORDERLAND, the *modus operandi*, as stated by her, might be usefully followed out by many, as hopeful discipline.

Briefly stated, it is something like this:—You must first have the child-heart, not because credulous or ignorant, but as simple and affectionate. Then you must also be keenly reasonable and sensible. And, finally, you must be very patient. But, around and beneath and above and within all, there must be Love.

In moving towards the experiment, be pure: be wholesome: be healthy. Then "enter into thy closet"; exclude the hungry, noisy world. Be quiescent, passive, restful. Success will come most surely if the senses do not remind one of their presence. Concentrate, but do not mistake strain for concentration. The concentration desired is more like the absence of effort than intensity of effort. Then think steadily and quite peacefully of the friend who, elsewhere and at the same time, is willing to be visible to you. Close your eyes, and gently think of the friend in detail, all the time longing to see him. Let him, on his part, wish to go to you. Let him think of some heartfelt message: let it be on his tongue, to say it, with quiet confidence. Let him repeat it quietly, with the wish that you should hear.

"Julia" says that in this way distant friends may become visible to one another. We doubt it, except in very special cases; but the discipline of this process might be very helpful to many, in these days of hurry and bustle and noise, when the external senses almost bully us into surrender and even slavery.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, writing in the *Illustrated London News* of May 15th, says:—

I have been reading the last issue of Mr. Stead's BORDERLAND, and I have been particularly interested in Mr. Stead's latest revelations regarding his friend "Julia." It is surprising to me to find any man so dull of comprehension that he has not learned enough about unconscious cerebation to know that when certain people take a pencil in hand they can write pages of stuff which they imagine have been produced apart altogether from any act of physical consciousness. What we all want to know (as plain folks) is whether "Julia," or any other spook, spectre, ghost, or shade, has ever told the world anything to make the world purer and better and happier. When I read of people being entreated to sit and contemplate, and thereby to reach a higher and holier state, as the theosophists advise, I am tempted to think of the people I have seen in lunatic asylums, who certainly sit and contemplate in quiet retirement without much or any result to themselves or other people. This dreary, dreaming nonsense may do for some other planet than ours; it is simply out of place in the work-a-day world in which we live. Of all modern crazes this seeking after spiritualistic mysteries is the least profitable. When I want to be interested in such mysteries as are worth thinking about, I take a stall at Maskelyne & Cooke's.

I reprint this here as a sample of the fatuous impertinence which passes muster in some quarters for smartness. Dr. Wilson thinks one "dull of comprehension": the novelty of this judgment is its only merit. As for the rest of it, it is neither true nor new, but is apparently a fair sample of the wit and wisdom of its author, who writes glibly enough about a subject the A B C of which he seems to have taken no trouble to understand.

III.—GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

FAR away on the western coast of the United States of America there was living at the beginning of this year — possibly there may be living still, although that is doubtful—an old man of eighty-three, who having spent his life in one long struggle against established orthodoxy in every department of human thought, was devoting what he firmly believed to be his last year of life to proclaiming for the first time for eighteen centuries the true religion of Jesus Christ! There have been many persons who since the Crucifixion have attempted to write the true life of the Nazarene, but surely none of all the multitude of biographers has ever put forward so astounding a claim as this which reaches us from California. For Dr. Buchanan not merely tells us, in accents of intense conviction, that it has been given to him to restore to the world the pure religion of Jesus, on no less an authority than the direct communication of St. John the Apostle, who, with many other of his apostolic brethren, have visited Dr. Buchanan in his home in the west, and have enabled him to free the evangelical narrative from the interpolations and forgeries by which it has been disfigured.

In the quarto volume of "Primitive Christianity" now before us we have not only "the lost lives" of Jesus Christ and the Apostles, but we have the Gospel of St. John edited and revised by St. John himself. The interpolated language is printed in small type at the bottom of the page, the rejected words are replaced by an asterisk, and the fresh contributions of St. John are printed in italics. The first impression produced upon the mind of the ordinary reader who hears of Dr. Buchanan for the first time, and who has had no acquaintance with the communications which reach this world from beyond the Borderland, will be, if he is charitable, that the Doctor is a first-class lunatic, and, if he is not mad that we are face to face with a colossal liar. A lunatic Dr. Buchanan may be, a liar not even his worst enemies would accuse him of being, and if he is a lunatic there is at least method in his madness. As it has long been recognised that everyone who proclaims a truth even a little in advance of the average knowledge of his contemporaries must be content to be labelled mad, Dr. Buchanan cares little for this epithet of disparagement, if so be he can arrest the attention of the world for his message.

Dr. Buchanan is pre-eminently a man with a message; a message did I say—a man with many messages, but a small proportion of which have succeeded in gaining so much as a hearing from this unbelieving generation. There is a simplicity about his faith in himself, in his wife, and in his invisible teachers which is almost sublime. Even the most *blasé* materialists will find in the naive statements of this clairvoyant prophet somewhat of the delicious freshness of the winds which blew in the infancy of the world.

Let me say at once, for fear of misunderstanding, that in setting forth Professor Buchanan's claims, and in endeavouring to interpret his message, I do not for a moment venture to affirm my own conviction as to the authenticity of the message or the truth of the claim which he puts forward. It would, indeed, be presumptuous of any one to do so. Professor Buchanan does not ask for the endorsement of mortal man. He brings us his new gospel, and proclaims it in the hearing of the world, backed, as he firmly believes, by direct communications of the contemporaries from Christ, acting under the directions of Jesus himself, to whom the book is humbly dedicated. Dr. Buchanan declares in his dedication that this revelation of the true life of Jesus Christ is done in all sincerity in accordance with His wish, and that therefore, it may, imperfect as it is, help to bring about the glorious promise made by St. John to Professor Buchanan in the year 1880, that the whole world should bow to the truth.

The Truth—What is Truth? said Pilate; and Truth—what is Truth? is the question of all who hear the proclamation of the Professor. He tells us that the truth of the communication in this column is the same guarantee that led the Apostles to accept the statement of Jesus as to his Divine mission, the integrity and the intelligence of the speakers. The elevation and purity of the nature of the spirit which communicates with him as St. John, is to Professor Buchanan a sufficient guarantee that his messages actually issue from St. John. Further, his deceased wife has confirmed the accuracy of his intuitive perception of the truth of St. John's statements. So, being assured by the highest authority of the value of his record, he presents it to the world, as the first complete revelation of Christianity as it was in Jerusalem and is to-day in Heaven. If this be so, it is not surprising that he should declare that this enterprise of bringing forth the lost Gospels an apostolic mission which is the most important achievement of Psychometry, as the discovery of America was the most important achievement of navigation. Its publication, he tells us, is part of his rebellion which aims to "destroy all existing institutions, aristocracies, governments, churches, colleges, penal institutions, asylums, and business institutions generally," from which it will be perceived that Professor Buchanan has his work set. But, after these prefatory observations as to the need of Professor Buchanan's claims, I will turn back and begin at the beginning for some account of Dr. Buchanan himself.

I.—THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE PROPHET.

Professor Buchanan was born in 1814, in the year before the Battle of Waterloo. He had no sooner attained his majority in 1835, than he began to experiment in physiology. He studied medicine and became professor of a medical college. By the time he was twenty-eight he believed that he had made sufficient progress to demonstrate the vital functions and soul powers in connection with the brain and to prove that human life was not a mere product of the action of the tissues, but belonged to a spiritual constitution inhabiting the body, and surviving its destruction. Thus, he says, "was established for the first time in history the new science of anthropology, explaining the continued life of the eternal man, and the mechanism as well as the laws of his temporary residence, in the body from which sprang the law of the relation of the soul to the body, to which he has given the name of the science of Sarcognomy."

Professor Buchanan may be right or he may be wrong, but he has never failed in asserting the importance of

his discoveries with the emphasis of absolute conviction. As might be expected, he found the Faculty by no means impressed with his new discovery. To use the favourite formula of all those who break their head against the dense wall of professional conservatism, he found the three learned professions almost as destitute of the spirit of progress as in former centuries when Harvey was laughed at and Galileo imprisoned. He laboured with them for some time, producing his evidence, and demonstrations before scientific committees of investigation, but it was all to no purpose, so he took a leading part in establishing a liberal medical college, the Ecleptic Medical Institute by name, which was chartered in 1845, at Cincinnati. This college it seems is still flourishing, and the movement then initiated has been sustained by more than ten thousand physicians who followed the banner of American Ecleptic Liberalism.

Nine years later he published a concise system of anthropology, which embraced sarcognomy and psychometry. The more complete statement of his discoveries in this matter is to be found in a large work published in 1885, entitled "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," of which three editions have been disposed of. For this work Dr. Buchanan claims that it shows the entire machinery of life, and, consequently, the correct method of treating all diseases of mind and body. It is, indeed, he asserts, a complete physiology never before known or suspected, for the human intellect in all past ages has not dared to attempt the solution of the problem of life!

The early discoveries of Professor Buchanan were not attributed by him to any influence from Borderland. He was a student and an enquirer, a man of science, who proceeded by experiment to verify the facts, and to note the phenomena which would verify or modify the accepted hypothesis of the science of the day. It was in 1841, when he became aware that communication between the earth world and the spirit world was provided for the constitution of man, but it was not until forty years later that he had an opportunity of carrying out his desires and plans for perfecting and using such intercourse with modern and ancient souls. He was too busy with the presentation of his three new sciences, and the new education, to spare time for communing with the dead. About 1875, however, he received a communication from the most charming and perfect woman he had ever known, who had been a friend in his early youth, but who had passed from this earth about 1850. The communications between himself and this early friend do not seem to have been continued, but in 1880, he sought to renew communications by the aid of a female medium. He wrote a message to her upon a letter sheet, which was placed on the carpeted floor under the table in broad daylight, no one else being present excepting the medium and himself. The medium, who was clairvoyant, recognised the presence of his friend, but said she brought another to communicate. In a few minutes he picked up the letter sheet, and found a pencil written message in a bold irregular hand, although there was no pencil or pen then within reach. The message thus written under their eyes without hand or pencil on the sheet of paper lying on the floor professed to be a communication from St. John, the Apostle, and ran as follows:—

Summer Land.

A Greeting.

The Saviour of Mankind has commissioned you with the greatest work yet seen or acknowledged upon earth. To you is given the great and ennobling work of establishing the spiritual faith, firm, solid, and secure. No, not one shall doubt the truth, the world shall bow down before it. We shall instruct you among others—proceed with thy work.

St. John.

Naturally Dr. Buchanan was immensely surprised. He had not expected anything but a message from the friend of his youth, and although he for a whole week realised the influence of his apostolic visitor in an exalted sentiment of love such as he had never before experienced, his natural modesty led him to doubt as to whether it could actually be true.

So he set to work to test it by the usual methods of psychometry, with the result that he felt himself compelled to admit that the written message was actually an epistle written by Sir John himself, summoning him to the greatest mission on earth. Some time afterwards he was present at a séance, where an even higher spirit controlled the medium, and addressed him in words of which he remembers only the closing declaration, which was certainly sufficiently emphatic. "All earth needs you, all heaven needs you." The promise was given of a new lease of life to carry on his work. He doubted whether he could live through the prostrating effects of malaria and of three attacks of influenza but notwithstanding all his illnesses he was at eighty-three as fresh, as vigorous, as happy, as he was thirty years ago, with a buoyant, hopeful enjoyment of life. Clairvoyants assure him that they have seen St. John in his library and at his lectures. His co-operation has been given not only in encouraging messages from mediums, but by spiritual writings. Nay, he at last succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the apostle at Los Angeles, which I reproduce on page 244 as best I can from the exceeding shadowy print in Dr. Buchanan's book.

It will be seen from this very brief account of Dr. Buchanan's career that he has been a man who from his youth up has been in combat with the orthodoxy of established opinions in every department of life. Now, in his eighty-third year, he is as full of youthful enthusiasm as he was when in 1842 and 1843 he first propounded his science of the brain to the public of New York and Boston. In those days committees were appointed, one of which was headed by no less a person than W. C. Bryant, the poet, who investigated his claims. Mr. Bryant's committee is said to have reported that his experiments and demonstrations had opened a new field second to no other in an immediate interest and the promise of important future results to science and humanity. But before proceeding to give any further account of the latest utterances of Dr. Buchanan, it would be well to devote some space to an exposition of the doctrine with which his name is most conspicuously identified.

II.—PSYCHOMETRY.

"Psychometry, the Dawn of a New Civilisation," is the title of a manual which he published for the first time in 1885, and copyrighted in 1893. The word itself he first coined in 1842. It is derived from the Greek word *psyche*, "soul," and *metron*, "measure," and means "soul measurement." It belongs to the class of words familiar to us all, such as barometer, thermometer, etc. Unfortunately, there is no mechanical instrument which can be employed in psychometry. For souls can only be measured by souls. Dr. Buchanan claimed for psychometry that, as a science and philosophy, it revealed the nature, the scope, and the *modus operandi* of a Divine soul-power in man,

while as an art it shows the method of utilising these faculties, so as to give us command of all sciences. Waxing bolder as he proceeds, he declares that if all libraries and records of human discoveries and human thought were to be destroyed by fire to-morrow, if only the human mind possessed a full knowledge of psychometry, all might be restored in one generation.

What, then, is psychometry? for these generalities and bold assertions do not carry conviction to the ordinary mind. The first complete presentation of Dr. Buchanan's discovery appeared in Buchanan's "Journal of Man," published in Cincinnati in 1849. He stumbled upon his discovery in the simplest way. He had been engaged in investigating the nervous system for several years, when in conversation with a Bishop, afterwards General Polk, he learned that the Bishop's sensibility was so great, that if he touched a piece of brass in the dark, he could at once feel the taste of the metal in his mouth. This set Dr. Buchanan upon experimenting. He began with metals, and then went on to other substances. He would distribute small parcels of sugar, salt, pepper, acids or emetics, opiates and narcotics to his class of 130 students; no intimation was given to any student as to what parcel was placed in his hands. These parcels were held passively from five to twenty minutes, with a result that at least one-half of them were able to describe accurately the nature of the substances which they were grasping, it being revealed to them by its effect upon their senses; *i.e.*, a student who held an emetic would become sick; those who held an opiate would go to sleep; those who held pepper felt it burn in their mouth, while those who held sugar felt the sensation of sweetness. Every precaution was taken to prevent the individuals experimented upon knowing the name or the nature of the medicine used. There was no question here of mesmerism. The students were taken in their class just as they sat, nor was any suggestion made as to what they should experience. In conducting his experiments, he found that the impressions were more strongly felt in warm climates than in cold. In some places not more than ten per cent. of those who tried the experiment proved to be susceptible, whereas in others the proportion rose to fifty per cent. He found also that when he placed his own hand on the substance, its influence appeared to pass more promptly and effectually than when it was left to its own power.

After a long series of these experiments, he came to the conclusion that sensitive persons were capable of being affected by the subtle influences which emanated from adjacent objects. From inanimate objects he passed on to the living subject, and he found that all persons of impressionable constitution were affected by placing the hands in contact with the heads or bodies of other persons. At first it might not be felt, but by sitting still and concentrating attention for a few minutes, a decided effect was experienced, so decided, indeed, that for some years Dr. Buchanan himself was never able to come in contact with any patient without being injuriously affected. From this he went on to experimenting upon the effect produced on the sensitive by placing the hand upon different portions of the head or the body. By placing the hand on the forehead, they acquired mental stimulus, by touching the higher portion of the head, they experienced a soothing influence upon the moral organs. The next experiment was to ascertain whether direct contact was necessary. This he found was not necessary. All that was needed was for the sensitive to touch the various portions of the head with a pencil-case, and the impression would be conveyed through the metallic conductor equally, as if the hand had been placed directly upon the head itself.

Having reached this point, it then occurred to him that it was possible the impression of character might be transmitted by means of an autograph, even when there was no contact at all. Having a young friend, who was both intelligent and sensitive, he tried him with four letters written by individuals of strongly marked and peculiar characters. They were placed in the hands of the young man, who was requested to watch the mental impressions to which they gave rise upon his mind, and report his conceptions of the characters of the writers. He did so, and to the professor's intense delight he found that he described each of his correspondents with an accuracy and a precision that could not have been excelled if he had described them from familiar personal knowledge. It was not merely that he described their appearance as he might have done by clairvoyance. It was a minute personal analysis of their sentiments, not only in relation to the world at large, but even in relation to each other. Two of the letters, for instance, were from persons who were in mutual antagonism to each other. This sense of hostility jarred so much upon the sensitive that he stopped the experiment, as he felt it distinctly disagreeable to enter into their contentions, and realise their unpleasant feelings. The result of this first experience was to convince him that by the simple process of holding an autograph in your hand, and waiting with intelligent passivity to note the impressions that arise in your mind, you could obtain a mental photograph of any one as perfect as the physical photograph of the features obtained by the agency of light.

This experiment, be it remembered, was made in 1842. The fact that such results can be obtained where you have good conditions and a good sensitive have been verified so frequently, that to readers of BORDERLAND it is an old story. Still, it will be quite new to many readers, and as I am dealing with the discoverer of psychometry, it may be well to enter into some little detail as to the method by which psychometry can be developed. Dr. Buchanan's own account is that the number who have this faculty of psychometry latent, under the most unfavourable conditions, is one in ten, especially among women, while in warm climates, and under favourable conditions he thinks that from 90 to 95 per cent. of human beings would be able to use this new sense. The way to begin is to take some medicine, equal in quantity to that of five or ten ordinary doses. Take stimulants, emetics, or narcotics, fasten them up in paper, see that you do not know which is which, hold any of the packets selected at random between your two hands, your muscles being perfectly relaxed; then from five to twenty minutes note the impressions which will be produced, then, having written them down, examine the packet, and see whether or not your impression is correct. You will find that the varying states of your own constitution will indefinitely modify the degree of sensibility, but whether you feel squeamish or whether it makes you vomit, the emetic will always make you sick. After you have found that you have susceptibility to medicines, then proceed to see if you can be equally affected by autographs. From your own correspondence take half-a-dozen letters, especially those that are written under the greatest intensity of feeling, whether of grief, anger, joy, or love. Put them into envelopes, so that you cannot tell one from the other, sit yourself comfortably, taking up one

of the letters at random, rest your arm upon the table, and put the letter on the centre of your forehead. Yield passively to the impression produced, and follow the natural current of your ideas and feelings. Then infer from the impression thus made upon your own mind what was the mental condition or the mental peculiarities of the writer. The impressions at first will probably be very vague and delicate, so delicate, indeed, that you will doubt whether they were actually produced by the letter; but if after repeated experiments you find that the impression produced by contact with the outside of the letter accurately coincides with the sentiments expressed in the letter, you can go on to a further experiment. Get some one else to give you letters of writers of whom you know nothing, and with whom you have never been in communication. Deal with them in the same way. If you describe the nature of their letters and the characters of the writers to your friends' satisfaction, then you may consider that you possess the psychometric gift, and can develop it at your leisure.

It will be found, says Dr. Buchanan, that the immediate contact of the writing with the forehead yields an impression more promptly than contact of the writing with the hands. Every additional fold of paper intervening between the writing and the head of the subject increases the difficulty. From this Dr. Buchanan concludes that a certain psychological influence or power has become attached to the writing, and is capable of exerting its influence with different degrees of intensity and of distances. In his later book of "Primitive Christianity" he gives further directions for the cultivation of this sense. He says the psychometric process is one of passive perception in a passive and amiable state of mind, and the student must avoid reasoning upon it at the time or making any earnest effort of curiosity, for that will interfere with the delicate impression received. We do not hear the voice of a friend if we begin speaking when he addresses us. He maintains that if we adopt this state of passive subjectiveness, and pick up a letter between our hands, we shall be able to describe the nature of the writer, and even the nature of his message, and if he be deceased, it will reveal his experience of a higher life. When your powers are developed, says Dr. Buchanan, and when you can be impressed by the nature of the originals, by holding a small portion of their letters in your hand, you are prepared to study Christ and the Apostles. Sitting in tranquil solitude, alone, or with some congenial companion, free from disturbing light, and influence, or with the eyes closed, put your hand on a picture of Christ or upon an Apostle, and enter into sympathy with the character, and as it comes to you, let your friend record it, and ask you questions to bring out the character more fully. It will be desirable to have several copies of the pictures of those whose influence you covet, and for making experiments with it, you should have detached pictures which you can place in an envelope, and thus obtain the impressions of a circle of friends, who cannot possibly know anything of the pictures in question. Such circles are better preceded by music and singing, or some lecture which tends to harmonise and prepare the mind. By this means, Dr. Buchanan maintains, that it is possible to introduce the founders of Christianity to the people of the world to-day. The knowledge conveyed in this way is more perfect than can be conveyed by any other method. Its only limit is the poverty of the soul of the psychometrist, who may be incapable of realising the characters of those with whom he is thus brought into personal intercourse.

This, however, is to anticipate the final results at which Dr. Buchanan has arrived. We have to return to the narrative of his experiments by which he formerly established his conviction of the truth of psychometry. What he did any one can do, and I shall be glad if any of our readers who make the experiments will report their results. His first experiments were made with a few letters written under intense feeling. For instance, he had a letter written by a husband immediately after the death of a wife whom he passionately loved. This letter was given to sensitives without unfolding it, or telling them anything of its nature: it would make them weep in some cases; in others it would cause them to fall into profound melancholy, and dwell sadly on the worthlessness of all earthly pleasures. In other cases, it would revive reminiscences of the death of the friends which had occasioned the sensitive the same intense anguish that was expressed in the letter. After having tried the sensitive with this grief-laden epistle, Dr. Buchanan would substitute for it a love-letter, or some humorous effusion, with a result of constantly changing the current of thought. Tears gave way to laughter; depression to joy.

Some of his greatest successes were achieved by a letter from General Jackson, whose fiery and resolute spirit seemed to animate those persons who placed his epistle on their head, even although it was in a sealed envelope, and they knew nothing of the author. One man was so impressed that his whole frame was shaken with a feeling of daring self-confidence. His arm burned, and when he touched the letter with his hand, it was like touching fire which ran down to his toes. It was curious to note also that when the letter was given to General Jackson's political opponents, they would express a condemnation of the unknown author, which the outside of the envelope produced on their minds. This convinced him that psychometry does not infallibly produce a true estimate of men, but estimates their character by the standard of justice and propriety already existing in the minds of the sensitive.

Dr. Buchanan details a great number of other experiments which showed that the letters from persons of ill-health often affected those who received them with the sensations of the malady of the writer. On one occasion the autograph of an eminent divine who was lame. almost deprived the sensitive of ability to walk. This lady was so sensitive that she had to give up the experiments, for the letters and envelopes told disastrously on her own health.

This naturally suggests a warning to all those who are inclined to experiment with psychometry. It is a great gift like the gift of eyesight, but the gift of sight would not be worth having if the eye were not fitted with eyelids. To be able to see is a gift, perhaps the greatest of all gifts, but that gift itself would become a curse if we could not at our pleasure lay it down by the simple process of shutting our eyes. The danger of psychometry, if developed without regard to these considerations, is that you develope a gift of using a new visual organ as it were, which may be unprovided with eyelids. It would be difficult to imagine a more miserable existence than that of an exquisitely delicate constitution turned loose into this wicked world, which was capable of taking on to itself all the passions and sorrows and disasters, not merely of those persons whom it met, but of all persons whose letters were handled or whose pictures looked down upon you from the walls. Let us

see, by all means, whether with the optic nerve or the psychometric sense, but we must never forget that the eyelid is as indispensable as the eye itself.

After this experiment with autographs, Dr. Buchanan went on to experiment with locks of hair, articles of clothing, and anything that had been in contact with persons experimented upon. Nay, further, Dr. Buchanan soon discovered that relics are infectious, that it is impossible to convey an impression produced by an autograph to a sheet of blank paper, on which it has been lying. Individual psychometrists differ immensely in their capacity to read character. Dr. Buchanan found one lawyer who was able to accurately diagnose the characters of the writers of 150 different letters without seeing the contents of any of them. In the midst of the 150 one blank sheet of paper was introduced, but the psychometrist detected it at once, and turned the laugh upon the man who tried to hoax him, by saying that the letter was like the man who presented it—a perfect blank!

It frequently happens that the first impressions of a letter will be vague and incorrect, the mind not yet being in a right mood to sympathise with it. Notwithstanding this drawback, Dr. Buchanan maintains that psychometry is unrivalled.

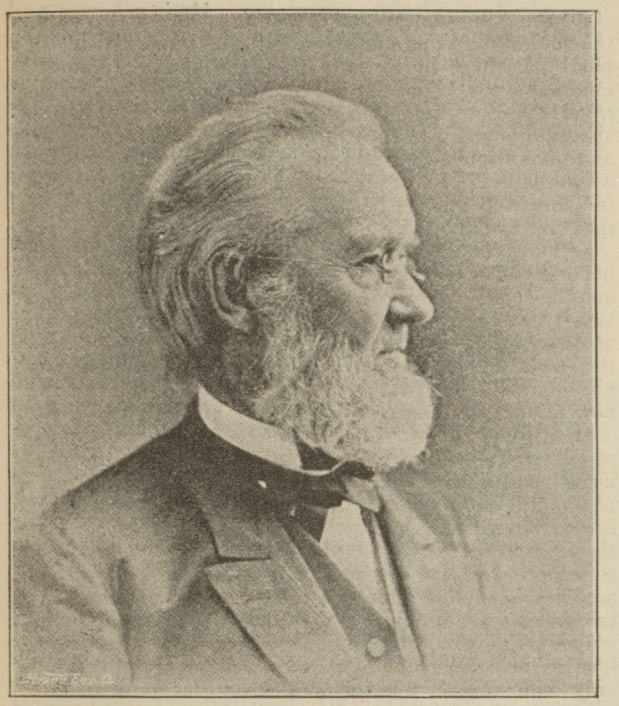
1. As a practical means of judging of the characters of men more accurately than by the aids of phrenology and physiognomy.
2. As an assistance to the study of history and biography.
3. As an assistance to the administration of justice, in determining questions of guilt or innocence, sanity or insanity.
4. As an assistance to self-cultivation, by the study of our own character, and to the education of the young, by showing their true mental and physical condition.
5. As an assistance to the practice of medicine, by furnishing a convenient method of pathological diagnosis.
6. As a means of investigating spiritual philosophy—the existence and relations of the soul, and the various relations of the living man to the spiritual world.

Different psychometrists will be affected in different ways, according to their own mental temperament. Sometimes the writer of an autograph will himself appear before the mind's eye of the psychometrist engaged in some act, then he will appear in some other scene, and in this way a whole series of chapters in the life of the subject will pass before the mind of the psychometrist. At other times the pictures will be allegorical, as, for instance, a psychometrist, who handled Dr. Buchanan's autograph, described a leader marching towards a distant height, watched by a multitude whom he had outstripped. This was due no doubt to the imagination of the sensitive acting under the impact of Dr. Buchanan's own conception of his relative position to the human race. Sometimes the sympathetic perception of character is blended with the phenomena of simple clairvoyance.

Having got thus far, Professor Buchanan was seized with the sublime conception that the whole past was entombed in the present, and that, in fact, the record of all preceding time lay imperishably inscribed or imaged in the world around us. Here then, he exclaimed, is a new clue to the history of the race. The relics, the annals of the past, which have hitherto been born of consequences, have a hidden meaning, waiting the future explorer as the hieroglyphics of Egypt waited Champollion to understand their significance. Psychometry was a mental telescope which was to pierce to the depths of the past, and bring into full view all the grand and tragic passages of ancient history.

As the Kingdom of God is within us, so equally within the soul of man lies the key to all the knowledge of the past. A bit of burnt bean from the circus of Pompeii enabled a psychometrist to see as vividly as any panorama the great amphitheatre, filled with applauding spectators, to hear the tramping of the horses' hoofs, as the charioteer neared the goal, and then to see the whole catastrophe of the eruption which buried the city in ashes. If a burnt bean could do that, what is there that could not be realised by similar means? Talk about "Sermons in Stones!" The very dust of the planet becomes capable of revealing to the inward eye the actual scenes of all the dramas that have been transacted since the world began. This may be an exaggeration, although it is nothing but the logical consequences of the truth of psychometry. But as Dr. Buchanan is nothing if not logical, it can easily be imagined how the new science dominated and inspired his life.

In his "Manual of Psychometry" he gives many reports of the delineations of character, which he presents not as extraordinary examples of accurate portraiture, but as fair illustrations of what may be expected under ordinary circumstances with intelligent persons. But these discoveries, which he had hoped would flash round the world at least as speedily as the discovery of a comet, a shell, a plant, or a new chemical combination, were unanimously ignored. Only Denton, who wrote "The Soul of Things," and described a marvellous series of psychometrical experiments, which not only extended to the remotest past but professed to penetrate the mysteries of the planets, recognised the full significance of Buchanan's discovery. Madame Blavatsky predicted that when scepticism was felled to the ground by the accumulation of facts, posterity would erect a statue to the memory of Buchanan. He had, of course, innumerable disappointments. A psychometric constitution is ill suited to public display. Quiet and seclusion are necessary for success. Besides, there are many difficulties, which only those who patiently experiment can appreciate. For instance, the psychometrist, in describing an autograph, will sometimes portray not only the writer but the person in the writer's mind, of whom he was writing, and sometimes that of a third person, to whom he was writing. This causes a certain element of confusion; but still Dr. Buchanan persevered. After a time he found that you needed neither an autograph, nor a scrap of clothing, nor a lock of hair, as all these objects were only for leading the mind to the personality represented. The only thing necessary was to write down the name of the person whose character had to be psychometrised, or the place that was to be described. It does not appear, therefore, that psychometrical exploration is hindered by distance and disconnection. Still, there is a decrease of the facility by every additional barrier. A photograph is not so good as an autograph, and the name of a person written by another is not so satisfactory as an autograph or a photograph. Superior powers may overcome difficulties, but it is not judicious to tax the faculty unnecessarily. Psychometry, says Dr. Buchanan, is the earthly radiation of omniscence, and it will be known hereafter that it can penetrate all things. Psychometry is the key, not only to unlock the historical treasures of the past, but even to reveal where lies the hidden wealth in the strata of the world. There is money in psychometry, therefore, although hitherto it has yielded but opprobrium to those who have pursued it. Dr. Buchanan cares little for money compared with spiritual truth, and he passes lightly by



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the possibility of psychomotrists revealing paying reefs of gold, to declare that in his opinion psychometry will lead us out of all doubt and darkness into the dawn of enlightened humanity; for psychometry is a display of intuition, and intuition is the divine element of man. Psychometry, therefore, not only opens our eyes to the grandeur of the universe, but gives us the key to universal knowledge and wisdom.

Dr. Buchanan is very careful of distinguishing between mediumship and psychometry. The medium surrenders his brain to the control of some other intelligence, which can be high or low, and which uses it as a mere instrument; whereas the psychometrist, the individual, is never so much alert, self-controlled, and self-contained as when conducting psychometric investigation. Dr. Buchanan lays great stress upon the location of the mental faculties in different parts of the head. The intellectual faculty, he maintains, is connected with the interior portion of the front lobe of the brain, which is connected again in its turn with the lateral portion of the front lobe, which is behind the eyebrow, and the interior of the middle lobe. It is also his theory that there is an outpost in the body for all the psychic faculties of the brain. Love has its seat in the bosom, firmness in the shoulder, and the violent passions in the lower limbs. Dr. Buchanan holds that a few inches below the end of the breast-bone upon and below the sternum is the seat of the psycho-physiological functions of the body. By placing the hands over this, or by making passes towards it, the phenomena of somnambulism in the temples.

Dr. Buchanan having, as he believes, in his possession this key to all knowledge, promptly applied it to test the authenticity of the communications made to him by the invisible writer who called himself St. John. He gave the MS. alleged to have been written by St. John to various psychometrists, the first of whom was the lady who, then known as Mrs. Decker, subsequently became Mrs. Buchanan. She read the gist of its contents easily enough, and confirmed and emphasized the message which it contained. Dr. Buchanan then had a small photograph made from the message, which he used for the purpose of experiment. Dr. J. M. Peebles, the well-known lecturer, described the character of the writer in terms which are applicable to the Apostle John, and when various other psychometrists all told him the same thing, Dr. Buchanan felt he was no longer justified in doubting, and set about the restoration of "Primitive Christianity." He maintains that by psychometry he has opened wide the gateway to the heavenly mansions, and the founders of Christianity can now speak to all men not merely by printed words, but by the direct voice of the soul. This, again, leads us to the special subject of his last book, which begins a section by itself.

III.—SOME EXPERIMENTS.

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to give any summary of the immense number of psychometrical experiments that are recorded in Dr. Buchanan's own manual, and in Mr. Denton's two books, "The Soul of Things," and "Nature's Secrets." The reader who is really interested in the prosecution of this study will find those volumes full of interesting and suggestive matter. A few illustrations, however, will give a fair example of the way in which psychometry can be used. It is obvious that there

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is practically no limit to its scope, for if even one-half be true that is claimed for it by Dr. Buchanan, it is simply an invaluable method of checking the impressions of our other senses on every subject in which we are interested. One section of his book suggests the thought that the addition of a competent psychometrist to each of the Wedding Ring Circles which have been started in connection with the *Review of Reviews* might render invaluable service. The psychometrist, says Dr. Buchanan, can describe with as much ease the character which is not yet unfolded or tested, and a union that is only proposed, as he can describe the man and woman whose careers are known. Of course, a great deal of this may be explained on the ground of telepathy, at least where persons are known, hence the experiments which Dr. Buchanan gives when he tried the psychometrist with the names of Carlyle and his wife: although the sensitive did not know even the names of the persons whose character she was delineating, she may simply have been reading Dr. Buchanan's own estimate of the character of the persons concerned. The same may be said concerning Lord Byron. On the other hand, unless the character is known, no one can judge as to how far the psychometric reading is correct. It may be that women with but limited opportunities of studying the masculine character have yet a valuable resource in their psychometric intuition which the good creatures have been probably exercising all their lives without knowing it. At the same time, it must be admitted that when a woman is in love, her mind is by no means in a state of passivity necessary for the due exercise of the psychometric sense. In that case she had much better consult a third party. In law and in business Dr. Buchanan maintains that psychometry can decide guilt or innocence without a word of testimony, and the friends of psychometry should organize in every city psychometric tribunals of arbitration, which by their pre-eminent justice and promptitude would satisfy and attract the business community. That is all very well if you can get perfect psychometers. The medium is often biassed or subject to influences, physical and mental, which render it impossible to accept their reading as the last word of truth. Psychometry is invaluable for the detection of counterfeit notes and for checking all manner of forgeries. In medical science its use is obvious, and so often referred to, that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon this subject. In politics the field is not familiar, although, of course, an invaluable test that would enable us to discern who is the best man would be an indispensable appendage to every democratic institution.

He gives as examples of accurate character reading by psychometry, the descriptions which his wife gave of President Cleveland, Mr. Blaine, General Butler, and Mr. Gladstone among others, the names merely written on paper being given to her, without any knowledge as to the person named. In her description of Bismarck, for instance, she describes him much as an intelligent journalist might describe the man if he had been told off to produce an article upon Bismarck. There is little in it that is distinctive, although one or two sentences are curious. For instance, when she says, This character does not need pushing. She said also that in his real sentiments he sympathised with England, but he thinks war between England and Russia a foregone conclusion, although he wishes to avert it. This it will be observed was in 1880. Her delineation of Mr. Gladstone's character was published in 1882. "I feel so much heat in the blood," she said, "I feel filled with all that fire and energy to accomplish my purpose. He is valorous and fearless in times of great trouble, and very real." Again, in 1885, she declared that Mr. Gladstone, whose name she held in her hand but without knowing it, "It is an agreeable influence, but restless." We are always confronted with the difficulty that in relation to delineations given by Mrs. Buchanan, she says nothing that might not have been in the mind of Dr. Buchanan, and she might simply have described the ideas which he unconsciously suggested.

In literature he gives us examples of her psychometric delineations of Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, John Stuart Mill, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and Homer. Of the latter it is interesting to know that she declares that he was married, and agreeably. There was no discord in his conjugal life. Telepathy may explain much, but it breaks down when it comes to the prediction of future events. Dr. Buchanan gives us various examples of what he calls psychometric prophecies. He declares that by psychometric intuition it will be possible for nations and individuals to foresee future events with the same certainty that they foresee the coming of the four seasons. But that this is not altogether calculated to minister to their comfort, may be inferred from the fact that he is a great believer in what he calls the law of periodicity. The United States of America, he declares, is subject to recurring eras of calamity. The first lasted from 1812 to 1818, the second came to a head in 1865, while the third will not reach its culminating point till 1914 or 1915. Of specific prophecies he gives us several, some of which are of special interest to us as relating to British politics. Before the Egyptian expedition Mrs. Buchanan was tested with a picture of Arabi, which was placed in her hands, but which she was not allowed to see. She described his appearance correctly, and painted his character not very charitably, but she declared—and this was long before the Egyptian expedition—that his career would end in disgrace, even if he did not lose his life.

In November, 1883, Dr. Buchanan tried his wife with the Mahdi, merely writing the name on a piece of paper, folding it up, and placing it in her hands. In this she was not so happy, for the Mahdi could hardly be said to be a peacemaker, who liked to work with government officials. Neither did he live to realise her prophecy that he was capable of receiving progressive ideas, and would possibly be Americanised before he died. She predicted the fall of Khartoum twelve months before it happened; but another prophecy which she made was badly out of it, for she said she saw George Washington reach out his arms, and saying, "Peace shall reign over this entire globe within five years." This was in 1884. It would be difficult to have made a more absolutely bad shot than this. She held that the Mahdi was a spirit medium who was controlled by Mahomet.

In 1879 she predicted the assassination of Alexander II. of Russia; but considering the Nihilist plots that were then rife, it is not very surprising. When war was threatening on the Afghan frontier, four days before the Penjdeh incident, she predicted that there would be bloodshed and a formidable attack, but that it would not last, and that it would not take many months to establish peace. This she said not knowing where the country was or who were the Powers concerned. All that she had to go upon was the question pencilled on a small piece of paper, which was given to her folded, "England and Russia: will there be war?" When she was asked to delineate the character of Alexander

III. she failed badly. He could not have been said to be sharp or cutting, or to have a very active brain or a great deal of skill. His purpose was not sensation, nor did any one care less for making a great name than the Peacemaker of Europe. Equally false was it that he cared nothing for human suffering, and to say that he would like to stir up and instigate war was about as absolutely false as any combination of words could make it. Neither did his reign go down in a cloud. She was more correct in predicting that there would be no war.

Her views of Mr. Chamberlain are interesting. They were taken down in 1885 when he was arranging his unauthorised programme, and was regarded as the coming leader of the Liberal party. Obviously here was a great chance for a real prophet, whether psychometric or otherwise. Then Mr. Chamberlain was about to break entirely with his old leader, and start out on an entirely new line of policy in alliance with the Tory party; but Mrs. Buchanan does not seem to have had even a glimmering of this change. What she said does not go one step beyond what Dr. Buchanan probably thought at the time was true about Joseph Chamberlain. She described him as a man with a very broad and very peculiar mind, strong and persistent in his views, but at the same time conciliatory and yielding to the wisdom of others. "He has wonderful ability, regulating great questions, not wrapped up in his own affairs, but with a universal benevolence. He would not favour polygamy. He would wish for every man to have his own home on the land, and to have a government very much like ours. He favours the elevation of women too if that question comes up. He has push and perseverance. He will have hard work to establish his principles, but will do it finally. He will not be a disappointed man. He is going to have a long life, and work hard, and hold a high position. I think he will probably outlive Gladstone, and will be as influential hereafter." These things were said when she had no idea as to who the man was, where he lived, or anything about him. While this may be good telepathy, it contains no prophecy that might not have been ventured upon by any intelligent reader of newspapers, and therefore by Dr. Buchanan, whose impression of Mr. Chamberlain might easily have been transmitted to his wife's receptive mind.

In the appendix of his Manual he gives several other instances of prophecies made by his wife on other matters. In 1887 and 1888 she manfully stood to her guns, declaring that there would be no war in Europe, although statesmen and journalists alike believed it to be inevitable. She predicted the death of the Emperor Frederick in the first half of the year 1888, but that, again, did not require a psychometrist. Of more interest was her description of Emperor William immediately after his accession to power. Without knowing who he was, or whether he was peer or peasant, emperor or woman, she said, "This a public character. I cannot say that I admire him. There is a great deal of pomposity and love of power. He feels his dignity wonderfully; he has a great amount of self-importance; he has his own ideas and ways, and everything. There will be a sputtering for a while, but I do not think he will get into war." But here again she was out of it. "I think," she said, "he will get on good terms with Bismarck," for by this time she had divined whose character she was reading, "and his reign will be conciliatory."

JESUS CHRIST.

So far as the examples given by Dr. Buchanan in his Manual go, they do not justify much confidence in the prophetic powers of the psychometrist. With regard to the reading of the past events, far more interesting experiments are recorded in "Nature's Secrets" and "The Soul of Things" than in Dr. Buchanan's book.

V.—PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Buchanan has no difficulty in telling us what primitive Christianity is not. It is not historical Christianity, neither is it the Christianity of the Churches. Indeed, Dr. Buchanan quite loses his philosophic calm when speaking of Christianity as it exists. The pseudo-Christianity of the Churches, he declares, is of all things the most hostile to the true religion of Jesus Christ. It is a compost of all the Paganisms which have been grafted upon the original teaching of Christ. He asserts that the true Gospel was corrupted and falsified by the priests very early in the first and second century. The Roman Church was only able to assume the name of Christianity because Christianity was extinct, its teachers and followers dead, its brief record suppressed by concealment, and its history lost. This fraud and imposture has continued to curse mankind until now, when the Apostle John was sent to summon Dr. Buchanan to proclaim for the first time the true faith. Nothing can be more savage than the way in which Dr. Buchanan abuses the great Fathers of the Church. St. Augustine is to him a sanctimonious impostor, who provoked the destruction of Christianity with doctrines as the Fall of man, election, final preseverance of the saints, the total

depravity of human nature, and the expediency of burning heretics. Again, he declares that nearly every Church writer in the early centuries was either a credulous fool, a wilful liar, or a convicted forger, and that lying was the established policy of the Church. The Pauline Epistles were circulated, crammed with interpolated falsehoods. Nevertheless, bad as the Church was, even Dr. Buchanan admits that it had a certain value as an assembly for the worship of God, into which many of the best words of Jesus are heard, and much of the Gospel history is preserved, especially in the Acts of the Apostles. "We may well love the Church in which man has been taught to look to God for worship as a Father, and to Christ as an example of Love. Notwithstanding all that has been said about a dying Church revivals have never ceased, for religion is innate in man. There are more than 20,000,000 of persons in the United States organized in 166,000 churches. Throughout this large body there is a steady decadence of the old idea of divine malignity, a terrible hell, sectarian antipathy, jealousy of works, and a feeble, almost imperceptible revival of the ancient Christian idea of the Universal Brotherhood, which has for so long been forgotten."

If this be so, as even Dr. Buchanan admits, he might be more charitable in his exposition of the teachings of Christ, which he declares he has now rescued from oblivion and from hideous distortion. After such an exordium I naturally expected to find that the true Gospel of St. John, which Dr. Buchanan declares is carefully revised and corrected by the Apostle himself in 1894-95-96, adds very little to the Gospel as we have it in the New Testament. The interpolations are comparatively few, and the story is practically the same as what we have it now. He takes the Unitarian view of Jesus, declaring that he was an inspired teacher. Before all men that have ever appeared before or since, he taught the law of perfect life, and made his followers acquainted with a higher world of immortality, and its inspiring communication with those who seek it is the only religion ever known which has the entire approbation of the celestial world.

Now let us turn to the Gospel of St. John as edited and revised by St. John himself. The first change in the first verse, which runs in our version, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." As revised by Dr. Buchanan's St. John it reads, "In the beginning was the eternal law, and the law was with God, and the law was God." He omits the second verse, "The same was in the beginning with God." The 4th verse, which reads in our version, "In Him was life, and life was the light of man," as revised it reads, "In this law was the life and the light for all mankind." *It* is generally substituted for *spirit* in all references to the *Word*, for which has been substituted the *law*. The 11th verse is declared to be an interpolation: "He came to his own, and his own received him not." In place of the 14th, 15th, and 16th verses, beginning "The Word was made flesh," and ending, "of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace," we have only this: "And the divine spirit was incarnated and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, and we realised its glory and its fulness of grace." That is the kind of alteration that is made time after time. In the account of the Baptism, when John said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," Dr. Buchanan's version is, "Behold the Lamb which taketh away sin by righteousness." Again, when John wrote, "And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God," it is made to read, "And I saw and bare record that the eternal law is made manifest through him." In the account of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, the reviser omits the 4th verse, "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." In the account of the cleansing of the temple, the reviser omits the use of the scourge of small cords; and in the same chapter, in the reply made by Jesus, which begins, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," we have, "I bear witness that I am sent by my heavenly Father to rebuke the gamblers and purify the temple from the mercenary," a passage which illustrates and confirms what Dr. Buchanan says in his Preface, "that St. John did not appear very familiar with the use of the English language." Verses 20, 21, and 23 are omitted. The unrevised version, from a literary point of view, is much better than this "purifying of the temple from the mercenary." The first most important omission occurs in the 3rd chapter, in the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus. This is such a typical passage, that it may well be quoted in parallel columns.

Verses 13 to 19.	Interpolations.
Verse 13. And no spirit can enter heaven that has not been developed by the spirit up to that condition.	Verse 13. No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven.
Verse 14. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the sons of men be lifted up by the power of the spirit, that they may have eternal life and light.	Verse 14. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.
	Verse 15. That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.
	Verse 16. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
	Verse 17. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.
	Verse 18. He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.
Verse 19. But when the light has come into the world, men have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.	Verse 19. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather light, because their deeds were evil.

In the 4th chapter the alterations are few. In the 5th the chief omissions are from the 27th to the 31st verses, which refer to the Judgment, the resurrection of life, and the resurrection of damnation. That is all taken out bodily. In the 6th chapter, in the narrative of the miracle, the 5,000 disappear altogether, and in its place we have the feeding of fifty. Nothing is said as to the twelve baskets of fragments. In this chapter there are

many verses omitted; from the 27th to the 40th, 61st and 62nd, which disappear entirely; while 27th, 28th, and 29th are replaced by others which represent Jesus as promising that, if the disciples would take no thought for the bread of the body, but trusted to the spirit, they would be fed as He was from the manna of heaven. The story of the woman taken in adultery is left intact, with the addition of the following line, after "go and sin no more,"—"and many similar things did He for unfortunate women." In the 8th chapter the verse which reads "before Abraham was I am," is converted into the statement that "before Abraham, was the spirit that speaks through me."

From the 10th chapter there is omitted the familiar 1st verse, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door to the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." In its place we have the following: "Jesus went forth into the outskirts of Jerusalem, and spoke to those who gathered around Him, making Himself known as the shepherd of those who harkened unto Him, saying." The 8th verse is omitted, and the 10th; also the 18th. The story of the raising of Lazarus is left intact. The passage in the 12th chapter in the account of the supper at Bethany, the 6th verse, which takes away the character of Judas, is declared to be an interpolation. In the same chapter, the verse "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal," is altered to read "and he that giveth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." From the account of the Last Supper the verses disappear which reflect upon Judas, and when in our version it is said that "after the sop Satan entered into him," the new version runs, "the evil thought entered into him." At the end of the chapter the well-known prophecy of the "cock shall not crow till thou hast denied me thrice" is replaced by the simple statement that "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt yet deny me."

The 3rd verse of the 15th chapter, beginning "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman," disappear bodily, also the 16th, 19th, 22nd, and 25th verses. In the 16th chapter the 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th verses are declared to be interpolations, so also are the 23rd, 24th, and the 30th verses. The most severe excisions are made in the 17th chapter, in the prayer of Jesus, of which the original chapter consists of twenty-six verses; out of these nineteen are declared to be interpolations. All that are left are the portions of the 1st, 4th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 25th, and 26th. In the account of the Betrayal, the story of Peter smiting off the ear of the High Priest's servant is omitted, also the reference to the cock crowing at Peter's denial. In the account of the triumphal crucifixion of Christ the episode of Barabbas is omitted; also there is no reference to the scourging, the crown of thorns, and the temple rabble, nor of the casting of lots. In the 11th verse Jesus, instead of replying to Pilate, "Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above; therefore he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin," is struck out, and in its place there stands the reply, "I fear no power but God." In the 30th verse, which in the Gospel reads, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost;" in its place we read, "When they offered this He bowed His head and swooned, and when He had swooned a soldier applied to His nostrils a sponge wet with pungent fluids, which revived Him a little, and He lingered in a state of exhaustion until long after the ninth hour, when He cried with a loud voice, and yielded up the spirit as it was growing dark." Verses 34th and 35th were omitted, which give the account of the piercing of the side. In the account of the 20th chapter, which describes the resurrection, the new version brings Mary to the sepulchre, not Mary Magdalene, and to the first verse is added the following words:—"And Mary, when she first came, saw a young man standing at the door of the sepulchre, who said, The body of Jesus has been removed." Verses 12th and 14th are omitted. The account of the two angels in white in the tomb and the conversation with Mary being declared to be an interpolation. The 23rd verse, "Whosesoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain they are retained," is omitted. The last chapter remains practically intact, but in place of the oriental exaggeration with which the Gospel concludes as to the "world not being able to contain the books that should be written," we simply have this statement, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, which have never been recorded."

Such in brief is a fairly comprehensive summary of the changes that have been wrought in the "Gospel of St. John" by one whom Dr. Buchanan believes to be none other than the disembodied spirit of St. John. It may be said at once that while some of the passages which are declared to be interpolations have endeared themselves to the heart of mankind, and will never be forgotten even if their origin be that which Dr. Buchanan believes the Gospel story as it is accepted throughout the world, remains practically intact. After all the excisions that have been made by this clairvoyant seer, those who have had experience of the liberties which are often taken by invisible intelligences communicating through mediums will marvel that Dr. Buchanan's guide should have been so extremely moderate in the use of his pen. So moderate indeed, has he been that the average man reading the two versions side by side will be apt to declare, that it was hardly worth the Apostle's while to come back to earth in order to make so few alterations, which after all leave the sense of the thing precisely where it was. This remark may fairly be made concerning the revised gospel; the lives of Christ and the Apostles which are prefixed can hardly be said to err on the side of moderation.

VI.—THE LOST LIVES OF JESUS AND THE APOSTLES.

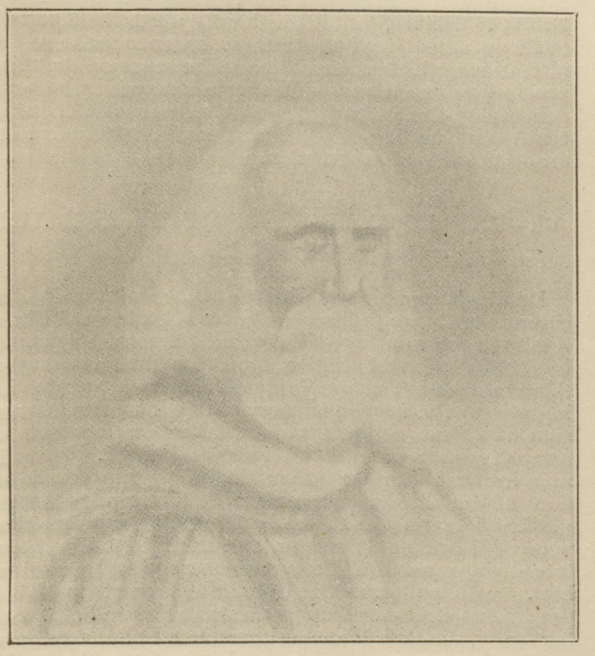
Dr. Buchanan, I am glad to say, emphatically disclaims any desire to discard the use of the word Christianity in the vain hope of obtaining a great height and breadth of spiritual religion, for although he asserts that there may be other than Jesus of Nazareth, any unwillingness to cherish the memory of the first great expression of divine religion would indicate some lack of sympathy with all that is grand and noble. There is no other or better word than this to express our devotion of the divine, our aspiration towards all that is good and great. As to Jesus Himself, he declares that none of His rational disciples ever ascribed to Him absolute divinity, nor did He ever encourage it by word or hint. Such an error was a harmless overflow of the sentiments of love and reverence towards the Saviour of humanity, and this love and reverence he declares does not decline among the immortals who know the truth.

Dr. Buchanan's account of the life of Christ is briefly

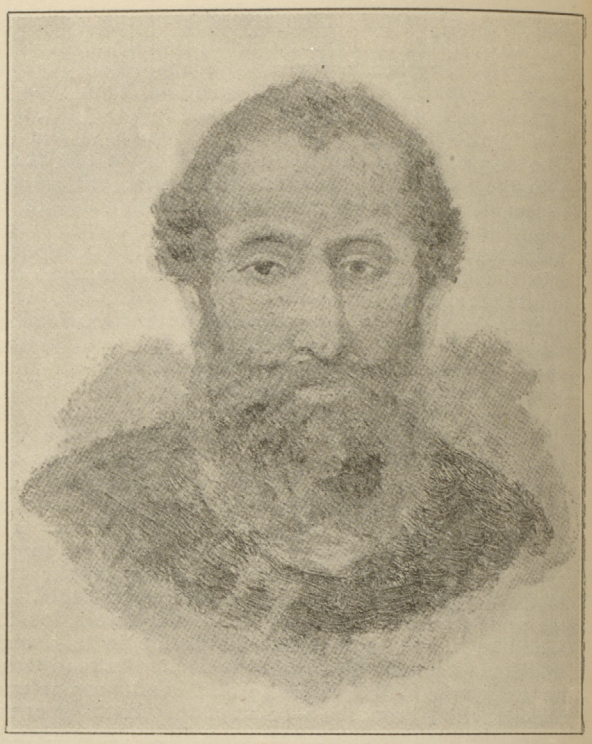
this. Jesus Christ was the son of Joseph and Mary. Joseph had been previously married, and had six children by his first wife. When Jesus was born Mary was fifteen, Joseph was sixty years of age. He was born on the 12th of January, three years before the beginning of Christian Chronology. Mary had two children after Jesus; a daughter Mary, who lived for four years, and St. John, who lived to be twenty-four. The flight into Egypt is true according to Dr. Buchanan, but Herod's massacre of infants was a legend introduced into the Gospels in imitation of the stories of Buddha and Krishna.

Dr. Buchanan declares that the New Testament falsely represents Jesus as speaking disrespectfully to his mother. From 12 to 18 he often spoke under inspiration. At about 17 he visited India with Hafed, the Persian Prince, who was one of the astrologers who had seen his star in the East. From 18 to 20 he spent in retirement with spiritual intercourse and inspiration. At 20 he returned to public service in the Temple, and for five years used to discourse in the Temple twice or thrice every week. At the close of this period, when he was 25, he went to Egypt with Hafed, looking into Masonic mysteries and doctrines. From 25 to 28 he led a quiet life among the people, healing the sick and teaching. When he was 28 he visited Persia again, and remained there eighteen months. After which he returned, was baptised by John in the Jordan, and began public ministry.

These statements are professed to be made on the authority of various Apostles—St. Matthew, St. John, and others. St. James is quoted as an authority for the statement that Jesus once materialised some bread—a loaf about ten inches in diameter—dark, moist, rather undone. The bread was called Manna, and it was produced in order to prove that they could produce food on occasion when they needed it. There were four meetings



St. John.



John the Baptist.

of the disciples after the Crucifixion. Dr. Buchanan says:—

> Jesus was depressed and discouraged by his failures and the dark future he foresaw for his religion in a world of selfish ambition, but St. John and St James both declare that he predicted it would come up again in a distant country then entirely unknown, which they think referred to this country, and would appear again as at first among the poor and lowly and people of more spiritual light.

In this astonishing series we have the recollections of St. James, the statements by Hafed, the life of St. John, and statement of St. Jude, and the lives of St. Matthias, St. Philip, St. Bartholomew. Of Judas we are told that he was not the traitor he is supposed to have been, but he wanted to force things, and compel Jesus to demonstrate once for all his divine power. He has, through the centuries, felt very keenly the maledictions heaped upon him, and his brethren possibly are glad of the opportunity of throwing this light upon his character and purpose. Without following the narrative of each of the Apostles closely, I will first string together some of the statements that are made on their authority.

St. James says that Jesus would not allow the taking of animal life, and forbade all killing either for food or sacrifice. He proclaimed and taught that all life was a spark of the Divine and should not be slaughtered.

We have several personal descriptions of Jesus, and the portrait on the emerald is said to be more like him than any other that exists. His complexion was soft, clear, semi-transparent, cream tint. His eye-brows were straight, not much arched. His hair was parted in the middle, curled slightly at the ends, which hung down on his shoulders. His stature was average, and

in good proportion. The colour of his hair was dark brown, almost black; his beard a little lighter. Matthew's account rather differs from that of St. James, for he says that the hair and beard match in colour, which was a rich brown tinged with a reddish-golden light, difficult to describe. His eyes were a deep dark blue, large and expressive, with rather a soft, sympathetic expression; but when he was fired with indignation, they flashed as with unearthly brilliance. He was as beautiful as a woman. In the spirit world he does not greatly differ from appearance than what he was on earth.

It is interesting to notice that Hafed, whose communications from David Duguid, of Glasgow, are well known, has informed Dr. Buchanan that he did not give the matter contained in Duguid's book, but that he had given various reflections of a band of spirits which they have embellished according to their own romantic ideas. Hence there are some ideas in the book he can endorse, but the great mass is extravagant.

Dr. Buchanan says, "I presume this is not the only work of fictitious stories claiming a high spiritual origin. In producing these, I presume Mr. Duguid was an innocent victim. The book is an impressive warning against mediumistic revelations blindly received without any careful or scientific investigations."

Matthew is said to have reported that Jesus was acquainted with the Hebrew, Latin, Persian, and the language of Assyria. He knew something of Greek, also of Egyptian, and the language of India to communicate with the people.

St. John is quoted as responsible for the saying that the Apostles used to hold two hours' séances with Jesus, but on such occasions seemed to be divinely illuminated. St. John, St. Luke, and sometimes another of the Apostles, would be entranced, and materialised forms would appear and move about the apartment, bringing flowers, and touching those present with hands which were soft and cool, and not firm as flesh and bone.

St. John declares that he did not die as a martyr; only six of the original Apostles attained the martyr's crown. He was not banished to Patmos. He was not thrown into the cauldron of oil. He died suddenly in the suburbs of Jerusalem at the age of ninety-two. All my statements made concerning him, says Dr. Buchanan, are made with his authority, but all my communications at first were not so free as with some others, as he seemed less at ease with the English language, and seemed to be in such a higher sphere that communication with him is more difficult.

John the Baptist, whose portrait Dr. Buchanan published, says that he was a man of deep religious enthusiasm and eloquence, but not a deep thinker. But beyond generally emphasising the general views of Dr. Buchanan, he does not say very much.

This, then, is what Dr. Buchanan has to tell us as to Primitive Christianity, which is the "one true religion, the religion which all the world needs." It is to be feared that many will apply to his revelations the remark which he makes concerning those communicated by Hafed to David Duguid. "Of evidence in the ordinary sense of the word there is none." These communications appear to have been the result of impressions upon Dr. Buchanan's own mind, and he puts them forth in the full belief that they actually emanate from the Apostle in whose name he speaks. When we ask for evidence, he says: "There are the events and can be recognised as authentic by the intuition of the soul." The advantage of this method of proving statements is that it leaves every one free to accept or reject according to his own inner consciousness.

The second volume of "Primitive Christianity," which will be published as soon as five hundred subscribers send 8s. to Mr. Buchanan, Los Angeles, California, will contain,—

1. AUTHENTIC GOSPELS—The authentic and purified gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the Acts of the Apostles (the least corrupted portion of the Testament), the Epistles of St. Paul, excluding those entirely spurious, with numerous annotations by St. Paul; the brief Epistles of St. Peter, St. John, St. James, and St. Jude, relieved from interpolation and forgery. The anonymous Epistle to the Hebrews and the spurious book of Revelation (rejected by Ancient Christians) will be excluded.

2. THE APOSTOLIC AGE—It will present the lives and labours of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Thomas, St. Luke, St. Mark, and St. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, concerning all of whom the church has been profoundly ignorant and profoundly deceived by second-century fictions and frauds—with additional information of the apostolic band.

3. TESTIMONY AND EXPRESSION FROM THE HIGHER WORLD—Angelic hosts have superintended and assisted the preparation of this work, daily and nightly manifesting their presence and co-operation, often recognized by visitors.

Of the copious testimony from the higher world which might be indefinitely ample, a few communications may be introduced, coming from Pontius Pilate of Judea; Plutarch, the Roman historian; Josephus, the Jewish historian; Celsus, the Roman author; Luther of Germany; Wyckliffe of England; Renan, author of the Life of Christ; Pope Pius, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Lafayette, Gen. Jackson, Horace Mann, John Pierpoint, Lucretia Mott, and as many other distinguished persons of modern and ancient times as it may be expedient to quote to show the sentiments of the higher world.

I cannot better conclude this rapid glance of Dr. Buchanan's life and work than by quoting his own words.

It now becomes necessary for me to announce that the guardian angels who have sustained my advanced age inform me that I cannot realise twelve months more on earth, but must depart in my eighty-third year, and my work must be rapidly finished, to consummate which I must appeal to the public.

I had hoped for four or five years more to consummate my labours and utilize my vast accumulations—to show the mysteries of the brain, and a vast philosophy of the two worlds in "The New World of Science"—to show a correct materia medica—to illustrate supernal life—to review the animal kingdom—to show a new law of destiny—to complete my discoveries in the solar system, of life in the planets—to illustrate the very lucid principles of ethics and sociology—the laws of oratory and the divine mathematics of two worlds—and even to found a free therapeutic college and emancipate the medical profession; but my setting sun forbids—and my accumulations are not available to others.

But it is impossible. Dr. Buchanan, however, buoys himself up with the glad confidence that from another sphere he will be able to carry out on this earth the work he has left undone.

HOW TO BECOME A PSYCHOMETRIST.

THE experiences of a practical experimenter may be of interest to those who seek to cultivate the faculty of what we mis-name psychometry, meaning thereby not, as the name indicates, soul-measurement, but rather matter-measurement, or diagnosis.

Mr. Tetlow, a professional psychometric medium, writes as follows:—

Having had considerable experience in the exercise of the psychometric power, a word or two on its development and use may not be altogether out of place. The discovery, or, should

I say, the systematic application of this power, belongs to most recent times. The saying, "Talk of the devil, and he will rattle his chains," is one that, to my mind, is a fossil in the time rock of humanity indicative of the consciousness, though not scientifically understood, of this singular power.

CAN PSYCHOMETRY BE DEVELOPED?

The development of the psychometric power comes by practice. Most people have it; few have directly and consciously used it. It can be developed in an orderly or disorderly manner. The best results are generally to be observed when the person is in good health, after a quiet walk in the open air, under trees or hilly country. Personal sympathy, at least for the moment, must be exercised. Feelings of resentment or antipathy to a person are sure agencies of destruction—results generally nil. Interest in the object or person must exist for the time to gain good results. The primary point is to obliterate yourself as much as possible. Take in all you get, you are not forced to retain it. With use you may learn to be positive and negative at the same time—negative in bodily states, positive in mental conditions. This comes partially by using your own judgment in telling what you receive. It is not prudent to tell all you get. If you did, you would soon find your gift was more of a curse than a blessing. Never forget your own personal responsibility, and then you will be saved from much.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

In the exercise of psychometry, failure is often realised through ignorance. People do not keep objects sufficiently secluded, or are in ignorance of the nature of what can be done. Further, all objects are not alike in taking on and giving off what they have received. One thing must be noted, that the psychometrist cannot get mental pictures to order, he must take just what he gets, and if what he gets is not just what people desire, he is dubbed a failure. These are parts of experiences with which he needs must contend, but they need not dishearten him; "Try, try, and try again" must be his motto, for he will find that what are sometimes deemed utter failures have their uses proving his sincerity.

HOW TO PRACTISE.

The method of development is to exercise the gift upon sundry articles and make mental and other notes of the sensations produced. The mind by degrees comes to differentiate between the various sensations and comprehend the differences as to time in relation to events. To attempt to lay down hard and fast rules is to talk foolishness. Beyond the general statements I have previously made, and to exercise the power in a reasonable degree, is all that anyone is able to do. Everybody finds out by practice just how they can work. Each person is not sensitive in like degree and like manner, and the same part of the body is not the channel of communication in all persons, and is not always the same in the same individual.

THE DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.

Every psychometrist has not the power acting in the same direction, the force acts differently, and so, whilst we have some who can sense disease and its remedy, we have others who become conscious of character. How far this power would assist in the detection of crime I am not prepared to assert; this far it can go, it can detect the characteristics and peculiarities of personality and dress, and so if it cannot name the person it can describe him, and so far be of help. The phrenologist deems he has obtained exact methods to detect character, to understand the undercurrents of life's directions. One thing, however, he needs and can never do without—the presence of his subject or a photo thereof. The psychometrist is not dependent upon his subject's presence, and, if the tests of Dr. Buchanan are correct, not even the link that the ordinary psychometrist requires is any way needed. The announcement of the name is a sufficient means to put the personality in presence. If the vibrations of light and sound move on for ever, who shall declare that man may not be sensitive enough to be able to feel these and other facts of life and nature? If Owen could outline an animal from a single bone; if the greater is existent in the less, as Swedenborg affirms; then here we have the basis, facts, and principles by which we may realise in our consciousness the facts and possibilities that psychometry reveals to us.

J. B. TETLOW.

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IV.—PSYCHICAL RESEARCH IN THE VICTORIAN ERA.

THE JUBILEE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

THE history of Psychical Research in the present reign is by no means conterminous, as some would have us think, with the history of the Society for Psychical Research. As a matter of fact we are, as nearly as possible, at the Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism, dating from the phenomena of the Fox sisters at Hydeville in 1848. Whether the phenomena were trickery or were genuine manifestations does not concern us in an article which deals with the history of opinions, rather than with the opinions themselves, and criticism of their authenticity is no part of our scheme at the moment. From the Fox episode we date the rise of modern spiritualism and the whole consequent literature of its investigation.

STUDY OF THE OCCULT IN ENGLAND.

That this should have so happened is one of the curious coincidences, the apparent accidents, which meet one in history and biography at every turn. There have been sporadic episodes of psychical phenomena and inquiry in England ever since England has been a nation. The followers of St. Columba must have brought stories of his second sight when they came, as Bede tells us, "to the Middle Angles, Mercians, and East Saxons, whose chief city was London, and instructed them in the liberal arts." Merlin, at the court of King Arthur, the Specularii of the Middle Ages, Cornelius Agrippa in the sixteenth century, Dr. Dee at the court of Elizabeth, Lilly and Aubrey towards the end of the seventeenth century, are all landmarks in the history of Psychical Research in England. The interest, however, was never widely diffused, and was centred about individuals rather than in the subject as a whole. Even the curious and well-attested story of the Epworth Ghost of 1716 would never have received the attention since bestowed upon it, had not the Wesley brothers become famous. The "Cock Lane" incident of 1762 is best remembered as having been investigated by Dr. Johnson, and even the exciting story of the Tedworth Drummer had been forgotten till later references sent us back to Glanvil's picturesquely simple story.

In 1825 Hibbert published his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, and one feels that Psychical Research was on the way, when, about the same time, the phenemena of the Seeress of Prevorst also attracted attention on the Continent, and to some degree in England.

WHY THE REVIVAL CAME FROM AMERICA, 1848.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this at our doors, and of very much more of like kind on the Continent, modern interest in the subject of occult phenomena is not consequent on any of these things, but came to us from America. Obviously, the ground must be prepared before the seed can take root, and a glance at surrounding circumstances may suggest why the episode of the Fox sisters should arouse a degree of interest which far more dramatic stories had failed to attract.

In the first place, a special feature of the Hydeville phenomena was the claim of the Fox girls to the power of communicating with the departed. This was something quite different from the examination of spontaneous apparitions on the one hand, and from the evocation of the dead in Witch of Endor fashion on the other. It was equally removed from the various methods of divination formerly practised by witches and fortune tellers and seers of various kinds. It attracted very large numbers, as emotional appeals always do. The idea of communication with those who are gone can be indifferent to none; it must attract or disgust, it must be food for heart-hunger or offend the most tender sensibilities of all who consider it. The "spirits" did not say much that was of interest or even, as we should say now, that was evidential; but, as Mr. Lang has said in some such connection, the miracle of Balaam's ass was not that she said anything in particular, but that she said anything at all. Professors Flint, Lee, and Coventry at Buffalo "explained away" the raps as due to ingenious dislocation of the joints of the hands and feet; but it does not seem to have mattered greatly, for the Fox following increased till, in twenty years, so *The Spiritualist Magazine* estimated in 1867, the spiritualists in America amounted to two-fifths of the entire population.

It took four years for the movement to travel to England, where it arrived in 1852 in the person of Mrs. Hayden, a professional medium from Boston, and it "caught on" at once. The same cause already suggested would, of course, equally apply over here, and there were others as well.

CONTRIBUTORY CAUSES.

As has been already said, the soil was prepared. People were much occupied about this period with what they called Odic Force, or Electro-Biology, or Mesmerism. Mesmer had been dead thirty years, when, in 1845, Reichenbach published his work on Odic Force; but as early as 1841 Braid had read an address on what we now call Hypnotism at the British Association, and this had been published in 1843. The physiologist Herbert Mayo and the ingenious Dr. W. Carpenter lent their powerful aid in keeping alive public interest. There was no real connection whatever between the phenomena of Mesmerism (then, even more than now, when we allow so much for suggestion, considered a *physical* fact), and the spirit-rappings of Mrs. Hayden, but they all belonged to the region of the marvellous, and even in our own day there are people of confused ideas who consider hypnotism as a psychical phenomenon.

Another important fact which prepared the way for Mrs. Hayden was the publication in the previous year of Dr. Gregory's *Animal Magnetism*, which contained what we should now consider some effective spiritualistic stories, and obtained the wider acceptance that they were recorded by a man well recognised in the world of science.

The Fox phenomena do not seem to have been lineally descended from the rappings of the Cock Lane Ghost, or the table-tilting practised by the German Jews of the seventeeth century, still less the *Baguette divinatoire*, which, according to Chevreul, was sometimes used, as raps and tilts are now, as a means to spell out words. They were ignorant girls, by no means likely to know the literature of the subject.

There was yet another reason for the hold which the

new Spiritualism had upon people of all classes. "All could have the flower when they'd got the seed." One medium made many, and such is human vanity or mental activity, or whatever the quality may be, that when a subject is prominent and interesting, every one likes to be "in it."

A less obvious reason may, perhaps, be found in some degree in the fact that Spiritualism soon came to be regarded as a form of faith, as presenting, at least the possibility, of a new revelation. There was a great deal of talk about religion in those days, and great changes were going on, not only in the form of the Anglican revival, but in various minor and even incidental directions. Much that was old had passed away, and "the new was powerless to be born." The craving for a working creed was in the air, and it seems likely that, to some, the possibility of a revelation was very real.

D. D. HOME.

Of Mrs. Hayden we know very little—personally she does not seem to have been very important, but she paved the way for the reception of a man who seems likely to remain the most interesting presentation of the spiritualistic problem, David Dunglas Home. He is one of the very very few mediums of any prominence who have never been effectually "exposed," and there seems no reason beyond the inherent improbability of the phenomena why his good faith should be doubted for a moment. His narrative of his own experiences (*Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*, 1877) is of the most intense interest, not only on account of the subject dealt with, but because of his vivid, if somewhat self-conscious, treatment both of fact and theory. It would be in vain here, and is, indeed, unnecessary, so well known is his history, to describe his career or to dwell on the social and scientific position and importance of the witnesses to his phenomena. One cannot for the moment conceive that such as these should have combined to lie in the wholesale manner one would have to suppose necessary did one seek to explain away the stories they tell us, nor, on the other hand, can we reasonably assume it to be all "glamour," that they were in fact hypnotised and believed themselves to have seen what never really happened. This, indeed, would be only to substitute one mystery for another not more improbable.

THE CONTROVERSY AROUSED.

About the same date, 1855, the first Spiritualist newspaper appeared in England, *The Spiritualist Telegraph*, published at Keighley in the West Riding of Yorkshire, very near where Charlotte Brontë was even then conjuring with weird problems of another kind.

Naturally the prominence of the subject aroused eager controversy. Gasparin in Paris, commenting in his *Tables tournantes*, expressed his conviction that certain alleged physical phenomena did occur, but were not necessarily the work of "spirits," and Dr. Carpenter, with his theories of unconscious cerebration, and Faraday, experimenting on unconscious muscular action, also contributed to the presentation of the hypothesis that the medium was himself unconsciously the agent in table turning and spirit writing. These critics were, in fact, the first to lay down the theory of "subliminal activity," a theory new only in name, upon which Mr. Myers so eloquently discourses, just as we owe the theory of telepathic hallucination to St. Augustine, and that of the "suggestion" of phenomena to Bulwer Lytton.

To suppose the entire phenomena of the new spiritualism to be mere fraud, would be to suppose a greater miracle than the existence of something we do not understand, which after all is not an uncommon occurrence. The very recital of the names of the persons interested in the new Spiritualism is a guarantee that it attracted the attention—not only of the idle, the superstitious, the incapable of observation, which was inevitable—but also of those who had abundance of important occupations, and who would not have expended time over what was not, at least, of considerable interest. Miss Martineau, Professor and Mrs. de Morgan, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Bulwer Lytton, the Howitts, the S. C. Halls, Archbishop Whateley, Dr. Chambers, Thackeray, T. A. Trollope, Lord Crawford, Lord Adare, Mr. (now Sir William) Crookes, to quote only a few well-known names, were all persons who had other things to do, and were not likely to be attracted out of mere idleness and curiosity.

Some argued in favour of "spirits," some of a force unknown, some of sub-conscious activity. The methods, in many cases, were not difficult to account for, even apart from fraud, which no doubt often existed; among professional mediums for gain, among amateurs from vanity or hysteria. Amateurs, then as now, were often among the worst offenders, with less excuse for dishonesty, and with more danger to the public as the more difficult to "expose."

Then, as now, it was not the manner of the alleged communications but the content that was of interest to the intelligent, for after subtraction of what could be explained by thought-transference and sub-conscious activity—which they were quite capable of subtracting even then, clever as we think ourselves now—there was often a residuum, however small, which could not be accounted for.

THE TESTIMONY OF CONJURERS.

There have been many occasions, too, where there can have been absolutely no question of fraud, where even the physical fact has been beyond explanation by the most expert. Not to touch upon the fathomless mystery of Home's performances, we have the testimony of accomplished conjurers such as Houdin and Maskelyne that the phenomena of lesser mediums even, were unexplainable by trickery or unconscious muscular action. Mr. Maskelyne has asserted that he could imitate any spiritualistic phenomenon, given his own apparatus, which, however, would in many cases exceed a ton in weight.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 18th, 20th, 23rd, 1885.

"SOLVE THE SOLUTION."

Mrs. E. B. Browning, one of the most thoughtful of the early observers of the movement, has well put this aspect of the case in a letter to Dr. Marston, quoted in *The Arena*, August, 1892.

> For theories we get over no difficulty, it seems to me, by escaping from the obvious inference of an external spiritual agency. When the phenomena are attributed, for instance, to a "second personality, projected unconsciously and attended by an unconscious exercise of volition and clairvoyance," I see nothing clearly but a convulsive struggle on the part of the theorist to get out of a position he does not like, at whatever expense of kicks against the analogies of God's universe. When all is said, "*Solve the solution*," we have a right to cry. And, although, of course, sensible men in general would rather assert that two and three make four than that Spirits have access to them, we, women and poets, cannot be expected to admit that two and three make four without certain difficulties and hesitations on our own side.

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THE PROBLEM RECOGNISED IN SCIENCE, 1863.

There were moreover others, besides women and poets, who felt the same difficulty.

In 1863 Mrs. De Morgan published *From Matter to Spirit, the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations*, with a long and valuable introduction by her husband, Professor De Morgan, the distinguished mathematician. The book was published under initals only, and all names of persons concerned were suppressed, but the real authorship soon became known, which was, of course, in this case, a guarantee of the sincerity of the statements.

A few years later a still more important book at once removed the question to a higher intellectual level than it had hitherto reached. In 1871 appeared *Psychic Power: Experimental Investigations of W. Crookes, Dr. Huggins, Serjeant Cox, and Lord Lindsay*, and in the same year, *Psychic Force and Modern Spiritualism, by W. Crookes*. Three years later the same distinguished author produced his *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, reprinted from the *Quarterly Journal of Science*.

The most determined sceptic, the most bigoted opponent, was now obliged to acknowledge that, whether legitimately or not, the problem of the phenomena called "spiritualistic" was one which scientific men of the highest eminence considered worthy of their attention. There are, and must always be, certain aspects of these questions which appeal to the merely emotional, the mere seeker after excitement; but a study pursued by Dr. Huggins and Mr. Crookes cannot but appear to be at least reputable and worthy of attention. For the first time the physical phenomena were submitted to mechanical tests, and Home and others were treated as material for laboratory experiment.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY, 1867-71.

A less important but nevertheless serious investigation was begun in 1867 by the Dialectical Society, which organized committees for special investigations. The inquiry seems to have been inconclusive and the organization appears to us now to have been very imperfect, though doubtless there were difficulties which we are not likely, with our added experience, to fully appreciate. Mr. Russel Wallace appears to have been on the committee, but not Mr. Crookes; and why the special committees should have been anonymous it is hard to say. Only a vulgar curiosity can desire the names of the "mediums" examined (unless, of course, they were professional, when their success or failure is a matter of commercial interest), but the names of the inquirers whose conclusions we are asked to accept should certainly be supplied. In discussing a new medical discovery we expect the names of the doctors as a guarantee of good faith, but those of the patients are not even of interest except to such persons as a recent "*Times* Correspondent."

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM, 1881.

The expectation that the new Spiritualism would bring in a new revelation seems, to some of us who are outside of it, to have been foredoomed to disappointment. But those within would perhaps speak differently. W. Stainton Moses, an Anglican priest, left his Mother Church for what he considered higher teaching, and possibly others may have done the same. In England the tendency of Spiritualist teaching has been towards Unitarianism; in France, to Reincarnationism. For a long time the English Church practically ignored the problem that was occupying so many of her members; but when it became evident that, for good or ill, it was, for many, a religious question actually affecting their faith, Spiritualism was very properly, though not with much practical result, considered at the Church Congress of 1881. It was treated there as such subjects seem fated to be treated in most places, with wilful and determined ignorance. Most people were thankful to say they knew nothing about it, and, after all, such people are probably less of an obstruction to intelligent inquiry than a good many, equally ignorant, who are satisfied that they know all about it; the people who are, on the one hand, convinced of its wickedness and folly by the reading of third-hand prejudiced statements, or, on the other, are convinced of its truth by half a dozen imperfectly observed examples.

It is a game in which very few people play fair, which very few take up in a sportsmanlike spirit. It is the lookers-on who have brought things to this state, for it has passed into history that, in psychical research, inquiry into a subject is equivalent to the desire to believe in it. If you examine into the noises heard in a house alleged to be haunted, you are a believer in ghosts; if you experiment in automatic writing, you believe yourself to be in correspondence with Julius Cæsar, or your deceased cook, or some other person, as the case may be.

Consequently the subject was somewhat coldly received as a matter of discussion at the Church Congress. It was ably and dispassionately put forward by Dr. Thornton, now Archdeacon of Middlesex, and supported, among others, by Canon Basil Wilberforce, the one as a critic, the other as a partisan.

Dr. Thornton, whose position was that of inquiry as to *The Duty of the Church in Respect of the Prevalence of Spiritualism*, admitted frankly that, as a Churchman, believing in the Communion of Saints and the Life Everlasting, he had no difficulty in believing that, in the order of God's providence, communication with those who were gone before was quite conceivable, but there were other aspects of the teaching of Spiritualism to which he demurred. The theory of its votaries was, he believed, "that by intercourse with the spiritual world man will advance in knowledge, purity, and brotherly love"; and this he believed to be opposed to the teaching of the Church, and to tend in fact to the views of Arius, Plotinus, and Nestorius.

What was, perhaps, even more to the point, he submitted further that, while entirely admitting the fundamental principle of Spiritualism — the possibility of spirit communication—"I fail to see that the phenomena which they allege as proofs of spiritual agency and converse are by any means convincing." He believed—and with what is to some of us very obvious reasons so far as a great deal of "spiritualistic" phenomena is concerned—that they are "manifestations of a simple human force . . . whose conditions are as yet unknown, as those of chemistry were a hundred years ago."

Canon Wilberforce responded with his accustomed eloquence and earnestness, and the very fact of such a discussion being possible showed, as Mr. Stainton Moses wrote at the time, that "The Church of England, in her greatest and most representative assembly, has recognised her duty as a leader in respect of Spiritualism as a present fact."

Not much visible result came of it, but the presentation of the subject is at least of considerable historical

interest, and helps to illustrate our present position that a very wide interest in Spiritualism and psychical research has existed longer than the younger among us realise, and that, in spite of a recent "boom," these later years have done far less for the subject than we, who have worked but lately, are apt to flatter ourselves. We have invented a great many new words, but, as Alice says in "Wonderland," they are only the "*name* of the song." Long before the existence of societies to systematise and theorise, there was real scientific investigation at least not inferior to anything that has been done since.

The present writer is not a spiritualist, but in the interest of fair play, of giving a fair chance to a cause which some who are great in literature and science have considered worthy of it, it may be permissible to express the earnest hope that what is honest and sincere and true may be helped to rise above all to which the cowardly and idle among those capable of helping would otherwise condemn it. We have the best warrant for the belief that sooner or later what is not of the highest will come to naught, and it is for the good of society that it should be sooner.

Without necessarily sympathising in its methods or in its conclusions one ought to discriminate between the faults of Spiritualism and those of spiritualists, and not to condemn principles because their exponents jar against one's taste. That they should do so is no new thing. Twenty years ago Mrs. Howitt wrote: "The petty cliques and low aims and spites and failures of spiritualists, the lying mediums and lying spirits who speak through them, confirm everything that the outsiders say of Spiritualism being from the devil: if anything can kill it, it will be the follies and contemptible meannesses of the spiritualists themselves."

Mrs. Howitt speaks as a believer in the existence of the "lying spirits," and as one who knows of personal "meannesses," in a fashion of the truth of which the mere looker-on cannot judge; but the follies are self-evident in nine out of ten of the "experiences" put before the public mainly for the advertisement of the professional or semi-professional medium. Those who employ them (mainly silly women of fashion or other variety of idleness) have only themselves to thank. It is the fools who make the knaves.

The rule of the *Society for Psychial Research* of paying nobody for services of any kind other than their editor, secretary, and auditor is one of the best features of its management, and one which is absolutely essential as the only possible, though still imperfect, test of absence of self-seeking.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC ATTITUDE.

It is a delicate, but nevertheless important point, in reviewing the history of psychical research in the present reign, to inquire why Spiritualism should have lost the social and intellectual status which it undoubtedly at one period attained? The superficial and perhaps general answer would be that it has now "found its level," and that its reception by men and women of science and refinement was merely temporary. Such an answer, however, even to one who is not, in the ordinary understanding of the word, by any means a spiritualist, appears insufficient.

It would be in vain to deny that the spiritistic explanation of psychic phenomena still obtains among a considerable number of the same class of people whose early acceptance of modern Spiritualism has been described; but we hear little or nothing of their views. During the last fifteen years at least, unless we accept as spiritualists Mr. Myers and Professor Oliver Lodge, there has been no single work of importance among English spiritualists by any one whose name is known in any other connection. Nevertheless, it would be easy to show that Spiritualism has a considerable and, it is alleged, an increasing number of adherents.

It is difficult always to lay blame on the people who do not do things without seeming to reflect on the people who do. One does not wonder that spiritualist literature is not better, but that it is not worse, considering how infinitely more might be done for the cause by the friends who should be its supporters. The brave little band who do its work might be enormously strengthened if only more spiritualists had the courage of their opinions. Their courage does not even rise to the point of permitting the publication of a list of the members of the Alliance, therefore to write down the names of a dozen or so of prominent persons who occur to one as representatives of spiritualist opinions is not permissible. There is a Secret Society air about the whole thing, for which the members have only themselves to thank. If the alleged facts of Spiritualism are to be investigated at all, the thing should be done on much wider lines. Committees of investigation consisting of well-known and reputable persons should be established, no statements should be published without inquiry into the facts alleged, no mediums allowed to advertise who have ever been exposed, or who are, in any sense, "suspect"; rules of evidence and conditions of séances should be drawn up, and no statements published as to phenomena which have occurred, without strict adherence to such regulations.

If men like Sir W. Crookes and Mr. Alfred R. Wallace and Dr. Huggins found phenomena worthy of accurate scientific investigation twenty years ago, equally valuable material may exist now, or may come into existence any day, and spiritualists whose names are known to the public ought to have sufficient *esprit de corps* to do all in their power to preserve a high standard of evidence and of accuracy in observation, and not leave a subject for which they profess regard in the hands of illiterate or at the best often emotional and incapable witnesses.

The half-dozen or so of names appended the other day to the Memorandum of Association * are sufficient in themselves to illustrate that, in spite of much that one would wish otherwise, there are in the Spiritualists' Alliance persons of position and repute; and if only others of equal standing, of whom there are many, would come bravely and honestly forward to raise the standard and status of their cause, the thinking and intelligent public would soon be put in possession of what seems at present beyond hope, namely, material worthy of criticism, and statistics and observations upon which to pronounce judgment. If even those persons whose influence in the Society for Psychical Research is tending in the direction of Spiritualism would betake themselves honestly to the group to which they belong, the group which has definite views to support and is not merely one of research, it might be considerably to the advantage of both. It is always

* Charles C. Massey, 124, Victoria Street, S.W., Barrister-at-Law; J. Fred. Collingwood, 96, Great Portland Street, London, W., Gentleman; Henry Withall, Gravel Lane, Southwark, S.E., Timber Merchant; E. Dawson Rogers, Rose Villa, Finchley, London, N., Journalist; Radnor, Longford Castle, Salisbury; Percy Scawen Wyndham, 44, Belgrave Square, London, S.W., J.P., Wilts; Alfred R. Wallace, F.R.S., Corfe View, Parkstone, Dorset; Alfred W. Drayson, 20, Ashburton Road, Southsea, Major-General (late Royal Artillery); G. L. Le M. Taylor, Minsterworth Road, Old Bath Road, Cheltenham, Lt.-Colonel, Retired.

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a mistake to multiply agencies, and the establishment of Spiritualist opinions should be the work of the Spiritualist Society. If its methods do not meet the approval of those accustomed to something more technical, such persons would probably not be opposed if they imported money and influence for their improvement.

"We have a great cause," wrote Mr. Page Hopps not long since—

> none greater in London. Can we rise up to it? The materialists can work and struggle and pay for their dreary gospel of pulling down. What can we do for our glorious gospel of building up? There is much that could be done, and done at once, if we had the necessary funds. We want headquarters which shall be as much a credit to the cause and to the first city in the world as the present rooms are a discredit. We want a Hall for the regular meetings of the Alliance, for special gatherings, and for conferences. We want séance-rooms. We want comfortable and convenient library and reading-rooms. We want a publishing and bookselling department. And we want all these in one building, right in the centre of London—in fact, as near Duke Street as possible, only in a more public thoroughfare.
>
> All this is our barest necessity, if we are to even attempt our proper work; and we are not without hope that friends will be forthcoming in time, to not only enable us to attempt it, but to do it. But why should we say "in time"? Why not do it now? If people, merely for excitement, pleasure, and appetite, can pour out money in a constant stream, surely those who comprehend our Message and our glorious Hope will at least provide their workers with the necessary tools.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE S.P.R., 1882.

The Society for Psychical Research opened in 1882, greatly daring, but nevertheless protecting itself against the mis-interpretation of the Philistines by the statement that:—"Membership of this Society does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the Psychical world of forces other than those recognised by Physical Science."

To look back to the earliest pages of the *Proceedings*, crude as they now appear, is like turning over an album of faded photographs. We feel even some sense of loss—loss of freshness and vigour, of that single-heartedness which goes when theories come, of that absence of prejudice which disappears in face of *parti pris*. We look over the list of officers of those early days: many names are absolutely unknown to such of us as came on the scene some years later; others, again, have "passed on," notably Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, and Mr. Stainton Moses ("M. A. Oxon"). One notices, too, some well-known names which disappeared later from the list of officers, for reasons one can only conjecture; those, for instance, of Mr. Morell Theobald (then the Hon. Treasurer), M. Percival, Mr. Dawson Rogers, Mr. C. C. Massey, Dr. Wyld, and, above all, Mr. Stainton Moses. Mr. Arthur Balfour was one of the earliest Vice-Presidents, which disposes of those legends as to his later conversion which grew up around the fact of his being President of the Society in the year 1894.

Now, when the Society is adorned with many names so well known and highly honoured in science and literature, those of the little group of comparatively obscure workers have a certain pathos. Professor Balfour Stewart is the only name on the list important in science; two doctors there were, and two members of Parliament; but even Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Podmore, whose names are now so honorably associated with psychical research, were then naturally at the beginning of things. Members, associates, and officers, all told, numbered about a hundred, though within a year they were nearly trebled. Now they amount to about a thousand, and I believe that a large proportion of its members are still at the stage of inquiry, and are adherents of the Society mainly because, in spite of much public misrepresentation, it is a Society for *research* and inquiry, and not for the propaganda of special opinions.

In its earlier years the field of research was broader than it has been of late. It began by having special committees of inquiry into certain subjects, six in number. (1) Thought Transference, (2) Mesmerism, (3) Reichenbach's Experiments, (4) Haunted Houses, (5) Psychical Phenomena, and (6) a Literary Committee for the collection, examination, and presentation of evidence. The work of Numbers 1 and 4 is now left practically to individual effort; 2 and 3 are now represented by the Hypnotic Committee, of which I have the honour to be a member; and Number 5, so far as I know, has ceased to exist. Number 6 exists, I imagine, as I had the honour of being co-opted on to it in 1893, but I have never been summoned to a single meeting, and, in fact, have never heard of it since. The work it proposes to itself strikes one as being the most important of all, as including all the rest, and as being of a nature which, if properly and conscientiously performed, ought to absorb the activities of many persons. It is obviously impossible for the public to judge of the comparative value of any evidence without seeing the evidence for that subject *as a whole*, and it ought to be possible for any subscribing member to obtain easy access to all documents, properly arranged and catalogued, upon any subject, or branch of a subject, which has been investigated.

Doubtless it is a saving of trouble to those, not students, who are only amusing themselves with the subject, to have their evidence selected for them in the *Proceedings;* but as, naturally enough, it is generally selected in illustration of some theory or hypothesis, one is never assured that there may not be other evidence of which we never hear, presenting some entirely different view of the subject.

Truly that Literary Committee should be a very hard-worked band of volunteers!

The work which the Society proposed to itself is thus set forth in its earlier publication:—

> To unite students and inquirers in an organized body, with the view of promoting the investigation of certain obscure phenomena, including those known as Psychical, Mesmeric, or Spiritualistic; and of giving publicity to the results of such research.—*Proceedings of the S.P.R.* Vol I. 1882-83.

The organized body is now a large one, and a certain number of its members are active in inquiry. Psychical *Research* in its most rigid sense is by most of us considered as our *raison d'être*.

So much is now known about hypnotism that, except as a means of exploring sub-strata of consciousness, most of us are content to leave its exposition to the doctors.

The Spiritualists' Alliance did not exist at the time when this programme was drawn up, so the examination of spiritualistic phenomena could not be left, as it well might be now, to another body. Those of us who feel that inquiry into *spontaneous* phenomena is the proper sphere of the S.P.R. would be satisfied that such as involve the mechanism of trances and mediums,

and séances, and cabinets, and dark rooms, should be undertaken by those whose avowed concern they are, assisted, if desired, by certain representative members of the S.P.R., who might advise as to conditions of investigation, and establish a special committee for the sifting of evidence.

The honest spiritualist is quite as anxious for the exposure of fraud as any other honest man, and has often been the means of unmasking the fraudulent medium. He would undoubtedly willingly consult with those more severe in criticism as to conditions and technique, and, in the interest of his cause, go as far as may be, in accepting any test of evidence which would help the more effectually to establish his hypothesis.

Moreover, it is of no use to disguise or try to explain away the fact that whatever may be the special mechanism which goes to make a Sensitive, the machinery will never work at its best under the observation of those avowedly sceptical or even critical. Eusapia Paladino may have been a fraud of the deepest dye for anything I know to the contrary, but she never had a fair chance in England. Even her cheating seems to have been badly done. The atmosphere was inimical; the poor thing was paralyzed.

We have all written verses in our time, but fancy being ordered to write a sonnet in the examination-room! "If you can write *A Sonnet on a Harebell* at all, you can do it here," says the examiner, standing by the dusty and littered deal table; "if you can't do it, you are here under false pretences." And that is the way we talk to "Sensitives."

Why should we duplicate our machinery? The S.P.R. has plenty to do in other directions, and we might well leave to the spiritualists the investigation (under improved conditions) of their own phenomena, with as much of our assistance as they will accept, or we deem necessary. We should then hear less than we have done lately about the "change of front" of the S.P.R., which, after all, applies to but one or two of its prominent members, and those who are in favour of investigation in both directions could join both Societies. They are in no degree mutually exclusive.

The S.P.R. has done much good and practical work, involving enormous labour, largely at the cost of certain among the half-dozen or so who are the real workers. Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Myers, and the late Mr. Gurney have accomplished tasks that are simply immense. They have given us a Census of Dreams and a Census of Hallucinations, the latter, mainly the work of Mrs. Sidgwick, a real object lesson in the collection of evidence and the arrangement of statistics. They have given us, for some years past, a monthly *Journal for circulation among Members and Associates only*, and over a dozen large volumes of essays and evidence, not to speak of the two laborious volumes of *Phantasms of the Dead*, which made an epoch in the history of the inquiry.

We have re-classified and re-named various ideas and systems which have gathered round the two central hypotheses which the industry of Mrs. Sidgwick and the ingenuity of Mr. Myers have rendered at least tenable—the hypotheses of thought-transference and of sub-conscious mental activity, neither of them new, but both somewhat elaborated and extended in their application. The earlier psychical researchers, when they got past the stage of talking about "magnetism," had only two hypotheses as to any alleged phenomenon:

1. That it was a lie; this being the superlative of mal-observation, careless record, second-hand evidence, supper, exaggeration, and the like.

2. That it was Spirits. These rapped on tables, got into crystal balls, dictated automatic writing, appeared from behind curtains, and were universally active. Now we relegate this second hypothesis to Number 4 as the most extreme, and only to be accepted after subtraction of the others, these being,

(2). Thought-transference, a frequent and often unexpected source of information from persons near or distant, and even conceivably from the departed.

(3). Sub-conscious activity, which includes possibilities of observation, and memory, and judgment, and comparison of facts,—processes of which we are not conscious at the time they are going on in our own minds, and which therefore we may conceivably accept as coming from without, whereas in reality they are of our own initiation.

The labours of the Society have also taught us to accept the fact insisted upon in the earlier days of the new Spiritualism by Carpenter and Faraday, though known long before, namely, that the means of the *externalisation* of the results of thought-transference or sub-conscious activity, or, if you will, spirit communications, is not the real question at issue, but rather the contents of the message; that crystal-gazing, or automatic drawing or writing, or table-tilting, or even audible or visual hallucinations may be simply the result of certain habits of mind, may be purely automatic, or may be due to mere unconscious muscular action,—that these "powers" are curiosities of psychology or physiology, and may exist quite independently of any "psychic" faculty of thought-transference or sub-conscious mental activities of any kind. Crystal-gazing, for example, is a fairly common power, and is often found in persons who have not the very least pretension to "psychic" gifts, a fact which should make those who have them the more careful and conscientious and modest in their claims.

The Society has also taught us something, but not nearly as much as some of us could wish, of the history and literature of the subject. The present writer had the honour of presenting, for the first time, a slight but more or less consecutive history of Crystal-gazing; Mr. Gurney published some very valuable contributions to the history of the Witch Superstition; and Mr. Myers, though not in *Proceedings*, has given us a valuable sketch of Classical Oracles.

We have also devoted a good deal of money, and of space in our *Proceedings*, to the examination, often the exposure, of Mediums, including a very detailed "blue-book" published as the result of personal inquiries in India on the character and phenomena of Madame Blavatsky.

At the present time we are engaging, temporarily let us hope, in the cult of hysteria, an inquiry which may more suitably be left to the medical profession. If we are going to prove that psychic gifts are the concomitant of brain or other disease, it will be high time to disestablish our Society.

Surely if any subject of inquiry demands absolute sanity, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, it is Psychical Research.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' ALLIANCE.

(*Founded* 1884; *Incorporated* 1896).

Mention has already been made of the Spiritualists' Alliance, which is understood to represent those persons interested in psychic inquiry who are already convinced of

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its spiritualist interpretation. This, however, is not a necessary condition, for the prospectus announces only that—

> This Alliance has been formed for the purpose of uniting together persons interested in the study of Psychical or Spiritualistic Phenomena; of providing them with opportunities of investigation; and of affording them information by means of papers and discussions.

This, it will be seen, is on sufficiently broad lines to include even the inquirer and the person who, as yet, only wants to know what there is to inquire about.

Though the Alliance did not spring into existence till two years after the foundation of the *Society for Psychical Research*, it was, so to speak, built on the ruins of an earlier one, founded by a very earnest investigator, the late Mr. Burns, the well-known publisher of spiritualist literature.

A good deal of matter has been introduced into the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* during the last five years, mainly by its accomplished Secretary, Mr. Myers, which is so definitely spiritualistic, not only as to its possible but as to its assigned interpretation, that one can no longer allege that the S.P.R. is not committed to Spiritualism. Though each contributor is held responsible for the opinions contained in his article, some of those recently published coming from an important official, and directly contrary in tone to the early utterances of the same and of other authors, may naturally be taken as at least what the newspapers call "a new departure"; and one feels that, for example, not only a considerable part of the accounts of Mrs. Piper, but the whole of the three lengthy papers on Mr. Stainton Moses, would have appeared more suitably in the pages of *Light*, of which he was for many years the Editor.

THE FUTURE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

It is surely desirable that there should be one society for inquiry into spontaneous phenomena only, a society definitely for inquiry and not for propaganda. About two-thirds of the persons one meets with "do not in the least believe in what you call psychic phenomena," and are intolerant of the very mention of spiritualism, and think "all these stories utterly ridiculous." BUT, "well, there was just that strange thing that happened"—and so on. Why should all such experiences be lost to us, to put the thing commercially, by discouraging such witnesses at the outset, hurling theories and interpretations at them before they are ready, or perhaps even before we are ready, for anything of the kind? If they like to take the S.P.R. as a halfway house to Spiritualism, as some have already done, that is their concern; but we seem likely to be left, before long, without any means of discussion without *parti pris*, of comparing experiences and collecting evidence, without being compelled to pigeonhole them according to certain theories, of having no meeting-ground for the majority who are still at BUT; of having, in short, nothing corresponding to the S.P.R. of old days, the society which gave us such papers as Mr. Edmund Gurney's on *Hallucinations*, Mr. Hodgson's on *The Possibilities of Mal-observation*, Mrs. Sidgwick's on *The Evidence for Premonitions*, for *Phantasms of the Dead*, for *Thought-Transference;* when we had discussions so business-like as that of *The Calculus of Probabilities applied to Psychical Research*, by Mr. Edgeworth, or *The Experimental Comparison between Chance and Thought-Transference*, by Colonel Taylor; what Mr. Lang has called the eminently "sportsmanlike" addresses of Professsor Sidgwick on *The Canons of Evidence*,—the days when Mr. Myers was unfolding to us his ingenious theories, when they seemed helpful and lucid enough to most of us without his recent appeal to the support of hysteria and brain disease.

There is much to be done without this, many elementary questions still to answer, for such of us as, like the present writer, confess themselves still in the infant school of psychical teaching; much to learn from traditions distant in time and space, from primitive folk-lore and the savage races of our own day, from the wisdom of the East and the chronicles of Egypt, from the local traditions, to go no farther, of our western and northern counties, or of Scotland and Ireland and Wales, and Brittany.

Has the Society ever published one well-attested or carefully investigated case of alleged "haunting," a case observed by, say, half a dozen competent adult witnesses, and reported at the time of occurrence? Are we any further than we were twenty years ago in the interpretation of clairvoyance? or in that of the acquisition of knowledge not in the mind of any living person? or of premonition, or of almost any of the facts of those spontaneous phenomena which are the basis of the stories which begin with BUT? Are we, in short, in a position to help those who have not accepted the spiritistic interpretation, and who are interested in that residuum which the theories of Thought-Transference, and sub-conscious mental activity are inadequate to explain?

If the Society for Psychical Research would do any or all of this, it can only be by leaving the hypothesis of Spiritualism to the spiritualists, the cult of hysteria and alexia and agraphia to the specialists whose function they are, and the induction of morbid states to the students of the Salpétrière, who, by the way, unless we are misinformed, have in considerable degree abandoned that form of vivisection as not much more useful than the other.

Looking back on the history of Psychical Inquiry in the present reign is not wholly cheerful nor wholly encouraging. Much has been done, but rather in systematising the known than in bringing nearer the unknown. The Spiritualists and the Theosophists are happy in their dogma, and the patient and philosophic are content in their waiting; but a good many have only found themselves in a *cul de sac*, where they sit down helpless and unhelpful, holding out no hand to those of less experience who follow in their footsteps.

To quote the old motto of BORDERLAND, the dictum of the greatest man of science England has ever seen,

> To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the sea-shore, while the immense ocean of truth lay unexplored before me.

There is so much in this subject of psychical research which appeals to our highest hope, our tenderest associations, our most sacred memories, that one feels from the heart what science teaches to the intellect, that it is only in realising with profound humility how very much is unexplored, that one dare lift up eyes of profoundest reverence and trust to the immense ocean of Truth which lies before us.

X.

V.—HAUNTED HOUSES.

I.—IN THE EAST RIDING.

AN ECHO OF AN OLD-WORLD TRAGEDY.

THE first time I ever remember seeing a ghost was in a curious old-fashioned house in a remote part of East Riding in Yorkshire. I had gone to stay for three weeks with some cousins during the month of September.

THE HOUSE.

It was, I suppose, a pretty place, but the surrounding country was too flat to please me, and I had heard so much about the house that I was bitterly disappointed to see a large, bleak, and very straight white house. There were no gables, no creepers, or anything to relieve the ugly whiteness. A rookery on the left-hand side as you went up the drive was the only really redeeming point. There was also on the left a small "beck," as they call it in these parts, in other words, a running stream with an old punt on it. At the right were a few trees, and beyond these stretched large kitchen gardens, hidden from view by high walls. In front of the house, and running also to the left, was a large rookery, beyond was a sunk fence and a green field, neither of these at all took from the bare look of the house.

THE JUSTICE ROOM.

Before going there I had heard that there was an old well not far from the house, and that the place was reputed to be haunted.

This rather pleased me than otherwise, as I never thought I should be the one to see the ghosts.

The inside of the house was charming; a lovely oak staircase went up from a big hall. All round the gallery at the top of the stairs were rooms. These were nearly all called after some colour, such as "the blue room," "red room," &c. But there were heaps of passages, in the middle of which were three or sometimes two little steps leading to other passages, which branched off to different parts of the house.

But there were two rooms which pleased me very much indeed. One was downstairs, and was called "the justice room"; it had curious figures all round the walls, and was a very uncanny looking room; the other was an old garret, which went by the name of the "crocodile garret." How it came by the name I do not know, but it was the joy and terror of my heart. It had great chests in it, which we were told were full of old dresses, lovely brocades, all hand embroidered, and jackets slashed and lined with satin, hats with long feathers, silk stockings, complete costumes of the old-fashioned day for men and women. It was also full of all the rubbish which was not wanted anywhere else. The window of the garret had been barricaded up since the time of the window tax, and the only light there was came from the door or was made artificially.

The door was usually kept locked, but whenever I could get the key I loved to go there, as I wanted very much to find out, if possible, why it felt so uncanny. I never told anyone why I loved it, or what I wanted to find out. Ghosts were rarely spoken of except on Christmas Eve, when with bated breath, and the lamps turned low, our hair was made to stand on end by some blood-curdling tale.

After I had been about three days in the house, it was arranged that there should be a fancy ball, and we were to use the old dresses. Great was the turning out, and immense fun it was trying to fit the old-fashioned clothes on to young-fashioned shoulders. The men's things seemed to be much too narrow for the back, and yet they were supposed to be such big men.

Everyone was fitted at last, and a grand time we had.

THE SPECTRE WITH A HUGE HEAD.

That evening I went as usual to my room, and went to sleep. After having been asleep some hours, I woke feeling something in my room. I was too frightened to cry out, and I lay still staring at the darkness, when a form gradually appeared out of the darkness, and a person with a huge head appeared at the foot of my bed. Presently the form began to move, and then my courage began to return, but my body remained in a sort of frozen condition, though my mind was clear, and I was able to follow every movement accurately. It moved rather slowly towards my wardrobe, and finally disappeared behind it. As soon as the form had gone, I got up, lighted my candle, and determined to follow it.

THE WARDROBE.

I had to pull out the wardrobe, and certainly must have had super-human strength as it has been perfectly impossible for me to move it again. I squeezed myself behind, and in the panel of the wall was a little door. I went in with my candle, and as soon as I had got inside the door saw, to my horror, the form with the huge head coming towards me. There was a puff, and I was in the darkness. Just as the puff came, I saw a very strange thing, that the body had no end to it, below the waist was mist.

But my candle was out, and I was in the strange little place with that horrible head not far from me, and even now I hardly know how I managed to get back through the little door into my room. Of course I tried to push back the wardrobe, but it refused to go, and after many unsuccessful attempts, I was forced to leave it, and get into bed. I had been there some little while trying to sleep, when I heard a shoving noise, I struck a match quickly, and saw. to my astonishment, that the wardrobe was in its place, but I saw nothing more.

In the morning it seemed to me as if I must have dreamt it, except that my muscles ached with the vain attempts I had made to put the wardrobe back in its place. I decided not to say anything about it to my cousins, as they would be sure to say that it was the excitement of the dance, and I had a great horror of ridicule in any way.

A BOLD LADY.

Nothing occurred for about a week, and I was beginning to think it really was a dream, when one afternoon as I was going upstairs in broad daylight, I saw the same thing. A huge head and the same peculiar finishing off of mist. This time I followed it, determined to find out, if possible, what it was, and where it was going to. It led me down the gallery along a passage in which were two or three little steps, up a flight of stairs into the "crocodile garret." The door was shut when we arrived, but it opened apparently easily, and we both passed through. Then the door shut, and I was horrified, so much so that I hardly dare breathe. There was I alone in the place with this creature; for as I explained

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before, the only scrap of light there was came through the door, so that if I had wanted to move, it would have been almost impossible for me to do so, as the garret was so full of old furniture and everything else that was old or disabled; but as I stood there a light appeared. I could not at first make out where it came from, as I did not know then that everybody, whether alive or not, gives out his own peculiar light.

THE GHOST AT HIS TOILET.

It grew clear enough for me to see that the apparition was opening one of the old chests and was robing himself in the dress of a monk. Very slowly, but very surely one garment was put on over the other, and the monk's cowl completed it. The light seemed to die out, and I could feel the apparition was quite close to me. He opened the door, from which I shrank back in horror, but some unknown force compelled me to follow. Down the little passage and stairs we went until we reached a small flight of stairs with a door at the top. This appeared to me to take a long time to open. A cold draught of air seemed to fill the whole passage while we waited; it was so strong that once it blew back the monk's cloak, which was a very wide one, and I was afraid it was going to touch me, and I felt as if I was being frozen up. The door opened finally and he turned and looked at me with eyes which shone and dilated as though with inward fire.

Though horrified, I was again compelled to follow; and as soon as I had reached the top stair the door shut, leaving me once more all alone with the terrible phantom.

FOLLOWING THE DEAD MONK.

At first it seemed to me absolutely dark, but soon my eyes became accustomed to the dimness. The darker it was the better I could see the strange luminous light which he threw from him. At last a ray of real light appeared, and we went through another door, which led us into the garden near the old well. I had inspected the well by daylight, and had found out that there were two sets of steps to it: one led to the water, another to a long passage, into which I did not go. Down these steps we went. They were green and slimy, and I found it extremely difficult to keep my footing. I would have given worlds to have turned back, but whenever I tried to do so he turned and looked at me, and it seemed to me as if I was mesmerised and could not help myself. We stopped once for a few moments, till he pulled out from under his cloak a lantern, which I had not seen before. On he went again, faster than ever; and I saw another curious thing. The light he gave out was changing colour. Was it the effect of the lantern, or what? I looked and looked, when, to my utter horror, I saw another figure approaching.

THE GHOST OF THE GUILTY MAN.

Such a lovely woman, with short hair curling all over her head, and a long white drapery on. Her skin was very fair, but her eyes were dark. She was walking along with her head down, but a slight noise from the monk made her look up, and she blushed such a lovely colour, while her eyes shone like stars. Apparently she did not see me. The monk rushed forward, caught the woman in his arms, and kissed her. Then they walked up and down the passage, while I paced behind like a sentinel. I could not hear what words they said, as they spoke very, very low. They must have gone up and down for a long time before they decided to part, and then each went their own way. I was standing irresolute, not knowing which to follow, when the monk looked at me again, and pointed to the woman, and I at once began to move after her. To do this I had to pass him, and a shiver ran over me as I did so, and a cold wind blew over me as I passed. But again a look propelled me forward. The passage, as I said before, was quite dark, except for the light she gave out. This did not appear to be visible to herself, for, while it helped me, she stumbled and fell, and groped, as if in the dark, for the side of the passage. Sometimes I heard a great sob come from her, as if she was heart-broken; still she went on, and in time we arrived at the end of the passage.

THE GAZE THAT OPENED DOORS.

Then I understood how it was the door opened, for I saw her look at this one fixedly, and as she looked her eyes grew larger and more luminous, until the door opened very slowly. Still she kept on looking at it, until we were able to go through. As soon as she took her eyes off, the door closed.

We were in the open air at last, and I drew it in, thankful to breathe it again. But I had not seen the end yet. She went on, crossed a courtyard, up some more small steps, and into a very bare-looking room. I saw she was a nun, and that I was in a huge nunnery. She laid down on her bed, and cried her heart out. Presently she stopped, and I went out, but as I went I could still hear her crying and sobbing. So this was their story: the monk and the nun were meeting, and I had been a witness to the fact.

FIVE MILES!

I was left alone to find myself some five miles from home. I hunted about for the passage, but could not find it anywhere, so I had to trudge as best I could, in dread and terror, lest I should meet anyone I knew so far from home, and so weary that I did not know how to walk back; and not being very sure of the way made me feel more tired than ever. However, I gained my own room at last, and was glad enough to do so, but found it was impossible to rest.

The following day I tried hard to make people talk on the subject, but in those days they were very reticent on such subjects; so I got no definite news at all.

AGAIN!

For about a week I saw nothing more, when one evening, going upstairs, I saw the same apparition at the top. He looked at me with the same strange luminous eyes, but though I had determined not to follow him any more, I found it impossible to keep those resolutions, when he looked at me, and when I got to bed my heart beat so fast that I knew something was going to happen. True enough it did, and I went once more through the scene I have just described, only there were more actors in it, for I saw to my horror that there were two other on-lookers. They had been found out, and I concluded that the end was near.

THE MONK TO THE ROCK.

After the interview, which lasted an unconscionable time, an old nun showed herself, and also another old monk, and they were taken back in custody. This time I had to follow the monk. He was led to the justice room, where all the monks were assembled, and they sat in judgment upon him. Though I did not hear their words, I knew by their actions that he would not

be spared. He was evidently found guilty, and was marched off to a place that looked almost like a dungeon, where he was put on the rack. It was awful, and though several years have passed by, I shudder all over with horror when I recall it. But enough. His legs were torn from their sockets, and he died.

THE NUN BEHEADED.

How I got back to my room I do not know, but for several days I was unable to leave it; but one evening I was passing the old well, when I saw the nun. Her draperies were the same, but she carried her head under her arm; so I concluded that was her end.

I have never been to the house since, and I do not think I should wish to go there. The old house has passed into alien hands, but still exists, and only last year I was informed that the present inhabitants had seen the figure of a man at the head of the stairs in broad daylight, and that below the waist was mist.

Also it is a fact that a white lady walks by the old well, and is a well-known apparition to the family. If either the owners of the house or the present inhabitants see this story, they will recognise the ghosts, and will also hear the true story which connects both of them.

X.

II.—A HAUNTED HOUSE IN AYRSHIRE.

By Mrs. B. Russell-Davies.

Auchin's Brae, as I propose to call it, is not the real name of the haunted house I propose giving an account of. Ayrshire, however, is the true name of the county wherein the house and estate are situated, and the exact locality is just thirty miles as the crow flies from the old "Brig o' Ayr," and is, I think, as pretty as any part Ayrshire can boast of.

The house is not an ancient one, and is in an excellent state of order and condition, but the site on which it stands was in the long ago occupied by a genuine feudal castle, and a few minutes' walk from the house through the park there is to be seen an enormous cairn or cromlech, almost hidden now by the large dark Scotch firs which have ground around and upon it.

THE BLUE ROOM.

I have visited my friend Mrs. Carre many times during the past few years, perhaps eight or nine visits have been made, each one for not less than a couple of weeks, and during my first stay the ghostly powers of the house had scarcely manifested themselves, and I had only been disturbed on the last two nights of my stay by noises and movements which might have been caused by mice. On the morning of October 18th, 1893, I started by an express from St. Pancras to Edinburgh, and arrived at my destination at 9 p.m. same day, and met with my usual hearty reception from my friends, Mrs. Carre and her sister, Miss Gilbert. My hostess showed me to my room, remarking as she led the way, "You are rather far away from Freda and me, but we thought you would be warmer in the west wing now that the weather has set in so very cold, and you have the blue room, which faces south-west."

I found my room looking cosy and charming, an enormous fire burnt in the grate, and many candles lighted up every part. Curtains to the windows, and bed of chintz, bright with garlands of flowers. A pretty light blue carpet, and the same shade of colour was in the wall-paper. "One of the cosiest rooms I ever saw," was my remark. "I shall sleep here like a top."

THE CUPBOARD IN THE DOORWAY.

This is an early household, and all retired before 11 p.m. In my room I drew up a comfortable armchair in front of the blazing fire, and sat for about half-an-hour before getting into bed. On the right side of the fireplace I noticed a doorway covered by curtains, and thinking it might lead into a dressing-room, or be another entrance into mine, drew them aside, and found that wherever it had originally led to, the doorway was quite closed by a handsome oak cupboard being built up in it. I closed the curtains and retired for the night. I like a fire in my bedroom, and had taken care to see that mine would last for some time. My armchair was before it just as when I had sat there, and my night-light made a soft glow where I had placed it near my bed. There was nothing weird or likely to suggest the idea of ghosts in connection with this bright little room. But no sooner was I in bed than I became possessed of the feeling that someone was near me, that other persons were in the room.

MIDNIGHT WANDERINGS AND SHUFFLING.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by a sound near the curtained doorway, which I have described as having been converted into a cupboard. I sat up in bed listening intently and plainly heard voices whispering, but was unable to distinguish words or one voice from another. Then came movements as of a person walking in large, ill-fitting slippers. Whoever they were, the persons causing the noises were on the other side of the doorway cupboard, in what I supposed to be another bedroom, and I came to the conclusion (as it was now nearly 2 a.m.) that someone must be taken ill, and wondered who it could be, as there had been no mention made of other visitors staying in the house, and only we three ladies had dined together.

Certainly there was a very large staff of servants, but they were in quite another part of the house, and none would be likely to be near the west wing apartments.

Once or twice it occurred to me to get up and offer my services, but knowing that if my friends desired my presence, we were on such intimate terms that either Mrs. Carre or Miss Gilbert would not hesitate to send a maid for me. I lay quietly until 4 a.m., not for one moment had I slept up to this hour. But now the sounds died away, and I fell asleep, not waking until the maid arrived with my breakfast (which I always take in my own room) at 8.30. The maid was a disagreeable sulky girl, whom I had never liked, and therefore I did not ask her who had been ill during the night, although feeling very curious on the subject.

A MYSTERY.

Leaving my room later on, I found Mrs. Carre and her sister in the drawing-room, and in response to the question as to how I had slept, answered that after the sick person in the next room had quieted down, I had slept well. While saying this, I saw a look of surprise in the faces of my friends, and both exclaimed at once, "Sick person, why there is no one ill, *neither is there a room next to yours*." "Oh, yes, the room to which the door near my fireplace led into formerly!" "But there is no room, that door is an old way cut through the wall

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on to the great landing; not requiring it we had it made into a cupboard or wardrobe, and the depth through the wall is five feet; ours, I think, was a house built to withstand a siege, surely you were dreaming and restless in the strange bed!" "Not at all! I slept quietly enough when I did go off, but it was 4 a.m. before this happened, and it was the noise of peop'e whispering and shuffling about in loose slippers which hindered my going to sleep." I could see my hostess was becoming alarmed, and when she said, "Oh dear, I do hope you are not going to find we have ghosts!" I wished I had not spoken of the disturbances, and determined upon not mentioning in future anything which might occur, as doubtless there would be a repetition of the previous night's noises. Events proved that this resolve was a wise one, for I found Miss G—— was even more excitable and nervous than her sister, and being physically very delicate, she could not, without suffering, bear any excitement or emotion. So the experiences which came to me I kept in my secret heart, with the exception of one or two incidents, which I wrote of to Mr. Stead, and these were simply by the way, and not for publication.

THE SPECTRAL SIGH.

On the second night I found a goodly supply of books had been put into my room, and the hour still early, I stirred up my fire, popped my toes on the fender, and seated in my easy chair, settled down to my book. I had read for some time, being deeply interested in my story, when a sound, like a loud sigh close by my side, disturbed me. I looked up. No one near me! and then, although there was nothing to be seen, I heard the sound of a person breathing hard, and it came from the direction of the opposite side of the fireplace on my right. Here there was another chair on which I had thrown a heavy shawl I had worn over my shoulder when coming through the cold corridors from the drawing-room to my own apartments. I now laid my book softly on to my lap and listened intently. That the chair near me was occupied I felt quite sure, though I could discern no form, but a sound, as of a person breathing heavily and with difficulty was very distinct, and to say the least of it, there was something exceptionally uncanny going on. It would be useless to pretend that I did not feel just a tiny bit nervous, for I am no braver than other women, beyond the fact that from many and long experiences I had grown more or less familiar with what is called the supernatural. But this was distinctly uncanny, and as I sat and listened, without seeing, the feeling came over me, that here there was something out of the common and very uncomfortable. How I sneaked into bed I don't know, all I can tell is that when once the bed-clothes were over me I got under, and never moved until it was time to get up.

THE GHOST AT THE WRITING-TABLE.

Not one word did I breathe to my two friends in regard to what I had heard; but as the day wore on and night was near, it was not without a feeling of creepiness, "to say the least of it," that I thought of bed-time. Time flies when least desired, and 10 o'clock p.m. came all too quickly. No sooner had I opened my book (let me now mention that my reading was a very frivolous novel), not a book likely to induce nervous attacks or hysterical imaginations or to lead one's thoughts towards the supernatural. As I have said, no sooner had I opened the book than the usual sound, half sigh and half moan, disturbed the stillness round me. But it was louder and stronger than ever before it had been, and I saw the grey outline of a big form, huddled together in the chair near to my writing table which was about three feet from me. It was only a glimpse I caught, and then all disappeared, and no further disturbance occurred that night; but what I had seen and heard had been quite sufficient for me, and I wished with all my heart that my friend could give me some other room, not quite so isolated and a little less haunted. I would cheerfully sacrifice all the stray gleams of sunshine my window reflected, for the blessing of a peaceful night's sleep. I do not object to ghosts by day, but in the still small hours of the night, I prefer their room to their company. It would have been a great relief if it had been possible for me to have talked over my experiences with Mrs. Carre and her sister; but the least allusion to the subject would I know terrify both, and in all probability make them ill, for both were nervous highly-strung women. I could not ask for another room without appearing fidgety or giving a good reason for my wish to leave the Blue room. So for a fortnight I bore the frequent disagreeable sounds and occasional glimpses of the ghostly forms who seemed never far away. Night after night they came, sometimes softly sighing, at others making a distinct sound of groaning, while once or twice I heard a sound like to that of people whispering. I found that in a strong light the manifestations were weaker, so my only chance of obtaining rest and sleep was by brilliantly illuminating my room, and I have frequently slept under the "protecting" influence of the light from six candles and a pyramid night light. The possession of the "gift of discerning of spirits," is not without its drawbacks, and I have had many shocks during the thirty years I have been in possession of my strange faculty.

At the end of a fortnight I bade my friends farewell, and returned to London.

A CARESSING GHOST.

It was in 1894 that I once more became an occupant of the sunny room in Auchins Brae, to which my friends thought I was so devoted. It was ten months since my former visit, and I had had time to recover from the frights of that time; and as the house was to have many other visitors besides myself, I hoped that some of them would be placed near to me in the west wing; here, however, I was disappointed, for all the rooms on the same floor as mine were unoccupied, only those above were to be used, and these by two little children and their nurses. I arrived on the 1st of August, and until the 8th not a sound or movement came to disturb me, and I had ceased to expect anything uncanny to occur. But, alas! before I had been many minutes in bed on this night the old sighs reached my ears, distinct, even loud whispers came from several parts of the room. I felt hands on my head and face stroking gently, and in what appeared to me a caressing manner. But this I could not lie still and endure, and trembling violently sat up in bed, exclaiming aloud as I did so: "Who are you, why do you disturb me?"

"I AM MARY JEFFS!"

To my astonishment a voice answered distinctly: "I am Mary Jeffs." I saw a woman's form run swiftly across my room, the dress making a loud rustling sound as she passed. The woman was *running*, not merely walking quickly, and she disappeared in the recess I have previously described as being filled up by a cupboard, and covered by a curtain. In a few

seconds I heard a crash in the room above me, and felt certain one of the little children had fallen out of bed, seriously hurting itself. I listened for some time, but nothing further happening I lay down, and while thinking of the wonderful appearance, the voice, and the crash overhead, fell off to sleep, and did not wake until called by the maid at eight in the morning.

My friend and hostess always comes to have a chat with me in my room before going down to her own breakfast, and I was not long before telling her that I had heard one of her little visitors fall heavily out of bed during the night; she was much concerned, for both the little ones are delicate children and easily made ill. Mrs. Carre hastened to see and question the head nurse, in whose room the children slept. The woman declared that nothing of the kind had happened. The boy slept in a cot at her side, and the girl, four years of age, had a small bed, out of which there was no reason she should fall.

A HELPFUL SPECTRE.

Mrs. Carre returned to my room to tell me this, adding, "You were dreaming, my dear." I knew this had not been the case, but did not further discuss the matter, preferring to wait and make enquiries personally. Later in the day, meeting the nurses and children, I said, "Nurse, I hope Miss Margaret was not hurt by her fall out of bed last night." "Oh, no, ma'am, she did not fall, and I told Mrs. Carre so this morning." "Oh, but she did, I heard distinctly." The nurse again denied, when suddenly the little girl exclaimed, "Yes I did, nurse, I fell out of bed; you were asleep, and the *lady picked me up*." Mrs. Carre, who had stood by listening, here spoke, saying: "Margaret, what do you mean? who put you back into bed?" The child hesitated, and then answered, "I don't know, a lady. I was sleepy." "Were you hurt?" I asked. "No, not a bit. I was sleepy." This was all we could get the child to say; she is naturally a stupid child, but all the same I knew that it was "Mary Jeffs" who had gone to her aid.

THE INVISIBLE VISION.

On the night of August 11th I retired to my room at the usual hour whenever staying in this delightful house, viz., ten. By the time I was ready to get into bed it would be about eleven, or a few minutes past. Not feeling inclined to sleep, I placed two candles on a small table by my bedside, and opening an interesting book began to read. The room I always occupied was reached by a long narrow passage leading to the west wing of the house. This passage terminated with a glass panelled door, which stood at the head of a very steep staircase. At the time of my present visit no other person than myself occupied any rooms on this floor, and even if there had been thus, this staircase is never used, excepting when the two bedrooms—mine called the "Blue" and the other the "Yellow" room—were occupied by gentlemen, whose servants would require to go up and down to their own apartments.

Not a sound could be heard as I lay reading, and my astonishment was great when I heard the handle of my door turned as though a person intended entering. I was not at all surprised that no sound of footsteps had reached me, because the carpets were very thick and soft, preventing even the sounds being heard a person with a heavy tread would make. My only idea was immediately: "Oh, Mrs. Carre wants something," and calling out: "Wait a moment, the door is bolted!" I got out of bed and opened the door. There was no one there! the lamps were all out and the passage very dark. I called: "What is it; who wants me?" Not a sound of any kind disturbed the stillness, and fastening the door again returned to my bed, where I lay thinking over the strange occurrence. I did not want to read any longer, but could not go to sleep, so lay thinking until close upon 2 a.m., then putting out my candles turned on my left side and composed myself to sleep. But sleep refused to come, and I could not throw off the feeling that there was someone moving about my room.

UNCANNY NOISES.

I heard the sound of voices whispering, but could not what I call "locate" them. They were near me one instant, almost close to my face, but before I could move or speak, the sounds would be in quite a different direction, near the ceiling, the door, or the fireplace. Beyond the disturbing effect of the voices and movements, no attempt had ever been made to injure or hurt me, and I had grown comparatively fearless, and on this night sat up very boldly in my bed, and drawing back the curtains, looked round the room, fully expecting to see a number of ghosts lurking in my neighbourhood, but there were none, not even a very small one. I spoke, saying, "If there is an unhappy soul here who wants mortal help, will he or she speak to me now and tell me what troubles them, or how I can help them." The voices ceased, not a sound broke the stillness now; I waited, expecting every instant to see some form near me; none came, and after sitting up for between ten and fifteen minutes, lay down, satisfied that I had stopped the ghosts for this night, at all events.

A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

I was wide awake, my night-light and fire both bright, when suddenly I saw hovering over me and near the ceiling! what I can only describe as a large shapeless *black mass* falling towards me. I felt myself seized by a *number* of arms, every part of my body seemed gripped in a vice by this evil spirit or spirits. I felt that "it" was trying to lift me up from the bed, and the feeling of horror which possessed me is beyond description. I was paralyzed with terror, when seemingly from afar off I heard a voice call my name twice; it seemed to rouse me and to restore my strength. I tried to move, I struggled, again the voice came, but in tones of agony, thus: "Oh, my Medie! struggle, save yourself, save yourself!" I did struggle. I fought, and at last freed my right arm, which I lifted up and struck out with. I felt it pass through some soft resisting substance, and heard a sound as though I had *slapped* flesh, and I was free. I saw the "mass" roll, as it were, off the bed and sink through the floor of the room. How I lived through that night I cannot tell, my terror was so great, I felt as if my life hung by the merest thread. I know that many people reading this will say at once, "Oh, this was nightmare." It was not nightmare, it was no dream. I had dined as usual at 8 p.m., and as mine is a very small appetite, had taken very little food and nothing later.

This manifestation was not my only experience, it was the climax of a regular systematic haunting by evil or earth-bound spirits, and only one of the many forms of annoyance caused by these unholy beings.

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III.—THE MYSTERY OF TICK FEN.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN THE FENS.

THE *Peterborough Advertiser* of May 8th publishes a lengthy account of ghostly hauntings in a house in Tick Fen:—

In the remote parts of Tick Fen, a district seemingly adjacent to Ramsey, Chatteris, and Warboys, are two old thatched and boarden cottages, in one of which lives—and has lived for ten years—Samuel Rowthan, a middle-aged horsekeeper in the employ of Mr. Alfred Fuller, J.P., his wife, and an eighteen-year-old daughter, who unhappily is in a decline. Next door there has lived since Wednesday week Wm. Livett, a foreman on Mr. Fuller's farm in that district, together with his wife and child. On Monday, 26th ult., the bedridden daughter was roused at midnight by rappings at the gable-end of the house against which was the head of her bed. The walls being wooden, the noise was the more apparent. The rappings, at first in sequences of three and four, increased to six and seven at a time, and louder as they proceeded. Then they would cease for a space, recommence more vigorously, until they were heard by next door neighbours, and one report says also at a farmhouse 500 yards off. The mother and father, at rest in the same room, were also violently alarmed, but for a time did nothing, thinking the manifestation would cease. Instead, it increased, until the "Ghost," as if angered at being pooh-poohed, would cause "a terrific crash" to take place. Outside, nothing was to be seen—clear and starlight, the noise continued to ring out across the frosty night air of the fens. They slept no more; the rappings re-occurred at intervals until the advent of dawn seemed to drive the malicious "spirits" before it. On the following night, though at a different time, a repetition of the phenomena took place. They bore it heroically and said little. The night afterwards the empty house next door (No. 2 in the sketch) was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Livett. The rappings against the gable of No. 1 were renewed more vigorously than ever; search parties were again organised, everyone was baffled. The countryside began to talk, watch parties assembled in the hoary cottages until well in the morning—still the wild incoherent rappings occurred—occurred whilst voluntary watchers—sturdy fenmen whose hearts never quailed at fright, nor were their minds baffled by a ghostly mystery before—were on the look-out both *inside* as well as *outside* the building! No timid Ghost was this, for the pulsations continued with Vulcan thud, and reverberated o'er the stillness of the Level whilst they located with eyes and ears the very spot upon which the invisible blows were given! On Saturday night and Sunday morning Mr. Webster, bailiff for Mr. Fuller, together with a companion, kept vigil in the "haunted house" from midnight till three. The noises were repeated with the greatest freedom. He drove back to Ramsey, admitting that he was baffled even in the cleverest of theories he had in his own mind conjured up to account for the mystery.

The special correspondent of the paper in question was despatched to investigate, and his report is clear and explicit. The first person whom he interviewed was

Mr. Webster, the bailiff of the estate on which the haunted house was, and who sat up for three hours with the ghost! Getting into conversation with him, I found him to be a shrewd and sensible man, but he readily admitted "This beats everything. At first, like everyone else, I ridiculed the idea, but the thing got so notorious that I said to myself I would spend a few hours there. I did go with Mr. Gerald Fuller, the owner's son," and Mr. Webster smiled at the very thought of himself doing so. "I got there," he added, "at midnight on Saturday, and took up my quarters in the lower room (there are only two). I found, however, I was not by myself, there were twelve or fourteen others in the house—Munns, Giddins, Cooper (3,) Gowler, Walker, and others. They had been there some time, and had heard the rapping. I had not been there two or three minutes when it commenced." "What was it like?" "Well, it gave two raps slowly on the side wall of the house, and then four quickly and rather musically. I went upstairs, thinking it was perhaps a trick of the invalid daughter or someone upstairs. But I was with her talking to her when it occurred again. I went downstairs. It was repeated louder than before. I rushed outside. The night was clear—starlight in fact, hardly a breath of wind, and whilst I was outside the house the men inside heard it very plainly. I looked carefully around—critically determined, if it was a trick, to find it out. Nothing could I see. I then went indoors again, examined the bedroom carefully, and the knocking at the end wall was repeated, though this time a little lower down. Completely astonished, I sat down in the room, and it occurred several times more. It cannot have been any one belonging to the house, because they were talking to me when it occurred again and again. Ghosts, spirits, and all that kind of thing I don't believe in, but I must confess I can't make this out at all. Having been quite satisfied that the noises did occur, and that it was impossible for me to discover the cause, at three o'clock I took my departure. Sometimes it was louder than others. At times so faint that the voices in the room drowned it, at other times quite loud. At one time I thought it was someone or something in the chimney, but I soon set that at rest by getting a ladder and climbing up to the top. If it had been any human agency I do not think the discovery could have escaped me. This was it—*tap-tap* (pause), *tap-tap-tap-tap* (rapidly and heavily)."

The reporter then visited the house and interviewed Mrs. Rowthan and her daughter, who seems to be the psychic cause of the hauntings.

The flooring of the bedroom on the wall side had been torn up, for some of the watchers fancied they had found the cause among the woodwork of the floor! "My daughter slept here," said Mrs. Rowthan, "with her bedhead against this end wall; and the rappings at times made her iron bedstead ring. Some of the blows came from the flat side of the wall, and others from yonder corner. They startled her, and made her worse than ever, poor thing—but what could we do! She's kept her bed for twelve months now, and yesterday Mrs. Levitt kindly allowed her to be removed to the next house."

"When did it first occur?"

"A week on Monday night she first heard it, at about eleven o'clock, and it seemed to start on the wall against that beam in the ceiling (lower room), and kept up till three o'clock. Tuesday it wasn't so long, but louder, and on Wednesday and Thursday evenings it began at eight o'clock as nearly as possible—as soon as it was dusk, and continued till two in the morning. The rappings seemed to get louder the longer they continued, until they sent my daughter into a fit with fright, and then we got her moved. When it first started Levitt's was empty (No. 2), and we were glad when they came on Wednesday. The knocking could be heard quite well in their house, and it kept them awake night after night. (Mrs. Levitt afterwards corroborated this to me.) My husband loaded his gun and went out in search the first night, but there was no one about. Since then there have been dozens of people on the watch every night."

Questioned further, Mrs. Rowthan added that they came there from Chatteris, where they were with Mr. Hughes Smith, farmer; the family were Wesleyans, and her daughter, her only child, was eighteen years of age. I was somewhat interested to see her, and embraced the mother's kindly offer to take me to her.

For this purpose I passed out of No. 1 into No. 2. There greeted me on the threshold Mrs. Levitt, a little homely-looking housewife, who was quite ready to give information. "It's for the papers, I s'pose, sir. Well, it's a nice thing for us; just come into the house. The noise seemed just as loud here as it did in the next house. There appeared like a hammering two, three, or four times, and then a smash right loud. We couldn't sleep, and we can't sleep. Sometimes they heard the noise at Mr. Smith's farm. None of us have been in bed—we couldn't sleep, so we might just as well stay up."

This was the larger house of the two, and Miss Rowthan lay in one of the bedrooms in the roof—the apartment having been at some time divided. With her ample auburn hair, large restless blue eyes, and well-shaped face, from which the colour had not altogether fled, she formed a picture in that lowly tenement which the seeds of disease had not yet robbed entirely of that which was interesting and even beautiful. She said that she did

not hear any rappings now, and had been able to snatch a little rest, though it was very meagre, for the horrid rappings had made her so ill. This little speech cost her much; the events of the past few days had completely unnerved her, and she had not even strength to rise.

Mr. Levitt, the occupant of No. 2, arrived soon afterwards. There was no need of an explanation of what I was about. "Ah," he said, "the marvellous thing is that I have heard it whilst I stood here. Sometimes it's high and sometimes low. It's a thick stud and clay wall, it's true, but it can't be anything in the wall or even in the thatch. We've probed it and done everything. It's funny that it usually starts at dusk; nine o'clock on Saturday, and on Sunday twenty or a quarter past seven o'clock. You see, sir, it's not like a beetle or anything of that, the thumps are too 'lumpy.'"

IV.—THE HIDDEN WILL.

A CASE WHERE THE SPIRITS WERE OF USE.

A FEW years back I was travelling with my husband through the Western States of America, and having heard so much about Kansas City and its lovely surroundings, we decided to remain there for a time. Some friends we called on recommended a boarding-house in one of the principal thoroughfares—a lovely old house surrounded by an old-fashioned garden. The landlady and her daughter were charming hostesses, so that with their pleasant manners and pretty rooms we congratulated ourselves on having fallen into such pleasant quarters.

After supper we all went on to the verandah. Being the month of August the nights were hot and no one cared to retire too soon.

We were a large and lively party, and it was late before we separated for the night.

The room my husband and I were to occupy was a large one, with two French windows opening on to a balcony which ran the whole length of the room.

I had been asleep about an hour when I suddenly awoke with the strange sensation that somebody was in our room, and sitting up beheld standing at the foot of our bed an elderly lady, tall, slight, and dressed in pale lavender. She had such a sad expression, and her mournful eyes held me spell-bound as she was gazing steadily at me. I was naturally alarmed, thinking one of the boarders had entered our room, so roused my husband. He told me to keep quiet and see what she wanted, when she walked slowly through the window on to the balcony, and after a few seconds returned again, and, when in the middle of the room, a vapoury mist enveloped her and she disappeared.

We then knew that it was no earthly visitor we had been entertaining.

The next day I told our landlady what we had seen, and she informed me we were sleeping in the haunted room, and begged us not to tell any of her boarders about our nocturnal experience.

I naturally did not wish to pass another night in the room, but my husband laughed me out of my fears.

A few nights after, my little boy, who had his cot in our room, woke me to tell me there was a lady walking about, and he could not sleep. While we were watching her an elderly man joined her. He was handsome, but with a cold and sinister expression, and after a few seconds they disappeared the same way as before.

These visits became quite frequent, and as they did not annoy us in any way, we took no further notice of them. But when my husband had to go further West on business, and my little boy and I were left alone, my courage failed me and I became nervous and ill.

Some of the leading Spiritualists in the city, at my request, held a séance in our room, but the only satisfactory elucidation of the mystery we got was, that they were earth-bound spirits, and would remain so until some one helped them undo the wrong they had done before leaving this earth plane.

My scientific friends tried to impress on me that it was my duty to remain there and unravel the mystery. I declared I would do nothing of the kind, but would pack my boxes that night and leave the next day, so that some stronger-minded person might perform the task, as my nerves were thoroughly unstrung; nor was it to be wondered at.

That night, after having finished my packing and feeling thoroughly exhausted, I lay down hoping to get a little rest, but had scarcely dozed off when a hand was placed on my shoulder. Springing up I beheld the form of a man pointing wildly towards a large cupboard in the corner of the room, evidently wishing to show me something there. My readers may imagine my terror. I tried to scream, but could not utter a sound. At last I lost all consciousness, and knew no more until awakened by the friendly tones of the breakfast bell. That morning I bade adieu to the haunted house and its inhabitants, sincerely hoping never to see the place again, but my wish was not to be granted, for in less than twelve months we were again in Kansas city. The first evening I had a strange desire to visit the haunted house again and inquire after our spirit friends. Being well and strong and not having to pass the night with them made me feel very brave. On arriving at the house Mrs. S., the landlady, was delighted to see me, and asked me up into my old room to have a quiet talk. The lamp was burning low, and we both had our easy chairs by the open window. Whilst sitting there I became entranced, and some unseen hand led me into the closet which was used as a wardrobe. I removed the things from one side, then pulled back a piece of board and drew out a long blue envelope, when the strange influence left me. The packet was addressed to a lawyer in the city, to whom Mrs. S. took it the following day. On opening it the lawyer was surprised to find some little deeds and the will of a gentleman, formerly a client of his, that had been lost over twenty years before at the old gentleman's death.

He had left part of his property to his wife and the remaining portion to a nephew and niece of his; but his wife not wishing them to have their share of the property had hidden the will, and dying suddenly was unable to reveal its hiding place, and the house was let to strangers who turned it into a boarding house. That was the reason she haunted the room where she had concealed it, and her husband came to help her fulfil her mission.

They were neither of them ever seen again, so let us hope they are at rest.

S. P. R.

The writer of the foregoing, in reply to an inquiry as to the authenticity of this narrative, wrote as follows:—

DEAR SIR.—With regard to the "Hidden Will" I can most decidedly vouch for the truth of it, simply having related the facts as they occurred up to the time I discovered the packet of legal papers, and those I gave to my landlady, Mrs. Snyder, not troubling further about them beyond hearing they were satisfactory.

V.—HOW TO RELEASE HAUNTING SPIRITS.

TIEN, Mr. Morse's control, was asked last April—

Is it a fact that places are haunted for hundreds of years, and that the unhappy spirits cannot progress unless assisted by mortals?

To this inquiry "Tien" replied affirmatively. It might seem strange that a spirit could be in a place for hundreds of years, chained there by some attraction which it was apparently unable to withstand. Hundreds of years seemed a very long period indeed, from the mortal point of view; but to the mind the duration of time was frequently a very relative conception. Thus, under the shock of some great grief or trouble, the sufferer will seem to have lived a lifetime in a single day. This was even more the case in the spirit world, where the intensity of every emotion and experience was immensely quickened and deepened, and a spirit might be for a hundred years of mortal time practically conscious of only having lived a few days or hours, so absorbed might he become in the contemplation of the causes that held him to his condition. To release such a spirit it was necessary to reason with him, to take counsel with him, to bring mental power and force to bear upon him, to quicken his spiritual perceptions by helping him to realise that brooding over the past, and submitting to a morbid feeling which chained him to the past, is the worse possible use he could put himself to. When he could be thus helped and encouraged he would

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become liberated and clothed in his right mind, and would leave the locality that he had been associated with so long. Hauntings came from two classes of spirits, and, singular as it might seem, two classes of opposite natures: the very gross, ignorant, and superstitious, and the highly refined and sensitive classes. The spirits of the one class were, as a rule, held by their fears or by some depraved form of physical appetite, the other spirits by their extreme sense of honour and remorse. The one case might be described as a purely physical association, and the other as an extravagant form of mental association. The "happy medium"—the common person—escaped so sad a fate by reason of the sturdy common-sense with which he faced the problems of existence.

VI.—TWO HAUNTED GIRLS IN INDIA.

THE *Madras Times* of May 7th publishes the following narratives of what it calls "A Haunted Young Lady at Ooty." The writer says:—

Since I have been in Ooty I have heard very strange stories of ghosts, their appearances and their doings, and also of the various and curious actions of individuals possessed with devils. I was no believer in ghosts, but my last experience with a young lady, Miss Floralina Burbalina (this is not her real name), has verily made me believe in the existence of ghosts and in the possession of devils by some individuals. Miss Floralina, who was living in a house not a stone's throw from the general market, some time ago, with a young friend of hers, now married and named Mrs. G. H., paid a casual visit one evening to a Roman Catholic graveyard.

HOW IT BEGAN.

Three days previous to their visiting the graveyard, a man had committed suicide and was buried therein. Being light-hearted and not over-scrupulous, these young people made the graveyard their playground for that evening, and both of them carried their mischievous temperament so far as to dance and jump over the grave of the man who had committed suicide, and brought matters to a climax by even digging out the cross that was imbedded in the grave. When they returned home they fell ill, and I am given to understand that they were actually possessed with devils.

POSSESSED BY DEVILS.

They were restless, looked at every one with fiery eyes, and became so uncontrollable that they had to be safeguarded within the precincts of a room. They would tear their clothes, and if women crossed their way in the house or held them they would simply be sent reeling to the ground, but if men constrained them from doing anything hurtful or injurious, they would partially yield to their threats. Days rolled on, and these unfortunate young women were daily tormented, and put on such hideous countenances, letting loose their hair, that men even were sometimes afraid to approach them.

DELIVERED.

The great burden of being possessed with devils was at last rolled away by a native woman offering some *mantras* before some cut fowls, flowers, and limes. Afterwards they were in very good spirits and health, and rarely fell ill. The second of the two, whose married name I have given, was Miss Grace F. She got married and left the house. On the evening of Sunday, the 25th April last, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Miss Floralina named above. She then seemed calm and tranquil.

THE DEVILS' RETURN.

The following evening I was asked to come over, when this young lady and Mrs. F., mother of about seven children, with whom she and her brother are boarding, related to me some startling facts which I refused to believe until I had witnessed the same. Mrs. F. told me how these two girls were possessed with devils, how they then behaved, and what has been stated above. She added that from the 20th April or so stones were pitched by force from outside, and glasses smashed to atoms from six to twelve midnight, and that these stones harmed no one.

WINDOW SMASHING.

On the evening of the 27th April last, when I was returning home at about seven o'clock, I heard a big pane of glass fall heavily to the ground. Advancing a few yards further, I heard sounds as if stones were thrown on four sides of the house, and later on I heard several glasses fall and break on the ground, and immediately I heard the inmates of the house cry out. I hastened home and took to the house a Mr. H. G. L., whom I know intimately and a couple of police constables. The police station was between our two houses, only a distance of a few yards. We went there, and to our utter astonishment we saw glasses being smashed to atoms by big stones as if thrown with a considerable amount of force. What astonished us most was the breaking of glasses at which stones could never be thrown from any corner outside the house. When stones were being thrown, Miss Floralina Burbalina told us that a large stone had fallen from the roof, grazing her head, when she was engaged in combing her hair in her dressing-room at about 2 P.M., and further informed us that the stone-throwing and breaking of glasses had commenced at 12 noon.

SEND FOR THE CONSTABLES.

Making certain that some mischievous hands were at work, we collected a few more constables, and scattering ourselves in bushes and ditches outside the house, watched in vain till 11 P.M., for during our stay outside the house stones fell in abundance. On Wednesday, the 28th April, a number of constables, under two heads, Mr. H. G. L., and myself, went to the house at about 7 P.M. On this occasion we sometimes saw stones thrown at glasses and sometimes actually saw glasses falling to the ground without stones. This aroused our suspicion a good bit. After a short chat with us on the matter, Miss Floralina Burbalina said that she would retire, as she was feeling tired. While walking along to her bedroom a medium-sized piece of granite broke a glass close to her with great force.

THE SWOON OF THE POSSESSED.

She, nevertheless, retired to her bedroom, and soon after her brother informed us that his sister had swooned on her cot. We went in and found her breathless, speechless, and stiff. After a good deal of trouble we restored her. A few minutes after she again fell into a faint, and was much worse. However, she recovered senses after a long time. On Thursday, the 29th ultimo, Mr. H. G. L. and myself heard that glasses had commenced to break at 12 noon. In course of the evening we went over to Miss Floralina Burbalina's house, and there found a large muster of constables and head constables ready to obey orders. We asked the young lady how she felt, and her reply was "as the shades of the evening are falling, I feel a chill sensation in my body and my hair bristling up. I feel curious." From 5 to 7·30 P.M. showers of stones fell, breaking to atoms every window pane.

ABNORMAL STRENGTH.

She sat in a chair in a corner of the room, and while talking to us with her usual spirits, calmly and quietly swooned and became so restless and strong that five men were not able to keep her down. One thing was particularly noticeable, and that was that not a glass was broken when she was in a swoon. A few minutes after she got up from her chair with such force that some of us holding her were thrown aside. She stood and almost shook every one holding her. With our might and main we made her sit down. She sat, her whole body still being stiff as a piece of wood. A few seconds elapsed, and she again stood up and gave a deal of trouble and wanted to go outside. One of us asked her why she desired to go out. She gave no reply, and commenced to extricate herself from our clutches. She was then conveyed to her bedroom and made to lie on her cot. She kicked about and used her hands with such force that some were afraid to stand near her. A few minutes after she was removed to her cot a broad pane of glass of the room door fell to the ground, and

was smashed to atoms. This glass was not facing the street or the compound, but was the centre glass of this room, which is the centre room of the house. In the meanwhile the constables sent for a Malayali devil-driver.

TWO HEADLESS WOMEN.

While we were expecting this man and holding her from getting up, Miss Floralina Burbalina's prayer-book, that was *in* her chest-of-drawers in an adjacent room, came flying through the pane that was a few minutes ago smashed, and fell near her right hand. We were all surprised at this incident, and asked Mrs. F. where the prayer-book was that evening, and she assured us that it was in Miss Floralina Burbalina's chest-of-drawers. She was quiet for a few minutes, and then said, "I want to go out." I asked her why, and her reply was "to see two women." I asked her who these two women were, and her startling answer was "two headless women." Then she became very restless and was determined to go out. We had to keep her down with force. Again she said "I want to go to the graveyard." Mr. H. G. L. asked her object in going there. She replied, "I want to go to the graveyard to see Miss Grace." Miss Grace is the married young lady who went with her to the graveyard.

ENTER THE DEVIL-DRIVER.

The long-expected Malayali devil-driver came into the room, and as soon as he approached her cot, the young lady, who all the while had her eyes closed, opened them and looked so fearfully at him, and made an attempt to pounce upon him. The Malayali spoke to her in a very loud and angry tone in Malayalam, and while he was speaking, the girl had her eyes fixed on him. The Malayali, named Kunjini Gandhu, was then engaged in writing something on a long slip of paper, and then prepared something with ghee, pepper, &c., like a cigarette. He first rolled that long slip of paper and placed it in her hair. She stretched out her hand to take it away, but the man very quickly knotted it with her hair. The young lady then commenced to spit on him, when the Malayali, with a malacca cane, which he says has power, pointed it to her, and boldly going before her, asked her to spit on him in Malayalam. She never attempted this again. This cigarette-shaped roller he set fire to at the tip and allowed one of us to hold it and allow the smoke to get into her nostrils. After some time she was all right at 11 P.M., and spoke to us as usual till 11.45 P.M., when a glass broke with considerable noise. She fainted away. The Malayali left the house at 11 P.M. We used the same roller and blew smoke to her nose, and after some time she seemed perfectly well, able to move about the house, and even drank a cup of tea. As we were told that she was disturbed from 12 noon to 12 midnight, we remained in the house till 12.30 and then returned to our respective homes, fully believing that she would not be disturbed.

AGAIN STONES.

On Friday, the 30th April, stones commenced to be thrown from 12 noon, and continued till 11 P.M. She swooned once, but not so seriously. However, she had a fearful appearance. On Saturday, the 1st instant, she told us that a little after 12 noon she went to fetch a plate from the dining-room, when it was withdrawn from her inch after inch. She was in a much better state of mind this evening, but all the same, glasses were being broken. She went out for a walk this evening, and as soon as she entered the house one solitary glass in a window near her head burst and fell to the ground. Speaking to one of us of her misfortune, she said that she could see two headless women every night, and when she opens her eyes while in a swoon she fancies that the roofs are flying in the air. On Sunday, the 2nd instant, we went to her house a little before 12 noon. She seemed all right, but occasionally looked very hard at some of us, and sometimes at all three. A minute after 12 a large mud stone came flying into a room, and then a glass was broken without the aid of a stone.

THE GIRL DEPARTS.

The father of the girl was wired to on Sunday evening, and he arrived on Monday evening from Goodalur, thirty-two miles from Ooty. On Monday night the damage to glasses was something enormous. Luckily she did not faint. On Tuesday (yesterday) she and her brother packed up their things to leave Ooty for good to Goodalur. As Miss Floralina Burbalina was passing from room to room, packing up, stones were not thrown and glasses did not break from the windows, but glasses were flung near her. They left Ooty last night, and Mrs. F. and the children removed forthwith to another place.

In my lengthy account of this possessed young lady I have not in the least exaggerated facts, but I have recorded them as they have occurred. The house presents a desolate appearance, and is in a ruinous state. After dusk people are afraid to pass it.

This cutting from the *Madras Times* came to me enclosed in the following letter:—

Lawrence Asylum,
Ootacamund,
1st June, 1897.

Dear Sir.—Herewith is an account of a remarkable "Borderland" performance which took place amongst us. I regret very much that I was not present in person to witness it, but I send you authenticated testimony to the same from two gentlemen who are personal friends of mine, and who gave me their letters to forward to you for publication if needed. One is a sea captain (retired) and the other a licentiate in medicine and surgery, and who was one of the medical officers called in to watch the case. I can vouch for their veracity. Trusting it will be of use to you,

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
G. BURBY.
Ootacamund.

Madras Presidency, India,
28th May, 1897.

I can bear out all the statements made in the *Madras Times* by its Ooty correspondent under the heading of "Ghosts at Ooty." The correspondent is known to me, and has recorded facts. I personally witnessed the strange occurrences on three consecutive nights, and although I sought hard to ascertain the cause, I was unable to trace it to any physical agency. I may mention that several persons who were present with me when I visited the "possessed" house, are one with me.

JAS. L. KELLY, L.M S.
(In sub-charge St. Bartholomew's Hospital).

Hope Villa,
Ootacamund,
9th May, 1897.

DEAR MR. BURBY.—I may start with telling you that I am an unbeliever in spiritualism; but I was at "Ethel Cottage" the night before your namesake left for Indabar, and windows were being smashed on all sides, *apparently* without any human agency. I was there for over an hour, but could not discover the cause of breakage. Some of the folks present attributed the cause to some supernatural visitation, but I want proof,

Yours truly,
W. H. BURTHELL.

VII.—THE GHOSTS WHO HAUNT SPEAKERS AND ACTORS.

THE following extremely interesting paper on "Seeing the Invisible" ought to provoke some of our clairvoyant readers to send us their experiences. Do they or do they not see the phantom forms of the dead beside the living, and if they do, will they not describe some of them? The evidence of two or more clairvoyants who at any public meeting or theatre wrote down independently and without collusion what they saw behind the

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speaker or the actor would, if they agreed, be a very useful bit of evidence as to the objective reality of the apparitions. The following paper is a useful contribution which might set the ball rolling.

"SEEING THE INVISIBLE."

Did the servant of Elisha really have his eyes opened to see spiritual hosts ready to defend his master? or was he merely suffering from hallucination? Were there truly spiritual horsemen and chariots in the surrounding air, or is the story only a pious myth? If the narrative is true, can it have any interest for persons living in this century, the nineteenth, since "miracles" are supposed to have ceased?

THE SEER.

Some answers to these questions may, perhaps, be gathered from the following notes of conversations a correspondent has had with a well-known medium and clairvoyant, Mrs. Brenchley, of Finsbury Park, London. This lady seems to see the spirit world around almost as clearly as she sees persons and things in the material world. When ordinary people see a man, for example, walking along "talking to himself," she sees, perhaps, the spirit of a wife accompanying him and "impressing" him with the thoughts she would have uttered if "alive." When she walks through Regent Street, she sees unfortunate sister-women accompanied by the sad, pleading, anxious spirit of, perhaps, a mother, father, sister, or brother.

On last Nelson Commemoration Day she passed through Trafalgar Square, and over the heads of the crowd assembled to do honour to the great naval hero she saw a still greater assemblage of spirits, and among them, beside the monument, that of Lord Nelson himself. He appeared to her, she says, as having both arms, but there were heaps of sailors with him with only one arm.

THE GHOST BEHIND MR. HYNDMAN.

Some time ago she heard the Socalist orator, Mr. Hyndman, speaking at Hornsey Baths, and her vision may be given in her own words. "He was speaking on the Indian famine, and saying who were largely responsible for it. I noticed where he warmed up to his subject, and when his soul reached the highest climax and the divine part of him seemed to come to the front, I saw behind him three, sometimes four, and sometimes only two spirits, but they were always the same spirits. He was never alone. When his whole soul seemed to be poured forth, one particular spirit, an elderly gentleman, would give to Mr. Hyndman his own expression of face. The old gentleman was tall, broad-shouldered, and with very good carriage. He looked a man who had been drilled well, had grey hair, with long beard, very high forehead, and good-shaped, large nose; quiet thoughtful-looking eyes, and a firm-set expression about the mouth and the bottom part of the face. I have no idea who this man was, but the expression of contentment, happiness, and love on his face left an impression on my mind for weeks after. His pockets seemed to be full of blue and white papers, like legal papers."

Mrs. Brenchley goes to the theatre once a week, and she says in this connection—"I notice that whenever an act seems to take the audience in a breath, that is the time when the spirits seems most to crowd together. And there seems to rise from the pit a sort of vapour. It comes in sheets and sheets of stuff—no chiffon is equal to it in delicacy. And in it I could not count the heads and full bodies I have seen."

SIR H. IRVING'S SPIRIT GUIDE.

"When Sir Henry Irving was playing 'The Bells,' he was attended by the spirit of a very old gentleman, rather bent in the shoulders, with a very long dark face, He had not a high forehead, but the hair dropped over it carelessly, showing a good shaped one. He had a large nose and very long ear, with just a point towards the bottom part of the ear. His beard was short and thick, his mouth rather wide, with lips thin. I have no idea who it was, but I would not be surprised if it was a relative. He seemed to be wearing a dress coat rather worn. His hair was rather long at the back. I seemed to feel as if this spirit had a sudden 'death.' He seemed to stand at a little distance from Irving, perfectly calm and quiet. When the climax came the spirit seemed to lift its hands up and both hands went together, and after that I saw no more."

ELLEN TERRY'S GROUP.

"I have seen spirits also with Miss Ellen Terry, but they all seemed very young and there generally appeared to be three or five in a group. When the great actress holds her audience spell-bound, the group separates in a moment and they occupy different positions over the stage, making a most beautiful picture.

"When a villain's part is taken the scene is very strange. There is usually a circle of beautiful little children around the actor, and then beyond these there is usually a group of men spirits, who impress one as being wretched and miserable. The children seem to try to prevent more wretchedness, and as they lead the worn and depraved spirits away from the scene, they have caused such an emotion within me that I could not help sitting weeping in the theatre."

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S ATTENDANTS.

"Whenever I have seen Mr. Wilson Barrett, the stage has been full of spirit people, and in 'The Sign of the Cross' I saw a sort of band around them more bright than silver. When I looked up to the ceiling there would be numberless faces. Mr. Wilson Barrett's spirit guide seemed to me to be a man of forty to forty-five years of age, tall and rather stout, full well-chiselled face, round head, chin clean, but side whiskers and rather heavy eyebrows, clear complexion, and a good-natured open face. Wherever Mr. Wilson Barrett walked this spirit seemed to follow, never leaving his side. At such times the spirits appear to me to be talking, and they are sometimes so clearly visible that I have to look to distinguish which is which. The expressions of both faces are in unison, and sometimes I sense from the spirit what the actor is going to say before it comes. I should say Mr. Wilson Barrett's spirit friend has been an actor himself, because he has all the grace of the stage and seems to understand everything about it."

GHOSTS IN CHURCHES.

In further conversation, Mrs. Brenchley gave these interesting points. In many churches she sees few if any spirits, at a Salvation Army meeting many, and at a Unitarian Chapel "the building was empty, but full of spirit people." And all the times she has visited a graveyard, whether in daylight or moonlight, she has never yet seen a spirit.

J. L. S.

VI.—SPIRITUALISM.

CANON WILBERFORCE ON SPIRITUALISM.

ON Wednesday afternoon, the 14th May, at St. John's Church, Westminster, Canon Wilberforce spoke on "Spiritualism and Theosophy as Substitutes for Christianity."

HOW HE CAME TO INVESTIGATE IT.

Canon Wilberforce said he did not intend to say anything about Spiritualism but what he knew, it having once been his duty to investigate the subject. Towards the latter end of the seventies there had been a great outbreak of mediumship in the North of England, societies and associations were formed, and miners in trance gave wonderful orations. In 1881 the Archbishop asked him (Canon Wilberforce) if he would carefully investigate the subject of Spiritualism, and read a paper before the Church Congress. Accordingly he examined the questions, investigated the phenomena, and read his paper detailing the results before the Church Congress. He had not the smallest desire to dogmatise, but he would give them very humbly the opinion at which he had arrived.

THE CONCLUSION HE CAME TO.

His opinion was that Spiritualism was a kind of bastard recrudescence of Pagan practices which at one time were common amongst the human race. In the dark days of Judaism Spiritualism was exceedingly common. There were instances of divination, of writing on tables and walls, of doubles, and of mysterious sounds, of being able to touch fire without being burned —all the phenomena which had been reproduced over and over again to-day.

In the early Church there were many traces of so-called Spiritualism, and he believed that the inner meaning of most of the Epistle to the Colossians was a protest against Spiritualism, as, for instance, where St. Paul spoke of worshipping angels, by which he doubtless meant those entities or beings, whatever they were, that sought communication with men in the flesh. The Canon gave some outlines of the rise and progress of Modern Spiritualism, and enlarged on the reality and genuineness of the phenomena.

SPIRITS WANTING TO BE PRAYED FOR.

Dealing with the object which the unseen beings had for seeking communication with this world, Canon Wilberforce narrated an interesting story concerning a very dear personal friend of his, a member of Parliament, a man of spiritual life and earnest, prayerful mind. This gentleman was a member of a Commission to inquire into agricultural distress in Ireland, and had taken a journey to that country to carry out his duties. While seated one evening with his private secretary there came certain sounds with which he was perfectly familiar, being a man possessed of very strong mediumistic power, while long practice had enabled him very rapidly to read the messages which were conveyed by raps. "Do you intend to respond to that?" his secretary asked him. He replied in the affirmative, and a message was spelt out. The unseen communicant having given its name was asked, "Why are you here?" The reply was, "I came because I am in the dark and I saw light." "What do you want?" "I died out of communion with my Church. I never had a single prayer offered for me. I want to be prayed for." The Canon's friend accordingly knelt down and prayed for the afflicted spirit, asking that if any influence could be set free that could benefit that wandering soul, it should be done. And after that there came another message thanking him for his prayer, and saying, "while you were praying light came and the darkness passed away."

CUI BONO?

They had a right to ask after this, said the Canon, if he thought there was any practical good in Spiritualism. Here it was possible that he might differ from some of those present. He believed that there was a great amount of danger in it. Why did he say that? From a very long experience of untruthfulness of many of the communications that purported to come from that other dimension of space. It would weary them if he recounted the great numbers of messages which appeared to be truthful but which, on investigation, were found to be utterly false. Again, one rarely, if ever, obtained a communication of any kind that was not such as might have been in one's own mind at the moment, rather giving the impression that if there was any being outside of yourself it was reading your own mind first. It suggested the idea of another consciousness that could in certain circumstances be projected from oneself, thus creating the impression of another individuality at work. With the exception of Robert Dale Owen (who professed that Spiritualism had converted him from Atheism to Christianity) the Canon's experience was that advanced Spiritualists, if they were unbelievers in the Universal Soul—or what are called atheists—before taking up Spiritualism, remained atheists afterwards. Now and again there were instances of those who seemed to have entered into a new life after becoming Spiritualists. They were, however, so rare that he did not think they could be quoted as being the credentials of this fact of Spiritualism.

LEAVE IT ALONE!

He had heard of cases where unfortunate young people, especially girls, had been morally, mentally, and physically ruined through becoming entangled in occult and spiritualistic practices. Another thing he might say about what he called this reversion-to-type, this reaction to the belief and practice of the past. So far as it was regarded as a substitute for Christianity, it was an insult to Christianity to mention it in the same breath. If the Eternal Father meant them to have communications of that kind with persons who had passed on—and circumstances were conceivable when He might do so—then there would be no need for them to go and seek it. The only true way was in the spirit of humble, earnest prayer to seek to realise union with the Universal Soul, believing that God was immanent in them and earnestly pleading with Him to guide the communication, whatever it might be. As for Spiritualism, as commonly understood, he had no hesitation in beseeching them to leave the thing alone. If it sought them out, it was another matter. But for God's sake let them not make a pastime of it. Let them have nothing to do with all these bastard forms of it that were creeping into society to amuse an idle hour. They could not do good; they could only do harm.

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WORK THAT SPIRITUALISTS MIGHT DO.

By Mr. J. PAGE HOPPS.

At a meeting of the Members, Associates, and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, held in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, on Friday, 23rd April, the Rev. J. Page Hopps delivered an address on the above subject, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the President of the Alliance, being in the chair.

His first suggestion was that they should make a clear and practical distinction—a working distinction—between Spiritism and Spiritualism. But, at the same time, they ought to keep very close to experiment and research; they ought to be Spiritists as well as Spiritualists.

In Spiritualism they must have a solid basis of fact and experiment. They should go on with these experiments, stick to them, and make them indisputable, so that nobody could doubt them. The more they kept their eyes on the given object, and worked at it, the more they would increase the possibility and certainty of being able to demonstrate it whenever they liked. (Hear, hear.) He would like to see the Spiritualists of London busy in some such practical direction. He thought there ought to be a committee appointed to hunt up every conceivable medium and get to know if that medium were genuine or not. There ought to be people whose duty it should be to get at all the mediums in London, to find out what kind of mediumship they possessed, and whether they were willing to exercise it for the benefit of humanity.

There was another practical matter which he had often mentioned at these meetings. Every Spiritualist in London ought to be willing to do at least this—to say: "Put down my name as one who is willing, under regulations, to answer questions or to correspond with inquirers." Now, would every Spiritualist present say to the President or the Secretary of the Alliance: "You may put my name down to do one of these things, or both of them. I will leave it to your discretion which it shall be; but I am willing to correspond with any inquirers and tell them all I know, or I will be willing to see and converse with them"? As an old hand, he (Mr. Hopps) could tell them that it was in this way some of the most blessed and beautiful work was being done.

There was another thing they could do that was very practical. He would recommend them very strongly—all of them—to open their eyes and watch carefully everything in their séances and their life's experiences, and let nothing go by them. They should send records of these experiences to *Light*, to let other people know of matters that might prove of interest and value to them. Those beautiful coincidences, those simple, touching little experiences one had, ought not to be kept to one's self. They should be regarded as a kind of revelation to be communicated for the good of other people. Would it not be better to encourage people to do this than to write letters containing personal attacks upon one another?

Another practical matter. He regarded it as a scandal that London Spiritualists had not premises of their own, so that they could have their own séance rooms and test and developing rooms. He felt sure it could be done if everybody who believed in it came forward to assist.

A few minutes ago he had said that they ought to hunt up everybody in London who was a medium. They ought to have special observers for this purpose, and the medium, when found, ought to be talked to kindly and affectionately until he or she was in the right state of mind for willing service. Such mediums should not be made to feel as though they were mice being watched by cats, or as though they were under the observation of disagreeable people who were anxious for an opportunity to bowl them out in the commission of fraud. They should be induced to come into the séance-room just when they felt inclined, when they felt happy and comfortable; and, if necessary, they should be paid for their services.

Another question he would like to refer to was the want of "religious and teaching meetings" for Spiritualists. Let them think of the thousands of churches, chapels, and religious meeting-places in London, and of the extraordinary things said and done in them under the name of worship, aspiration, prayer and praise. Here were the Spiritualists, so rational, so human, with such a splendid truth at their command—the most wonderful truth the human mind had ever discovered—and yet they had scarcely any religious meetings.

Without going so far as to say that meetings for spiritualistic demonstrations should not be held, he did think that Spiritualists should hold purely religious meetings, at which they should have poetry, either read or spoken, simple earnest prayer, good music, and teaching from the best people they could get. He believed a great deal of spirit-intercourse could be got in this indirect way. Then, at least once a year, he thought there should be held in London a meeting of all the Spiritualists. They might hold such a meeting on each Easter Sunday; that would be an appropriate day as being the great day of the Christian year which was kept by all the Churches and all Christian people to commemorate the Resurrection. Who could better celebrate this than the Spiritualists who knew what the Resurrection meant?

But, perhaps, the best suggestion of all he could offer would be that all Spiritualists should join the London Spiritualist Alliance. That was the organised power, but a power that was only one hundredth part of what it might be even with its present constituency. If all the people who believed in it and sympathised with it would join it they might do an enormously larger work. It was merely a question of influence and money, and both these things could be gained if the Alliance were sufficiently well supported. There was the instrument, and he would say, "Come and make that instrument as strong and powerful as you can." If they believed in it and saw what it was trying to do, they ought to help it by associating themselves with it, and endeavouring in every way to further its work.

FRAUDULENT MATERIALISATION.

WHAT M.A. OXON. WAS TOLD ABOUT THEM.

IN the interesting series of papers now in course of publication in *Light*, reporting the results of M.A. Oxon.'s automatic writing produced at séances held in 1874, the question of fraudulent materialisaiion is thus dealt with:—

No. LXIV.

JANUARY 29TH, 1874.

Can I obtain any information about the vexed question of materialisation?

Friend, we have already said that such materialisation as passes current with you is very frequently the result of the action of deceptive spirits who counterfeit and trick you.

But how do they do it? Is the form the medium's?

We cannot reply, save generally. In many cases it is so. The medium is entranced, and under spirit influence is made to act a part.

The draperies?

They may be materialised, as has been the work of Mentor; but when they drape the whole body they would usually be brought by the manifesting spirits. The materialisation of so great a mass is not usual. And it is easier for the material spirits to bring with them that which they use.

Then the form is, in fact, the medium dressed up by lying spirits?

Friend, in many cases it is so, assuredly. Materialisation even of small objects is rare and difficult. The drapery that envelopes a lamp, a hand, or the like, is readily seen, but on a large scale it is not usual. Mentor tells me that he is not acquainted with any case of the materialisation of a full form amongst you. The spirits who compass such manifestations are of the lowest order. They are, as you say, undeveloped, and doubtless their pretence is false. They are not reliable. It is vain to seek for information from them, and they are but the agents of physical phenomena. This is ever so with such phenomena as you allude to.

What does Mentor mean? Has no form ever been materialised?

Oh, yes; frequently. It was a far more frequent thing in olden days. It was known when men realised the spirit world more fully, and lived more amongst its influences. Hundreds of years ago materialisation was possible, and did occur. The philosophers of antiquity knew of it. The holy and pious men of the Catholic Church knew of it, and in America it has occurred, I am informed, in modern days.

The case of Mrs. Livermore?

I believe many cases have occurred. But I have not special information.

If this be so, then those spirits who perform such manifestations must be bad?

Friend, they are in many cases emissaries of the adversaries who counterfeit and discredit our work. In others they are not evil but undeveloped. They work out a manifestation for their pleasure, and have no intent to deceive. They have no consciousness of truth. Such are to be avoided. They have vast power over the elements, and gain even greater power over their mediums, whom they govern entirely.

Are the cases of possession recorded in the days of Christ of that character?

They are similar in kind. Such manifestations are caused by low and undeveloped agency. In some cases we use such for the purpose of laying the foundations on which we work; but in most cases the influence is from the adversaries. In no case can you depend on such information as you receive from them, nor is it well to encourage personal association with them. Many cases of such possession as you name have resulted from a powerful medium being unconsciously brought in contact with such spirits, who desert their old medium and seize upon and possess the new one.

Then it is dangerous for me?

You would be protected, but it is not well to run risk. But no danger would result to you.

Do you object to my going to Miss ——?

You must use your discretion.

I was right in my idea of that. The veil——?

Oh, yes. The spirits concerned in that are undeveloped. There was no materialisation as your guides tell me.

Then are the clothes and veil brought in?

We are not able to say. Probably they are. They are of earth manufacture assuredly; at least the piece retained by you.

Would it be possible to have a piece of spirit drapery so cut off as to remain?

It would not be possible; such cases are not true. The drapery is then earth-made. Spirit drapery would not remain on the plane of earth matter.

Would it vanish?

Yes. It would not be allowed to sever it. It would be of injury to the medium. It betrays the rudest ignorance in the undeveloped spirits to talk of spirit drapery severed by mortal hand remaining materialised in the earth plane of matter. It is ignorant and foolish. Cease now.

+ I. S. D.
+ Rector.

But I want to understand whether all professed cases of materialised forms and drapery from which pieces have been cut are delusions.

We say again that we cannot decide on cases of which we have no personal knowledge. It is impossible that the piece of material in your possession should have been materialised, for it was made of earth materials already. We have said that the forms are not materialised, so far as our information extends. Those of our friends who know personally of this say that no fully-developed form has been completed, though the spirit "John King" has come near to it. This is not of my own knowledge. I do not, indeed, concern myself with manifestations of this kind, but we fear the discredit of which we may be the subject from the counterfeited manifestations.

+ I. S. D.

"KATIE KING."

I am glad to report that I have succeeded in securing a photograph of "Katie King," the famous materialised spirit, to whose reality Mr. W. Crookes has borne such emphatic testimony. The figure of a man beside Katie is that of Dr. Gully, the father of the present Speaker.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF KATIE KING.

Two Worlds, in its narrative of the mediumship of Miss Florrie Cook, gives some further particulars of Katie King's manifestations. Miss Florrie Cook, speaking of the days of Katie's manifestations, said:—

We almost invariably sat under test conditions, and do now. Katie entered into the tests with great spirit (don't label that as a joke, as it is quite unintentional), and would almost invariably at the beginning of a séance tie me up herself with ropes provided for the purpose, and then invite the sitters to examine the bonds and seal the knots. She usually secured me so effectively

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that the cords had to be cut at the end of the sitting, and often my wrists were quite red and sore from the tightness of the knots. Katie would take the hair pins from my hair and stick them all about the cabinet, and once, in a freakish mood, she made me stand upright, almost on tip toe, and fixed me by the hair to one of the bolts, using a lot of hairpins in the operation. Katie was, indeed, an expert in this direction. Not only did she fasten me up frequently in the most fantastic fashion, causing wonder and amusement on all sides, but she would just as readily, if permitted, exercise her ingenuity on some sitter. My friend Mr. Blyton, whose trustful disposition, thinking no evil, always secured him plenty of attention from the spirits, and set them on the best of terms with him, has put on record, I think, a curious instance. At this particular sitting Katie first amused herself by placing the heavy swab of the sofa on the table, and then laying me on the top of it, where, on a match being struck, I was found laughing. Then, with a ten-foot length of clothes line, she tied me up in a way that commanded the respectful admiration of the circle, and occasioned the expenditure of a good many minutes in effecting my release. On this, Mr. Blyton, too, thought he would like to be tied, and tied he was, first with his hands to his neck and down to the chair back, with many a twist and knot; next, in company with me, all four hands fixed securely to the same chair; and finally with a tablecloth completely covering him, and fastened round his neck with a slip-knot, on his head an antimacassar, balanced on that a chair, and piled on top of all several musical instruments, which was played in that position before the light was signalled for. You may imagine the amusement and astonishment at the singular spectacle our little friend, himself laughing heartily as any, presented. One convincing experience my friend had with Katie I can tell you of. She invited him once to feel her head how solid it was, and her hair how real. Passing his hand round to the back, he was startled to come across a big hole in her head, into which he was able to thrust the whole of his fist. He drew her attention to the deficiency. She laughed, explained that in the hurry she had omitted to finish herself, said, "Wait a moment," brushed her hand lightly over the spot, and when he felt once again the orifice was no more, but in its place was honest, solid flesh and bone.

You may, perhaps, have heard of Katie's habit of cutting pieces out of her dress as souvenirs, and restoring it instantaneously by passing her hand over the spot. Sometimes the pieces would melt away and disappear; sometimes when Katie had materialised them sufficiently, they were permanent, and, I daresay, some may be in existence now. A lady took one piece to Howell and James's to match, but they could not do it, and said they believed the material was of Chinese manufacture. Another thing that Katie was fond of doing for the amusement of the circle was to throw her spirit drapery out of the cabinet and draw it back right through the curtain—a case of apparent matter passing through matter. Mr. Tapp tells of a singular experience. He speaks of her skin being almost unnaturally smooth, like wax or marble, and taking her hand once he was astonished to find that there was no bone to the wrist. Katie laughed, left him a moment to go among the other sitters, and, returning, placed her arm in his hand again, satisfying him at once that now, at any rate, there was a bone. On another occasion, he says, Katie, on coming out of the cabinet, raised her bare arm, showing that it was black, as if belonging to a negress, although the other arm was of the usual colour, and letting it fall and raising it again, immediately displayed it restored to the same hue as the other arm. He has put it on record also that on another evening, startled by a playful blow that Katie gave him, he grasped her arm tightly, and found it crumple in his grip like a piece of paper, so that his fingers and thumb met through the flesh.

PAINSTAKING PHOTOGRAPHERS IN SWEDEN.

MR. M. FIDLER, the well-known spiritualist of Gothenburg, sent me at the beginning of the year some photographs of psychic forms which he had obtained under best conditions. I wrote asking his permission to reproduce them in BORDERLAND. He demurred. His letter, objecting to the publication of the photographs, is, however, so remarkable at the unconscious testimony to the serious and painstaking spirit in which Mr. Fidler is prosecuting these experiments, that I print it to encourage the others.

Mr. Fidler wrote on March 13th as follows:—

I would like to have daily experiments for at least six months before publishing anything. We began in 1880 with 288 plates, and at intervals, whenever an opportunity occurred, we have experimented. All 400 out of 500 were failures, except on one solitary occasion about seven years ago. In October last in London we tried and got something very doubtful. So Mrs. E. promised to continue her experiments alone or with a friend, but she became so weak and nervous she gave it up, although the photographic results were satisfactory as far as they went.

On the 21st January she came home and I invested in an entirely new fit-up for photographing, and we started 1st February to 28th. We kept promptly to 3 P.M. and photographed 96 times. The failures were 73, 14 partially successful, 6 were fairly good, and 3 I would call good (not first class).

From 1st to 8th March she was in Stockholm and returned quite exhausted.

We started on the 9th, because from previous experience we know that any loss she sustained in the photographing was instantly compensated when at home. We failed fifteen times and got three heads—two are like busts.

All this results in a very strong conviction that we are still fumbling in the dark, and to put our present results before your readers I am afraid is impolitic.

I am not prepared to say that they are or are not spirit photos. That they are produced by spirits I do not for a moment doubt, but what they are photos of is a question I would prefer leaving open until at least six or twelve months' work had been done.

By that time the friends on the other side would have tried innumerable expedients to secure success. At present it is simply experimental on their part. First we got heads, then shadowy white figures, then the features, sometimes in focus, sometimes not, sometimes blended with the sitter, sometimes up above the screen provided for them as a background. Some are heads with drapery, some are full figures, and taken as a whole the results show that the spirits have very great difficulties to overcome, which they can only succeed in by our giving them daily opportunity until they are satisfied.

My wife is mediumistic and takes an intense interest in the work of toning, fixing, mounting, &c.

We see nothing when we photo. We use a flash to help the daylight and shorten the exposure—the manifestation we only see on the plate when developed.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME "GHOST" PICTURES.

The *American Journal of Photography* says:—

It is no uncommon experience to find upon new plates certain images for which there seems no possible explanation, their startling and unaccountable appearance being "wropt in mistry," causing astonishment not unmixed with uncanny feeling. A gentleman made an exposure upon the interior of a friend's house; he was doubtful of the time, and proceeded to develop for under-exposure; to his great surprise the plate developed quickly, and to his greater surprise the image was an interior quite different from that upon which he had exposed. The plate was from a fresh box and could not possibly have had a previous exposure, Another instance of the kind, having quite a sensational and tragic ending, is on record. An exposure was made upon a view having a river in the foreground. The photographer, while developing this peculiar plate, was perfectly astounded by an appearance which he had not seen while taking the photograph, and for which he could in no way account. On completing the development there was plainly revealed, in the foreground of the picture, the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright in the water. Not many weeks after, to com-

plete the mystery, the body of a woman was found in the river at the exact spot where the photograph had been taken. Again, not long since, the daily papers were agitated over the account of a travelling photographer, who, upon making an exposure upon the exterior of a reputed haunted house, discovered at one of the windows a portrait of the murdered man through whom the house had gained its evil name. In another case three distinct images, having no connection one with the other, were impressed upon a single film. The plate was exposed upon a garden in the evening—nothing remarkable being seen—but when placed in the developer a man's hat of old-fashioned shape, a child's dress, and a dog were distributed over the image of the garden. Such mysterious images were more common in the days of wet plates than now. A few years back Professor Burton investigated the matter. Upon tracing back the history of the glass he found that it had been used for other films, and that the images which appeared undoubtedly arose from the remains of previous images. The old glass was thus proved to be the source of the ghosts; it only deepened the scientific mystery, while it cleared away the supernatural. The glass traced by Burton had been washed for some weeks, immersed in strong nitric acid, and every means taken to ensure chemical cleanliness, yet, in spite of all this, enough energy remained latent to form a developable image upon the new film, whether by chemical or physical force remains to be discovered. A complete solution of the difficulty would probably throw considerable light upon the nature of photographical images in general; at least, it seems to indicate that light is not absolutely essential in the formation of latent images in a sensitive film.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PSYCHIC RADIATION.

Our contemporary *Light* has published two articles last quarter on this subject. The first contributed by *Questor Vitæ* describes the latest photographs obtained by Dr. Luys, the well-known authority on cerebral and nervous diseases, as on hypnotism, late head physician of the Charité.

Dr. Luys has obtained some most interesting photographs of human psychic radiation by placing the fingers on the gelatinised side of sensitised plates while in the bath in the dark room. The radiation produced fluffy-looking borders round the spots made by the fingers. Photographs were shown of impressions produced while in the normal state, and again by the same person when hypnotised. The radius of the effluvia was much extended in the latter state, and the tone of the whole plate was influenced. But most wonderful details were shown to exist in the fluffy finger radii, when the spots came to be enlarged by several diameters. They were then shown to consist of fine radiating lines from which balls issued, and also eruptions, having the form of volcanoes, appearing from the finger tips.

He had found also that by holding a sensitised plate in front of the eye for fifteen minutes in the dark room, an impression of a nebulous appearance was produced in the centre of the plate.

Dr. Luys read a paper on this subject to the Academy of Sciences and to the Biological Society.

Some very beautiful lace-like radiations were produced by static electricity from a Wimhorst machine, connected with a five-franc piece placed in the centre of the plate. Balls were shown to be thrown off from the ends of the fine radiating lines, and appeared to have run over the plate, leaving marks somewhat like those appearing on some of Dr. Baraduc's plates.

The electricity from batteries gives a different design. The impressions effected from a positive, as compared with a negative pole, differ also.

Dr. Luys also showed a series of photographs of the emotions produced in hypnotie subjects by the presentation of different chemical substances, in contact with their right and left magnetic fields, or poles, respectively. The same substance produced entirely different effects when in contact with the respective fields, or poles, of the subject.

The second article appeared on June 12th. It states that the Commandant Darget, of Vouziers, has been experimenting in this direction for some time. The *Revue Scientifique du Spiritisme* of M. Delanne, 5, Rue Manuel, Paris, reproduced two of these photographs, in which it is claimed that a somewhat shadowy image of a bottle had been mentally projected on to a plate. Commandant Darget states that he projected some images on to a plate held close to his forehead, in the dark room of a photographer at Tours, where he had been invited to experiment among strangers. He has produced impressions in several ways; by touching the gelatinised surface of the plate in the developing bath with his fingers; by touching the glass side in similar conditions; by touching the liquid of the bath only, and not the plate; by magnetic passes made over the plate while in the bath, without contact. He has thus obtained over one hundred and fifty images of radiation.

Everybody does not possess the necessary luminous effluvia, says the Commandant, as similarly everybody cannot mesmerise. Some people only radiate under strong emotions. Joy, sadness, anger, radiate different designs. "The radiations from the brain of a Napoleon during a battle would impress a very different form from that of a St. Vincent de Paul planning a new hospital, or from that of a criminal immediately before his execution." The halo of saints is not a myth, says the Commandant; the brain throws out rays which penetrate through the skull, even as the X rays do, and photography registers these rays.

In one of the photographs produced by the Commandant by holding his fingers in the gelatinised surface of the plate while in the bath, dark spots show the points where the fingers were in contact with the plate. These are surrounded by fluffy-looking processes, produced by the radiation from the fingers, and from these further striations project. The medium, Madame Agulano, who gave the clairvoyant descriptions of the Choisy-Yvrac astral operator, was present when this impression was produced, and stated that she assisted in its production by projecting a current of her radiation through the Commandant's arm. The Commandant considers that this is probable, as the image is more pronounced in character than any he has obtained while alone. The impressions produced resemble those obtained by Dr. Luys, who affirms that they are not the result of the heat of the fingers. He verified that by trying the effect of test tubes filled with hot water, held in contact with the plates.

On another photograph, obtained by Commandant Darget by placing his fingers on the *glass side* of the plate while in the bath, in the presence of Madame Agulano, the lines produced by the radiations from the fingers of the two hands assume almost the same form as that of the "field" of a magnet, as shown in the popular experiment of holding a magnet under a sheet of glass on which iron filings have been spread. The filings then arrange themselves in a form which is said to illustrate the "lines of force" of the magnet. This image, consequently, demonstrates the polarity inherent in psychic radiation.

Basing himself on Saint-Martin's statement, that the life of the organism is contained in the blood, Dr. Adam made a series of experiments with the blood of recently-killed fowels, ducks, rabbits, &c. The plates were placed over saucers containing the blood, the glass side turned towards the blood, and left thus exposed in the dark room for fifteen minutes. The images thus obtained were identical, in many cases, with those obtained by holding the fingers over the plates without contact. Both gave similar spirals, or whirls, or vortices, from which it is evident that our blood emits similar radiations to the so-called psychic or neuric effluvia radiated from the fingers.

Dr. Adam also found that some portraits taken by him in the ordinary way showed simliar striations to those obtained by holding the fingers above the plates, from which it would appear that plates may be unconsciously impressed by the operator's vital radiation while manipulating them in the usual photographic process.

In contrast with these illustrations of human psychical radiations are photographs of the images produced by electrical action, which he submitted recently to the Société de Biologie of Paris.

Dr. Luys calls attention to the balls which are thrown off from the forked radiations, which resemble the fire-balls produced in storms. But a further resemblance may perhaps exist. Human beings present many analogies with electro-magnets, as has

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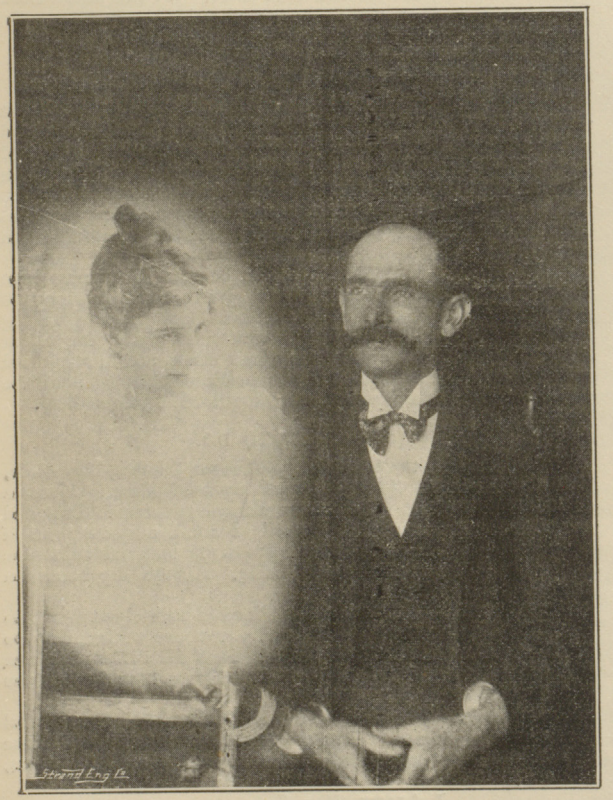
already been shown in this journal. These photographs may perhaps also illustrate the analogous process by which the balls of luminous substance used in the development of materialisations are thrown off from mediums. It will be remembered that the passing of an electrical current through Eusapia Paladino assisted in the production of these luminous balls. It was also observed that the production of these lights was associated with the organs of generation. In other words, they imply the interaction of positive and negative elements.

The images produced by action from positive and negative poles differ, says Dr. Luys, both in dynamic and static electricity. In both the positive action produces a fibrated radiation, while the negative gives a palm-leaf-like image. Another difference is observed by hypnotic sensitives, says Dr. Luys. The radiation from the former pole is seen as red, while that from the negative is seen to be blue. The same distinction applies to the radiation from the poles of magnets, while an induced current appears as yellow. Similar coloured effluvia are seen to be radiated from human beings, of which the accompanying photographs constitute irrefutable demonstration, and in which effluvia we may assume that similar polarity also accompanies the same colours.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Tien, Mr. Morse's control, being asked by an inquirer "By what means do sensitive photographic plates, which have been carefully secured against light, receive impressions of figures and other forms while simply held in the hand, or otherwise placed in contact with the human organization?"

Replied as follows: "When such results are obtained they are due to the excitation of certain invisible rays or forces which would give the appearance or effect of light, very much in the same way as what are known as the "X" rays. We say, *when* such results are obtained, for they are entirely dependent on certain knowledge possessed by spirits as to the chemical constitution of matter and the method of producing the particular vibrations requisite to effect the desired results. It is practically impossible for us to explain the process to you, because you would have to stand on our side of life and watch the operation in order to understand any description we might give you."



No. 1.

No. 2.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPECTRAL DOG.

MR. J. WADE CUNNINGHAM writes me as follows from 327, South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California:—

A materialist (born of Catholic parents) became considerate of liberal religious opinion through the teaching of Unitarianism, and by its humane precepts investigated theories concerning life beyond the grave. This whole-souled doctrine, with its beauty of thought and moral blessings, reaches the ideal. But it does not furnish positive proof to the critical and exacting mind of the continuity of life.

After careful and conscientious study of spiritualism for seven years, there came proof in the form of tests from honest mediums. A member of a good Methodist family often spoke about a beautiful lady and a dog that could be seen and heard when the infidel was present. The animal would bark and jump with delight at the sound of his master's voice. He would open the latch-door of a country home, and do many things that were his custom in earth-life, evidently trying to make his presence known to his master.

The lady's spirit usually appeared in a white dress trimmed with lace. On one occasion she was requested to appear in a different costume and bring the dog to have their photographs taken. The only reply made to this request was a happy smile. Mr. Wyllie, the photographer, had no knowledge regarding the results desired, and objected to placing a vacant chair beside the subject, saying it might ridicule his work. The prime object was to get a picture of the dog sitting in

the chair beside his master. A face and bust picture of the lady's spirit in her customary dress appeared in the place intended for the dog (photo enclosed herewith, No. 1).

A second trial was made two days later. The subject stood beside a background, with the camera focussed upon the same. After exposing the plate, the operator and subject entered the developing-room, and found upon the negative a portrait of the lady in a different dress and a coveted picture of the dog (photo enclosed, No. 2).

This infidel does not expect one sin of his life will be mitigated or forgiven, and he swears the portrait is of a dog that he owned in New England, and was killed there eighteen years ago. Friends of this man in early life, who knew the dog well, substantiate the truth of this statement. There could not have been any fraud practised, as there never was a portrait taken of the dog in earth-life.

Respectfully yours,
THE INFIDEL.

DEMONIAC CONTROL.

By PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, of Harvard, recently lectured on Demoniacal Possession. An erroneous report having found its way into the papers, Professor James wrote as follows to *Light* of May 1 :—

I stood up for it on historic grounds as a definite type of affliction, very widespread in place and time, and characterised by definite symptoms, the chief of which are these : The subject is attacked at intervals for short periods, a few hours at most, and between whiles is perfectly sane and well. During the attack the character, voice, and consciousness are changed, the subject assuming a new name and speaking of his natural self in the third person. The new name may in Christian countries be that of a demon, or spirit, elsewhere it may be that of a god ; and the action and speech are frequently blasphemous or absurd. When the attack passes off the subject usually remembers nothing of it. He may manifest during it a tendency to foretell the future, or reveal facts at a distance, profess to understand foreign languages, sometimes speak them, and prescribe for diseases. The affection may be developed by the example of others similarly possessed. In all these respects it resembles the mediumship which is so common at the present day. If one is genuine, the other is ; and they must be tested by the same rules. They are evidently phenomena of one type, the benignant turn which the type has taken of recent years being evidently "suggestive" and due in part to the optimistic character of our nineteenth-century religion, just as the malignant turn of the older cases in Europe was suggested by the terrors of hell on which the popular religion laid such stress. Demon-possession and test-mediumship are, therefore, *homologous*, I said, and should be studied together. In their lowest phases they are simply phenomena of suggestion and imitation, with strong hysterical affinities. In their higher manifestations, of which supernormal manifestations of intelligence are reported so frequently, and in my opinion certainly exist, they form an object for the most careful "psychical research."

Into psychical research my lectures expressly abstained from entering. I contented myself with "rehabilitating" demoniac possession as a genuine phenomenon, instead of the "imposture" or "delusion" which at the present day it is popularly supposed to be. Of conrse I cited historical instances, ancient and modern, and left the whole question as to whence the "control" proceeds an open one, as, indeed, it is an entirely open one in my own mind. I certainly do *not* believe that "demons" control our contemporary test-mediums.

SPIRITUALISTS AND THE S.P.R.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE.

PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE last quarter addressed the following letter to *Light* in reply to some correspondents who had criticised his address to the Spiritualistic Alliance.

SIR,—I observe that your readers suppose me to think that the chief work of the Society for Psychical Research is to submit reported occurrences to verification and trenchant criticism. You will allow me to say that I think this a small, though a necessary, part of their work. The importance of their position and labour, to my mind, consists in the fact that they constitute a link between the old science and the new; they are exploring the territory between that of the orthodox and (I suppose I may say) the unorthodox camps. You occupy a misty mountain-top, which to many of us scientific gropers looks more like cloudland than anything else, and you expect us to fly up there without making use of the intervening rocky but not uninteresting stretch of ground which rises from us somewhere in your direction.

We simply cannot do it; and you might stay and beckon there for ever without tempting men of science to your airy abode, except the few who happened to be suitably equipped for an aerial journey.

The Society for Psychical Research are beginning a survey of the whole mountain, and are slowly making a road. In their operations they may sometimes undermine a portion of your position, or may appear to do so. Perhaps you are so absolutely certain of the firmness and solidity of your entire structure that you care not to critically examine any of it. Well, it may be all right, but I confess that some things which I see in some of the columns of *Light* would fill me with something akin to dismay were I in any way committed to your creed.

OLIVER J. LODGE.

TO INVESTIGATORS.

From Messina, Redhill, Surrey, come the following preliminary hints to investigators, which, although somewhat stringent, are on the safe side. At the same time I cannot say that no recourse should be had to paid mediums. The labourer is worthy of his hire.

(1.)—WHAT NOT TO DO!

Don't investigate spiritualism unless actuated by the highest motives. Remember that as *here* there are good, bad, and indifferent, so are there in the sphere contiguous to our own, and the *good do not predominate !* Therefore you are like a man opening his street door and saying, "Let any one who likes come in." To do this safely one needs a few good policemen ! Two I can recommend : Prayer and Faith ! Armed with these you are safe !

Never go to a paid Medium ! To be true, they must take no fee unless reliable information is given ; and it is wrong to seek extraneous aid on mundane matters. God prefers speaking to His children individually ! Never attend a mixed séance. It is the survival of the fittest in a gross sense, not in a spiritual one. One individual will sap the mediumistic power of the whole circle, and perhaps be the lowest-minded person there.

(2.)—WHAT TO DO.

Investigate with those, or one, you love and know, if possible. If not, *do it alone. I have done all my work alone.* Choose a time, and *keep to it.* Spirits are always punctual ! Pray and expect nothing. See what comes ! I would advise a piece of paper and a pencil beside you. Touch no material substance such as Ouija, Planchette, or Table. Always dip hands in water first, don't dry them.

Don't be anxious. If you feel inclined to walk about room, do so. Be free and happy. Remember you are asking God to teach you about His Highest Laws ! *And He will do it.* Let all be done *in the light.* All my experiences have been in the daylight.

To Inquirers.—The members of the Spiritualists' International Corresponding Society will be pleased to assist inquirers at home or abroad. For explanatory literature and list of members, address :

J. ALLEN, *Hon. Sec.*,
115, White Post Lane, Manor Park, Essex.

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VII.—SOME PSYCHIC AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

I.—By A. F. Tindall, A.I.C.L.

I commenced to investigate Spiritualism about twenty-five years ago. When alone and in the *light* I first obtained table movements showing intelligence and knowledge of facts quite unknown to me. Next I obtained automatic writing, some of the script being in the handwriting of departed relatives. I was weakly from birth, but was greatly strengthened by following spiritual advice; indeed, had it not been for spirit help I do not think I should ever have been able to adequately support myself. I was brought up a strict churchman, and one of the things I dreaded most was to have my religious notions shaken. Yet one of the first communications I received was, "Just upset your notions concerning God." Bit by bit they combatted my views till they altered them, thus proving a foreign intelligence to have been directing the manifestations. I had then a deal of deception, many deceiving messages. I did not get rid of these annoyances till the advent of my guide. I was told to pray for more gifts and sit alone. On doing so I felt a convulsive movement in the chest, followed by groans issuing from my lips. Then several voices spoke through me. I had thought it was necessary to be unconscious to get trance speaking, and was, therefore, much surprised. Soon after this I was sitting alone one Sunday afternoon when I felt a holy and powerful influence, and a spirit said through me, "It is I, be not afraid. It is better to be loved by the spirits than by mortals."

From that hour my guide has been able to communicate with me at any time. Sometimes by automatic writing by a method of symbols, sometimes by writing or speaking through me, or by clairvoyant visions or by an *internal* voice which I cannot describe.

He told me to leave off communicating with any spirit but himself for six months. I did so, and he said that he had built a wall round me, and no spirit could communicate in future except through him. Deception then altogether ceased, but so also did physical manifestations. I received a great deal of writing on religion and philosophical matters. I had long communications very similar to the teachings of Madame Blavatsky, but I think before she published anything. Especially I was taught re-incarnation, and it is this doctrine of my guide which has ever made his lectures disliked by the spiritualists. I was led by him to study occultism. I found the London Occult Society in 1885, and for eight years we held lectures and occult meetings, which did, I believe, much good.

However, when I became Secretary to the London Spiritualist Federation, the Occult Society was merged into it.

As I said before, all physical phenomena left me with the advent of my guide, but about six years ago I was told I should have some physical manifestations, as I so earnestly desired them, but I must be protected as they were very dangerous. We then commenced several series of séances. We had raps, movements of furniture, lights, scent, and attempts at materialisation. Mrs. Tindall's chair was frequently taken from under her, and moved by itself across the floor. These manifestations were supposed to be produced by the renowned John King and his band. They commenced usually by his shouting through me. His voice was the same as I have heard with other mediums, and a voice I am sure I could not simulate if I tried. Hoping I might do good, I went a tour in the country three years ago, but I found that the phenomena produced in private could not be obtained amongst strangers. This effort being so unsatisfactory, I have ceased till lately all public efforts, and the physical manifestations have again left me, but my guide wishes to deliver through me trance discourses mixed with clairvoyance or occultism, to those who are really students of the same. He advises semi-private meetings, drawing-room gatherings, &c. Of late, in withdrawing from public work, I have certainly become acquainted with facts in occultism which point to higher and further developments, and I would like to summarise some of my conclusions.

1. That we can communicate with the departed, but that much of the phenomena are due to non-human spirits, and is also a symbolical mode of teaching from the higher spheres.

2. That we have a higher self, and that our earthly consciousness is but a fragment of our whole being.

3. That the spirits of the *living* can communicate and can be summoned by invocation.

4. That the *real* existences and *real* events are in the spirit spheres, and that the whole procedure of material life is but a reflex of them. Therefore to obtain benefits, to ward off dangers, &c., we must act on the spiritual plane *before* the results of the unseen events are shadowed down upon the earth.

5. That there is a true occultism and magic art with but a slight connection with Theosophy.

6. That to do certain magic arts certain orders of spirits must be invoked.

7. That there is a Christ sphere controlling the destinies of earth, which may be called the Higher Self of collective humanity, where the true adepts are, whose material bases are the psychics amongst us.

8. That we can travel in the astral and by silent suggestion, will power, and the aid of certain entities, work much good or evil, and that ordinary humanity has little power to withstand these influences.

9. That there are mighty truths underlying the stories of black magic, witchcraft, sorcery, compacts with spirits, &c., found in the Bible and elsewhere, more truth probably than in half the scientific theories of the present day.

My address is 15, Lanark Villas, Maida Vale, if any reader wishes to study occultism, or rather the few elementary truths concerning it which have been revealed to me.

II.—By a Welsh Preacher.

Many a time have I intended to send you a short account of my experience in connection with the spiritual world, but from some cause or the other I have delayed till now. I have had some remarkable communications from spirits, and I think that a few of them deserve some notice in Borderland. If you are of the same opinion, here they are at your service.

When I was a youth, say from fourteen to eighteen years of age, I was of very weak constitution. I felt great difficulty in breathing, not from any tightness, but from weakness, I felt myself too weak to draw my breath. On one occasion a visitor—an elderly gentle-

man—was at my home; and I had to leave my usual bedroom and sleep with him. I was afraid that I should feel greater difficulty in breathing in this bedroom than in my own; therefore, I prayed my Heavenly Father to show me something that would do me good. No comforting thought or word flashed to my mind at the time, but some wonderful contentment came over me. I slept well for some hours, and awoke very early in the morning. As I awoke I said to myself—"I have not prayed aright, or my Heavenly Father would have answered me ere this time." At that very moment, when I was fully awake, the word *Halen*—the Welsh word for salt, was whispered in my ear—the farthest ear from my bed-fellow, who was fast asleep. After rising, I took a tablespoonful of salt, and was perfectly cured instantly. I have never felt any difficulty in breathing since that time. I fully believe unto this day that the Lord answered my prayer.

Many years after, a poor, godly man was suffering acute rheumatic pain in all his limbs—his joints had swollen and gone out of shape so that he could scarcely move his hands and feet. In a word, to all appearance, he was fast sinking: he could neither eat nor sleep. At that time I met with some Christian friends who were spiritualists, they had spiritual communications by rappings. I found out that I was a medium. I prayed my Heavenly Father to show me something that would cure, or at least alleviate the pains of this poor brother. The next time I put my hands on the table, the rappings signified that Paul the Apostle was present. I asked him would he kindly perform a miracle to cure this poor man. He replied that he could not, but that he would try to get a recipe that would do him good, and that he would deliver it to me in his house, and in his presence, naming the day and the hour he should do so. I met my friend at the appointed place and time, and there was no other human being in the room with us. I sat at the table and received the message letter by letter. It took a long time to take it; and after about an hour I had to leave, but Paul promised to meet us again at the same place at 8 p.m. to deliver the remainder of the message. Two or three minutes before eight there was not the least sign of rappings, but at eight to the very moment, they began to take place. At the two sittings the following message was given in Welsh:—

PAUL. "Let him pickle some onions in strong whisky for forty-eight hours—taking them with bread and butter, and weak tea—avoiding all kinds of meat."

PAUL (*continuing*). "New ale, oil of junipers, vitriol, wine, decoction of fox-gloves, and of the buds of the hawthorn."

The word hawthorn was given in English, and neither of us at the time knew what it was in Welsh; therefore, I asked what it was.

PAUL. "I don't know, but I will inquire;" and in a few minutes he returned with the answer—*Y ddraenen wen* (literally, the white thorn).

MYSELF. "Is he to mix all these things and take them?"

PAUL. "*No*," decidedly.

MYSELF. "How is he to use them?"

PAUL. "I have forgotten, but will inquire and will let thee know."

In a few minutes he returned and said, "Let him anoint his joints with the juniper and the vitriol (small quantity), and if he finds the vitriol too severe, he may use sweet-oil instead of it. Let him bathe his joints and limbs with the wine and the decoction before the fire, and cover them with a flannel. Let him take some of the new ale when going to bed."

MYSELF. "I thank thee very much for thy advice; and I may say that I consider thee the chief apostle."

PAUL. "I am angry with thee!"

MYSELF (*very much excited*). "Angry with me, Paul! I did not tender my thanks as if to worship thee, but as one creature may thank another for a favour received. And I did not intend to flatter thee, but I sincerely consider thee the chief apostle."

PAUL. "I am angry with thee because thou hast given the glory to me, instead of to God."

The poor man acted according to the advice given, and lived over twenty years free from pain, and enjoying good health, but was a cripple to the end of his days.

In years after, and up to the present, occasionally, I receive spiritual messages by writing. Sometimes I write a very good hand, much better, and of a different style to my general hand-writing; at other times I write with such force that the pencil tears the paper, unless someone holds his hand above my hand.

Some years ago I used to have some kind of spiritual visions. People with very solemn faces, many of them having some blemishes on their faces, appeared to glide past me without taking the least notice of me. And occasionally I saw some glorious sights, in undescribable bright colours, such as my natural eyes never saw, pass before me; varying in their appearances, and gradually dissolving from my view.

On one occasion I had a message in the afternoon of a certain day, that heavenly virgins or servants—the Welsh word *morwynion* means both—would appear to me. On the following night I was alone in the house, I slept soundly, and was awaked by, what appeared to me, loud knocking at the door. In a few seconds twelve young ladies, all alike, and dressed plainly in a kind of spotted muslin, and having some wonderful carriage, appeared in my bedroom. I was fully awake by this time, and I felt a chill running through me, and I prayed, in English, "Dear Jesus, save and keep me," and everything instantly disappeared.

At other times I hear distinct voices. I referred at the beginning of this paper to the word *halen* being sounded in my ear. I can distinguish one particular voice from all others, it sounds rather sharp and very distinct, and his words have always been true. It is very seldom that I hear it, and when I do it says only a few words, without any explanation, and answering no question, and leaves me immediately after delivering the message. The message is not always of very great importance; for instance, previous to the first election of county councils I suddenly heard the words, "I am going to confer a great honour upon thee." Not another word could I get. In a day or two a deputation came to ask me to stand as a candidate for the district. I consented, and was elected with a great majority, about two to one, though my rival was a gentleman holding a very high position in society, and having great influence in the district. On another occasion I had returned thanks to God for deliverance from some imminent danger, when I heard the same voice, saying, "thou oughtest to be always thankful to God; it is He that keeps thee when there is no apparent danger as well as when there is one."

For some years I have been tormented by evil spirits, mockers, deceivers, harlots, &c. They implored me to commit all manner of sins, and frequently using very obscene language. I had a very hard struggle for years against them, and I prayed very earnestly for

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VIII.—PSYCHIC HEALING.

NEARLY every quarter I receive contributions of every degree of evidential merit as to the cure of disease by some psychic power, the nature of which is unknown. This quarter I publish side by side with Miss X.'s interesting summary of the cures wrought at the shrine of St. Philomena at Mugnano in Italy, letters from correspondents who vouch for the occurrence of similar marvels, in one case in Lancashire and in the other in Australia. The moral in all cases is the same. These cures are affected, and they prove nothing as to the accuracy or otherwise of the theological belief of those who are the agents, instruments, mediums, or custodians of the miracle working gift. It would be well if the S.P.R. were to undertake an inquiry on a proper scale into all the miracles claimed by the Church of Rome to have occurred within the last five years. The Marquis of Bute, or the Pope himself, might do worse than co-operate in such an enterprise. Hitherto the S.P.R. has made its most conspicuous failure in the investigation of the Roman miracles.

A year ago, it may be remembered, I offered to send a handkerchief, handled by an alleged healer, to any who applied, sending handkerchief and postage. For the most part the handkerchief did no good. But in a few cases they seem to have been useful. Here, for instance, is a copy of a letter which came to hand last quarter.

33, Woodhead Road, Sheffield.
2nd April, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with the request of your letter, dated February 21st, 1896, that I should advise you as to whether or not my sister's cure was permanent—Mrs. W. Needham, of Wintering House, Knaresbro—I have much pleasure in informing you that, after seven years of almost hopeless prostration, Mrs. Needham is her old self again. The moment she took the handkerchief in her hand she felt a thrill throughout her entire system. Will you kindly convey to your friend, Mrs. Needham's and my own most heartfelt thanks, and accept the same please yourself, for the part you so generously took in the matter.

Yours faithfully, P. DARBYSHIRE.

I.—AN ITALIAN LOURDES. BY MISS X.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls,
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs;
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

* * * * *

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear—
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

Longfellow.

WHAT Lourdes is to France, and Holywell to Britain, that is Mugnano to Italy. The cures ascribed to the Blessed Virgin at the one, to St. Winifride at the other, are attributed at Mugnano to St. Philomena.

EXPLAINING AWAY.

In all three cases the cures are inevitably "explained away." It is always easier to explain away than to explain; and thought, of a kind, like other forces, travels along the line of least resistance. It takes a real thinker—an habitual enquirer into the secrets of nature, to have, like Professor Crookes, "a mind to let," and it is not nearly so clever as it sounds, to dismiss the whole phenomena as "hysteria, cured by self-suggestion." Very likely, most probably, self-suggestion will account for a great deal of it, but even self-suggestion must have a cause; suggestion being only, so to speak, a mode of motion, a method of conveying what some still call "Magnetism," what used to be called "odic force," what the psychologist calls "will," and the religious "faith," and the Christian Scientist "treatment," and Mrs. Gillen's disciples "love," the names being only names after all. All the same, the name is of consequence as part of the suggestion. The chances are that the psychologist could not be cured by "odic force," nor the religious by "magnetism," nor the Christian Scientist, who mostly hails from America, by the phrase used in the next state. The phenomenon is neither explained, nor explained away, by giving it a new name. The new name may be a better one than the old, but like the song in *Alice in Wonderland*, it may not be really "the name of the thing," but only "what the thing is called." At Holywell, the present writer saw a little girl who, having been dumb for years, bathed in the well of St. Winifride and came out able to talk. Neither she nor her thankful family cared in the least what sort of name was given either to the cure or the disease. It is an old, old story. The Pharisee lays traps and puts leading questions like other men who have a theory to support; the subject cares nothing for what the thing is called. "*One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see, I have told you already and ye dud not hear. And they reviled him.*" They always do. Nineteen hundred years have not greatly altered human nature. The little girl at Holywell gave her earrings to St. Winifride, her only superfluous possession, her sole ornament. She was the richer for the gift, if the Saint were not. She had come to the

Shrine maimed and sorrowful, she left it rejoicing in health and the potentiality of wage-earning usefulness.

A still simpler method of explaining away is, of course, to say, "It's all lies." Probably some of it is—*ça se peut*. As soon as men are born they go astray, and speak lies, and invalids and miscellaneous witnesses and even priests may lend a hand on occasion. It becomes an affair of evidence. Even the Society for Psychical Research, however, will admit a first-hand story on the evidence of two independent witnesses, though some wag has circulated the tradition that in the case of sailors and Highlanders the number has to be doubled.

THE EVIDENCE DESIRABLE.

The evidence of a doctor—two independent doctors, if possible—as to the state of the patient *before* and *after* the "cure" is, of course, absolutely essential to establish the fact. We all have friends, ladies of middle age, and men of no profession, who have been cured of nothing at all with extreme enthusiasm. The bread pill and the coloured water is always with us. Therefore it is obvious that we must establish the existence of the disease, as well as of the cure. This, however, is definitely the affair of the investigator, and should not be expected of those who are concerned, as a matter of religion, with the Shrine, unless they offer their phenomena for investigation. We may assume that they would not shirk it, but we have no right, I think, to criticise them unfavourably, if they do not initiate the production of evidence. One may reasonably assume that the pilgrims to the Shrine bring their requisite faith along with them, or, at all events, faith in such proportion as they are capable of; and it seems unlikely that a certificate of merit from the S.P.R. or the Royal Society would affect them in the least.

THE CONDITIONS.

This is not the place in which to discuss the genesis of faith, but we may perhaps be allowed to take it for granted that, like other emotions, it may be stimulated by example and by surrounding circumstances. It seems, therefore, perfectly lawful and consistent that at Mugnano, as elsewhere, there should be a cultivation of something like the dramatic element; and if this happens to be of a kind which might not appeal to some of us, we have no right to dismiss as absurd and ridiculous what many appeal to those of different associations and different racial instincts from ourselves. The difference of appealing power is not even necessarily a question of racial instinct; some of us would be more likely to be driven out of, rather than into, the right path by the drums of the Salvation Army or the American organ with which certain sects compromise with the Scarlet Woman. The standard of taste is a variable quantity.

THE EVIDENCE OFFERED.

Moreover, without aiming at an ideal standard of evidence, the votaries of St. Philomena have preserved careful and voluminous records, some of them legally attested of the cures at her Shrine. Are they not written in a little volume which we may buy for a shilling or so at the Art and Book Company, in Paternoster Row, and which is edited by the Rev. C. H. Bowden, of the Oratory? The Shrine has its own monthly organ, the *Messages de Ste. Philomène et du Vénérable Curé d'Ars*, which chronicles the cures as they occur, and while they are yet sufficiently recent for inquiry, if anyone chooses to make it. Chapter IV. of the little volume before me consists of the record of eighteen cases, apparently first hand, in most instances with names and dates complete.

The two next chapters give us at least another score of examples of cures, in many cases of young children, which adds considerably to the interest. Chapter XIV. gives us thirteen more such cases.

ENGLAND AT THE SHRINE.

It is perhaps worth while to quote verbatim a cure in which English persons are concerned, as we, perhaps, need not in this case discount for Italian emotionalism:—

> England has taken part in the devotion to her. In the Convent of St. Dominic at Clifton, founded by Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, a lamp is kept burning before her image, and the poor often come to ask for the oil from it, saying that it cures their diseases.
>
> The Community of the Canonesses of St. Augustine, now at Newton Abbot, have specially honoured her for long past. One of their former Sisters, knowing on one occasion that her confessor was labouring under some temporal difficulty, went to St. Philomena and entreated her to make him a birthday present for her. The following day he came to the convent and told the nuns that a friend had sent him a birthday present of one hundred pounds. Several years ago a novice in the same community was judged too delicate to bear the rigour of the religious life, and her parents were informed of the fact. Her father—a Protestant—immediately came to see his daughter and take her home with him. The novice, who had a most ardent desire to live and die in the community, went to one of her companions in the noviciate, and begged her to pray that her father might not insist upon her returning to the world. The young religious went before the altar of St. Philomena, of which she had the care, and with arms extended earnestly implored "the little Saint" to keep the novice in the convent, offering her own life to obtain her request, if God would accept it.
>
> The father was at first inexorable, but at length gave way to the entreaties of his daughter, and, seeing that neither persuasion nor threats were of any avail, hastily left the convent; allowing her to remain. Not long after this, the desire of the other novice was granted, for she was taken dangerously ill, and having been given leave from the Bishop to make her vows on her deathbed, which she did with the greatest fervour and devotion, she expired in about three months.

Another story, of which the scene is in England, relates to a certain Father N., who being at the time in bad health and suffering from a distressing malady, was nevertheless selected, in 1892, to preach at St. Mary's Priory, Stamford Hill, on the Feast of St. Philomena. This he proved to be unable to accomplish, and his excuses were made by telegram. A few days later he arrived there, more dead than alive, saying that he had heard that the nuns were praying to the Saint on his account, and he wished to visit her Shrine. After his first visit he began to feel better, and to retain nourishment for the first time since his illness:—

> After Vespers he paid another visit to the altar of St. Philomena, and this time he felt a most extraordinary sensation in his whole system, as though an iron bar was passing through him, and he immediately felt himself *cured*. He went for a walk in the garden and then rested and slept *well* for a few hours, which he had not been able to do during the last fortnight. At 5.30 he gave Benediction and afterwards ate some supper, and told Rev. Mother that all his pains had gone.
>
> In the morning he said a Votive Mass of St. Philomena at her altar, after which the Sisters sang the *Te Deum*. He then made a vow to propagate devotion to St. Philomena, and to say a Mass in her honour once every week. The day he was cured was the Octave of her feast. The Rev. Mother had been rather disappointed that the dear Saint had not cured the sick priest

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before her feast, and that instead of preaching in her honour he was literally dying in agonizing pains—but it was now evident that she was reserving a greater grace for him. He was so grateful for his cure that he said he almost broke down two or three times during the Mass with joy and gratitude. This priest is now abroad exercising his ministry.

The same community, about thirty years ago, being in great want of postulants, the Sisters made the novena preparatory to the Feast of St. Philomena for this intention; and before the novena was finished some excellent subjects arrived, one of them having come from the neighbourhood of the Saint's native country. Ever since St. Philomena has been the patroness of the noviciate.

OTHER MIRACLES.

In Chapter XI. we have a collection of over a dozen miracles of healing, many containing details as to names, places, and dates. It is satisfactory to find, in certain cases, such phrases as the following:

The certificate of the physician who had attended this Sister is deposited in the archives of the Archbishops of Naples (p. 97).

Or again, after a story of a miracle on the lines of the Widow's Cruse:

The Confessor drew up an attestation of the occurrence signed by both the Abbess and himself (p. 118).

And again, we read of an Archdeacon of Ascoli, who was so impressed by his experience of the cure of blindness, that he hastened to report matters to his bishop.

The Bishop took down his deposition of the miracle carefully, and the Archdeacon became the introducer and fervent promoter of the devotion to the Holy Martyr in Ascoli (p. 159).

THE EVIDENCE OF SIX PHYSICIANS.

The following case is still more interesting. The people of Lyons seem to have long been especially favoured or especially faithful.

It was here that was worked the celebrated cure of Mademoiselle Le Clerc, who had lost the use of both her legs eight years before. She had herself carried to the chapel of St. Philomena for nine days; and on the ninth she left her crutches and walked back. *This cure has been attested by Mgr. Devie, the Bishop of Belley, by the Mayor of Ambérieux, and six physicians* who had attended her. On her return to her home at Rossillon (Ain), she built a chapel to the Saint who had done so great a work for her.

The devotion of the people of Lyons to St. Philomena is very marked at the present day. There are several altars to her in the churches of that city; and its inhabitants look upon her as the advocate and introducer of the afflicted to Mary, their refuge and advocate with her Divine Son.

THE SAINT AND FATHER DAMIEN.

The following detail will interest all, independent of creed or sect:

Then again, who has not heard of the heroic Father Damien, who in 1874 obtained permission to imprison himself for life in the poor little Leper Island of Molokai, in the North Pacific Ocean? His doom was thereby fixed, he was bound to contract the horrible disease, and to be slowly eaten away by it—but until then he could console and close the eyes of those who were dying a lingering death in this infected hole, without solace and without hope. On arriving in the island he found not even a hut for his own shelter, but a chapel of St. Philomena!

VISITORS TO THE SHRINE.

Immense pilgrimages are made annually to the shrine of St. Philomena, and a society for promoting the cult seems to have branches in all parts of the world. The tenth day of every month is a pilgrimage day at Mugnano, and the roll of pilgrims include many royal names, and many well known in other connections.

Ferdinand II., King of Naples; two Queens of Naples and one of Sardinia; Queen Marie Amelie of France, consort of Louis Philippe; the Duchesse de Berry; an Archduke of Austria; an Infanta of Spain; Don Sebastian Borbone, who presented to the church a picture of St. Philomena painted by himself; the Empress of Brazil; and many royal princes, and above all the Venerable Servant of God, Maria Christina of Savoy, Queen of the Two Sicilies. The latter visited the shrine many times, and was cured of a desperate malady by the Saint, to whose prayers she also attributed the birth of her offspring. She founded an orphanage for fifty orphans adjoining the sanctuary, and placed it under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul.

Amongst other distinguished personages may be mentioned Cardinals Franzoni, Lambruschini, Weld, Acton, Mai, Castracone, Amat, Antonelli, Della Genga, Mattei, Carafa, Caracciolo, Cosenza, Riario Sforza, &c.

THE PAPAL SANCTION.

The story of the connection of the Saint and the Holy Father is a pretty one. The Archbishop of Imola—

from the time of his being Archbishop of Spoleto, had ever been a most fervent client of St. Philomena, and a zealous propagator of devotion to her. He had himself introduced her worship into his Cathedral city in the church of *San Giacomo dell' Unione de' Sacerdoti Filippini*. On this occasion a picture of the Saint was exposed for a devotion of three days over the High Altar, which was elaborately decorated, and choice music was performed. On the last day the Archbishop said Mass there, and made a fervent exhortation before giving Communion to the faithful with his own hand.

The holy Martyr was not ungrateful for the glory he had shown her, for during an illness which he once had, his life was despaired of by the physicians, and as he lay, about to close his eyes for ever to this world, the knockings often given by the Saint when she was going to grant some grace, were heard upon a little table by his bedside, upon which there stood a beautiful urn containing a finely-executed effigy of St. Philomena. At that same moment his unhoped-for recovery began, and he regained perfect health and strength.

This Archbishop was none other than the future Pope Pius IX. It is therefore to the intercession of this Virgin Martyr that the Church owes the glorious reign of that great Pontiff, of happy memory.

POPE GREGORY XVI.

It was, however, to Gregory XVI. that the Church was indebted for authority for the devotion of St. Philomena, in the year 1834. It was mainly owing to his personal witness of an extraordinary cure. Even pontifical nature likes its evidence at first hand. After this, he sanctioned proper prayers and lessons for the day, and later granted to the clergy of Mugnano to keep her feast as "a double of the second class," *i.e.*, with especial reverence. The story which came under his personal notice was that of Pauline Marie Jaricot, a sufferer for ten years from acute disease, who herself has recorded the circumstances of her cure, which are of the most romantic. She came from the city of Lyons, and when she first presented herself to the Holy Father, seemed a hopeless cripple, and indeed at death's door. Two months later she appeared at the Vatican to the astonishment of all.

The venerable Pontiff then made Pauline recount every circumstance and smallest detail of her visit to Mugnano. And in his admiration and joy, he bade her walk up and down the immense hall of the palace where he was giving audience, repeating each time she stopped, "Once more, once more, faster! . . . I wish to be quite sure that what I see is not an apparition from the other world, but is in truth my dear child from Four-

vières." As his dear child obeyed him in all simplicity, and walked to and fro without hesitation, the Chamberlain reminded her that etiquette forbade her turning her back upon the Sovereign Pontiff; but His Holiness remarked, smiling, "Never mind that! Almighty God has made far other exceptions in her favour!"

Gregory XVI. then bestowed many signal privileges upon her, and desired her to remain a whole year in Rome, in order that the miracle might be thoroughly investigated.

THE STORY OF THE SAINT.

Our concern here is with the Saint as a healer, or rather perhaps with the cures at her shrine, for there is no occasion, when considering the evidence* as to results, to commit one's self as to the cause. For this reason we need not dwell upon the story of the shrine, which, however, is sufficiently romantic. When in the latter half of the seventeenth century Pope Clement IX. realised the destruction that was being wrought by unauthorised visits to the Catacombs, he issued severe regulations as to their guardianship. All investigations were thenceforward made by authorised persons only, and with the greatest care and pains, whether they related to the tombs of the great or of those who slept with *Whose name God knows* for epitaph.

On May 24th, 1802, in the second year of Pope Pius VII., the "Fossors" or excavators came across a remarkable tombstone which had evidently never been disturbed since it was first placed there. After the usual religious offices it was carefully examined and proved to contain the relics of S. Philomena, brought to light after seventeen centuries.

Search was then made for the still more certain indication of martyrdom, and it was quickly rewarded. For beside the actual relics of the Saint there was found, imbedded in cement, a small glass vase half broken, the sides of which were covered with dried blood.† . . . The remains were scientifically examined by the theologians, surgeons, and physicians, convened for this purpose. The head of the Saint was much fractured, but the chief bones were entire. On account of their small size and proportions and especially the small circumference of the head, it was obvious that she must have been martyred in her tender youth, about twelve or thirteen years of age, scarcely more.

The power to suggest help and healing of this martyred child, tortured to death—that others may live it may be—so long ago—were not slow in manifesting themselves.

How the miracle is done, the suggestion given,—the cure effected, is a fact personal perhaps to the mind that thinks it. That some, many it may be, go to Mugnano and receive no benefit should not surprise us. Many there are who see the sun rise, find the first violet, look into the eyes of a little child, and are neither happier nor better. Unless we discard the whole of the evidence, unless after discounting for all the familiar old drawbacks of mal-observation and enthusiasm and lying, we relegate the story which is being enacted now almost at our doors to the merest "folk-lore," we must believe, that, into whatever terms of science or credulity we translate the message, that dead child, living yet in the hearts of those who love her, stretches out helping hands down the long ages to simple souls who believe.

X.

* To avoid multiplicity of references, the reader is here referred in general to the "Relazione" of Don Francesco di Lucia; "Memorie e culto di S. Filomena," by Mgr. Ippolito, late Rector of the sanctuary at Mugnano; "Bullettino di Archeologia Cristiana," by De Rossi; "Vie très complète de Sainte Philomène," par Jean Darche; "Sainte Philomène veritable image de Jesus Christ dans ses miracles," par Floriano de Julio; "Histoire Nouvelle de Sainte Philomène," par l'abbé H. J. Prevost: "Sainte Philomène, Guide des pélérins;" "Le Messager de Sainte Philomène," and "La Thaumaturge Sainte Philomène d'après le Breviaire Romain et l'Archéologie Sacrée," par Louis Petit, Prêtre des Frères de Saint Vincent de Paul (Preface).

† The Protestant philosopher Leibnitz, after making various chemical experiments upon the red sediment contained in the phials found in the tombs in the Catacombs, confessed that he could find nothing that it resembled but a hardened brittle crust of congealed blood. Since the more modern system of chemical analysis has been discovered, the contents of these phials have been submitted to it also, with the same results (p. 9).

II.—A LANCASHIRE HEALER.

I HAVE met a man in whom has recently been developed the power of psychic healing. His fame as yet is only local; but he claims to have treated some two hundred patients without medicine, and to have effected a cure, or given relief, in all cases in which he has been accorded a fair trial.

John Hinchliffe was born in Mosley Street, Bolton-le-Moors, 27th February, 1856. His father and mother were strong and healthy, the former dying at sixty-two. He does not know of any psychic power in the family. John was a strong, healthy child until the tenth year of his age, when a season of sickliness began that lasted nearly thirty years. He suffered from bronchitis, scarletina, small-pox, consumption, swellings, low fever, Russian influenza, and many other disorders. In these circumstances John's schooling was much interrupted, and at twenty he was still unable to write, but taught himself later from a shilling book. He managed to acquire the trade of photographer; and, with the assistance of friends, contrived to exist, and even, in

JOHN HINCHLIFFE.

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spite of his ailings, to get married (1881), until about August, 1895, when, after a fourth attack of influenza, his health, without apparent reason, improved. During his thirty years' sickness, and painful experience of most of the diseases that flesh is heir to, Mr. Hinchliffe derived no benefit from medicine; the only thing that relieved him was abstinence from food. He has fasted three, five, six, and even nine days at a time. He appears to have shown psychic power in other ways before he discovered himself to be a healer, for he was impelled to say "strange things," which, though ridiculed at the time, turned out correct.

He relates that once he entered a house, and told a young lady, a stranger to him, that she was very weak and nervous; going on to say: "But you have a sister that is very strong," and proceeded to describe the sister's features and characteristics in detail; his statements being admitted to be exactly true.

HIS FIRST CURE.

Mr. Hinchliffe's healing faculty was revealed about August, 1895, quite accidently. A customer of his, who prefers to be known only by his initials, W. R., suffered from deafness, being unable to hear Mr. Hinchliffe's watch tick farther than a foot off. He contributes the following narrative, and is willing to answer questions privately:

Bolton, *March* 9, 1897.

During one of Mr. Hinchliffe's visits to my house in reference to photography, he incidentally mentioned that he was endowed with some unknown power of curing deafness without the aid of medicine, so I jokingly said I was deaf. So he applied a watch to my ear, which I could not hear. After passing his hands several times over my ears. I was able to hear the watch very well.

W. R.

Mr. Hinchliffe declares that he made the statement as to his "unknown power," and the subsequent attempt to exert it, more in fun than otherwise. His memory is not quite clear regarding the incident, but he declares that after the experiment W. R. could hear the watch from a distance of three feet. At the time Mr. Hinchliffe thought little of the matter; but, meeting with other cases, and finding himself able to impart relief, he at last took his power seriously, and exercised it in earnest. Twice he gave up the practice of healing, because at first he was ill himself after effecting a cure. But he was told that it was a shame not to use the gift God had entrusted to him.

"So," said Mr. Hinchliffe, simply, "I went on. I find it in the Bible, just the same thing that I do—I must not say *I* do, for it is God through me."

Mr. Hinchliffe is not a spiritualist, and has no theories concerning his strange power. He does not pretend to understand it. "It is God's gift," he says; and there his speculations end.

WHAT HE CAN DO.

"I can take pain away," Mr. Hinchliffe told the writer; "strengthen a person when weak in body or nerve—this is very hard to do; also, if a person is cold and cannot get warm with food, clothing, or fire, in many cases I can make him warm in a few minutes. In a case on Monday last (1st March), I was in a shop, and a person scalded herself. I took the pain away, and also made it (the scald) cold with my own hand."

Another off-hand cure he gave as follows:

"There was a woman came to our door selling laces. I told her she suffered from some ailment. She said she had a sore chest. 'Do you feel it now?' She said, 'Yes.' 'Do you feel it yet?' She said, 'No, it has gone.' I did not go near her within a yard. She was all right."

The night after this he cured another woman, who came begging, of the same ailment. At first she could not bear a touch. After five minutes she could stand a sharp blow.

SOME REMARKABLE CURES.

A man came to Mr. Hinchliffe on crutches, which he had had to use for *two weeks*. He had had his knee out of joint, but it had been set before he came to Mr. Hinchliffe. The psychic healer made him walk without crutches after about five minutes' treatment. This happened 7th May, 1896. This year the man has written, saying, his leg is all right. (Patient's name and address: Mr. Frank Warburton, 139, Chorley New Road, Horwich, near Bolton.)

"In another case," related Mr. Hinchliffe, who is genial and communicative, "a man came for me to see his wife. She had lost the use of her arm; it was in a sling and bound with red flannel from the shoulder to the tips of her fingers. In under twenty minutes she could send her arm about and use her fingers, and she had no further use for the sling."

The husband was so much pleased that he presented Mr. Hinchliffe with a silver medal, thus inscribed:—

"Presented to J. Hinchliffe for the cure of my wife's arm, from Mr. Fairclough, 1896."

Perhaps Mr. Hinchliffe's most remarkable success was this:—

A woman, who had suffered from general weakness for twenty-six years, came to his house by tram and bus, being unable to walk more than a short distance. After an hour and a-half's treatment, she went away on foot, walked five miles, and was no worse for the unaccustomed exercise.

The following case is one of the best authenticated, and may be given nearly in Mr. Hinchliffe's words:—

"There was an old man sixty-nine years old. He had heard about me, and had been looking for me three weeks. This man was at one side of the house, and I on the other side (four or five yards apart, probably). He says: 'How much do you charge per visit? I am only a labourer, when at work, and I have been bad with the rheumatics four years.' 'You will receive relief before you leave this house,' I said. 'I have received relief already!' said the man."

Mr. Hinchliffe took the writer to see this patient—a respectable working man, named John Grimes, of 1, Chester Street, Bolton. He corroborated Mr. Hinchliffe's narrative, and was willing to have his name published. He was hale and hearty, with the exception of a stiff leg.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. Hinchliffe is accumulating a good store of written testimonials, the best of which he frames, together with, in some cases, a photograph of the patient. A few, in substance, follow:—

Mrs. Verner, 86, Kay Street, Bolton, writes under date 4th February, 1897, stating that Mr. Hinchliffe cured her of headache. The peculiarity of this case is that Mr. Hinchliffe effected the cure by means of a handkerchief he had handled, sealed in a bottle, and transmitted to the patient. The handkerchief had been in bottle two days before application to the seat of pain.

Mrs. Blackburn, 10, Richmond Place, Bolton, was unable to rise from her bed, and had for many weeks been incapable of work. She received benefit immediately Mr. Hinchliffe entered the house. Half an hour later she lit her boiler fire, and washed a score of clothes without ill effects. (Letter dated 15th January, 1897.)

Mrs. Morris, 41, Clifford Street, Bolton, in a letter of 23rd February last, declares she was very ill and restless for the space of nine months, suffering from neualgia and pains in the back. After one treatment, the pains vanished, and she slept well thenceforward. Nine months afterwards, she was still in good health.

A male patient, who prefers anonymity, writes on 7th December last that he suffered eight months before from toothache, and six months previously (to his letter) from a sore chest. Cure in both cases almost instantaneous, and no return of pain.

CHARACTERISTICS AND METHODS.

Mr. Hinchliffe is of robust build, fair, and of medium height. He does not look in good health, but has undoubtedly the power of imparting or transferring health in many cases. He operates by handling, stroking, working, or firmly grasping the affected parts; but is also able to cure without any contact at all, without speaking, without seeing, and even without thinking. An influence proceeds from him, and from articles handled and worn by him, that has curative power, and can be felt by sensitive persons in various ways. In the writer's case it causes a slight numbness, as from a weak electric battery.

Mr. Hinchliffe is confident in voice and manner; his faith in himself—or, rather, in God working through him—is complete, though he never *guarantees* a cure. He has much sympathy and personal magnetism; is an honest, kind, sincere, simple-hearted man. He does not now experience ill effects from the exercise of his power, or but slightly. He feels great sympathy for suffering persons; feels sometimes unable to leave them before he has imparted relief. In some cases he has done nothing in the presence of a sufferer but sit down and cry, and the person has gone out cured. Frequently his treatment consists merely in standing with folded arms *near* his patient. His power is in no way under his control; he exerts no will force; he passively allows the cure to be wrought *through* him.

Mr. Hinchliffe charges his patients 5s. per visit. For the sum of 1s. 6d., which covers postage, &c., he will impart healing influence to a handkerchief, or piece of flannel—the latter is preferable; and return it safely packed in rubber cloth. His address is 17, Blackbank Street, Bolton-le-Moors.

The writer, with a few friends, was accosted by Mr. Hinchliffe, who treated one of the ladies for rheumatism in her arm. Relief was instantaneous, and lasted throughout the evening. Although the pain returned next day, the test—which was purely gratuitous—may be considered satisfactory.

Any interesting developments that occur in connection with this healer will be reported to BORDERLAND from time to time.

GEORGE FRANKLAND.

III.—A SWISS HEALER IN AUSTRALIA.

A CORRESPONDENT at the Antipodes writes:—One of the most famous and reliable clairvoyants known in Australia and New Zealand is Otto B. Hug, the subject of this sketch. His history is particularly interesting from the fact that in his case clairvoyance is not induced, or developed, as is the case with so many others, by outside mesmeric efforts, but is spontaneous, and a natural outlet from childhood of the powerful psychic faculty within. Its appearance dates from an occurrence that happened to the young Otto at nine years of age, when he was seized with a cataleptic fit, and lay in a trance for seven days. The doctor and his family believed life had departed, and, on the fifth day, he was measured for a coffin, which, having been prepared, was, when they came to lift the poor boy into it, found to be too small to allow him to be placed in the usual way, upon his back; they, therefore, turned him upon his side. The lid (one with a glass slide over the face) was then put on, and the nails were driven in (not screws, as is the case with us). Owing to the position in which the body was placed one of the nails was hammered through the lip of the boy, and knocked out one of his teeth. He had been fully conscious all this dreadful week of what was transpiring around, though unable to make the slightest movement or give the least indication of life. This last agonising wrench, however, served to break the spell; the soul succeeded in again resuming at least partial control over the poor ill-used body, and, with a supreme effort, Otto managed to impart a slight turn to his frame as they were carrying the coffin. Alarmed and dismayed at the thought of such a terrible mistake as the interment of the living for the dead, the attendants turned back, the coffin was hastily opened, the occupant lifted out, and restoratives applied. After this strange and painful experience, Otto fell into a state of melancholia, suffering also from the delusion that the coffin was for ever pursuing him, running at his heels as if on wheels. He was placed by his parents in a private asylum, and as to what occurred while he was there I will quote from a slight biographical sketch already published:—"His parents placed him in a private asylum, where he remained for twelve months. During this time he had several cataleptic fits, and on one occasion, while in a fit, one of the medical men who were specially interesting themselves in his case, took hold of his hand, presumably to feel if his pulse was beating, and he (Otto B. Hug) described the sensation as if a severe shock from an electric battery had been applied to his body; he became insensible. The doctor who had hold of his hand had an abscess forming on his arm, through poisoning while performing an operation, and while in the swoon this, to the astonishment of the doctor, was diagnosed by the patient. The symptoms and pains from which the doctor suffered were correctly described. The doctor was so interested in the peculiar features of the case that the patient became quite a celebrity. The doctors brought other patients from the asylum, and found that the boy could diagnose their cases with the greatest accuracy, but, of course, could not explain the medical terms.

After some months in Burgholzli asylum in Zurich, accounts of the wonderful features of the case were published in all the papers. The eminent French practitioner, Dr. Le Fevre, who was at the time on a tour through Switzerland, called at the hospital to see the patient of whom so much had been said, and was so astonished at the marvellous power possessed by the patient, and being an expert in this particular complaint, he at once enquired the address of his parents and undertook to cure him of the cataleptic fits and to thoroughly educate

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his power in diagnosing diseases. His parents entered into an agreement with Dr. Le Fevre for a term of four years, and the doctor took him to Paris. At the age of twelve years he appeared in Paris and elsewhere in France, publicly diagnosing cases brought to him. After remaining in Paris for some time, the doctor and the subject of this sketch travelled throughout South America, Otto B. Hug diagnosing the cases and the doctor treating according to the diagnosis, principally using herbal treatment. A severe attack of yellow fever at Rio Janiero was the cause of his return to Italy and France. After a time he turned his footsteps to Australia, where, for the last sixteen years, he has been practising his marvellous power.

I well remember the time when I first met Mr. Hug, about thirteen years ago. He was on a professional visit to Adelaide, accompanied by his charming and devoted wife. As I first saw him, he was a fine, handsome, fresh-looking man, with a complexion that spoke of health and suggested the fresh breezes of the country rather than the air of city life. There was an open-hearted ingenuousness about him also, that inspired a feeling of trust in a candid, unprejudiced observer. During that first visit of his to Adelaide and since I have had many opportunites of testing Mr. Hug's clairvoyant powers, which are truly wonderful. His method is the following:—Taking the patient's hand the contact appears to develop a magnetic current, and with a few thrills and shiverings as of extreme cold he passes at once into the clairvoyant state. Sometimes expressions of pain accompany the transition stage, as a sympathy, characteristic of clairvoyance, is developed, which causes him to briefly feel any pains, past or present, that have been or are being felt by his patient. He then begins to diagnose the sitter's internal condition, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot if necessary, certainly all the interior vital organs are thoroughly scrutinised and their appearance described. If the patient is desirous of undertaking the herbal treatment which is adopted by Mr. Hug, mostly with marked success, the prescription is written out while he is in this state of trance, with his eyes shut, and any questions the patient wishes to ask must be put at once, as on recovering his normal condition nothing is remembered of what is said and done during the sleep.

Mr. Hug came to the Australian colonies as a young man of eighteen, and Queensland was the first place in which he resided. He lived in Brisbane for four years, then came to Sydney. While on this visit he fell into a trance that lasted four days, Dr. Le Gay Brereton being called in to watch the case. As he lay, outwardly unconscious, in a bedrom upstairs (three stories high), locked in for fear of accident, by his hostess, he heard, and afterwards repeated, the conversation that she held with her sister in the drawing-room below. The family of his hostess had several years previously been defrauded of some property through the loss of a will; when in this trance-clairvoyant state he was consulted about this, a lock of hair, as a clue to assist him, was put into his hand; this, however, had been handled by at least three people. He found all three, described them and diagnosed them, then described the whereabouts of the missing will, it was hidden at the back of a drawer, a false slide serving to conceal it. It was found too late, however, the property having been dissipated.

In 1882 Mr. Hug married, then went to live in New Zealand. From that place he made his first visit to Adelaide, where the writer of this sketch first met him and can speak from experience of his wonderful success in diagnosing, and of the simplicity, ingenuousness, and frank honesty which characterises the man. Since that time he has travelled many thousands of miles to and fro in the colonies, and tens of thousands of people have profited by his wonderful gift, inexplicable of course to the majority of people. In this, as in all cases where the manifestation of psychic power is concerned, the most ignorant are the most incredulous. I have heard people say—I wonder how it is done, as if the phenomenon of clairvoyance were some sleight-of-hand trick! Sometimes I have said, Shall I tell you? Then proceeded to explain that we are not our bodies, though for the most part we behave as if we thought so—that the soul or inner self has senses of its own, which act upon a different plane to that of the bodily organs, and that clairvoyance is the clear sight of the soul. From unthinking scepticism sometimes people pass to equally unreasoning credulity and take for granted that there can be no limits to the power of this faculty of soul-perception. It is only by experience we learn to discriminate and find that clairvoyance may be greatly hampered, or on the contrary facilitated, by certain bodily conditions, and that the state of lucidity is a comparative one, and often greatly varies in the same seer.

The great sympathy which characterises a sensitive has, we regret to know, its drawbacks, and much caution is needed to guard against the possibility of the clairvoyant suffering from the consequences of what may be called psychic contagion—the liability to take upon himself the pains and disease of the patient with whom he is placed *en rapport*. Whether the distressing illness that befell Mr. Hug some years ago was due to this cause or not may be doubtful, but there is at least ground for suspicion that it was so, and that in acting the part in his own degree of saviour of humanity, the sad and inevitable accompanying cross was laid upon him also. He suffered intensely for eight months, was lying upon an air-bed; at length the doctors gave up all hope of his recovery, and said his death was inevitable very shortly. But—and here comes in a case for our friends the mental scientists—so moved was Mr. Hug by the heart-broken sorrow of his wife, who had waited upon him with untiring and unceasing devotion during the long years of his sickness, that after passing a night of weeping and unresigned sorrow, the dawn of the next day found him with a newborn resolution that he *would live!* Silently he proceeded to express this determination of his will, and put it into execution that morning by walking downstairs unattended. Since that period, with the endurance of a hero, has he patiently, for the sake of his dear ones, held on to life, though he is always in the condition of an invalid and suffers constantly. Strange to say, his clairvoyant faculty is not impaired by this, and the hundreds of people who flock to his consulting rooms when he spends a few days in Adelaide, show how highly his professional services are valued—indeed, if he could work day and night there is no doubt he would be called upon to do so. Patients have even come to him from Scotland and the Continent of Europe. He has now made his permanent home in Melbourne. He has three promising children, all boys, one of whom gives distinct intimation of inheriting his father's exceptional gift, but with great prudence, the parents refrain from appearing to notice this fact, nor do they bring the little fellow forward in any way, remembering that the true order of things is "first that which is natural (or physical) then the spiritual."

IX.—THE PRAYER TELEPHONE.

MORE RECORDS OF ITS SUCCESSFUL WORKING.

IN last number of BORDERLAND I published an article on the Prayer Telephone, and accompanied it with a suggestion from a correspondent that a Praying Brotherhood should be formed to make more use of this marvellous means of power. I regret to say that I have had no communications on the subject from my readers. It will be seen, however, from Dr. Horton's suggestion that the idea of a more general, and, I may add, more secular use of prayer is in the air.

THE *Sunday Magazine* has been publishing for some months past a series of articles on "Answers to Prayer," by well-known religious men.

DR. HORTON'S SUGGESTION.

The Rev. Dr. Horton, who contributes the fourth article of the series, has no long list of specific instances such as those which struck the public mind in the case of Dr. Barnado, Mr. Quarrier, and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, but he is not without instances of strange cases of healing of the sick, and other incidents of a like nature. He admits they can be explained as co-incidences, but, nevertheless, in his own mind he is perfectly convinced they were answers to his own prayers. He maintains that anyone can put the prayer telephone to a practical test in his own life by trying it on his own friends. This is practical and to the point. Here is his proposal:—

A PRACTICAL PRAYER TEST.

Take your friends, or better still the members of the church to which you belong, and set yourself systematically to pray for them. Leave alone those futile and often misguided petitions for temporal blessings, or even for success in their work, and plead with your God in the terms of that prayer with which St. Paul bowed his knees for the Ephesians. Ask that this person, or these persons, known to you, may have the enlightenment and expansion of the Spirit, the quickened love and zeal, the vision of God, the profound sympathy with Christ, which form the true Christian life. Pray and watch, and as you watch, still pray. And you will see a miracle, marvellous as the springing of the flowers in April, or the far-off regular rise and setting of the planets, a miracle proceeding before your eyes, a plain answer to your prayer, and yet without any intervention of your voice or hand. You will see the mysterious power of God at work upon these souls for which you pray. And by the subtle movements of the Spirit it is as likely as not that they will come to tell *you* of the Divine blessings which have come to them in reply to your unknown prayer.

PRAYER AS A FORCE IN POLITICS.

The experiment is well worth trying, and the renovation of the spirit of a friend is quite as well worth making an effort for as the raising of a subscription for an orphanage. The hyothesis of the prayer telephone in that case would apply admirably. Dr. Horton insists that the churches and other persons who wish to raise funds had very much better follow the example of his church, who always pray for what they want first before they make any appeal for subscriptions. He also advocates strongly the use of believing prayer in political and social work. In this connection he tells the following story:—

I was staying with a gentleman in a great town, where the town council, of which he was a member, had just decided to close a music-hall which was exercising a pernicious influence. The decision was most unexpected, because a strong party in the council were directly interested in the hall. But to my friend's amazement the men who had threatened opposition came in and quietly voted for withdrawing the licence. Next day we were speaking about modern miracles; he, the best of men, expressed the opinion that miracles were confined to Bible times. His wife then happened to mention how, on the day of that council meeting, she and some other good women of the city had met and continued in prayer that the licence might be withdrawn. I ventured to ask my friend whether this was not the explanation of what he had confessed to be an amazing change of front on the part of the opposition. And, strange to say, it had not occurred to him—though an avowed believer in prayer— to connect the praying women and that beneficent vote.

It would be interesting to see if the good women of this country could pray the Women's Franchise Bill through the House of Commons this Session. It would be a distinct sign of grace if, as a beginning, their prayers could lead to the prompt removal of all these hampering amendments which are to be moved in Committee, nominally to strengthen the Bill, but in reality to destroy it. The author of most of them is, however, a tough subject.

A MANCHESTER BARNARDO.

The testimony of Mr. Leonard K. Shaw, of Manchester, who maintains refuges for children, and a beautiful hospital home known as Belleville, in the June number is very striking. Mr. Shaw is the Dr. Barnardo of Manchester, and his report is pretty much the same as that of Mr. Quarrier and George Müller. The institution was founded after prayer, and has been maintained by prayer. When it was first started they only took in boys between the age of ten and sixteen. It was proposed that they should take in younger children, but the money was lacking. The work could not be extended without £600, and his wife and he agreed to make this test as to whether or not it was the will of God this should be done. They made it a special matter of prayer, issued a general appeal, but no individual person was asked to contribute. In a few days a letter came with a cheque for £600. The Home was opened, and soon became so full that Mr. Shaw was again short of money. He sent out a second appeal, and asked for another sign-post in the shape of funds. A few weeks afterwards a lady sent them a cheque for £1,000. When he wanted his third home he prayed again, and sent out another appeal. Two or three weeks later there came a cheque for £700. The fourth home was founded in the same way, a cheque for £1,000 coming in after special prayer for a special sum. After twenty-seven years of work Mr. Shaw expresses his profound conviction that both in money and in personally dealing with the children and others, he has no doubt whatever that definite prayer receives definite answer.

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CANON KNOX LITTLE.

The July number contains the testimony of Canon Knox Little. Of course, the Canon does not suggest in his paper any solution to the mystery of answers to prayer, such as is suggested by the modern discovery of telepathy, but no one can read his case without being struck by the ease with which many of them can be accounted for by telepathy. All these cases are quoted from experience as his personal knowledge :—

A family, consisting of a number of children, had been brought up by parents who had very "free" ideas as to the Divine revelation and the teaching of the Church. The children, varying in age from seven or eight to one or two and twenty years, had, one way or another, been aroused to the teaching of Scripture and desired to be baptized. The father point-blank refused to permit it. The older members of the family consulted a clergyman. He felt strongly the force of the fifth commandment and advised them not to act in haste, to realise that difficulties do frequently arise from conflicting duties, and above all to pray. The clergyman asked a number of devout Christians to make the matter a subject of prayer. They did. In about three weeks the father called upon this very clergyman and asked him to baptize his children. The clergyman expressed his astonishment, believing that he was opposed to it. The father answered that that was true, but he had changed his mind. He could not say precisely why, but he thought his children ought to be baptized. They were, and he, by his own wish, was present and most devout at the administration of the sacrament of baptism.

A few years ago, a clergyman in London had been invited to visit a friend for one night in the country in order to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for long. It was bitter winter weather and he decided not to go. Walking his parish in the afternoon, he believed that a voice three times urged him to go. He hurriedly changed his arrangements and went. The snow was tremendously deep, and the house of his friend, some miles from the railway station, was reached with difficulty. In the course of the night the clergyman was roused from sleep by the butler, who begged him to go and visit a groom in the service of the family, who was ill and "like to die." Crossing a field path with difficulty, as the snow was very deep, they reached the poor man's house. He had been in agony of mind and longed to see a clergyman. When it was found impossible to fetch the nearest clergyman owing to the impassable state of the roads, he had prayed earnestly that one might be sent to him. The poor fellow died in the clergyman's arms in the early morning, much comforted and in great peace.

A strangely similar case happened more recently. An American gentleman travelling in Europe was taken suddenly and seriously ill in one of our northern towns. The day before this happened, a clergyman, who was at a distance in the country, was seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to visit this very town. He had no idea why, but prayed for guidance in the matter, and finally felt convinced that he must go. Having stayed the night there he was about to return home, rather inclined to think himself a very foolish person, when a waiter in the hotel brought him an American lady's card, and said that the lady wished to see him. He was the only English clergyman of whom she and her husband had any knowledge. They had happened to hear him preach in America. She had no idea where he lived, but when her husband was taken ill she and her daughter had prayed that *he* might be sent to them. On inquiry, strange to say, he was found to be in the hotel, and was able to render some assistance to the poor sufferer, who died in a few hours, and to his surviving and mourning relatives.

A still more striking instance, perhaps, is as follows : Some years ago in London a clergyman had succeeded, with the help of some friends, in opening a "home" in the suburbs to meet some special mission needs. It was necessary to support it by charity. For some time all went well. The home at last, however, became even more necessary and more filled with inmates, whilst subscriptions did not increase, but rather slackened. The lady in charge wrote to the clergyman as to her needs, and especially drew his attention to the fact that £40 was required immediately to meet the pressing demand of a tradesman. The clergyman himself was excessively poor, and he knew not to whom to turn in the emergency. He at once went and spent an hour in prayer. He then left his house and walked slowly along the streets thinking with himself how he should act. Passing up Regent Street, a carriage drew up in front of Madame Elise's shop, just as he was passing. Out of the carriage stepped a handsomely dressed lady. "Mr. So-and-So, I think," she said when she saw him. "Yes, madam," he answered, raising his hat. She drew an envelope from her pocket and handed it to him, saying : "You have many calls upon your charity, you will know what to do with that." The envelope contained a Bank of England note for £50. The whole thing happened in a much shorter time than it can be related ; he passed on up the street, she passed into the shop. Who she was he did not know, and never since has he learnt. The threatening creditor was paid. The "home" received further help and did its work well.

The Canon's last case cannot be referred to telepathy. If it is capable of explanation by psychical research, it would rather suggest the revival of a subconscious memory :—

Another example is of a different kind. A person of real earnestness in religious questions, and one who gave time and strength for advancing the kingdom of God, some years ago became restless and unsatisfied in spiritual matters, failing to enjoy peaceful communion with God, and generally upset and uneasy. The advice of a good clergyman was asked, and after many conversations on the subject, he urged steady earnest prayer for light, and agreed himself to make the matter a subject of prayer. Within a fortnight, after an earnest midday prayer, it was declared by this troubled soul that it had been clearly borne in upon the mind that the sacrament of baptism had never been received. Inquiry was made, and after much careful investigation it was found that, while every other member of a large family had been baptized, in this case the sacrament had been neglected owing to the death of the mother, and the child being committed to the care of a somewhat prejudiced relative. The person in question was forthwith baptized, and immediately there was peace and calmness of mind and a sense of quiet communion with God.

ALL IN THE ORDER OF NATURAL CAUSATION.

In the *Forum* for May there is an elaborate article by the Rev. James M. Whiton, entitled "Fallacies Concerning Prayer." In the course of one section of his essay he touches upon the telephonic aspect of prayer :—

Prayer for the healing of the sick may legitimately undertake to effect no breach at all in the order of natural causation, but simply the substitution of a psychological for a physiological cause of cure. When the case is one to which a psychological cause is adequate, the cure will follow. Of course, the condition of its effectiveness is that the patient must fully believe in the healing power of prayer. At least, the prayer tends to call into activity the psychical powers of auto-suggestion and expectant attention. These are, indeed, equally effective, whether generated through prayer or otherwise ; but I am now considering the power. If an undevout mind regards prayer in this case as mere incantation, a reverent mind is nearer the truth in holding that "there is no power but of God ;" whether in the psychical body or the political, "the powers that be are ordained of God."

The records of the S.P.R. abound in fully verified instances of communications sped from friend to friend in a moment across hundreds of miles in some supreme crisis which called into momentary action some previously latent energy of the spirit. Such cases suggest the yet undiscovered possibilities and limits of prayer, considered simply as a mode of psychical force moving upon an unseen psychical environment, through which, as through the physical, Divine forces are ever energising in the interplay of action and reaction. That religious enthusiasm dwells closer to the springs of this mysterious force than our present science or philosophy is thoroughly credible.

X.—DEMONS AS WITNESSES IN COURT.

A STRANGE STORY FROM BURMAH. BY J. A. MAUNG GYI.

I HAVE received the following extraordinary story of "Demon Evidence" by a correspondent signing himself J. A. Maung Gyi, and dating from the Common Room, Gray's Inn, who prefaces it as follows:—

The *Hloot Taw* was the highest judicial and legislative council of Burma when that country rejoiced in the possession of an independent King, and the Records of the *Hloot Taw* contain an immense amount of learned dicta on disputed points of Burmese Law. From the *Hloot Taw* there was but one appeal, and that was to the King, who through his *Hpone* or glory (the result of previously accumulated merit) possessed powers of life and death over his subjects, animal, human, and even superhuman, such as *nats*, or spirits, and *thayais*, or demons. The superhuman subjects sued and were sued at their own tribunals, but when a human being was concerned they were not loth to appear as witnesses in the ordinary courts of the country. As an illustration of astral evidence taken into account by the ordinary Burmese Courts, and even by the *Hloot Taw* itself, I offer the following remarkable case related to me by the Prince of Kyouk Souk, Commander-in-Chief of the Burmese Army, and son of one of the chief Ministers who presided at the *Hloot Taw*, in the words of the Prince himself, and also the incidents which led up to it, as a proper understanding of the case necessitates their mention.

In the village of Toung Byone there lived about twelve years ago a man named Nga Tumbee and his wife, Mi Pu. What the man's real name was no one remembered, because from his infancy he had been known by the nickname "Tumbee." The reason was that his skin was as black as that of a Madras coolie, and you know that these fellows address each other as Tumbee or brother. Nga Tumbee and Mi Pu lived on the produce of their little patch of cultivated land which yielded them three crops a year, and on the vegetables they gathered from their *Taung Ya* or freshly cleared patch of jungle land. Their little cottage was made of bamboo, and roofed with thatch, and was just large enough to hold themselves, their dog, and their *Sabahk-yee* or granary. At the back of their cottage was a covered shed, where the oxen, the plough, and the two-wheeled cart were kept. Early every morning Mi Pu would take a small basketful of paddy, husk it, and cook the rice for their morning meal, while her husband went to the *Taung Ya* to pluck a few green leaves and beans. After their morning meal they would go to their field, work all day, and return home when the sun had set, to prepare their evening meal and to go to bed.

Nga Tumbee used to take his wife to the little plot of land where he worked, even when there was nothing for her to do. In fact, wherever he went Mi Pu was sure to be taken, for he could not bear her out of his sight, so much did he love his wife. He was very jealous, too, for he knew that Mi Pu did not marry him for love, but in order to spite an old flame of hers. Nga Tumbee could not bear to see his wife smile at the men of their village, so that the male population of Toung Byone kept away from them. Mi Pu on her part just tolerated her husband, but was faithful to him, although to be cut off from the companionship of men by the jealousy of her husband made her very unhappy. The men and women of Toung Byone chaffed her unmercifully about Nga Tumbee whenever they met her, at a funeral or at the village well, or anywhere else; but Mi Pu always managed to force a smile, and pretended to take the jokes in good part, though she could have cried. Nga Tumbee, a square-built and powerful ploughman, was a very stolid creature; he lacked not only ordinary sense of humour, but disliked all jokes, and especially those made at his expense about his fondness for his wife, for Burmans, as you know, dislike to be thought uxorious. However, when Hpo Yan, the village bully, had had his teeth knocked out by a blow from Tumbee's big knee, people ceased asking him when he had last washed his wife's *Htamein* (skirt). We Burmans never touch women's skirts, much less wash them, lest our *Hpone*, or glory, be dimmed; and to tell a man that he washes woman's clothes is as good as saying he is inferior to a dog. So people no longer chaffed Tumbee openly, but whenever he passed with his wife they would whisper one to another, and cast side glances at him. He knew, or rather he felt, that they were talking about him, but as they said nothing to him he could not very well bring them to book. Mi Pu also felt that her fellow-villagers laughed at her husband, and as contempt for a husband reflects also on his wife, it galled her. She heard people say that her husband was lacking in manly dignity because he madly worshipped her, and treated her like a goddess, as no self-respecting Burman treats his wife. At home she used to persuade her husband, and coax him to treat her with reserve before other people, but he was so dotingly fond of her that he always forgot himself, and at any little social gathering would leave the men to join the women. He would look at her fondly, and take her hand as the white foreigners do with their wives or sweethearts. Then people would look away, and try to hide their smiles; but Nga Tumbee did not notice them. Mi Pu, however, did, and she felt more and more hurt at their smiles. She would sharply withdraw her hand, retire to the back of the house, and there cry away her vexation. All these petty annoyances caused by her husband's too loving and, as we call it, mad behaviour in public, made Mi Pu detest her husband, and wish to be rid of him; but the tie that bound them could not be loosened, for Nga Tumbee, whatever his shortcomings, was certainly studious of his wife's comfort and happiness, and behaved like a model husband. The less fault she could find with him the more miserable she grew. How she wished that Nga Tumbee would have an intrigue in the village, that she might have just grounds for procuring a dissolution of marriage. But Nga Tumbee was nothing if not faithful. Mi Pu, of course, could have intrigued with her old sweetheart, but she knew

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that Nga Tumbee would forgive her, and the enormity of the sin, too, had to be considered. So she, too, remained faithful and unhappy.

One day Nga Tumbee went by himself to the town of Sagaing to dispose of the beans from his *Taung Ya*, and to bring back a supply of oil, tobacco, salt, and other necessaries. Much against his will, he had to leave Mi Pu at home, but as she was indisposed he had not the heart to force her to accompany him. He had to go a long distance, and would not be back till late in the evening. Mi Pu sat in front of her little cottage mending her husband's old *pasoh*, or waist cloth, and bewailing her fate. In the afternoon her old lover called to tell her of his wife's death and to invite her to the funeral. As she did not expect Nga Tumbee to return yet, the visitor stayed to talk over old times, and as their conversation grew more confidental, he declared the love he still bore her.

"Ah! Mi Pu," he exclaimed, "what would I not give to get rid of that husband of yours? What a fool I was not to have seen the charms that I see in you now, in your speech, in your movements, even in that scar on your neck!"

"O brother," Mi Pu replied, "how can you talk like that when you know that I am a married woman? I hope, however, I do not sin much by wishing that my jealous and ridiculous husband were dead or divorced from me. If that happened, I should not mind being for ever the slave of—" she bent down to inspect more closely the seam of the *pasoh*, and said—"you, my old sweetheart, you."

Just then the crackling of a bamboo at the side of the house announced somebody's approach. It was Nga Tumbee, who, having failed to sell his beans, returned earlier than he was expected, and coming by the back way was just in time to catch his wife's last words. Mi Pu's visitor said in a loud voice, "Mi Pu, pray don't forget to tell your husband to come to the funeral. May I take another chew of betel?" and just as Mi Pu replied, "Oh, do, sir," Nga Tumbee came up to them, his face blacker than usual with suppressed rage, and sat on the ground hugging his knees and pulling at his long green cheroot. Mi Pu's visitor rose quickly and announcing his wife's death to Nga Tumbee, begged him to come to the funeral, and then took his leave. Nga Tumbee would have killed the man on the spot; but as he could not prove he had been injured, and—what was more important—as he lacked the necessary palm-oil to offer the village headman, he restrained himself and sat sullenly silent. Mi Pu tried to talk to him, asking him about his trip to Sagaing, but Nga Tumbee did not answer. At last when she said, "Ko Tumbee! have you sold the beans and brought the oil to cook our curry with this evening?" Nga Tumba found words.

"How can a man succeed in any undertaking when gay female dogs betray him at home?" he cried. "How can a man have any good luck? It's a wonder I am still alive, for most people who are betrayed at home lose their lives."

Mi Pu's indignation was roused at these unjust accusations. Her bosom heaved, and she breathed very hard.

"Ha!" continued Nga Tumbee. "That Monk who preached at the headman's mother-in-law's funeral spoke true when he said that women are inferior to the male pariah dog which lives on the stale offerings on the pagodas. If they have nine husbands they will long for a tenth, and if they have ten they will still long for an eleventh. If they did not they would be born men like us, meritorious beings, and there would be no women. Ha! ha! You did not expect me so early, did you?"

Mi Pu was now thoroughly roused. She, the faithful wife who would not betray the husband, she loathed to have such foul and groundless charges brought against her. Her voice trembled with anger.

"Ko Tumbee! If you doubt your wife's fidelity you had better seek a divorce. Ha! I know too well you wouldn't, though. However bad woman may be, you, at any rate, are glad enough to rest that black elephant head of yours on my neck and fondle me. You *Tanha yu*" (libertine). She rose as she spoke, and fastened her skirt around her more firmly. Nga Tumbee was furious at the truth of his wife's retorts. He did not want a divorce, for he loved his wife too well, but his jealousy was raging. Besides, he was disappointed because he could not sell his beans, and there was no money in the house. He could find no words to express his rage, and in the heat of the moment he picked up the heavy knot of bamboo which served as their pillow, and aimed it at her. With a shrill shriek of *Aung may lay!* Mi Pu fell on the floor, her face covered with blood flowing from a deep wound on her forehead. A few passers-by, on hearing her scream, ran in. Nga Tumbee scowled on the prostrate form of his wife, repeating: "So you did not expect me to return so soon, did you?"

The men who rushed to the scene dared not lift Mi Pu to wash her face and dress her wound, so they called loudly for their wives, who soon came and restored her to consciousness. The hasty and impulsive Nga Tumbee, now calm, disregarding ideas of propriety, hugged his wife before the others, and begged on his knees for forgiveness. He did not mean to hurt her. He did not intend to create a scene by quarrelling with her. But her home-thrust maddened him, and for the first time since their marriage he had, in a moment of blindness, raised his hand against her whom he so madly adored. The neighbours joined in the entreaty for forgiveness, but Mi Pu was inexorable. She pushed her husband away, and would not even condescend to answer. She saw only her own blood staining the bamboo floor and the face of her old sweetheart who had become a widower. At length she rose, and drinking a ladle-full of water, said: "Ko Tumbee, I am going to the headman's house for a divorce. I have five rupees saved up for such a day as this."

Nga Tumbee threw himself on the floor and begged his wife not to push matters to extremes. She did not answer, but moved towards the door. He lay across the threshold, saying: "Mi Pu, my darling, if you leave this house it will be over my body."

I must explain to you that in Burma women commit a great sin by walking over men. Nga Tumbee thought that Mi Pu, who was so religious, would not walk over his body, but to the surprise of all she stepped over him, after which, making obeisance to him, she said: "If I have walked over a meritorious man, may my act of worship atone for it; but if I have walked over a wicked wretch I care not how much I have sinned." Having said this, she went to the headman's house, laid her complaint, and prayed for a divorce.

The latter summoned his colleagues and Nga Tumbee, and, after due deliberation, pocketed the five rupees and pronounced a dissolution of marriage. When Mi Pu had thanked the elders and taken leave of them, she went to the house of her old lover, and told

him that she was free, and that she expected to see him the same evening at her house, which, according to Burmese Buddhist law, was hers, for that the plough, the oxen, the cart, and the field were her property before she married Nga Tumbee. Her old lover promised to keep the appointment, and Mi Pu returned home. There she met Nga Tumbee, who implored her to marry him again, and, to prove his devotion and submissiveness to her, he prostrated himself and made obeisance, and, what is worse, he rubbed his head with the hem of her skirt. Nga Tumbee was indeed devoted to his wife. He was an *Udaitsa*, a man whose mind is concentrated on worldly things—a man who can never free himself from the slough of *Thanthaya*, the endless wheel of existences. Mi Pu thought still less of Nga Tumbee when he grovelled in the dust at her feet. When he found his prayers unanswered, he did not, like others, slay her on the spot. He vowed eternal love and fidelity, and, stifling a big sob, left her. Mi Pu husked some paddy, cooked her rice, and prepared a nice dinner for her old lover. She was happy now, and she sang to herself.

Presently she heard the oxen bellowing and kicking in the shed, but she did not think anything of that. She thought only of her old lover. The sun had set now, and she lighted her petroleum lamp. She put the rice in a wooden tray, and into the heap of rice she stuck two knots of bamboo filled with curry and fish-paste. She brought out a glass tumbler which Nga Tumbee had given her as a wedding present in honour of the expected visit, for she generally drank out of a cocoanut-shell. She covered the tray with some plantain-leaves to keep the food warm, and she sat leaning against the bamboo post, her legs stretched out. In her lap was a tray of cut tobacco-leaves, bits of thanet-kha wood, and green leaves for rolling cheroots. The crickets chirruped, the frogs croaked, and a dull hissing warned her that the dreaded cobras had come out of their holes.

While Mi Pu sat thus, rolling cheroots and singing a little ditty,

> The moon is not out, the moon is not out,
> Oh, where can my lover be?

the dog lying at her feet turned its head towards the door and growled. She herself imagined that she saw a figure flit by and distinctly heard the sound of hurrying steps and dull thuds as of stones falling on the ground from a great height. Outside it was pitch dark. She took the lamp, called to her dog, and went to the road, which was a little way off, to look for her lover. She saw the faint glimmer of lights in the houses, but there were no signs of the man she awaited, and she went back to the house disappointed. At length the day's excitement overcame her, and she fell asleep. Early next morning she went to the house of her old lover and reproached him for failing to keep his appointment. He replied that as he left the road and entered the path which led to the house, he was assailed by a shower of stones, and on looking up saw Nga Tumbee seated on one of the branches and threatening to murder him if he went into the house. So he fled for his life. Mi Pu made another appointment and returned home, inveighing loudly and bitterly against Nga Tumbee, thinking that he was lurking somewhere near the house.

A little later a neighbour and his family, who were going to a pagoda feast about twenty miles off, called on Mi Pu to beg the loan of her cart and oxen, and she directed the man to the cattle shed. The neighbour thanked Mi Pu and went to the back of the house for the cart and oxen. Soon a piercing shriek from the direction of the shed was heard, and when the people ran to look, they found the neighbour lying on the ground, his hands clenched, his eyeballs protruding, and the veins on his forehead swollen. He was dead, and a very brief examination showed that his neck had been broken. The people looked round at the cattle shed and saw the dead body of Nga Tumbee, he had taken the bullock reins and had hanged himself to the shaft of the tilted cart. The oxen too were missing. The reason of her lover's flight on the preceding night now dawned on Mi Pu, and she, perceiving the loss of the cattle, again broke out into invectives against her late husband. The people of the village now gathered, and the bolder spirits took down the corpse and buried it with scant ceremony. The neighbour's body too was buried by his own family. The gossips of the village now spread a rumour that Nga Tumbee by committing suicide and by being an *udaitsa* had become a *Thayai* or demon who attacked all persons visiting Mi Pu's house, and this rumour was confirmed by Mi Pu's old lover. When the excitement died away and the crowd dispersed, Mi Pu abused the dead Nga Tumbee with all the wealth of words our language affords, and accused the dead man of spiriting away her oxen. At length a voice from the tree in front of her house cried, "Mi Pu, my life; why, instead of inveighing bitterly against me, do you not, when you pray, share your merits with me in order to free me from my state of punishment? Come, follow me, and I will show you where your oxen are and point out the thief too."

Mi Pu was startled, nay, she was alarmed, for she feared that the demon might try to injure her as it tried to injure her old lover with stones, or even break her neck as it did that of the neighbour who wanted to borrow her cart. However, the remembrance of Nga Tumbee's devotion while he was alive emboldened her to hold converse with the *Thayai*, but to secure herself against any sudden attack she went indoors. Every house is guarded by Min Magari, the household deity, who will not allow demons to enter the homes of those who honour him by hanging a cocoanut on its main pillar. Seated near the doorway, she said: "Ko Tumbee, I dare not follow you, for you are a *Thayai*, and the sight of you will frighten me to death."

"It is true I am a *Thayai*," replied the voice from the tree, "and am fearful to behold. But Mi Pu, my life, I will remain invisible as I am now, and will lead the way by throwing up dust in the direction I wish you to go."

Reassured by these words, Mi Pu rose to go, saying, "All right, Ko Tumbee, I will follow the line of dust, but remember you must not frighten me."

"Fear nothing, my love," was the reply.

Mi Pu followed the line of dust for a few miles till she came to a spot where the jungle was dense; and she saw her oxen tied to a mango-tree, peacefully grazing. The cattle bellowed as if they recognised her, and Mi Pu would have led them back to her house had not the demon urged her to follow him still farther to the cattle-thief's house. Once more following the line of dust, she at length arrived at the outskirts of Sagaing, and stood before a house on the threshold of which a short thin villianous-looking man was seated sharpening a long *dah* on a stone. The demon whispered in her ear to find out the man's name, as he was the thief. Mi Pu went up to the man and asked artfully; "Sir, sir, are you not Ko Mhaing?"

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"No, I am Ko Pay Toe," was the gruff answer of the thief, who recognised her. The demon now advised Mi Pu to lodge a complaint at the Governor's Court against Nga Pay Toe. Mi Pu stated her case before the Woon, and explained how the demon had helped her to discover the thief. Nga Pay Toe, who was a notorious character, was immediately arrested and tried. He denied all knowledge of the oxen and proved an *alibi*. The police after some time brought the oxen from the place where Mi Pu had directed them to go, and gave them to her. The Governor told Mi Pu that as she had recovered her oxen she should be satisfied, and that he would discharge Nga Pay Toe as he could not convict him on hearsay evidence. Mi Pu prepared to leave the court, and Nga Pay Toe looked triumphant. But at that moment a voice was heard from outside the court, saying, "That would be very unfair, my lord. A true judge should dispense with evidence and know intuitively truth and untruth."

"What son of a dog dares address the Court without permission? Bring him before me immediately," shouted the Governor to the policemen. These went out to look, and soon returned, saying that there was not a soul outside the court.

"Who spoke just now?" demanded the Governor, looking round the court.

"Your humble slave, Nga Tumbee, my lord," was the reply from the same side of the court.

"What have you to say?"

"Your humble slave wishes to give evidence in this case, my lord," was the reply.

"You are a *Thayai*, are you not?"

"Yes, my lord, your slave unfortunately is."

"How is the Court to identify you? What you say may be a trick or those ventriloquists who come from Lower Burma. If you are desirous of substantiating Mi Pu's words, you must come into court in your natural form and be sworn."

"Your humble slave is willing to do so, but he is afraid those who see him will die of fright. Will your humble slave's hand be sufficient to identify him?"

"Yes, put it on the table, touch the sacred palm-leaf, and take the oath."

"Your humble slave will do so. He prays your lordship to request Min Magari to permit him to enter."

The Governor took a cigar and a chew of betel, which he offered to Min Magari, and requested the household deity to grant the required permission. When that was done we saw an immense hand about six cubits long, its flesh resembling raw beef that one sees in the bazaars, and covered with huge bristles. The demon gave his evidence, stating that through being an Udaitsa and through his suicide he became a *Thayai*, attached to the spot where his thoughts in life were centred. He watched over Mi Pu's safety, and saw Nga Pay Toe take away the oxen from the shed, and he followed the thief to find out where he was going to hide the cattle, and also to know where he lived. He would have broken Nga Pay Toe's neck as he did that of the neighbour who tried to borrow the cart in order to swindle Mi Pu, only Nga Pay Toe had a powerful charm which protected him. Nga Pay Toe was a notorious thief—not only did Nga Pay Toe steal the cattle but also the glass tumbler, which was the demon's wedding present to his wife. The ruffian Nga Pay Toe went with two of his friends to rob in the village of Toungbyme. One of them had a bottle of *shamsu* (country spirit distilled from rice by Chinamen), but had no cup to drink out of. So when Mi Pu went to the high road to look for her old lover, Nga Pay Toe slipped into her house and stole the glass. He was not only a thief but also a great drunkard.

The demon, addressing the prisoner, said: "Now, Nga Pay Toe, thief and drunkard, confess."

Nga Pay Toe, terribly frightened by the sight of the demon's hand, made a full confession and begged for mercy. The Woon offered the prisoner the choice of paying Mi Pu treble the value of the oxen or of undergoing a long term of slavery in the ruby-mines. The robber adopted the former alternative, and, when he paid over the money to Mi Pu, was discharged. This case, on account of the demon's evidence, was so curious that the Governor sent a full account of it to the *Hloot Taw*, where it was entered in the records.

J. A. M. G.

XI.—A MANX WITCH.

A WEIRD STORY OF CRYSTAL VISION AND WARNING.

AS the following narrative refers to an adventure between an old woman now dead and the writer only, I can offer no other proof of its *bonâ fides* than my bare word, and the facts existing with reference to the previously unheard-of names alluded to.

It was in the winter of 1874. I was of a certain age, say nineteen, and was dressed on the occasion in the garb I usually affected for shooting. The description of this dress would be of no consequence, only it comes into the story, and, therefore, may as well be given at once. A hieland bonnet, with silver buckle and wing of a snipe; coarse grey shooting jacket; corduroy knickers with brown leggings; game-bag, with broad white strap; old-fashioned shot-bag suspended from shoulder; silver whistle chain.

It wanted half an hour to dawn of day when I arrived at a place where, leading up from a river and an unfrequented valley, a winding sandy lane debouched on to the highway.

At this point there occurred one of those conflicts of opinion which lead to the adoption of second thoughts. I had set out with the intention of pursuing a straight course to Barrule—a mountain some miles away—but the direction of the wind and the crackling of some ice underfoot decided a change in my plans, and I turned down towards the river and the swamps which ran parallel with it.

MRS. COFFEY, ÆTAT 94.

In the entire length of the lane I now traversed there was but one human habitation—a low thatched cottage, with small windows, and a single door which (contrary to the custom of the country) was never allowed to stand open. The chief occupant of this cottage was a woman so old that she might truly be said to have lived for generations. Men old enough to be the writer's grandfather said she was old when they were young, and that she looked no older in the year '74 than she did in the year '34. In reality, however, I knew her age to be ninety-four, for I had put the question to her so suddenly one day, when in the act of lifting a bag of coal on her back, that she jerked out the words "fourscore and fourteen" by way of thanks. It may appear incredible that a woman so old could be engaged in carrying her own coals from the harbour of a little seaport to her lonely cottage in the country, but it was so.

Though the day was so young, and the frost so keen, the old crony was up, and her fire lighted, when I arrived at her cottage. The glare of burning faggots shone through the closely curtained window—a window through which no one had even the temerity to peep. From the earliest days of my childhood an air of mystery appeared around this hovel—for it was little better—and I was imbued with a superstitious dread of the woman which had literally passed to me from the preceding generations.

A MORNING CALL.

As it may be said that no living relic of the old woman now remains, and the only vestige of her cottage now visible is a dark cellar, discovered after her death, there can be no good reason for withholding her name. Unlike other witches of the country, she had no *sobriquet*. She was above that. The dread of her was so superior that she maintained a dignity which tolerated no nickname. She was simply called Mrs. Coffey.

Now Mrs. Coffey's cottage was probably the only one in the neighbourhood that I had never entered. Not that we were, Mrs. Coffey and I, unknown to each other, or on unfriendly terms, for I had always saluted her with the tip of my forefinger against my bonnet from as far back as I could remember; but there was an uncanny something about her abode: her veiled windows and bolted doors constantly warned off the traveller, and hinted at secrets that were not for the outside world. But just now I had a mind to enter. I knew that this woman, in her foraging expeditions for herbs and faggots, was frequently the only person to be seen in the glen below; and a word with her now might enlighten me as to the whereabouts of any wildfowl that might have come up from the sea the evening before.

THE INTERIOR OF THE WITCH'S HOVEL.

Twenty-two years have passed, but I remember the trepidation which I felt as I knocked, and, on being recognised, was admitted to the precincts of the witch's home. Though there were neither skull nor crossbones over the mantelpiece, nor emblems of Black Art on the walls, I yet felt an unaccountable shudder as I seated myself by the fire, with its pot suspended by a chain and rope fastened in the chimney.

By the light of the ripe gorse fire I saw, without daring to scrutinise, the usual make-up of a lonely woman's kitchen. A dresser, on which were perched or suspended collections of ware of past days. In one corner of the room, next the fire, a pile of wood; in the other a crock of water. On the laths which were tacked to the rafters a hundred odds and ends, which could not be distinguished from where I sat. Two worm-eaten tables and sundry divers-shaped chairs. On the mantelpiece there were some china ornaments representing horses, dogs, and fair ladies, such as one often sees in out-of-the-way places. There was another room, but its door was closed, and in this room, I conjectured, the woman kept all the paraphernalia of witchcraft.

It would be unfair (to the reader only) to pass over Mistress Coffey's personal appearance. She was frightfully ugly. This ugliness was not the result of any malformation of features; it was the effect of a countenance long set into a ferocious expression and of diabolical eyes, over one of which was a broad wound that never quite healed.

THE PUPPY.

I had put my question about the wild ducks and taken an opinion as to the probable duration of the frost, when one of my dogs, a beautiful liver-and-white setter puppy, commenced to lap water from the household supply.

"Down!" I cried.

"Let it alone, let it alone!" shouted the old hag. "What is that I see in the crock? Here, *bagh*" (to the puppy), "here, drink!"

But the puppy kept the crouching attitude it had dropped into, and looked up to me as if in doubt.

"Come up to the crock and make it drink again."

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I did as desired, bending down to entice the dog to drink.

"Now, what do you see in the water?" asked the witch.

I looked carefully before answering, and then said that I saw nothing.

"Strange!" muttered the woman, her face bent over my shoulder; "but sit down a little while, sit down until the day breaks, and I will show you the future of your dog and yourself.

"What is the name of the dog?" she added, calling and patting it.

"It has no name yet."

"Then I will name it for you just now."

Ere long it was broad daylight, and then followed a performance so curious and so inexplicable that I have never been able to make up my mind about it.

CRYSTAL-GAZING IN WATER.

The witch drew the crock of water near the window, the curtains of which were now drawn liberally away. I was told to go on my knees and peer continuously into the water until I saw something move in it, and then to describe accurately what I saw.

For a long time I saw nothing but the bottom of the crock, and I began to think the old woman was fooling me. A moment afterwards a ray of sunlight lit up the water, and I became aware of a resemblance to a green field at the bottom of it, then a dog appeared on the field—a setter puppy, liver-and-white.

"I see," I cried, "a green field, and a setter puppy quartering the ground."

"What is the puppy like?"

"As like my own as possible."

I had barely time to make the last reply than a youth seemed to rise up on the scene, a youth clad in shooting jacket of grey tweed, corduroy knickers, and brown leggings, and whose head was covered by a hieland bonnet with silver buckle and a snipe's wing.

"Ha, ha!" cried the witch, perhaps noticing my astonishment, though she kept behind me, leering over me like a fiend. "What are you looking at?"

"I am looking—I am looking—at my—self."

"What are you doing?"

"I am walking through the field, following the dog."

"Are you sure of yourself?"

"As sure as if I were looking in a glass."

"Now, as you value your future happiness, don't look up, but keep on watching the field, the dog, and yourself."

"All right; I will attend."

A PROPHETIC VISION.

Presto! The scene changed. The dog and lad disappeared as mysteriously as they appeared.

"Look! look!" screamed the witch, seeing me about to raise my head.

In the centre of the field, turning slowly round as if looking for some one or something lost, a tall girl stood, or seemed to stand. The most noticeable thing about her at first was her hair, which was long and of a very bright yellow. Then, as if I had been looking through a telescope which was being gradually brought to focus, the figure became distinct in every feature. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful—especially just after surveying the face of the witch.

"What is the matter with you? Can't you speak?"

"Yes, yes," I stammered, for I had for the moment lost the use of my tonge. I was enchanted.

"Do you see *me* there?"

"On the contrary, I see a very beautiful girl."

"You do not think *me* very beautiful, then, eh?"

"Well, not so beautiful as that girl there."

"Very well, that will do for the present."

The field, the beautiful face, the yellow hair, the perfect physique, gradually melted into thin air or clear water. I saw nothing but the bottom of the crock.

"Now sit up."

I sat up—on my heels.

The witch passed her bony hand over my head, and selecting the longest hair she could find, she passed it through her old and worn wedding-ring.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"Tell you the name of that girl; and that must be the name you shall give the puppy."

"The name of that girl!" I cried, with undoubted interest. "Do you know her, then?"

DIVINING BY THE WEDDING-RING.

The ferocious eyes were turned upon me with a searching and frightful fixedness; the bushy eyebrow and the old scar met by the contraction of a wrinkle in the forehead; the face of the sibyl wore a terrible frown. I thought she was about to spring upon me: I was held spellbound to the floor; but she only lowered her voice into a hoarse whisper and said—

"Boy, be a man, and don't be a fool, and that girl will be your wife."

I started. A hundred thoughts flashed into my head: the folly of fortune-telling, the score of events which I knew *had* been foretold by this very woman, the possibility of being duped, or of being led into some conspiracy for the witch's own ends.

While I looked at the ugly face with these and such-like thoughts in my mind, the long sinewy fingers were extended towards me with the ring suspended by the hair.

"Now take the both ends of the hair and dip the ring into the water. That's it! Now lift the ring up out of the water, and hold your hand as steady as if you were steadying your aim on a duck sitting on a pond."

I did so; but despite my best attempts to keep my hand from moving, the ring began to swing backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock. Wider and wider it swung until the ring struck the side of the crock. In an instant it ceased its pendulum movement, and began to spin round over the centre of the circle described by the water.

"What does that mean?" I asked, looking up.

"It means that it stopped at the letter H," said the witch. "Now let the ring dip into the water again, and then lift it out and hold it steady."

I repeated the performance, holding my hand steady, with my thumb and forefinger clasping the ends of the hair which supported the ring.

With one movement the ring touched the side of the crock, then stopped and began to spin.

"That means A," muttered the witch.

When we, or rather the ring, had spelt out the word "Harver," it refused to swing any further.

HARVER EBB.

"Now," said the sibyl, "lay down the hair and the ring."

I obeyed.

"Now look steadfastly into the water, and tell me what you see."

"I see the girl again!" I cried, now fairly excited.

"Is she looking at you, or away from you?"

"She is looking me full in the face; she is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen! she must be an angel."

"Angel *thummy chral!* Would you know that face if you saw it again years hence?"

"I shall never forget it!" I cried.

"I doubt it," said the witch. "I have been thinking for years of showing you that face, for *I have had word about you*."

I now became thoroughly persuaded that this fearful-looking specimen of womankind had some communication with the people of the spirit world.

I was commanded to take up the ring, suspended as before, and repeat the operation of dipping it and holding it over the water.

The word "Ebb" was spelt, and then the ring refused to budge.

"The name of the lady is *Harver Ebb*," said Mrs. Coffey, spelling the words over, and pronouncing them with some difficulty; "and you must call the young setter bitch by the name of Harver."

"Why so?"

"Because if you don't you will never marry that girl or never speak to her; and if you sell the dog you will never even see her."

"Is that true?"

"As true as there is wool in your clothes."

"What proof can you give me of all this?" I asked.

"Proof! Look again into the water for the third and the last time."

I looked eagerly. The scene was changed. Instead of the green field there was a piece of moorland, the puppy had grown to maturity, and the young shooter with the hieland bonnet and the snipe's wing appeared to be conversing over the dog to the girl with the yellow hair.

THE LUCK BETWEEN DOG AND WIFE.

"What do you see now?" asked the witch.

I described.

"Very well, then: listen to what I have to say. You have asked me for proof. I will give it. Before this season is over you will discover that the puppy now by your side, and which you must remember to call 'Harver,' is likely to become one of the best setters living. She will range so gracefully that your chief pleasure shall be in watching her quarter the ground, and she will find game where other dogs will pass it. Staunch on the point herself, she will back other dogs she may be hunting with, though they may be a field away from her; and, in short, she will approach as near perfection as man or dog ever did."

"How is it *you* know the points of a good setter?" I asked.

"Boy, *veen*, seventy years ago your great-grandfather and my husband trained dogs together; ay, and they *were* dogs those! Do you still see the figures in the water?"

I said I was intent on watching them.

"Very good, then: pay heed to what I am saying. You must never sell this dog until you have met the girl you see in the water."

"But if the dog is to be so perfect as you describe, I should not be likely to sell her."

THE WITCH'S WARNING.

"Ah! you don't know, you don't know. You will, before many years are over, fall sick with the power of the Evil Eye, and then you will grow tired of the world and sell your gun and your dogs, and be exiled from your native land."

"If that *is* to be, why do you warn me of it? A man can't get away from his fate."

"Fool!" cried the witch, "a man *can* get away from his fate if he sees it in advance of him. What people mean by fate is often only the powers of darkness. Every man has a rope on each side of him. On one rope pull the spirits of good, and on the other the spirits of evil. The man's *fate* is *the side on which he puts his weight*."

"Well, I interrupted you."

"Well, then, don't sell the dog when you fall sick of the Evil Eye, but cross the seas and take the dog with you."

"Where am I to go?"

"Wherever the spirit may lead you."

"Might there not be fate in that?"

"Yes, but it would be the fate that would lead you to the girl whose image you are now looking at, and that you would not call fate, but fortune."

At this moment a dense mass of cloud passed over the sun, the room became dark, and the vision in the crock of water disappeared.

* * * * *

FULFILLED.

So I named the puppy "Harver," and on the inside of an old desk recorded the full name. It was not, however, until many years afterwards, when looking into one of the most ponderous of directories, I saw for the first time, and by pure chance, the name of "Ebb." I was then, according to prediction, an exile; the "falling ill of the Evil Eye," or some purely nervous malady, had come to pass; and the dog, whose fame had already been secured, had been sold, notwithstanding the witch's warning.

One might stop here, but it would be curious information to discover, if it were now possible, how much of the second sight and hypnotic or other art the old woman possessed; or whether she practised upon the imagination of a wayward and romantic mind, by the aid of the bright sunlight on the water, the china ornaments, and some keen penetration into the character of a youth she had ample opportunities of studying. The discovery, too, whether such a person as named by the witch ever had existence would intensify the interest in the occurrence to the student of psychical research.

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XII.—A TRAVELLING BORDERLANDER IN THE WESTERN WORLD.

WEST INDIAN MAGIC AND KEELEY'S MOTOR.

I.—DUPPIES, OBEAH, AND OTHER SPECIALITIES OF THE WEST INDIES.

PHILADELPHIA,
March 22, 1897.

BEFORE sailing for the West Indies last January, my ideas of "duppies," "jumbies," and Obeah men and women were naturally rather confused.

DUPPIES AND THEIR WAYS.

An ex-Governor of renown had assured me that the horses both of his daughter and of an aide-de-camp had mysteriously fallen down without any adequate or apparent reason, at a particular spot, close to Government House, said to be haunted by a Duppie, or *revenant*. Mentioning this one day when lunching at Queen's College, Barbados, the present Head of the Training College for Teachers in Jamaica (an exceedingly clever and capable woman) assured me that not only could she credit the story, but that she herself had had a similar experience when riding over the very same spot. Coincidence, no doubt! Well, coincidence must have a very broad back in these days!

The first island we visited after landing at Barbados was Trinidad, and here I instituted a very searching and minute inquiry into the habits and customs of Duppies. I had already discovered that these ghosts of the departed are called indifferently either Duppies or Jumbies by the negroes.

GLIDING THROUGH THE AIR.

No one I spoke to ever denied the possibility of seeing these "shades," and one or two claimed to possess the power, but these latter did not seem elated by the fact, nor over anxious to discuss it. A policeman (negro) close to the Pitch Lake, in Trinidad, assured me that he had many times seen the spirits of those who had passed away. "I don't call them Duppies; I call them Spirits," he said proudly, thinking, no doubt, that this was a less provincial way of describing his experiences. I asked him if they seemed to glide over the ground. "Never on the ground; always above it—two or three feet above," was the answer. Now, I have been told this more than once, and in very different parts of the West Indian Islands.

It struck me, not only because all who claimed to have seen Duppies agreed in this detail, but also from its connection with an experience of my own, which has, doubtless, been shared by many others. Since childhood I have been haunted from time to time by a dream, the chief feature of which never alters. In this dream I am always, not exactly flying, but gliding along very quickly, through rooms of houses, or the streets, of a town, and always at the same distance from the ground—two or three feet; never more, never less. The sensation is delightful, and the sense of freedom satisfactory but not absolute. There is always a feeling of limitation. My freedom is not that of the bird in the heavens, but rather of some creature partially released from the binding conditions of earth.

Now in these days, when some of us are making actual acquaintance with our own Doubles, I would throw it out as a mere suggestion, that this dream may come when the Double is really "taking its walks abroad," and that the Duppie is simply a permanently instead of a temporarily disembodied Double.

HARD ON THE DUPPIES.

However this may be, I had a personal and very disagreeable experience whilst in Port of Spain, which I put down at once to a Duppie, trying in this way to console myself for the ruin of a new and very pretty gown. Having had the garment specially made in view of the great heat of the tropics, it was particularly annoying that it should have been spoilt the first time it was worn.

The gloaming had just set in, and we had left our hotel for a turn in the dusty road after dinner, when I suddenly found myself in what appeared to me to be several feet of extremely dirty water, out of which I scrambled up a high bank, feeling very much of a drowned rat.

The shrieks of my companion at the moment of my total disappearance rang so terribly in my ears that one's first thought was naturally to allay her fears; and, having scrambled out as best I could in the semi-darkness, drenched through and through, I was thankful to disappear from public view, and take shelter in my own room, where I went to bed as quickly as possible, for every garment I had on was soaking. It was only next morning, when reviewing the scene of the disaster, that I realised how strange it was that a very sure-footed and careful walker should have deliberately turned aside at right angles from the direct roadway, to flounder into an open ditch, full of rank grass and dirty water! One moment I was walking steadily along the path, and the next found me struggling in the moat, with my friend's shrieks ringing in my ears! Well, if that was not a "bad Duppie," it ought to have been! It seemed to me quite as wonderful—and disagreeable—as the threefold adventure of the Governor's daughter, the aide-de-camp, and the head-mistress.

OBEAH.

To return to the heading of this paper, the Obeah of the West Indies. We must remember that all the negro superstitions have been cradled in Africa, and brought thence by the negroes when the latter were imported to the West Indian islands. The powers of Obeah are generally looked upon by cultivated and "sensible" people as rank superstition, and you are told that there is nothing occult or mysterious in the matter at all; that it is a mere question of an ignorant knave at one end and an ignorant fool at the other; or at most that Obeah is worked through a greater knowledge of vegetable poisons possessed by some negroes than by others, such knowledge being often handed down through generations in the families of those negroes who are distinguished as Obeah men or Obeah women.

This sounds a plausible explanation, and may, in fact, cover a great deal of the ground. There is no doubt that Obeah owes much of its influence to the fears of the recipients and the power that an Obeah man possesses of playing upon these fears, quite apart from any intrinsic effect of his medicines or secret rites. But I am very much inclined to believe that this explanation does not cover the whole ground, and that we must admit a plus in this matter.

T

EVIL AURAS.

Surely we have gone far enough in our psychic education nowadays to realize that there may be poisonous *atmospheres* as well as poisonous plants, and that certain people by their mere presence seem to exhale some such atmosphere, of which the effect on a sensitive person is *physically* the same as the effect of eating any injurious substance! Many who know this from personal experience will not question my statement.

Some years ago I was staying in the neighbourhood of Christ Church, New Zealand, and spending the day with some acquaintances whom I met for the first time on this occasion. During the afternoon, the conversation turned upon a lady whose name was quite unknown to me, and as one of the party mentioned having seen her a few days previously on her way to Auckland, where she had to make a long stay of several weeks, there seemed no possible chance of my meeting her, and from the remarks made about her, I gathered that this was not a subject for regret.

At the same time she was evidently a woman who made considerable impression on her neighbours, or the criticisms evoked by her conduct would hardly have been so lengthy or so apparently interesting to those who made them.

I took no part in the conversation, and it was too local to have any sort of interest for me.

Later in the evening we went to church, and I sat in a pew with my newly-made friends on either side of me.

The seat in front was vacant, but after turning my head to watch the strange congregation filing slowly in, I turned round again and found the front seat occupied by two ladies; one, a very neatly dressed woman whose face I did not see either then or later. I only received the impression of a well-dressed, ladylike woman. The girl by her side did turn round once or twice, showing a charming, girlish face with an abundance of golden hair, and I felt distinctly attracted towards her. Therefore, my first general impression of the two ladies was decidedly pleasant.

A CASE IN POINT.

Within two or three minutes, however, I began to experience the most disagreeable and unusual physical feeling of nausea and discomfort, and oddly enough with the sensation came a *knowledge*, transcending all doubt, that the experience was connected in some way with the lady whose face I could not see, and that I was inhaling something positively poisonous to me from her personality, charming as it had appeared.

It was much too urgent a matter to think out from any psychic point of view at the time. I only thought despairingly, "If I could *only* get away from this woman in front of me! But some distance between us, I should be quite well again. As it is, I shall faint if this goes on, although I have never fainted in my life before."

My heart beat violently, the feeling of deathly nausea increased. Had I not been firmly wedged in between friends, I should certainly have escaped to a pew at the other end of the church, feeling sure I should revive as soon as the poisonous influence was removed.

The lady sitting next to me noticed how ill I looked, and whispered to me, "Are you faint? Would you like to go out?" I was almost past speaking by this time, but managed to shake my head, and by a strong exercise of will-power prevented the fainting fit that appeared imminent. I ought here to mention that there was nothing at all oppressive in the atmosphere of the church, which was comparatively new and well ventilated. By degrees the feeling of sickness and discomfort passed away, but I was very shaky and unstrung even on coming out of church.

The moment we emerged I said to my friend, "Who in the world was that woman who sat in front of me in church this evening? I feel as though she had *poisoned* me!"

"Why that was Mrs. ——," answered my friend, mentioning the lady who had been discussed amongst them all in the afternoon.

I heard afterwards that her plans had been suddenly altered, and that she had quite unexpectedly returned home late on the previous evening. Not one of the party knew this fact, and therefore it could not have been telepathically conveyed to me through them, and my only thought in connection with the lady was the conviction that we should not meet, as she was in Auckland, and I, so many miles away, in Christchurch.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

A similar experience occurred to me the other day at a meeting of the S. P. R., in Westminster Town Hall. The presence of a total stranger (a man this time) made me feel equally ill, and I was obliged to move my seat in consequence, although naturally averse from making such an interruption in the midst of an interesting address. A well-known Harley-Street doctor (also a stranger to me at the time) noticed how ill I looked, and kindly insisted on my changing places with him. Therefore the physical effects in both cases were apparent to others as well as to myself.

Now my point is this. If the mere *presence* of certain people be so physically injurious to certain other people, even where no will power is exercised and no feeling of dislike or malice can possibly exist, how much may this poisonous influence be increased where the will is *set* upon bringing about this very physical effect, and surely here, as elsewhere, practice may make perfect?

I think, therefore, a considerable part of the effect of Obeah may belong to this department of psychic influence.

PSYCHIC INFLUENCE.

Then, again, to come to their *modus operandi*.

Why should not Obeah men and women, or any "witches" in any country, have at least as much power to leave impressions upon objects touched by them, as Mr. Thurston, of Hertford Lodge, S.W., and his band of students possess?

Only the other day he was telling me of his latest experiment with what he calls magnetised paper. He and his pupils *think*, with great concentration, thoughts of either joy or sorrow, anger or affection whilst holding papers, which are afterwards mixed up together. The psychic exercise is for the student to pick up the various pieces of paper (privately marked, of course, by Mr. Thurston) and at once declare what kind of thought has been associated with that special piece of paper.

If this can be done—and it has been done again and again with absolute success—is it very visionary to suppose that such papers or other objects might affect a "sensitive" for good or for ill? Why should not the determinedly malicious evil thoughts of one person, directed by a strong will upon a fellow creature, be credited with some power over that fellow creature, more especially where the latter is not trained to resist such influences?

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THE USE OF OBEAH.

I pass on from these surmises to describe something of the process of Obeah when called in, as it often is, for the prevention or detection of thieving. A negro, rather better off than his neighbours, may have planted a number of flourishing plantains or banyan trees, only to find that the tempting bunches of fruit disappear mysteriously night after night. and that he is digging and delving in the interests of his thieving neighbours rather than his own. At length in despair, an Obeah man is called in to put a stop to the nuisance.

He arrives with his stock-in-trade, a number of little medicine bottles full of some mysterious liquid. One of these vials is tied on to a bunch of the fruit, an incantation being muttered meanwhile, in some uncouth African lingo, whilst the man's arms and legs are waved about to mark time. Then the model of a small black coffin is produced and placed on the branches of a cocoa tree, whilst on the top of it is put a saucer containing some water and a common hen's egg.

The Obeah man now walks round the fields, still muttering his incantations and the property is then declared safe.

So it is, practically, for no negro would dare to go near any of these mysterious Obeah relics. Sometimes a rusty nail, or a bit of old red flannel is used, or it may be a dead cockroach floating upon the water. No matter how homely the remedy, the effect is the same. Any ordinary West Indian negro would expect to "swell up and bust" if he dared to steal anything protected thus obviously by "Obeah."

The Obeah man, on these occasions, pretends to "let go plenty cribo" in the fields requiring protection. These *cribo* are large black serpents. Even in Grenada where these serpents are absolutely harmless and known to be so, the superstition is rampant, so doubtless the power for evil is supposed to come through the incantations of the Obeah man. Here also—in Grenada—the superstition still exists that sirens inhabit the higher mountains and must be propitiated by sacrifices of fowls or goats when rain ls needed.

And yet the very negroes who form processions on these occasions, and go forth beating their tom toms in honour of the siren, to whom the sacrifice of a black hen or a white goat has just been made, will be found hurrying into church the following Sunday, and will be as zealous in discharging their religious duties as they are with regard to these Pagan rites and ceremonies.

The fact is, church-going is considered a mark of social respectability, and as such, does not affect their traditionary observances in other directions.

It may be as well here to give the etymology of the word *Obeah*. The origin of the word *Obi* can be traced back to Egypt. A serpent in the Egyptian language was known as *Ob*, and the word Obion is still in use. The witch of Endor is called *Ob* or *Oub*, translated *Pythonissa*, and *Oubois* was the name of the royal serpent, emblem of the sun and an ancient oracular deity in Africa.

OBEAH ROMANIZED.

The Roman Catholic religion (introduced, of course, during the French occupation) is still greatly utilized for Obeah purposes.

Lighted candles are placed before the saints with the idea that a thief passing one of these must either restore the stolen property or go mad.

A dose of eau-de-Cologne is also sometimes administered, and is said to be very efficacious. A thief drinking it "will swell up and bust." The usual threat held out by the Obeah men! It is on record that a gentleman who had missed a bottle of whisky, suspected both his cook and also a boy of the theft, but could not find out which was the real culprit. The boy, not liking presumably to be suspected, proposed to his master this "trial by eau-de-Cologne," with a form of adjuration added to it.

"By St. Peter and St. Paul, who stole the whisky?"

"By St. Peter and St. Paul, who——"

The wretched cook could not stand the repetition of the question, and becoming violently agitated, confessed her guilt, but naturally declared that she had not taken it to drink, but to rub on a rheumatic knee!

We smile at the ignorance and superstition of such proceedings in these far-off islands, but it is in my own knowledge that within the last sixty years and within ten miles of Liverpool, at a respectable young ladies' seminary, a similar scene took place.

Some offence had been committed and could not be brought home to the real culprit, for all the girls denied having done the deed. Under these circumstances the head of the establishment hit upon the ingenious device of carrying a cock round the school, warning the young ladies that it would inevitably crow when passing the culprit! The plan was eminently successful, although I forget the exact details, and whether the confession preceded the crowing, or if the cock was sufficiently obliging to produce the confession by taking the initiative.

From the cock, "let us return to our sheep."

In some of the West Indian Islands Thomas à Kempis is used by the negroes as a species of divination. The method seems much the same as that still in vogue amongst certain Christians with regard to their Bible.

An old witch, of some education, will give the person consulting her a pin. This he sticks into the book at random. She then turns and twists the text to suit whichever neighbour she thinks most likely to have stolen his property! Or a key is placed between the leaves and the names of the neighbours are then solemnly read out. When the key drops, the right name has been indicated!

A MIRACULOUS SHOWER OF STONES.

A Roman Catholic priest and various other witnesses vouch for the truth of a story of a miraculous shower of stones which fell in a house in Trinidad, the phenomenon lasting for two nights running. The house then returned to its normal condition, and was never again disturbed in a similar way. On these two occasions the stones fell from the ceiling in every direction, but appear to have possessed the desirable quality of hurting no one in their descent. The only means of stopping the shower was to light the lamps. Then all was still, but so soon as the lights were put out, the stoning began again with renewed vigour, and although all the stones that fell the first night were collected and carefully placed outside the house, a fresh supply was forthcoming the second night, when the shower was quite as lively and the stones equally solid.

A RAINMAKER INDOORS.

In Santa Lucia they still talk of a young girl who possessed the unenviable power of causing rain to fall in any room she occupied! In a country where droughts are so frequent and so calamitous, one would have sup-

posed such a gift might have been turned to very valuable account; but unfortunately the poor girl could only cause rain to fall *indoors* and was quite powerless when taken out to water the cabbages or turn her talents to any kind of useful account. So the poor child was hurriedly rushed from room to room, always with the same undesirable results, and after nearly catching her death of cold, the streams of water abated, doubtless to the great relief of herself and her neighbours.

The most powerful of all instruments of Obeah is supposed to be the liver of a corpse, and graves have been desecrated and even poison administered with a view to procuring this desideratum.

THE WEST INDIAN VAMPIRE.

Speaking of desecrated graves, brings us to the subject of vampires. A firm belief in *Loogaroos* (from the French, Loupgarou) exists amongst the negroes of the West Indian Islands. These Loogaroos are supposed to haunt the magnificent silk-cotton tree where they fold up their skins, hiding them away and thus rendering themselves invisible. The negroes further declare that the Loogaroos flash through the sky in the form of balls of blue flame on their way to the graveyards, where they perform their ghastly ceremonies.

If a negro feels exhausted or languid on waking up, he declares that the Loogaroo has been sucking his blood. A story is told in Grenada of an old woman known to be a Loogaroo. A negro woke one morning, feeling weak and languid, and noticed two or three drops of blood on his clothes. This was sufficient proof to him that he had been the victim of a Loogaroo. His suspicions at once pointed to this old woman. He and his wife determined, therefore, to keep a strict watch the following night, and each agreed to keep the other awake.

Not a sound was heard until cock-crow, when both husband and wife noticed a noise as of scratching on the thatch of the roof over their heads. This was evidently the ill-omened Loogaroo preparing for a descent through the ceiling.

The man noiselessly armed himself with a cutlass, and as the scratching and rustling became more distinct, he thrust his knife through the thatch just at the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

A dismal moan sounded through the air, and rushing outside, both the negro and his wife heard the groans dying away in the distance whilst they noticed a bluish Loogaroo light vanish into the house of the suspected woman.

Next day, this woman was found lying in her bed, half blind from some injury to one of her eyes. She said this had been caused during the night by falling over the stump of a tree whilst searching for some chickens that had strayed.

This story was naturally not credited, whereas the tale told by the negro and his wife roused universal sympathy and conviction in their neighbourhood, and great was the rejoicing over the nemesis that had overtaken the old witch.

The only remedy against these Loogaroos is said to be for some one to find a Loogaroo skin hidden in the bushes under the silk-cotton tree. This must be seized and put into a mortar with pepper and salt, and well pounded. The vampire will then be unable to resume his human shape and will perish from exposure.

CANNIBALISM IN HAYTI.

As we steamed past the long coast line of Hayti (San Domingo) we heard gruesome stories of the cannibalism still going on in some parts of the interior of this island. A gentleman, well known at the British Museum, who had once landed on the island said that he was sure some of the Jesuit priests there would have many thrilling and weird stories to tell of the natives amongst whom they laboured.

One story which *was* told and of which the events took place on the island within the last five years, was quite sufficient to cure me of any lurking curiosity or wish to make further acquaintance with the negroes, at any rate with those in the country districts.

A man was travelling in San Domingo with his wife. He was English, but slightly coloured. She was purely English. Towards the latter part of their journey some of the mule team broke down and had to be replaced. The wife not being strong enough to accompany her husband on foot, he left her in a native hut whilst he went on, on foot, to procure fresh mules from the coast. Having done so and returned to the house where his wife had been left, imagine his horror and amazement to find that the negroes disclaimed any knowledge of the lady in question! They had never seen her, nor any one answering to her description! Again and again the same answer was given to his distracted enquiries.

At length a search being instituted, the remains of the unfortunate woman were found in the back premises, *cut up and packed into a pickle barrel*, and a ring still left on her hand proved the identity beyond any chance of mistake.

The miserable man took the hand with him in proof of his ghastly story, but obtained no redress, for no one apparently cared to interfere between these cannibals and their victim.

After hearing this story, of such comparatively recent date, I think we all felt grateful for the blue waves which divided us from such an undesirable residence, and one realized that there might be worse places in the world than the deck of a Royal Mail steamer.

And so the West Indian islands fade away like a tale that is told. Their magnificent vegetation—their gorgeous colouring—their overwhelming heat—their distracting mosquitoes, cockroaches, bêtes-noirs and gigantic spiders, and last, not least, their weird and uncanny superstitions.

Wise men have said that all superstitions have had their birth from some Germ of Truth. If any of the suggestions thrown out in the beginning of this paper should cast a gleam of light, however fitful and uncertain on these island traditions, I shall not have written on West Indian Obeah in vain.

E. K. BATES.

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II.—KEELEY AND HIS MACHINE.

It was a great disappointment to me not to have a personal interview with Mr. Keeley, of Keeley-Motor fame, in Philadelphia.

His researches have always had a strange fascination for me, all the more so probably for the mystery surrounding them.

During a visit to Philadelphia paid eleven years ago, one was accustomed to hearing Keeley's name mentioned with a mixture of scorn and derision. "Oh! he's a first-class crank," was the most charitable form of comment, whilst many hinted that there was more fraud than folly connected with the subject.

In those days no one seemed to have taken the trouble to find out that Keeley claimed to have discovered or what measure of success was *supposed* to have crowned his efforts. He was a "crank," and as such not to be taken seriously. All I could elicit was that he believed some latent atomic energy could be liberated through his machinery and converted into a practical working force, such as steam or any other known agency, and that it would prove more powerful than any other as yet discovered.

Since then, from time to time, a few lines in some paper or magazine have reminded us that Keeley is still alive and still working on (in spite of good or evil report) at what most people consider, at best, a mare's nest, and at worst an organized scheme for charming the dollars out of the pockets of his confiding countrymen and countrywomen.

Pre-eminent among the latter was Mrs. Blomfield-Moore, a very wealthy and well-known Philadelphian lady

But she has been by no means the only benefactor or victim, as the world may elect to call her. I have it on excellent authority that more than one hard-headed business man has been equally confiding, and has taken shares in the Keeley Motor Company with no other guarantee than belief in the genius and good faith of the promoter.

We must therefore give Mr. Keeley credit at least for a great power of convincing others of his own *bonâ fides* and also of the reasonableness of his claims, and of his power to reach the goal at which he aims.

"Mere hypnotic influence" will be the psychic slang explanation of this attitude of mind, no doubt. Possibly —*Qui vivra, verra.*

For myself, I have always had a sneaking conviction that Keeley was not only perfectly sane in his expectations, but that he had really found out *something* about a force hitherto unknown to or ignored by the more orthodox scientist. This was my inner conviction eleven years ago, and it is greatly strengthened by recent events.

I have already mentioned the disappointment of my hopes for a personal interview with the inventor.

I called at his house and had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Keeley, who was most sympathetic with my wishes and promised to do all in her power to secure the appointment for me, but she reminded me that her husband was greatly overworked and full of engagements at the moment, so that even meal hours were seldom undisturbed.

It was arranged that I should put off my journey to Boston for a day on the chance of seeing Keeley, and an answer should be sent to my letter by the next afternoon.

Alas! a polite note was handed to me next day from Mr. Keeley, "regretting being obliged to forego the pleasure of meeting me, owing to numerous engagements," &c., &c.

I concluded that Keeley was tired of being interviewed as either a crank or an impostor, and probably he thought my only aim was to get "copy" out of him for a future article. This was by no means the case. However, there was nothing for it but to submit to the disappointment. But an unlooked-for consolation was at hand.

The same evening a very old friend of twenty years' standing, an American gentleman of great intelligence and unquestioned honour, president of one of the oldest established banks in Philadelphia, was dining with me. Naturally, I mentioned the matter to him, and found to my delight that he, in company with four other gentlemen, had visited Keeley, and had made an exhaustive inquiry into his methods and results.

My friend was kindly willing to tell me all he knew, and I will endeavour to give the outcome in his own words, so far as I can accurately record them.

"We were a party of five, and rather a representative set of men for such an investigation. There was my uncle (then Mayor of Philadelphia), Dr. Leidy, the distinguished scientist of our city, the French Consul, the Chief Engineer of the French Naval Department, and lastly, a Philadelphian banker, *i.e.*, myself.

"Opinions were somewhat divided, naturally; but in one matter we were fully agreed, namely, to use our eyes to the best possible advantage and to keep a sharp look out.

"Our scientist and chief engineer represented the pure sceptics of the party. My own attitude was one of suspended judgment, but I was inclined on the whole to consider the man a 'crank.'

"This is what happened. We were ushered into Keeley's workshop, and allowed to look about freely.

"For the experiment about to be witnessed there was a glass cylinder in the corner of the room, from 2½ to 3 feet high, and about 4½ inches in diameter. This cylinder was filled with water to within 6 inches of the top, and covered by a metal cap. Keeley now placed at the bottom of the cylinder an iron 'nut,' weighing rather more than a pound.

"There was no significance in the form of this bit of iron. It happened to be lying on the table at the time, and he was willing to substitute any other piece of sufficient weight for the purpose of demonstration.

"At some distance from the cylinder was located a complicated machine, which was of too technical a nature for me to describe to you with any accuracy. A wire from this machine was now made to touch the outer metal cover of the cylinder, but without being inserted into the latter, or coming into contact with the water contained in it. Keeley now took up his position near the machine above mentioned, and *placed his hand upon it.* In the other hand he held a tuning-fork. He began tuning this up with the very greatest delicacy of truth and hearing.

"I am quite convinced that Keeley has an abnormally developed sense of hearing and sensitiveness to exact shades of musical sounds, and that his discovery depends greatly upon this fact. Although the note (sounded time after time) appeared to us quite musically correct, Keeley was plainly worried and dissatisfied, and, keeping the cylinder well in view, we noticed no change at all in the position of the piece of iron.

"I was watching the man's face very closely from time to time, being accustomed, after many years of banking

business, to read facial expressions with considerable accuracy. At length the exact shade of tone seemed to have been reached. Keeley's face relaxed, and an expression of satisfaction replaced the worried look it had borne.

"*As the note vibrated the iron nut slowly rose through the water in the cylinder until it reached the top, where it remained suspended, and then gently fell again as the vibrations died away.*

"Now, this was witnessed by all five of us, including a scientist of distinction and a practical engineer, and there was no room for any possible trickery. Everything took place in full daylight, and we had been allowed to examine the cylinder and everything connected with it. To my mind there is no doubt at all that Keeley *has* discovered some force dependent for its manifestation on vibrations which only an abnormally sensitive ear like his own can discriminate.

"But at present the demonstration of this force is more of a toy than anything else, and I don't believe Keeley can yet see his way to utilising it on the scale to which his imagination soars.

"Towards the end of our visit, some remarks being made on the action of the *machine* invented by Keeley, the French engineer said carelessly, 'Oh, I will show you what I mean in a moment,' and was approaching the machine with this purpose. Then we witnessed a curious scene. Keeley rushed at the man, losing all sense of courtesy or self-control, and shouted out, '*If you touch that I'll knock you down.*'

"Of course there was no more to be said. The engineer shrugged his shoulders in true French fashion, and the interview was at an end.

"The only connection between the machine and the cylinder was a metal wire, which did not enter the cylinder, but rested on the metal top of it, as already described, so that the fact of the iron rising to the vibrations of the tuning-fork remains to be explained.

"The inventor is morbidly afraid of any accurate discovery of his methods being made lest some one else should get upon his track, and be able to carry out his ideas to their *practical* issue, in which endeavour he has hitherto been foiled."

* * * * *

So much for my friend's account of his interesting visit. Much as one deplores the fact that such a research should be in the hands of a tradesman and not of a true scientist (by which I mean a man to whom money or fame came *first*, and increase of knowledge to the human race *second*) it is scarcely a matter for surprise that a man of this type should jealously guard his secret, whatever it may be.

Doctors may denounce as "quacks" men who refuse to publish their discoveries, but from time to time discoveries are made by quacks for all that. I was once cured of a very troublesome and long-standing disorder, which had baffled all the first London doctors, by a country practitioner, who absolutely refused to give, or even to sell, me the prescription. It was very unprofessional, but there was no doubt about the cure, and yet the case had tested the skill of half a dozen celebrated London men in vain!

In connection with Keeley a story is told of some man who, being eager to discover the former's methods, worked under him for six months and then is reported to have said, "I think I know now how you do it."

"Very well! then do it yourself," was the answer. The man tried, but failed.

"Try again," said Keeley; and again the man attempted to start the machine, but in vain.

At length Keeley put his own hand on the man's shoulder with the result that the third attempt was a perfect success.

This is the story. It may be, and probably is, a pure fabrication. If there be any germ of truth in it, it is more likely that the man's ear was defective, or at least less highly sensitive than Keeley's, and that the apparently "miraculous" touch of the latter was on the tuning-fork and not upon the man's shoulder at all, or only incidentally upon the latter.

I hope your readers will excuse my finishing the paper with a few remarks showing the great *personal* interest which my friend's description of his visit had for me.

I have received automatically so much interesting matter on the subject of *vibration* and its connection with all the great phenomena of the universe, from my friends in the Unseen, that each fresh corroboration of their teaching is a subject of intense satisfaction to me.

So far as the question of Keeley's inability as yet to utilise his discovery on any large scale is concerned, well, we must be content to take a lesson from nature, and try to learn somewhat of her large patience.

It seems a wide gulf to span between the rising of a saucepan lid on a kitchen fire and our magnificent ocean steamers of to-day; but the gulf *has* been spanned and in a marvellously short space of time.

Why, then, should we be less hopeful for the possible future of the Keeley Motor Machine, or of some discovery based upon the increasingly marvellous and still unknown laws of vibration?

E. KATHARINE BATES.

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XIII.—COL. OLCOTT, H. P. B., AND KOOT-HOOMI.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE S.P.R.

THE S.P.R. having reported, as all the world knows, very adversely to the claims of Madame Blavatsky, it is interesting to find in the April *Theosophist* a re-statement of some of the marvels, in which it is evident Colonel Olcott still believes as implicitly as ever. As the story which Colonel Olcott tells bears on a controversy which excited much interest at one time, I reproduce the narrative from "Old Diary Leaves."

Colonel Olcott, in the *Theosophist* for April, writing in "Old Diary Leaves," says:—

DAMODAR'S ASTRAL FLIGHT TO ADYAR.

Bareilly next, where I lectured, and then on to Moradabad, where Damodar gave me another proof of his acquired power of travelling in the astral "double." He went to Adyar, conversed with H. P. B., heard the voice of a Master speak a message to me, and asked H. P. B. to telegraph me the substance of it so as to satisfy me of his veracity in these matters. On reporting the facts to me, he dictated the message as he heard it, and all present in my room signed a certificate as to the facts. The next morning the expected telegram from H. P. B. was delivered to me by the postman, this being the rule in India as to the class of "Deferred" messages. The despatch corroborated Damodar's dictated and certificated message, and again the witnesses who were present signed their names on the back of the Government despatch. The S.P.R. has been pleased to do its best to weaken Damodar's reputation for credibility and mine for common sense in this affair, but the facts are above honestly reported, and their opinion does not concern me in the least.

THE AERIAL POST.

Aligarh came next on our tour-programme, and here, on the 12th of the month, we came to the sequel of the Ward-K. H. letter affair. At the post office I received my mail from Adyar, and in it a letter posted at Headquarters *on the 5th inst.*, by H. P. B., enclosing Mr. Ward's identical letter to K. H., which, it will be remembered, I received from Italy and handed to Damodar at Cawnpore on the 4th, that is to say, the evening before she posted it at Adyar. Its cover bore the dispatching stamp of Adyar, November 5, and the receiving stamp of Aligarh of November 10, the two places being distant apart five days' rail journey. The letter had been awaiting me two days in the Aligarh post office. I submit this as about as clear a provable case of instantaneous transportation of a material object between two distant points as can be found on record. Collusion and trickery are barred by the evidence of the postal markings described. I have the letter still in my possession, and shall be happy to show it to any one save the managers of the S.P.R., whose savage injustice to H. P. B., the most gifted and marvellous psychic of the age, makes it unseemly for those who knew her merits as well as demerits to take further notice of that clique.

DAMODAR'S ADVENTURES.

In connection with this astral journey, Damodar told me an interesting fact. On putting his body to sleep as usual, he made a dash for the home of the Master, among the Himalayas, but found on arriving that he too was away in the astral body, and by the power of his attraction for his pupil the latter was swept away as powerfully and instantaneously as though he had ventured into a deep and impetuous river current and been carried off his footing. The next minute Damodar found himself at Adyar, in the presence of both his Master and H. P. B. On going to sleep he had held Mr. Ward's letter in his hand, and it had, it seems, gone along with him on the astral plane—itself, of course, changed from ponderable into astral or etheric matter. On telling the Master about the letter, he perceived it in his hand, gave it over to him, and was bidden to return to his place. By the radical power of the occult chemistry or physics, the astralised letter was restored to its solid state, taken by H. P. B., and the next day duly posted to my Aligarh address; the sequel is known.

THE TRANSMUTATION OF MATTER.

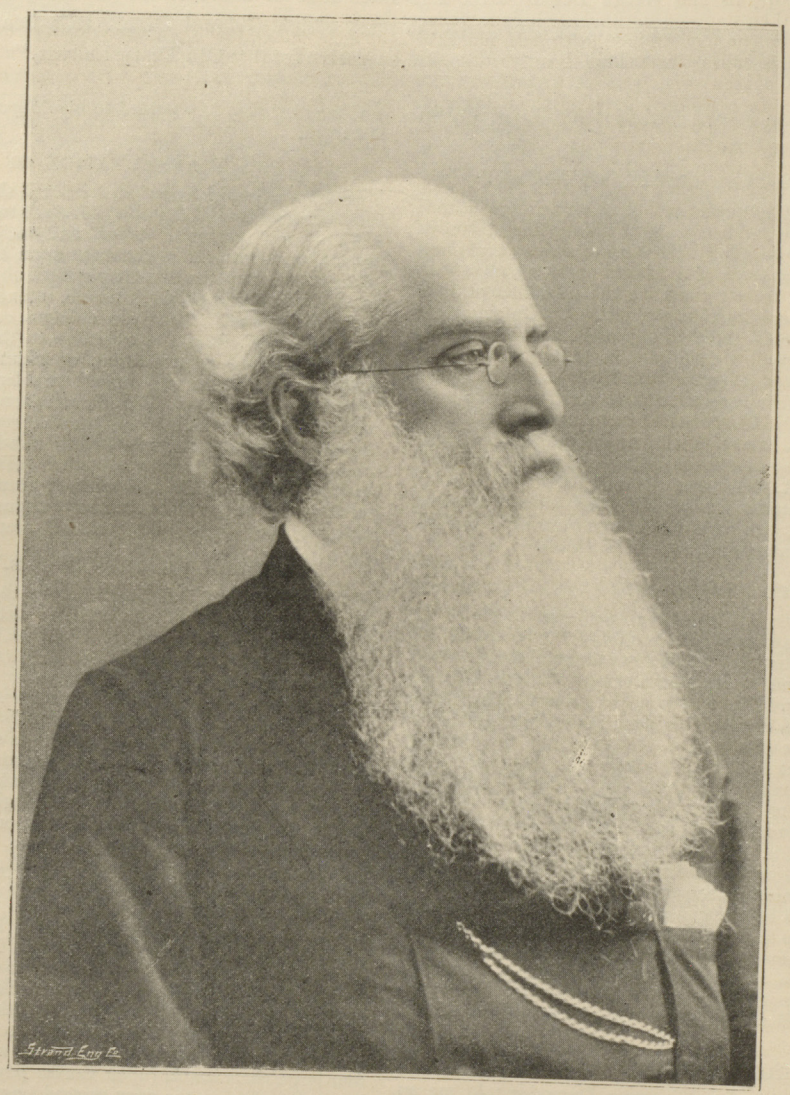
If I were better versed in science I should use this incident, together with that of the other Master's turban given me at New York by my astralised visitor, and various other instances of *apport*, as a text for a discourse upon the possible changes in solid bodies, from the densely physical, objective, and ponderable condition into that of the invisible, intangible one of bodies on the astral plane. That the changes can be worked in both directions, viz., from the objective to the hyper-physical, and back again into reintegration, or manifestation, is within the personal knowledge of many experienced investigators of psychical phenomena. The phenomenon of my rose-born, half-ounce gold ring, which all my constant readers must recollect, is the only one that I can now call to mind which proves that a solid object can exist within another solid object without possessing tangible bulk and without abrading or disturbing its particles, yet at the same time have appreciable weight. Surely a long vista of physical discoveries is opening out before us.

DAMODAR REPORTS H. P. B.'S ACCIDENT.

We went on to Delhi next; from thence to Lahore, wher things of great moment happened. Between the two stations, Damodar made another astral flight which was capable of verification. Three of us—he, I, and T. Narainswamy Naidu—were in the same railway carriage, Damodar apparently moving uneasily, as if in sleep, on one of the berths: I was reading a book by the lamplight. Damodar suddenly came over to me and asked the time, which by my watch was some minutes before six P.M. He told me that he had just come from Adyar, where H. P. B. had met with an accident; whether a serious one or not, he could not tell me, but he thought she had tripped her foot in the carpet and fallen heavily on her right knee. The reader will observe that the young man was but a beginner in occult science, and incapable as yet of accurate recollection, in returning to outward consciousness, of his experiences on the other planes of being. I mention this in view of the studied unfairness of the S.P.R. toward him. For my own satisfaction I did two things on hearing his story. I wrote a certificate of the occurrence and got Narainswamy to sign it with me, noting the time, and from the next station, Saharanpore, telegraphed H. P. B. a question as to "what accident happened at Headquarters at about six o'clock." We reached Lahore the next morning at nine, and were escorted to a camp of six tents and four large *shamianahs* (open canvas pavilions) which had been pitched for me on the open ground (*maidân*) to the north of the city. We very soon began talking with our friends about the previous evening's incident in the train, and my memorandum was passed around for information: I got the friends present to sign it, and to say that the expected telegram from H. B. P. had not yet arrived.

CONFIRMED BY TELEGRAM.

My party left me to take their morning bath and meal, and while I was sitting under the shadow of my tent with Mr. R. C. Bary, editor of the *Arya* magazine, a Government telegraph peon was seen coming towards us with a brown-covered telegram in his hand. I made Mr. Ruttan Chand take it into his own hands and keep it unopened until the return of our party, in whose presence it should be opened and read. This was done at



(*Photo Plâté & Co., Colombo.*)

H. S. Olcott.

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twelve noon by Mr. R. C. Bary, and the nine present signed on the back to attest the circumstances. The contents were these: "Nearly broke right leg, tumbling from Bishop's chair, dragging Coulomb, frightening Morgans. Damodar startled us." My Saharanpore despatch was received by H. P. B. late at night on the 17th: her reply was dated at Adyar at 7.55 A.M. on the 18th, and I got it at Lahore at noon. The discrepancy in Damodar's statement of details and H. P. B.'s is not even surprising in view of his then stage of spiritual evolution, while the corroboration of the major fact of the heavy fall and the injury to her right knee is full. There have been critics, of limited acumen but great conceit, who wish us to believe that this might have been a vulgar conspiracy between Damodar and H. P. B. to deceive me; but I am not aware that it is likely that a fat woman of sixteen stone weight would give herself a serious injury to her knee for the purpose of befooling me, when she might as easily have agreed with Damodar that he should have seen her doing something that would have been queer and yet harmless in itself, such, for instance, as making antic gestures, tearing a newspaper into bits, or declaiming a Russian or French poem: the explanation has not the support of common sense. And then character counts for something, outside the S.P.R., and gentlemen are entitled to some credence when it is not a question of money interests; sometimes even then. H. P. B.'s telegram mentioned a fact until then unknown to us, that Major-General and Mrs. Morgan, of Ootacamund, were visiting at Adyar.

KOOT-HOOMI APPEARS.

I was sleeping in my tent, the night of the 19th, when I rushed back towards external consciousness on feeling a hand laid on me. The camp being on an open plain, and beyond the protection of the Lahore police, my first animal instinct was to protect myself from a possible religious fanatical assassin, so I clutched the stranger by the upper arms, and asked in Hindustani who he was and what he wanted. It was all done in an instant, and I held the man tight, as would one who might be attacked the next moment and have to defend his life. But the next instant a kind, sweet voice said: "Do you not know me, do you not remember me?" It was the voice of the Master, K. H. A swift revulsion of feeling came over me; I relaxed my hold on his arms, joined my palms in reverential salutation, and wanted to jump out of bed to show him respect. But his hand and voice stayed me, and after a few sentences had been exchanged, he took my left hand in his, gathered the fingers of his right into the palm, and stood quiet beside my cot, from which I could see his divinely benignant face by the light of the lamp that burned on a table at his back.

MATERIALISING A LETTER IN THE HAND.

Presently I felt some soft substance forming in my hand, and the next minute the Master laid his kind hand on my forehead, uttered a blessing, and left my half of the large tent to visit Mr. W. T. Brown, who slept in the other half behind a canvas screen that divided the tent into two rooms. When I had time to pay attention to myself I found myself holding in my left hand a folded paper enwrapped in a silken cloth. To go to the lamp, open and read it was naturally my first impulse. I found it to be a letter of private counsel, containing prophecies of the death of two undesignated, then active, opponents of the society, which were realised in the passing away of the Swami Dyánand Saraswati and Babu Keshab Chandra Sen shortly after. A point to notice is that the handwriting of this letter, formed in my own palm by the Master K. H. himself, is identical with that of all those others which the sagacious Netherclift, after much dissection of them into their original pothook-and-hanger elements, pronounced to be of Blavatskyan origin! What happened in young Brown's end of the tent, he related orally to a great many still living witnesses and published in his pamphlet, "Some Experiences in India," my copy of which I cannot lay my hand upon at this moment. But in his other pamphlet, "The Theosophical Society; an Explanatory Treatise," published at Madras, he says (p. 11): "It will be sufficient here to remark that Mahatma K. H. is a living Adept, and that the writer had the honour of seeing him personally at Lahore and of being spoken to by him and even touched. Letters have been received by the writer at Madras, Lahore, Jammu (Kashmir) and again at Madras, all being in the same handwriting," &c., &c. The foundation having been thus laid, and Mr. Brown's other pamphlet available after a little search, I may say that on hearing an exclamation from his side of the screen, I went in there, and he showed me a silk-wrapped letter of like appearance to mine though of different contents, which he said had been given him much as mine had been to me and which we read together. That he has since swung around a whole circle of changes, and is now a professed Roman Catholic and a teacher in a school of that Church, does not alter in the least the facts of his receiving this letter as described, and his identifying it as in the K. H. script.

THE MASTER'S MESSAGE.

The Master's letter to me connects itself with the visit to me at New York of the other Master when, at my unspoken thought-wish, he "materialised" his turban and gave it me as an objective proof that I had received his visit. The letter says: "At New York you demanded of . . . an objective proof that his visit to you was not a *Maya*, and he gave it; [now] unasked, I give you the present one: tho' I pass out of your sight this note will be to you the reminder of our Conferences. I now go to young Mr. Brown to try his intuitiveness. To-morrow night, when the camp is quiet and the worst of the emanations from your audience have passed away, I shall visit you again for a longer conversation, as you must be forewarned against certain things in the future." He concludes with a remark that will not be very palatable reading to our ingenious American rivals who are trying to play the drama of "Hamlet" with the Dane omitted; he says: "Ever be vigilant, zealous, and judicious; for, remember that the usefulness of the Theosophical Society largely depends upon your exertions, and that our blessings follow its suffering 'Founders' and all who help on their work."

H. S. OLCOTT.

A LETTER TO MRS. BESANT ABOUT SPIRITISM AND THEOSOPHY.

A RECENT number of the *Révue Spirite* publishes a reply, from the spiritualist's point of view, to Mrs. Besant's theories of Death and Beyond. The writer, A. J. Blech, admits that Spiritism and Theosophy have one fundamental point in common, Reincarnation, but there the resemblance ceases, and the difference begins.

WHAT IS PLEASING IN THEOSOPHY.

Certain Theosophic doctrines, he admits, seem to him pleasing; he prefers, for example, their seven principles of man to the Spiritistic Triad.

"I approve also your severity as to the danger of communications from the beyond, and of evocations made imprudently, and which may cause injury to the spirit evoked, as well as to the medium. But all reasonable spiritualists are of this opinion, and their method is this: absolute control of the medium and prudence in regard to the manifestations, whatever they may be. The Spiritists have advanced with the times—they are far from believing that all manifestations, all psychic phenomena, are the work of spirits."

THE NAME "THEOSOPHY."

There are, however, certain points which he finds less pleasing. Why, he asks, should such a name as "Theosophy," wisdom of God, be given to a faith which has not so much as the divine name, but only an aggregation of mechanical laws?

THE EVIDENCE FOR "THE MASTERS."

"Another objection. Esoteric doctrine was founded upon the revelation of the Masters. But who will

guarantee to the laity the authenticity and the veracity of these revelations? They rest on no scientific evidence."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

According to the theosophists, he further urges, a certain class of souls, criminals and suicides, are destined to destruction. This he considers almost as horrible as the doctrine of the Church as to everlasting punishment, based, he alleges, on mis-translation and misquotation. Spiritism teaches the possibility of expiation, of advance. It may be a long and painful process, but it is not without hope. The mercy of God knows no limitations.

THE VICTIMS OF ACCIDENTS.

The point, however, upon which he feels that theosophy has least in common with spiritism is in its doctrine of Karma Loka.

"All is harmony in the universe, *all!* . . . And this justice, this harmony, this perfect combination, you put at the mercy of chance! But this so-called chance, is it not a consequence fatally determined beforehand? . . . Where are we to draw the line as to what is a natural death? Fire and water, accidents of all kinds, war and the poniard of the assassin may throw unhappy souls into Karma Loka. But are not many diseases accident? Pneumonia, a fit, an epidemic of cholera, which carries off its victim in a few days or hours, do not these count as accidents? What distinction can we establish between one death and another, so as to know whe her it is an accident or whether we have reached the allotted term of our life?" The victims of accident must remain in this dark world till the normal limit of their earth life has been reached, so that a murdered man has a worse fate than a suicide.

If they struggle after the pleasures of life they lose their individual existence, if they are pure and good they pass the time in a state of half sleep, which averts danger and temptation, if they are average men and women, they, too, are pretty sure to end in annihilation.

This is all because they were so unfortunate as to end their lives by accident or sudden death, by what our juries — misinformed apparently — call sometimes "the visitation of God," whereas "their fellows, neither better nor worse, who died tranquilly in their beds, at the appointed time, after a very short resting in the world of desires, enjoy infinite peace and happiness without shadow in Devachan. Devachan is for the good and the mediocre." Our author is eloquent on the injustice, the want of logic of such a system.

DEVACHAN.

Spiritism knows no Devachan! According to their works are men allotted their place, high or low, in the school of their advancement. But in Theosophy, objects the writer, "for a short earthly life, without any actions really evil, but without energy, without progress, there are cycles of happiness in Devachan. This, too, is injustice, a crying disproportion between a feeble reality and the recompense obtained."

THEOSOPHY AND SPIRITISM.

"This is why, madame, Theosophy leaves with me a sentiment of fear and of profound sorrow. . . . As the Masters do not attempt to prove what they teach, it is pardonable not to desire to believe in doctrines so discouraging.

"After all, although Spiritism may not be the path which leads to Theosophy, as I maintained at the outset, I do not the less think that there is plenty of possibility of fusion between these two doctrines. Both alike would gain. Why not work together in search of truth? You believe it contained in Theosophy, I see its still greater reflection in Spiritism. I say reflection, for Truth itself is doubtless still higher. There are heights to which we cannot attain. The higher thoughts of Theosophy, the most serene consolations of Spiritism are still higher than the reality. . . . Let us work in concert."

It has been impossible to give this interesting letter entire, but even in outline it presents many points worthy of the attention alike of the Theosophist and the Spiritist.

X.

REINCARNATION OR POSSESSION.

A CHILD PRODIGY IN GERMANY.

Miss Belloc interviewed M. Charles Richet in the *Humanitarian* last quarter, and in the course of an interesting conversation she asked him if he took an interest in Spiritualism. M. Richet hesitated a little before he replied, and then said:—

Yes, I am always interested in unexplained phenomena. Up to the present time it is impossible to reduce spiritualism to a scientific formula. I follow carefully the experiments and cases noted down by the Society for Psychical Research, and we have in France a publication appearing every two months, *Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, where are put on record curious psychical experiments, stories of apparitions, and so on. But, I repeat, up to the present time, spiritualism, so called, has baffled all investigations. All the terrible stories of demoniacs, sorcerers, witches, possessions, and so on, are there to prove to us to what lengths the imagination can carry not only the foolish and the ignorant, but men who in their day had a reputation for wisdom and sense. The mediæval doctors and judges were unanimous as to the reality of witchcraft. They believed not only in the devil, but in *tout ce qui s'ensuit*. Who knows, perhaps our descendants will consider us as foolish as we believe our ancestors have been. Science is always advancing, and admits of no retrograde movement.

And do you keep up your interest in hypnotism and in abnormal cases of the kind?

Certainly, but it is not always easy to find a subject. Now and again, however, one comes across some extraordinary case. I have been lately interested in hearing about a German child, the son of a Brunswick butcher, who, though only two years old, can read any kind of manuscript in German and also in Latin without ever having learnt to read. According to those scientists who have studied the case, this extraordinary being, Otto Poehler, impresses the ordinary beholder as an absolutely normal child; he is cheerful, very fond of playing at soldiers, and not in the least proud of his extraordinary knowledge, and yet his great amusement is reading. He is very much interested in history and biography, and knows the dates of the births and deaths of all the German Emperors since Charlemagne. He can answer questions on the Thirty Years' War and so on.

The cause of this extraordinary child prodigy raises the question whether it must be explained as a case of Reincarnation, in which the reincarnated spirit preserves the memory of the knowledge which it acquired in its previous existence, or whether it is a case of possession, in which the child's soul has been replaced by that of some disembodied spirit. Either explanation would account for what otherwise seems quite inexplicable.

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XIV.—THE NEW THEORY OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

CONCLUSION OF MR. LEADBEATER'S "INVISIBLE HELPERS."

IN the range of Theosophical periodical literature, there is nothing that is so interesting just now as the accounts which Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater have been publishing in *Lucifer*, of their astral experiences. Mrs. Besant contributed a summary of the results of her experiences in the *Nineteenth Century*, which led the *Spectator* to declare that it amounted to a new revelation if it were true. That is an advance upon the usual objection taken by the orthodox critic. They maintain that the occult student, whether Spiritualist or Theosophist, never has anything to say that is worth listening to, even whether true or false. It is, at least, an advance to have it admitted that such communications, if true, would amount to a new revelation. Of course, it is still a far cry to claim for them a right to be regarded as either accurate or authentic, but when once the importance of a statement is admitted, possibly some attention may be paid to the question of this matter, evidence which is too often ignored on both sides, although from very different reasons.

Mr. Leadbeater's latest production, from which I have quoted extensively, sets forth a theory of Guardian Angels, which is, to say the least, both novel and startling. According to Mr. Leadbeater, we are our own guardian angels, or, at any rate, if every man is not his own guardian angel he has the latent potentiality of becoming his brother's guardian angel. In Mr. Leadbeater's opinion the majority of the so-called angelic interpositions, in which all history abounds, are, for the most part, only the materialisation of the astral double of some living person. Mr. Leadbeater's stories are singularly interesting, and would be extremely valuable if their truth could be proved. Personally, I have no antecedent scepticism on the subject, knowing too well the immense potentiality of usefulness that lies in a Double.

The following is a summary of the concluding chapter of Mr. Leadbeater's contribution to *Lucifer* on the subject of "Invisible Helpers" :—

Often, however, a catastrophe is karmic in its nature, and consequently cannot be averted; but it must not therefore be supposed that in such cases no help can be given. It may be that the people concerned are destined to die, and therefore cannot be saved from death; but in many cases they may still be to some extent prepared for it, and may certainly be helped upon the other side after it is over.

THE FISHERMAN'S VISION.

It will be sufficient to mention one example as an illustration of what is meant. In one of the great storms which did so much damage around our coasts during last winter it happened that a fishing boat was capsized far out at sea; the only people on board were an old fisherman and a boy, and the former contrived to cling for a few minutes to the overturned boat. There was no physical help at hand, and even if there had been in such a raging storm it would have been impossible for anything to be done, so that the fisherman knew well enough that there was no hope of escape, and that death could only be a question of a few moments. He felt great terror at the prospect, being especially impressed by the awful loneliness of that vast waste of waters. He was also much troubled with thoughts of his wife and family, and the difficulties in which they would be left by his sudden decease. A passing helper seeing all this endeavoured to comfort him, but finding his mind too much disturbed to be impressionable, she thought it advisable to show herself to him in order to assist him the better. In relating the story afterwards she said that the change which came over the fisherman's face at sight of her was wonderful and beautiful to see; with the shining form standing upon the boat above him he could not but think that an angel had been sent to comfort him in his trouble, and that therefore not only would he himself be carried safely through the gates of death, but his family would assuredly be looked after also, and so, when death came to him a few moments later, he was in a frame of mind very different from the terror and perplexity which had previously overcome him; and naturally when he recovered consciousness upon the astral plane and found the "angel" still beside him, he felt himself at home with her, and was prepared to accept her advice as regards the new life upon which he had entered.

GUIDES TO THE DEAD.

And this brings us to the consideration of one of the largest and most important departments of the work of the invisible helpers—the guidance and assistance which they are able to give to the dead. It is one of the many evils resulting from the absurdly erroneous teaching as to conditions after death which is unfortunately current in our western world, that those who have recently shaken off this mortal coil are usually much puzzled and often very seriously frightened at finding everything so different from what their religion had led them to expect. The mental attitude of a large number of such people was pithily voiced the other day by an English general who three days after his death met one of the band of helpers whom he had known in physical life. After expressing his great relief that he had at last found someone with whom he was able to communicate, his first remark was: "But if I am dead, where am I? For if this is heaven I don't think much of it; and if it is hell, it is better than I expected!"

PURGATORY UP TO DATE.

But unfortunately a far greater number take things less philosophically. In many cases they spend long periods of acute mental suffering before they can free themselves from the fatal influence of the blasphemous doctrine of everlasting punishment and realize that the world is governed according to a benevolent and wonderfully patient law of evolution, which is absolutely just indeed, but yet again and again offers to man opportunities of progress, if he will but take them, at every stage of his career.

It ought in fairness to be mentioned that it is only among Protestant communities that this terrible evil assumes its most aggravated form. The great Roman Catholic Church, with its doctrine of purgatory, approaches much more nearly to a conception of the astral plane, and its devout members at any rate realize that the state in which they find themselves shortly after death is merely a temporary one, and that it is their business to endeavour to raise themselves out of it as soon as may be by intense spiritual aspiration, while they accept any suffering which may come to them as necessary for the wearing away of the imperfections in their character before they can pass to higher and brighter regions.

WEANING THE DEAD FROM THE LIVING.

It will thus be seen that there is plenty of work for the helpers to do among the newly dead, for they need in the vast majority of cases to be calmed and reassured, to be comforted and instructed. Many of the dead very considerably retard the process of dissolution by clinging passionately to the earth which they have left; they turn the whole current of their thoughts and desires backwards instead of forwards, downwards instead of upwards, and so prolong their stay in astral regions to an almost indefinite extent. In convincing them that this is contrary to the laws of nature and persuading them to adopt an attitude of mind which is the exact reversal of it lies a great part of the work of those who are trying to help.

SOME PRACTICAL EXAMPLES.

It happens occasionally that the dead are earth-bound by anxiety—anxiety sometimes about duties unperformed or debts undischarged, but more often on account of wife or children left unprovided for. In such cases as this it has more than once been necessary, before the dead man was satisfied to pursue his upward path in peace, that the helper should to some extent act as his representative upon the physical plane, and attend on his behalf to the settlement of the business which was troubling him. An illustration taken from the experience of the past year will perhaps make this clearer.

One of the band of pupils was trying to assist a poor man who had died in one of our western cities, but found it impossible to withdraw his mind from earthly things because of his anxiety about two young children whom his death had left without means of support. He had been a working man, and had been unable to lay by any money for them; his wife had died some two years previously, and his landlady, though exceedingly kind-hearted and very willing to do anything in her power for them, was herself far too poor to be able to adopt them, and very reluctantly came to the conclusion that she would be obliged to hand them over to the parish authorities. This was a great grief to the dead father, though he could not blame the landlady, and was himself unable to suggest any other course.

SAVING ORPHANS FROM THE PARISH.

Our friend asked him whether he had no relative to whom he could entrust them, but the father knew of none. He had a younger brother, he said, who would certainly have done something for him in this extremity, but he had lost sight of him for fifteen years, and did not even know whether he was living or dead. When last heard of he had been apprenticed to a carpenter in the north, and he was described then as a steady young fellow who, if he lived, would be sure to get on. The clues at hand were certainly very slight, but since there seemed no other prospect of help for the children, our friend thought it worth while to make a special effort to follow them up. Taking the dead man with him he commenced a patient search after the brother in the town indicated; and after a great deal of trouble they were actually successful in finding him. He was now a master carpenter in a fairly flourishing way of business—married, but without children though earnestly desiring them, and therefore apparently just the man for the emergency.

UTILIZING DREAMS.

The question now was how the information could best be conveyed to his brother. Fortunately he was found to be so far impressionable that the circumstances of his brother's death and the destitution of his children could be put vividly before him in a dream, and this was repeated three times, the place and even the name of the landlady being clearly indicated to him. He was immensely impressed by this recurring vision, and discussed it earnestly with his wife, who advised him to write to the address given. This he did not like to do, but was strongly inclined to travel down into the west country, find out whether there was such a house as that which he had seen, and if so make some excuse to call there. He was a busy man, however, and he finally decided that he could not afford to lose a day's work for what after all might well prove to be nothing but the baseless fabric of a dream.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DONE AT FIRST.

The attempt along these lines having apparently failed, it was determined to try another method, so one of the helpers wrote a letter to the man detailing the circumstances of his brother's death and the position of the children, exactly as he had seen them in his dream. On receipt of this confirmation he no longer hesitated, but set off the very next day for the town indicated, and was received with open arms by the kind-hearted landlady. It had been easy enough for the helpers to persuade her, good soul that she was, to keep the children with her for a few days on the chance that something or other would turn up for them, and she has ever since congratulated herself that she did so. The carpenter of course took the children back with him and provided them with a happy home, and the dead father, now no longer anxious, passed rejoicing on his upward way.

THE INCREDULOUS DEAD.

Another very frequent case is that of the man who cannot believe that he is dead at all. Indeed, most people consider the very fact that they are still conscious to be an absolute proof that they have not passed through the portals of death.

A very recent instance was that of a scientific man who, finding himself fully conscious, and yet under conditions differing radically from any that he had ever experienced before, had persuaded himself that he was still alive, and merely the victim of a prolonged and unpleasant dream. Fortunately for him there happened to be among the band of those able to function upon the astral plane a son of an old friend of his, who had been commissioned by his father to search for him and endeavour to render him some assistance. When, after some trouble, the young man found and accosted him, he frankly admitted that he was in a condition of great bewilderment and discomfort, but still clung desperately to his dream hypothesis as on the whole the most probable explanation of what he saw, and even went so far as to suggest that his visitor was nothing but a dream-figure himself!

At last, however, he so far gave way as to propose a kind of test, and said to the young man, "If you are, as you assert, a living person, and the son of my old friend, bring me from him some message that shall prove to me your objective reality." Now although under all ordinary conditions of the physical plane the giving of any kind of phenomenal proof is strictly forbidden to the pupils of the Masters, it seemed as though a case of this kind hardly came under the rules; and therefore, when it had been ascertained that there was no objection, an application was made to the father, who at once sent a message referring to a series of events which had occurred before the son's birth. This convinced the dead man of the real existence of the young man, and therefore of the plane upon which they were both functioning; and as soon as he felt this established, his scientific training at once reasserted itself, and he became exceedingly eager to acquire all possible information about this new region.

WHERE OUR GOOD IDEAS COME FROM.

Our account of the labours of our invisible helpers would indeed be incomplete—and that is the immense amount which is done by suggestion—by simply putting good thoughts into the minds of those who are ready to receive them.

The assistance given in this way is of an exceedingly varied character. The consolation of those who are in suffering or in sorrow at once suggests itself, as does also the endeavour to guide towards the truth those who are earnestly seeking it. When a person is spending much anxious thought upon some spiritual or metaphysical problem, it is often possible to put the solution into his mind without his being at all aware that it comes from external agency. A pupil may often be employed as an agent in what can hardly be described otherwise than as the answering of prayer; for though it is true that any earnest spiritual desire, such as might be supposed to find its expression in prayer, is itself a force which automatically brings about certain results, it is also a fact that such a spiritual effort offers an opportunity of influence to the Powers of Good, of which they are not slow to take advantage, and it is sometimes the privilege of a willing helper to be made the channel through which their energy is poured forth. What is said of prayer is true to an even greater extent of meditation, for those to whom this exercise is a possibility.

Again and again such pupils as are fitted for the work have been employed to suggest true and beautiful thoughts to authors, poets, artists, and musicians; but obviously it is not every helper who is capable of being used in this way. Everyone who can think can help. Thoughts are things, intensely real things, visible enough to those whose eyes have been opened to see, and by their means the poorest man may bear his part in the good work of the world as fully as the richest. In this way at least, whether we can yet function consciously upon the astral plane or not, we can all join, and we must all join, the army of "Invisible Helpers."

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XV.—DREAMS AND DREAMING.

A PROPHETIC DREAM OF JAMESON'S RAID.

IT is not generally known that the Jameson Raid was revealed to Mr. Chamberlain by means of a dream. He did not dream the dream. It was Mr. Fairfield who did that. Much surprise has been expressed at the Cape and elsewhere as to how it was possible for Mr. Chamberlain to know more about Dr. Jameson's movements than the High Commissioner or Mr. Rhodes. The answer is that in a dream in a vision of the night, Mr. E. Fairfield, who was head of the African department in the Colonial Office, dreamed that Dr. Jameson had decided to take the bit between his teeth to cross the frontier. So vivid was his dream that, on waking, he telegraphed to Mr. Chamberlain begging to be allowed to send the famous telegram which was the first intimation Lord Rosmead received that the raid had taken place. He replied that he did not believe the news. But the dreamer in London was right. The High Commissioner on the spot had to admit that he was wrong.

SYMBOLS IN DREAMS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Dursley writes me on this subject as follows:—

I have for months been making personal observations, and have repeatedly told my wife things that were about to happen on the subject of the symbolical interpetation of dreams. It is all symbolical—the symbols being of a strictly *personal* and not general character. Twenty years ago I was in the boot trade. I am now in the jewelry business, and much better off. To dream of the boot trade symbolises death, poverty, low condition, &c. To dream of the jewelry trade indicates prosperity. Last Sunday (letter dated November 24th) I officiated at a strange (to me) Congregational Church where there has been a division, and the place practically deserted. I dreamed the previous night that I took some old boots to be repaired at a dreary looking shop. I then went a walk and on my return called for boots, but the young lady who served me showed me a gold ring set with pearls and rubies, into which the boots had been converted. On waking, I told my wife it signified that the first Sunday at the new place would be very dull, but my second bright. I preached in the morning to very few, after which I took a walk. When near the end of my journey I realized that that was the walk I dreamt of, and I was so excited I spoke out aloud (though alone), "The good time is to-night." So it turned out, my hostess (who was a young lady) saying it was a very good time both in point of numbers and good influences.

My father died some twenty-five years ago. He was very bitter towards me, and when near his death said that, if possible in the hereafter, he would visit and torment me. I have for years observed that dreams of him symbolize coming events. I used to be rather quarrelsome, sometimes using physical force with my opponents. On these occasions I invariably dreamt of him and myself quarrelling, &c., and the conditions of the struggle with him indicated the conditions of success or failure with my opponent. I have become a "peace-at-any-price man" in my daily life, and dreams of fighting have gone. Now he sometimes comes and makes a stare at me, and I have a bad cold or some other malady. If I dream I imprison him, I have a grand time of happiness. Some time back I had a case in the City of London Court. I was defendant. I dreamt my father's corpse was lying about, but two friends came along and buried him, and I afterwards went to a sale-room, where I was late, the sale being over. I understood at the time the dream represented my case. At the City Court *two* witnesses disposed of the plaintiff's case against me, he having to pay costs, and I went from there direct to an Oxford Street sale-room—the sale being just over. To dream of my mother—who is still alive—indicates kindly influences.

I have a prophecy on hand which I wish to place with you to be refuted or verified end of next March. We have two children whose characteristics I described, before their birth, to my wife. She is again *enceinte*. I told her this before she knew it. I saw the child clairvoyantly—a daughter with flaxen hair—broad built, round face. In phrenological terms, she will have predominance of vital temperament—a head round and well developed with quality and activity not much over average. In mentality she will be inferior to the other children who are unusually bright. Both are boys. My wife and I are both dark. If worth while next March, our doctor will be able to confirm or refute this prediction by writing to you. I am sorry I am not good at sketching, or I could give a picture of the child.

CLAIRVOYANCE IN DREAMS.

Last May this correspondent wrote:—

If I stop for a moment in my business sometimes and mentally ask, "May I see the person I shall meet with under certain circumstances?" and, sometimes, I am immediately shown what I ask. One instance is very striking. In January, 1895, I resolved (having done a good deal of seemingly very acceptable lay preaching) to give up business and seek a church. I asked, "May I see the man I shall be associated with in my anticipated sphere?" I immediately saw a very striking figure in *clerical* attire, dundreary whiskers, and a very keen-looking mouth. I described this gentleman to the Rev. L. K. M., and other friends; and though he was dressed clerically, the idea was communicated with the vision that he was a layman. Five months later, Rev. G. D. T. had an engagement to preach at T., Gloster; but, on the Saturday previous, was taken ill, and I supplied for him, and met there the clerically-attired layman in the person of the senior deacon. The clerical attire, dundreary whiskers, and very keen mouth are striking, and would be well shown in his photo. I had also asked to see the church I should have, and saw "T." Last winter I had another engagement at the same place. I had been asking again to see the church I should be associated with as a regular minister. I had previously seen T., with its Gothic windows, central spires, &c., both in vision and reality, but this time I was specially shown *what I had not previously observed, and which I could not see without occupying a spot I had not been on before.* I saw Gothic windows, &c., as before, but the chief object of vision was the pinnacle. It was peculiarly shaped, as a kind of round ball with three ears or leaves. A few days later I received a printed form for the order of service, &c., and in one corner was the picture of the building with the pinnacle, being simply a small point on the end of the building. I showed it my wife, and said "Look, T. is *not* the place I am to go to after all." However, when I went to preach, I found the pinnacle *as I had seen it in vision*, and *not* as it was on the picture. Still, I am not pastor of T. Church. If ever I am, I shall have an interesting story with photos, &c., to illustrate it.

I have not succeeded thus far with crystal-gazing. Automatic writing I have tried. The first time my hand wrote John R. When it reached that point I expected my own name, but it wrote Revill—the name of a deceased friend. I have several times tried an experiment which seems to involve the other personality—whatever it may be. I sometimes hold my pencil on the paper, and *will strongly* for it to go in a certain direction. It rarely ever goes that way, but I become conscious before it starts of the direction it will take. I have been contemplating mesmerism under Rev. Truss, but my "guide" never heartily approves, so there is not much in it. "My guide" approved writing to you. I have learned, by several years' *experience*, that there is "somebody" or "something" in communication with me that knows a vast deal more about things than I do.

Writing in July, he said:—

There is an incident in my life of considerable importance which is not in my letter. About seven years ago, soon after I begun visions, I asked if it were possible to see who would be my wife, and immediately saw the person who three years subsequently became my wife. Ah! I told you this before.

November 24th. I have come to the conclusion that this is vivid imagination. When I am a little below par my imagination pictures all sorts of things with painful intensity.

I've been reading a little more, the last week, on the Borderland, and am led to ask you for information on the following. Is it a common mental characteristic to be able at any time to see in imagination *entirely new faces quite unassociated with memory*, or is this the clairvoyant instinct? I have asked several friends, and tested them as to whether they could do it, but have not gained satisfactory answers. I remember when I first began to see visions which consisted of entirely new faces, I tried myself thoroughly to see if I could produce new images (as I then considered it) with my ordinary faculties of memory, imagination, &c., and found for some time I could not, except at intervals, see any face that was strange to me. This caused me to regard these visions as being given to me by some outside power. However, I remember that after several attempts I became easily able to conjure up faces quite unknown to me, and quite unassociated with memory, and this power has continued. Is this a common quality of humanity?

What I am most satisfied with is the continuous sense I have of being "guided," of having a companion with me who prompts me to goodness as well as physical welfare. Circumstances—facts—have taught me to give this guide a place far above reasoning power. This guide impressed me with the idea at the beginning that my automatic writing was valueless. I have thus far, after many attempts, found it so.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

THE *Sunday Magazine*, for June, publishes the following remarks concerning the marvellous faculty of prophetic dreaming possessed by Mrs. Hilton.

In Mrs. Hilton's recently published biography some remarkable instances are given of a prophetic spirit inspiring her dreams, and although the narrator speaks with some reluctance, he records facts which are beyond the possibility of a doubt. When a child she dreamt one night that a scaffolding erected for the carrying out of certain repairs to a dissenting chapel gave way, and through the accident two men lost their lives and one was injured. This dream was told to her friends, who laughingly replied that the building in question was in the best of repair, and was not likely to come under the hands of workmen. After a considerable lapse of time, however, when passing one day, Mrs. Hilton, then fifteen years of age, saw a scaffolding up just as she had seen it in her dream, and she fancied the platform looked insecure. The workmen were but rough bricklayers, and the timid girl feared ridicule too much to warn them. She passed on, and within an hour the scaffolding had fallen; two men were killed and one very seriously injured. It took a great weight from her mind to learn that a gentleman had pointed out to the men the insecurity of their platform. They had received his warning with jeers.

This strange gift developed as Mrs. Hilton grew up. One more instance may be quoted. She dreamt that she was standing alone upon a desolate moor in the dimness of the twilight. Far, far away stretched the horizon, a road cut the landscape in two as far as the eye could reach, and down this road came the tramp, tramp, tramp of myriads of feet. As the vast throng approached her she saw that they were people of different ages, some whose days were so brief that their life cast no shadow behind it, some whose cares and toils and ambitions showed them to be in the full heyday of their powers, some grown so old that they either looked forward to another life with great calmness and joy or else clung with feverish grasp to the years that had gone. For as they had sown they reaped.

"What is this?" she asked.

"It is the march of the dead," replied a voice.

She watched in awe, until, by a sudden impulse, she summoned one in that vast procession to her.

"Who are you?" she cried.

Then he gave his name in a loud voice and was gone.

The terrible part of the vision was that the name of the person called was always familiar to Mrs. Hilton, and on each occasion when the dream occurred it was followed by his or her death. Apart from the awful reality of the great moving army this foresight became so terrifying and so burdensome that she prayed earnestly and often that she might be deprived of it, and after a time the visions ceased. Few people are, perhaps, so competent as she was to realise the infinite goodness of the Creator in not allowing us to foresee the events which rule our lives and the lives of other people. We live by faith, not by knowledge. We are not fitted, our souls are not strong enough to bear the awful gaze of the future which must paralyse and pervert the present, and make life unnatural.

PRE-VISIONS IN DREAMS.

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of seeing places in advance in dream. A curious instance of this is mentioned in an interview published by the *Queen* with Madame Lombardi, the well-known art publisher. At the close of the interview, says the interviewer:—

Mme. Lombardi took our representative on a journey of exploration into the basement, where countless negatives are stacked in pigeonholes.

"Do you know," she said, "how we sometimes dream that we have seen places before? Yes? Then I must tell you that I once dreamt I was in just such a room as this, all walled and lined with little boxes. And I turned to one of those shadowy beings who figure in dreams and asked what the boxes contained. 'They are the souls of all the people waiting to be called,' he said. The moment I entered this negative-room I exclaimed, 'This is the room of my dream.' Wasn't that curious? But then I am a great believer in the mysterious side of life."

From photography to spiritualism is perhaps rather a long step, but, without being over-fantastic, one may believe that Mme. Lombardi will revive the memory of great men dead and gone, and that by the art of the camera she will mirror the souls of many remarkable people now living.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

The *Australian Herald* this year printed a communication from a German gentleman, residing in Melbourne, who tells the following impressive story:—

Some months ago I visited a cathedral church in this city at noon. It is a favourite resort of mine. During my prayer there, I dreamt of a beloved friend of my youth, of whom I had not heard since we parted many years ago. As I opened my eyes I saw his figure clear and distinct before me, transparent as glass, but outlined like a drawing. His colour was like yellow wax, his profile sharp, with eyes closed. Thinking that my sight, otherwise good, played me false, I closed my eyes again, rubbed them well, and reopened them. There again was the figure of my old friend as before. I left the church, feeling quite awe-struck. The image, however, followed me, and even in the clear bright sunshine kept close to me for about ten minutes, when it became less and less distinct, and finally vanished. I cannot describe my state of mind: I was obliged to re-enter the church to compose myself.

That night I had a strange dream. I stood at the death-bed of the same friend, asking him what ailed him. "Why," answered he, "I have just died." "Died! where, then?" "In my old home." "So, I will see thee no more." "Why," replied he, "I visited thee to-day in the church." I awoke in tears: his death had become a certainty to me.

Some weeks later, I received a letter from a near relative, to which was added the following postscript: "The friend of your youth is now dead. He loved you much, and thought of you often in his last illness."

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XVI.—ON THE TRAIL OF A GHOST.

A "TIMES" CORRESPONDENCE EDITED BY "ANOTHER GUEST."

TO A CERTAIN HOSTESS.

On the trail of a ghost is legitimate sport
For Research or for physical test,
But beware of the penny-a-liner's report,
Have an eye on the Trail of a Guest.

TO A "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

You have scored—for the nonce—in The Trail of a Ghost;
Your visit, your "copy," your jest.
But what of the courtesy, due to your host?
Oh, who's on the Trail of a Guest?

ON the 8th of June the *Times* contained an article which must have surprised a good many. It was contrary to the spirit and traditions of that highly respectable organ, both as to subject and manner. The *pros and cons.* of Psychical Research have seldom occupied its columns, and as to the manner, in respect of courtesy, regard for hospitality, deference to the manners and customs of society, the article speaks for itself. "Another Guest," in editing the correspondence, and in order to be differentiated yet further from the *Times* correspondent, who unwarrantably gives them in full, has omitted all names even from the letters reproduced, as their perpetuation can serve no purpose but the gratification of vulgar curiosity.

The article led, as will be seen, to a prolonged correspondence.

I.—EXPERIENCES OF A FORTY-EIGHT HOURS' VISIT.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

For two or three months past vague rumours have been afloat in London concerning a haunted house somewhere in Scotland belonging to the Marquis of Bute. It was described as "the most haunted house in Scotland," and as being the abode of some mysterious agency producing sights and sounds of the most portentous and inexplicable character. While many people, some of them holding high positions in the scientific world, were ready to give general assurances of the awe-inspiring nature of these phenomena, it was unfortunately impossible to obtain precise information from any one. The most definite impression one could form was that appalling noises were to be heard, alike by day and by night, in various parts of this mansion, but more particularly in four rooms. Apparitions were also spoken of, though less confidently, yet it seemed to be generally agreed that the orthodox gliding figure melting into thin air had been seen by at least one horrified observer.

Inquiries addressed to distinguished members of the Society for Psychical Research—or the S.P.R. as it is affectionately called by its votaries—elicited the information that Lord Bute had taken the house in question for three months and had placed it at the disposal of the society for the purpose of a thorough investigation. For reasons which are differently stated in London and in P——, where the agent for the proprietor is to be found, Lord Bute did not take the house in his own name, but in that of Colonel Taylor. The material fact, however, is that he did take it with the object just named, installed a staff of servants, and entrusted the conduct of the investigation to a lady well known in connection with the S.P.R. and also for work of a different and much more valuable kind. This lady, who makes an admirable and charming hostess, kept open house, and invited from time to time such persons as she thought likely to give assistance in discovering the origin of the phenomena. In the circumstances it cannot be thought remarkable that among the persons thus invited there was a predominance of members of, or sympathizers with, the S.P.R. As a matter of fact, it was no doubt found difficult to induce others to interest themselves in the business. The result was none the less unfortunate, since when the present writer paid his visit, after investigations had been going on for more than two months, no real progress had been made. Lord Bute's original idea was a good one, but it was never properly carried out. Observing that the S.P.R. had made many investigations in a perfunctory and absurd manner by sending somebody to a haunted house for a couple of nights and then writing an utterly worthless report, he desired in this case a continuous investigation extending over a considerable period. He ought, therefore, to have employed a couple of intelligent detectives for the whole term, and thus secured real continuity. As things are the only continuity is to be found in the presence—itself not entirely continuous—of the lady just mentioned. But simply because she is a lady, and because she had her duties as hostess to attend to, she is unfit to carry out the actual work of investigating the phenomena in question. Some of her assistants sat up all night with loaded guns in a condition of abject fright; others, there is reason to suspect, manufactured phenomena for themselves; and nearly all seem to have begun by assuming supernatural interference instead of leaving it for the final explanation of whatever might be clearly proved to be otherwise inexplicable.

THE HOUSE.

[A sentence is here omitted describing the locality.]

The house was built in the second decade of the present century, but a wing was added at a much later date, and is the only part of the structure that is free from "manifestations." Underneath the wing are the present kitchens, to the isolation of which a wholly undue importance is attached as precluding the idea that noises wilfully or accidentally made by the servants can account for the phenomena in the bedrooms. In the centre of the house is the main staircase in a square well, lighted by a cupola and having a gallery which runs right round it and gives access to the upper part of the main building. At one corner of this gallery is a service staircase, at the top of which is the most haunted bedroom. Adjoining this are the two next in order of phenomenal importance, while at the opposite corner of the gallery, where another staircase leads to the servants' sleeping-rooms above, is the fourth of the haunted rooms. The house has thick walls, both interior and exterior, but their thickness is exaggerated by wood casing, which everywhere gives a hollow sound on percussion. The rafters seem to be as flimsy as the walls are substantial, for the floors vibrate on the smallest provocation, and in any of the bedrooms it is quite easy to hold a conversation with another man in the attics. It follows that the house is one huge sounding-board, transmitting and possibly intensifying certain kinds of noise. That there are no rats in the house is an article of faith, but I saw one outside about halfway to the stables in broad daylight. Rats, or even mice, would account for many of the sounds complained of.

EXPERIENCE OF NOTHING.

I tossed with another man for possession of No. 3, the most haunted of the rooms, and won. He contented himself with No. 1, which is the second best from an investigator's point of view. On one of the two nights that I spent in the room I slept without disturbance of any kind until seven o'clock, when I heard a variety of noises floating up the back staircase, and all easily translatable into the early morning activities of the servants. There is a fixed washstand with the usual waste-plug. This I left open on going to bed, and as the night was windy a sound which an ardent imagination might have converted into the moan of a soul in pain came from the end of the waste-pipe a few feet

below, where it overhangs a trap, according to approved sanitary principles. The second night I was very wakeful. I read in bed until past one o'clock, and was awake again about three. My fire had gone out, and the fireplace in cooling down emitted a loud crack after the manner of iron fireplaces in such conditions. A sympathetic observer would doubtless have chronicled that as a ghostly noise. A distinguished psychical researcher told me just before I left town that when one sees a ghost the proper thing is to advance boldly and clasp it. In the hope of such an encounter I went out upon the gallery, but I saw nothing and heard nothing except the wind. I went to sleep after that for some three hours, and on awaking heard a pretty loud noise from the washing basin, which, however, was only the jar of a water-pipe when the water is suddenly turned off. Presently a deep buzzing sound indicated that a servant was drawing more water, probably in the distant wing, and was duly followed by another resonant bang showing that the Thomson patent tap had not been fitted to the pipes. These were all the noises I heard in the most haunted room of "the most haunted house in Scotland." To any one half dead with fright they would probably have seemed appalling; to me they only proved that ordinary noises can be transmitted in that house with unusual facility and to unusual distances. In the morning the butler, whose room it seems is directly under No. 3, asked me rather solemnly whether I had been disturbed. On my answering in the negative, he asked whether I had been walking about my room in my boots, and seemed only half reassured when I said I had been walking about long after he was in bed, but certainly not in my boots.

A LEGEND.

No haunted house is complete without a legend of a crime, or a tragedy, or a badly-spent life, to explain why the ghost walks. In the drawing-room after dinner we listened to our hostess, who is an excellent narrator, expounding the story of the wicked Major. It seems that a former proprietor, who died some twenty years ago, had a standing quarrel with Mrs. Grundy. He kept his house full of dogs; he did not care for the society of his neighbours; he was rather feared than loved; and local gossip, with reason or without, charged him with unnecessary familiarity with his housekeeper. When we add that at his death the property went to collaterals, whom he is said to have disliked both on that ground and because they were Roman Catholics, while he was a rigid Presbyterian, we have all the reasons that can be alleged for the persistent unrest of the Major's spirit. It must apparently remain doubtful whether zeal for Presbyterian doctrine or laxity in the observance of Presbyterian morality is the real obstacle to his repose.

MORE EXPERIENCE OF NOTHING.

While we were listening to this impressive recital of the Major's peculiarities some one called attention to noises which I had noticed for two or three minutes We were at once informed that they were footsteps in the haunted chambers overhead, and that they occur even when these chambers are locked up. It was added that at the actual moment there was no servant in the bedrooms, and a lady went out to verify the statement, returning with the information that she had met all the servants coming up from the basement to go to bed. For my own part I could not have said with the least certainty that the noises were footsteps at all, and they did not seem to me to come from the ceiling, but rather from the side of the room. If there was no one in the rooms overhead at the moment it became pretty clear that the noises could not mean footsteps in these rooms, since neither abounding wickedness nor overflowing doctrinal zeal can enable a ghost to stamp on a floor like a solid mortal. But the way of regarding the matter normal to the place evidently was that the sounds must mean footsteps, that they must come from the haunted rooms, and that as there was no one there to produce them they must indicate supernatural agency or, at least, something calling for psychical investigation. A passage giving access to the hall from the service staircase, already mentioned as opening at my bedroom door on the first floor, runs behind the drawing-room wall. At the end of this passage is the butler's room directly under my bedroom, and the butler's wife had the habit of retiring in good time. In these arrangements we have a simple and obvious explanation of the indeterminate noises heard just before the servants reach the first floor on their way to bed.

WITNESSES ON THE SPOT.

These are all the sounds I heard in a house which I was assured before leaving London was continually disturbed by day and night by appalling and inexplicable noises. Others were described to me, in particular one which was imitated by throwing a heavy wooden ball on a wooden floor and allowing it to roll until it came in contact with a door. I never heard the noise, but if the imitation was as good as I was led to believe, I have no doubt that the noise was made in the same way and perhaps with the same ball. One of the maidservants described a sort of dull knocking, which according to her goes on between two and six in the morning in the lath-and-plaster partition by the side of her bed, which shuts off the angular space just under the eaves of the house. She likened it to the noise of gardeners nailing up ivy outside. She seemed honest; but as she had seen the ghost of half a woman sitting on her fellow-servant's bed, one takes her evidence with a grain or two of salt. Any noises she has really heard may be due to the cooling of the hot-water pipes which pass along behind the partition just mentioned to the cistern. An intelligent gardener whom I questioned told me that he had kept watch in the house on two separate occasions, abstaining from sleep until daylight appeared at seven o'clock, but without hearing a sound. A caretaker, who had spent months in the house, and who had to keep a stove alight all night, never heard a sound, probably because there was no one to make any.

EXPERIENCES OF THE H. FAMILY.

The only mystery in the matter seems to be the mode in which a prosaic and ordinary dwelling was endowed with so evil a reputation. I was assured in London that it had had this reputation for twenty or thirty years. The family lawyer in P—— asserted most positively that there had never been a whisper of such a thing until the house was let for last year's shooting season to a family, whom I may call the H.'s. I was told the same thing in equally positive terms by the minister of the parish, a level-headed man from B——shire, who has lived in the place for twenty years. He told me that some of the younger members of the H. family had indulged in practical jokes and boasted of them. One of their pranks was to drop or throw a weight upon the floor and to draw it back by means of a string. Another seems to have been to thump on bedroom doors with a boot-heel, the unmistakable marks of which remain to this day, and were pointed out to me by our hostess. If there are really any noises not referable to ordinary domestic causes, it is not improbable that these practical jokers made a confidant of some one about the estate, who amuses himself by occasionally—it is only occasionally that the more remarkable noises are said to be heard—repeating their tricks. The steward or factor on the estate concurs with the lawyer and the minister in denying that the house had any reputation for being haunted before the advent of the H. family. Yet he is a Highlander and not without superstition, for he gave it as his opinion that *if* there was anything in these noises they must be due to Black Art. Asked what Black Art might be, he said he could not tell, but he had often heard about it, and had been told that when once set going it would go on without the assistance of its authors. He was quite clear, however, that if there is Black Art it came in with the H. family.

OTHER TRADITIONS

The conduct of the S.P.R. in this matter is so dubious that it would do well not to raise questions of motive. The three witnesses I have named are entitled to entire confidence until substantial evidence is forthcoming to discredit their testimony. Of such evidence I did not find a trace. The story of a haunted history of twenty years rests upon nothing but anonymous rumour, so vague and intangible that no opportunity of verification can be found. I was, indeed, shown some admissions made under pressure of cross-examination by the widow of the late proprietor, who died in 1895. But they are of the most insigni-

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ficant description, referring to nothing but confused recollections of noises such as may be heard in any house, and not in any degree implying a belief that the house in which she and her family lived until compelled to leave it by her husband's death is haunted. In connection with that death I was told an impressive story which illustrates the way of working up a noise into a manifestation. On a day when he was to leave home for London the proprietor was talking to the aforementioned factor in the library, when a tremendous crash was heard on the table between them. "For God's sake," cried the husband, "don't mention this to my wife." He went to London and next day was killed by a cab accident. Before the news reached his family an appalling noise was heard in the room he usually occupied, but, as the reader will expect to hear, everything was found undisturbed. This circumstantial story is false in every detail. There was no table, there was a bureau; there was no crash, but the lid of the bureau having been imperfectly closed slipped into its place; the husband did not mention either his Maker or his wife or the trivial noise; he was not killed the next day, but more than three weeks afterwards; and no mysterious sound in his room heralded the news.

But that crash is still hanging around in B——. A lady staying in the house assured me that, writing one day in the library, she heard a loud bang upon an occasional table behind her. On looking round she saw the brass handles still swinging, though no one was in the room with her and nothing was disturbed. In company with a lively young man fresh from Oxford athletics, I made a little experiment on that table. We banged it with great force, making a great noise, but the brass handles would not swing. They did, indeed, quiver in common with the not very substantial table, but the quiver was over as soon as the noise. The lady was simply the victim of a combined ocular and visual hallucination. She told me of another. In a copse near the house, through which runs a little stream down a sharp declivity, she saw an old and a young woman talking. She could distinguish their voices, though not what they said, and the old woman talked much while the young one interjected remarks. Of course, there was no woman there, and, by consequence, no conversation. The lady admitted that the apparition was purely subjective, but in regard to other matters was not willing to suppose that she may be the victim of hallucinations of hearing as well as of sight. There were other and similar experiences which it is needless to relate. It is obvious that an investigator, however honest, is tremendously handicapped by this liability to manufacture the very phenomena under investigation. Not even the solemn blessing of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, who was invited to the house for the purpose of bestowing it, can rid a dwelling of noises partly incident to domestic operations and partly due to the physiological peculiarities of the inmates.

Lord Bute's confidence has been grossly abused by some one, and, what he will probably regret even more, he has been unwittingly led to do an appreciable injury to the owners of B——. It was represented to him by some one that he was taking the "most haunted house in Scotland," a house with an old and established reputation for mysterious if not supernatural disturbances. What he has got is a house with no reputation whatever of that kind, with no history, with nothing germane to his purpose beyond a cloud of baseless rumours produced during the last twelvemonth. Who is responsible for the imposture it is not my business to know or to inquire, but that it is an imposture of the most shallow and impudent kind there can be no manner of doubt. I interviewed in P—— a man who has the district at his finger-tips, and was ready to enumerate in order all the shooting properties in the valley. He had never heard until the moment I spoke to him of B. possessing any reputation ancient or modern for being haunted, although he is familiar with the estate and has slept in the house. It has no local reputation of the kind even now beyond the parish it stands in. The whole thing has been fudged up in London, upon the basis of some distorted account of the practical jokes of the H—s.

THE CORRESPONDENT'S OPINION OF THE S.P.R.

Without attempting to judge individuals, it must be said that an experience like the present intensifies the suspicion and disgust which close contact with the S.P.R. always tends to excite. I am well aware that among its members are many men of eminence, ability, and unquestionable honesty. So on the direction of many a dubious company we may find the names of men of honour and integrity. Men do not sufficiently consider the responsibility which they incur, financially or morally, when they lend the sanction of their names to proceedings which they do not control and perhaps never inquire into. Seen at all close, the methods of the Society for Psychical Research are extremely repulsive. What it calls evidence is unsifted gossip, always reckless and often malignant; what it calls investigation would provoke contempt in Bedlam itself; and what it calls discrimination is too often the selection from gossip, all worthless, of those portions which fit best into the theory it happens to be advocating. As for its treatment of the degraded beings whom it calls "sensitives" and "mediums," the epileptics, the neurotics, the *crétins*, and the tricksters from whom it pretends to draw spiritual insight—that is a system of moral vivisection incomparably more cruel and degrading than the worst practices ever laid at the door of physiologists.

In reply to all this the public has as yet received no information other than that which became evident in the publication by the lawyers of certain letters, not otherwise interesting, namely, that the mention of Lord Bute was absolutely unwarranted, and that the house was taken and occupied by Colonel Le Mesurier Taylor, whose name is well known to all readers of this Review, of *Light*, and of *The Proceedings S.P.R.* His lordship himself has not condescended to reply, and from Miss X., the hostess in question, only two very brief communications have been received.

The first of these appeared on the morning after the publication.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

Sir,—As the "hostess" referred to in your Correspondent's article "On the Trail of a Ghost," in this morning's issue, I may perhaps be allowed space to express the unbounded astonishment with which I read his detailed account of the house, and of some of the persons most closely associated with it. Such an account could only have been furnished by one of our own guests, every one of whom came on the distinct understanding that we were bound in honour and courtesy to the owners of the house not to reveal its identity.

I can only express my deep regret at such violation of hospitality.

In publishing our own account of the inquiry, which will embody the evidence of many witnesses extending over a period of nearly twenty years, we had proposed to adhere to that principle of reticence as to names of persons and places which we have throughout considered due to the owners.

Your obedient Servant,

June 8. X.

The other appeared a few days later.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—Those among your readers who incline to suspension of judgment, and who as yet have heard of the "haunted house" only from a guest of forty-eight hours—a period when it so happened that no phenomena occurred either to criticise or to deny—may be interested to know that they will shortly be put in possession of further material in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*.

I entirely agree with the distinguished physician who in your columns to-day so justly deprecates secrecy in matters of scientific interest. I believe, however, that it is no part of medical etiquette in sharing experience of a "case" to publish the name and address of the patient in the *Lancet*, nor have I hitherto found it necessary to request my visitors to refrain from "making copy" of the conversations (in this case not always accurately remembered) of their fellow-guests.

May I, on my own behalf, emphasize the fact at which some of your correspondents have done me and my friends the justice

to hint, that the examination of alleged phenomena does not necessarily imply belief in their popular interpretation nor even in their actual existence?

Your obedient Servant,
X.

Readers of BORDERLAND will regret that as the article in question will not appear till August, we are unable to discuss the evidence she promises to lay before the public.

The latter part of her letter refers to the following from *A Late Guest at B——*, who, like the *Times* correspondent, seems to be mainly interested in discrediting the *Society for Psychical Research*.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—As one of the guests at B—— a short time ago I must demur to the statement of our hostess in her letter which appears in your columns to-day, that all the guests came on the distinct understanding that they were bound in honour and courtesy to the owners of the house not to reveal its identity. In my case there was certainly no such stipulation, and had any condition of the kind been attached, I should not have accepted the invitation sent to me. Science knows nothing of secrecy, which is, however, the life-blood of quackery and imposture. I went to B—— as an investigator on the distinct understanding that I was to assume a critical and sceptical attitude, and was to have an absolutely free hand. There was, however, no call for either scepticism or criticism, as my experiences, during the two nights I spent there, in one of the haunted chambers, were of the most commonplace description. I heard no sough of the supernatural and saw no glimmer of a ghost.

What struck me as most extraordinary at B—— was that a so-called experiment had been carried on there for nearly three months at the time of my visit by the Psychical Research Society, without any attempt at either experimentation or research. Unscreened evidence of improbable phenomena had been collected in heaps, but the simplest and most obvious tests had not been applied. The residents and visitors, it seemed to me, had been sitting there all the time, agape for wonders, straining on the limits of audition, and fomenting one another's superstitions without taking any precautions to prevent deception or employing reagents to clear up turbid observations. Our hostess, who had evidently an open mind and offered us every facility for our investigations, eagerly adopted our suggestions as to certain tests, but I regret to learn that there was no time to put these in practice.

Practical joking, hallucination, and fraud will account for the bulk of the occult phenomena recorded at B—— during its occupation by the Psychical Research Society. What remains—if anything—may be explained by earth-tremors, by the creaking and reverberations of an old and somewhat curiously-constructed house, or by some other simple natural cause. I shall, however, defer my comments on these occult phenomena until the Psychical Research Society has stated its case, or rather its two or three cases, for, if I am not misinformed, it is, with reference to the B—— revelations, a household divided against itself.

I am your obedient Servant,
London, *June* 9. A LATE GUEST AT B——.

There is something eminently funny in the presentation of the incredulous Miss X., of the clear-headed investigator Colonel Taylor, and of their guests, sitting agape for wonders!—Miss X., whom a recent French journal describes—commenting on her account of the Clandon House phenomena, as "Miss X., who is incredulity itself . . . the singular medium who does not believe in her own *médiumnité* nor in the world of spirits!"

II.—THE EVIDENCE OF A RESIDENT.

However, in the absence of more direct information as to recent events at B——, we are the more interested to hear of what occurred during the *régime* of the former occupants, the H—— family, not yet a year ago.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—In your issue of the 8th, under the above heading, "A Correspondent" tries at some length to describe what he calls a most impudent imposture. I having lived at B—— for three months in the autumn of last year as butler to the house, I thought perhaps my experience of the ghost of B—— might be of interest to many of your readers, and as the story has now become public property I shall not be doing any one an injury by telling what I know of the mystery.

HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

On July 15th, 1896, I was sent by Mr. H. with two maid-servants to take charge of B—— from Mr. S——'s agents. I was there three days before the arrival of any one of the family, and during that time I heard nothing to disturb me in any way; but on the morning after the arrival of two of the family, Master and Miss H., they came down with long faces, giving accounts of ghostly noises they had heard during the night, but I tried to dissuade them from such nonsense, as I then considered it to be; but on the following two or three nights the same kind of noises were heard by them, and also by the maid-servants, who slept in the rooms above, and they all became positively frightened. I heard nothing whatever, though the noises, as they described them, would have been enough to wake any one much farther away than where I slept, for the noises they heard were made immediately over my room. I suggested the hot-water pipes or the twigs of ivy knocking against the windows, but no—nothing would persuade them but that the house was haunted; but as the noises continued to be heard nightly I suggested that I should sit up alone and without a light outside their bedroom doors, where the footsteps and other rustling noises were heard. I think one other member of the family, "or two" young gentlemen, had arrived at this time, and they had also heard the noises. I told them of my intention to sit up alone, for as one of them had a revolver I did not want to run the risk of being shot for a ghost. However, I took my post on the landing at 11.30 and kept watch, I am certain, until half-past one; then I must have fallen asleep, for, about two o'clock, Master W., hearing the knocking as usual, came out of his room to hear if I had seen or heard anything, but found me fast asleep on the floor, which gave him a greater fright than the knocking, for he supposed for the moment that I had been slain by the ghost.

This kind of thing went on nightly, and for three weeks I heard nothing, although nearly every one in the house heard these noises except myself; but my turn had yet to come, although I firmly held the opinion during that time that it was the hot-water pipes, and I only laughed at the others for their absurd nonsense, as I then considered it to be; but my first experience was that of being awakened three successive nights, or rather mornings, at about 3.30. I heard nothing, but seemed to be wide awake in an instant, as though some one had touched me. I would stay awake for some little time and then go to sleep again; but on the fourth night, on being awakened as before and lying awake for perhaps two minutes, I heard tremendous thumping just outside my door. I jumped out of bed quickly and opened my door, and called out in a loud voice, "Who is there?" but got no answer. I ascended the stairs and listened for a few minutes, but heard no further knocking. I then went back to my room, but did not sleep again that morning.

I may mention that my room was the one described by "A Correspondent" as the butler's room under No. 3, the room where most noises were heard, and the staircase was the service one; and as there is a door at the top, if any one had come there to make the noise I should certainly have heard them beating a retreat.

OTHER WITNESSES.

The same thing happened with variations almost nightly for the succeeding two months that I was there, and every visitor that came to the house was disturbed in the same manner. One gentleman (a Colonel) told me he was awakened on several occasions with the feeling that some one was pulling the bed-clothes

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off him; sometimes heavy footsteps were heard, at others like the rustling of a lady's dress; and sometimes groans were heard, but nearly always accompanied by heavy knocking; sometimes the whole house would be aroused. One night I remember five gentlemen meeting at the top of the stairs, in their night-suits, some with sticks or pokers, one had a revolver, vowing vengeance on the disturbers of their sleep. During the two months after I first heard the noises I kept watch altogether about twelve times in various parts of the house, mostly unknown to others (at the time), and have heard the noises in the wing as well as other parts.

SENSATIONS.

When watching I always experienced a peculiar sensation a few minutes before hearing any noise. I can only describe it as like suddenly entering an ice-house and a feeling that some one was present and about to speak to me. On three different nights I was awakened by my bed-clothes being pulled off my feet.

THE WORST NIGHT.

But the worst night I had at B. was one night about the second week in September, and I shall never forget it as long as I live. I had been keeping watch with two gentlemen—one a visitor, the other one of the house. We were sitting in Room No. 2, and heard the noises that I have described about half-past two. Both gentlemen were very much alarmed; but we searched everywhere, but could not find any trace of the ghost or cause of the noises, although they came this time from an unoccupied room. (I may mention that the noises were never heard in the daytime, as stated by "A Correspondent," but always between twelve, midnight, and four in the morning, generally between two and four o'clock.) After a thorough search the two gentlemen went to bed, sadder but not wiser men, for we had discovered nothing. I then went to my room, but not to bed, for I was not satisfied, and decided to continue the watch alone. So I seated myself on the service stairs, close to where the water-pipes passed up the wall, so as to decide once and for all if the sounds came in any way from the water-pipes.

I had not long to wait (about twenty minutes), when the knocking recommenced from the same direction as before, but much louder than before, followed, after a very short interval, by two distinct groans, which certainly made me feel very uncomfortable, for it sounded like some one being stabbed and then falling to the floor. That was enough for me. I went and asked the two gentlemen who had just gone to bed if they had heard anything. One said he had heard five knocks and two groans, the same as I had; while the other (whose room was much nearer to where the sounds came from) said he had heard nothing. I then retired to my bed, but not to sleep, for I had not been in bed three minutes before I experienced the sensation as before, but, instead of being followed by knocking, my bed-clothes were lifted up and let fall again—first at the foot of my bed, but gradually coming towards my head. I held the clothes around my neck with my hands, but they were gently lifted in spite of my efforts to hold them. I then reached around me with my hand, but could feel nothing. This was immediately followed by my being fanned as though some bird was flying around my head, and I could distinctly hear and feel something breathing on me. I then tried to reach some matches that were on a chair by my bedside, but my hand was held back as if by some invisible power. Then the thing seemed to retire to the foot of my bed. Then I suddenly found the foot of my bed lifted up and carried around towards the window for about three or four feet; then replaced to its former position. All this did not take, I should think, more than two or three minutes, although at the time it seemed hours to me. Just then the clock struck four, and, being tired out with my long night's watching, I fell asleep. This, Mr. Editor, is some of my experiences while at B——.

AS TO THE CORRESPONDENT—

As to "A Correspondent's" interviews with local people. As to the old caretaker, she is an old woman, very deaf, and she always occupied a room on the ground floor, where, during the three months that I was there, nothing whatever was heard, as my two footmen slept there, and they did not hear any noises. As to the intelligent gardener, if it is the same one that was there when I was there, he, surely, has not forgotten the night he spent with me in my room; he was nearly frightened out of his wits, and declared he would not spend another night in my room for any money—a fact that the factor or steward and others well know.

PRACTICAL JOKING?

There are many other incidents in my experience with the mystery of B——, but I hope this is sufficient for the purpose I intend it—namely, for the truth to be known, for I have no other motive in writing this letter; for I have left the service of the house some months now. But as to your Correspondent's statement that some of the house were doing it, it is simply absurd; for in turn they were all away from B—— for a week or a fortnight, and still these noises were heard. Another thing: is it possible for any one to keep up a joke like that for three months? or, if any one had been doing it, I should certainly have caught them; and I can assure you that the house were very much annoyed with it, not only for themselves, but for their visitors, for I have sat up all night with some of them, who were afraid to go to their beds; and I think that, if "A Correspondent" had stayed as long in B—— as I did and had some of my experiences, he would have a very different tale to tell, although up to my going to B—— I would laugh at any one who told me there were such things as ghosts; and even now I am not quite convinced; but of one thing I am certain—that is, that there is something supernatural in the noises and things that I heard and experienced at B——. Thanking you, dear Sir, in anticipation of your inserting this letter,

I remain your obedient Servant,

HAROLD SANDERS.

Chidcock, near Bridport, Dorset.

The hypothesis of practical joking was also emphatically and indignantly denied by Mr. H——, the tenant, not himself one of the witnesses, but nevertheless in no degree repudiating the fact of the evidence of his family and guests, nor that they gave up at the end of less than three months a house for which they had paid a year's rent in advance, which house was shortly after let again for three months to Colonel Taylor; so that the "ghost" has certainly favoured the pocket, if not the feelings, of the owners of the house alleged to give hospitality to him or her.

III.—THE EVIDENCE AND THE S.P.R.

The following letter from Mr. Myers, which hardly strikes one as courteous to his host Colonel Taylor, or chivalrous towards members of the S.P.R. and other guests at B—— House, needs no comment. It is sufficiently and effectively answered by that of "One of the Witnesses."

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—A letter entitled "On the Trail of a Ghost," which you publish to-day, appears to suggest throughout that some statement has been made on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research with regard to the house which your Correspondent visited. This, however, is not the case; and as a misleading impression may be created, I must ask you to allow me space to state that I visited B——, representing that society, before your Correspondent's visit, and decided that there was no such evidence as could justify us in giving the results of the inquiry a place in our *Proceedings*. I had already communicated this judgment to Lord Bute, to the Council of the society, and to Professor Sidgwick, the Editor of our *Proceedings*, and it had been agreed to act upon it.

As to your Correspondent's general attack upon the society, I have only to say that twelve volumes of our *Proceedings* are before the public; that these form the record of our methods and of our work; and that we are, and always have been, ready to

meet with respectful attention any definite criticism upon any matter contained therein.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,
Hon Sec. of the Society for Psychical Research.
Leckhampton House, Cambridge, *June* 8.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—I am not a member of the Society for Psychical Research, but as a visitor at the "haunted house" in Scotland during some weeks with constant experience of the phenomena, and in view of Mr. Myers's letter in your issue of this morning, may I, in the interests of fair play, inform your readers of three facts which might not otherwise come under their notice?

1. That Mr. Myers, in repudiating responsibility on behalf of the S.P.R., omits to mention that the evidence of the case has not been submitted to the Council of the society.

2. That Mr. Myers himself has seen but a very small part of that evidence, which consists of a journal carefully kept for over three months and signed by more than twenty witnesses.

3. That during the visit to which he refers, extending over ten days only, both Mr. Myers and Professor Lodge testified in writing to their personal experience of the phenomena under observation.

I leave to others any reflections which may occur to them as to "the tail wagging the dog" and "playing to the gallery" on the part of the Secretary of the S.P.R.

Yours faithfully,
ONE OF THE WITNESSES.
June 10.

This letter was followed by one, not, as would have been suitable had the Council desired to support Mr. Myers, from the President, Sir William Crookes, saying whether he had seen the evidence in question and what view he took of it, but by Professor Sidgwick—a letter which is a masterpiece of saying nothing.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—The letter of "A Late Guest at B." seems to render it desirable that I should write to confirm Mr. Myers's statement as to the unfavourable view formed by him of the results of the investigation carried on there. He communicated this view to me—as Editor of the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R.—some time previous to a meeting of the Council of this society, held on May 28. I may add that, accepting his account of the evidence, I entirely concurred in his conclusion that the results were not such as to justify publication in our *Proceedings*.

I am yours obediently,
HENRY SIDGWICK.
The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.,
June 18.

As Professor Lodge and Mr. Myers had both testified, so we are told, in writing, to personal experience of important phenomena at B—— House, we may gather that the standard of evidence for "Haunted Houses" has recently been raised in the S.P.R., as Professor Sidgwick has here two competent and adult witnesses, and the evidence which the society produced in the latest report of its "Haunted House" Committee reached in cases of the first class an average of one and a fraction.

Further comments on Mr. Myers's relation to the B—— witnesses are contained in the following paragraphs, over the signature referred to elsewhere as that of "a distinguished physician":—

Mr. Myers suggests that I regard it as a sign of weakness that all members of the Psychical Research Society do not take the same view of the B. evidence. That is not so. In the interpretation of that evidence, in the inferences drawn from it and opinions founded on it, there is room for wide divergence of views which would merely indicate independent judgment; but what I do regard as a sign of weakness is that the members of the Psychical Research Society are not agreed about the evidence itself or the trustworthiness of those who bear it. What are facts to one member are fictions to another, and truthfulness and mendacity are alike ascribed to one witness by different sects or sections.

Surely Mr. Myers's memory is at fault when he says that he decided when at B. that the evidence collected there was not of such a character as to justify its publication by the Psychical Research Society. I visited B. after Mr. Myers, and I was there told that he insisted on the publication of the whole transactions. I was, indeed, consulted as to the propriety of including in the publication called for by Mr. Myers the testimony of one witness whom there were grave grounds for discrediting.

I am your obedient Servant,
A LATE GUEST AT B——.
London,
June 16.

IV.—THE EARTHQUAKE HYPOTHESIS.

It is reported that visual phenomena at B—— House were well attested, and visual phenomena are not created by earthquakes. Nevertheless there are sounds and vibrations for which earthquakes might account, and the following letter from the very eminent seismologist, Professor Milne, is of extreme interest:—

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—An article headed "On the Trail of a Ghost," which appeared in your issue of June 8, followed as it was by a series of letters on the same subject, has directed attention to a number of mysterious sounds which from time to time during the last twenty years have been heard at a country house in P——shire. One writer who signs himself "A Late Guest at B——" suggests that the origin of these noises may be seismic, because earthquake sounds are so varied in their nature, some, like *el gran ruido* and the *Bramados* of South America, being like the reports of cannon, gun-shots, or subterranean thunder, whilst others are described as boomings, rumblings, grumblings, like the rattle of musketry, the rolling of carriages, the clanking of chains, and ghost-like soughings.

I am more inclined to the view that the B—— mysteries are to be explained not so much from the character of the noises which have been heard, but rather from the knowledge we possess relating to the seismicity of the district in which they have been recorded.

For years past this part of P——shire has been well known as the hotbed for British earthquakes.

Between 1852 and 1890 no less than 465 shocks have been noted there, out of which number 430 are claimed by C——.

Many of these have been accompanied by sounds, and often, as is common in earthquake countries and as I can testify from considerable personal experience, sounds may be heard, and no movement can be either felt or recorded by an ordinary seismograph.

As early as 1840 the British Association appointed a committee to investigate the P——shire earthquakes, and instruments were established in the parish church at C——.

In one of the reports of this committee we find a letter from David Milne to the Rev. Dr. Buckland, in which he relates the experience of Lady Moncrieff, who stated that whilst residing in C—— House scarcely a day passed without hearing either the rumbling noise in the earth or the moaning in the air produced by a mysterious agent.

Many other quotations might be made to show that in P——shire seismic sounds have been common, and, because such sounds do not travel far from their origin, they might be heard at an isolated house in the country and nowhere else.

Whether B—— is isolated or not we are not informed.

To obtain records of the visits of seismic ghosts of the nature here considered it is not likely that ordinary seismographs would be of much value.

What is required is an instrument capable of picking up

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extremely rapid and minute vibrations, for which purpose I should first be inclined to try a self-recording Perry Tromometer. With an instrument of this description installed at such a distance from a haunted mansion that it could not be affected by vibrations artificially produced within the same, when ghosts were seismic we should expect to find a coincidence in the times at which sounds were heard and the times at which the surrounding ground was agitated by elastic tremors.

The Society for Psychical Research, when on bogey-hunting expeditions, might possibly find that the suggested use of tromometric apparatus might not only lay home-made ghosts, but would furnish materials of value to all who are interested in seismic research.

Yours obediently,

JOHN MILNE.

Shide, Newport, I.W., *June* 14.

The editor of this correspondence was staying at B—— at the time that Miss X. was arranging with Professor Milne for a series of experiments on the lines he suggests, and valuable results might have followed had not the owners of the house been so ill-advised as to decline to continue the lease for another week, in order that these interesting experiments (obviously for their own advantage) might be conducted by means of instruments to be brought from London.

V.—"GHOSTS" AT CLANDON PARK.

The following letter from Lord Onslow is—as readers of BORDERLAND will recognise for themselves, or can easily ascertain by reference to the January number of BORDERLAND, in which the subject was discussed at length—curiously inaccurate:—

SIR,—I do not wonder that Mrs. S—— resents deeply the deceit practised upon her by Lord Bute and the Psychical Research Society in taking her house without informing her of their intention of conducting "researches" with a view to proving it to be haunted.

Had you not published your Correspondent's complete *exposé* the P.R.S. might have issued their report to the great detriment of the future letting value of B——.

I was not so fortunate; for during my absence in New Zealand I let my place, Clandon Park, to tenants who were persuaded by the P.S.R. to allow similar "researches" to be conducted by certain highly impressionable ladies, who, having accepted the hospitality extended to them by my tenants, could hardly leave without justifying the expectations formed of them.

Their hallucinations were published far and wide in the local, London, and foreign newspapers, but were fortunately so ludicrous as to excite nothing but ridicule; yet, did I ever again desire to let the place, many an intending tenant might decline to take a house with such a reputation.

I need hardly add that no other person ever heard, saw, or dreamt of a ghost at Clandon.

I wish there were some means of making this society responsible in hard cash for the effects of the light-headed nonsense by which they depreciate other people's property.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

ONSLOW.

Clandon Park, Guildford, *June* 18.

Mr. Myers, as Secretary of the S.P.R., replied as follows:—

SIR,—Considering that abundant reports as to the alleged hauntings at Clandon Park had appeared in the newspapers before any Psychical Researchers, so far as I know, concerned themselves with that matter, and considering that the Society for Psychical Research has abstained from publishing the evidence collected on the subject by two of its members, Lord Onslow's letter in the *Times* of to-day seems scarcely fair.

Lord Onslow, by the way, is in error in supposing that our society was a party to the renting of B. House.

In point of fact, so far as most of my friends (and I myself) are concerned, we might claim that we deserved, not the fines which Lord Onslow suggests, but handsome testimonials from various owners and tenants for ridding them of disturbing rumours and fears; so often has it proved true, as the poet has it—

"That when the glum Researchers come
Those brutes of bogeys go."

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

Leckhampton House, Cambridge, *June* 19.

He might have expressed himself in terms even stronger. In fact, in the interests of common veracity he ought to have stated: (1) That B—— was not taken by Lord Bute at all, but by Colonel Taylor, an exceedingly well-known member of the S.P.R. (2) That the visitors to Clandon were not "two impressionable ladies," but Miss X. and the late Mr. Bidder, Q.C., an eminent lawyer, by no means "impressionable." (3) That no "researches" of any kind were made by the visitors in question. (4) That the evidence of a score or so of persons had established the fact of supernormal phenomena at Clandon before they ever went there. (5) That the tenants never invited any researches at all, and therefore their guests had no "expectations to justify." It would have been more courteous to the tenants in question, to Lord Onslow, to Mr. Bidder, for many years one of the most distinguished members of the S.P.R. Council, now no longer living and able to defend his reputation, and to Miss X., whose labours on behalf of the S.P.R. are too well known to need description, had Mr. Myers stated these facts instead of merely repudiating his own responsibility.

VI.—WAITING FOR INFORMATION.

Though not containing any evidence the following letter is so much to the point as to deserve quotation:—

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—The attack made by the visitor to B. House on the S.P.R. reveals even more strongly a deficiency in just and accurate estimate of the society's methods. No reasonable and temperate observer could apply to the evidence collected by the S.P.R. in, for example, "Phantasms of the Living," the designation of "unsifted, reckless, often malignant gossip," for caution amounting to scepticism marks the society's acceptance of even the best-authenticated accounts of the phenomena coming within its purview. Those who, like myself, have no connection with the S.P.R., but are lovers of fairness and of balanced judgment, will wait before coming to a decision as to the authenticity of the phenomena at B. House until more information is before them. The lady alluded to as hostess during the recent tenancy of the house is known to the literary world, and to society in general, as possessing in a high degree perception of the psychical order, together with a sensitive accuracy in registering such impressions, comparable to that of a fine scientific instrument, and as maintaining with regard to the sources of such impressions a thoroughly agnostic attitude. Whenever from this quarter shall come a version of the disturbances at B. House, should such there be, those of us who value intelligent and high-minded testimony will listen with due attention. No one is bound, indeed, to care for such subjects at all; but, on the other hand, no one is justified in relegating the whole almost unexplored region of psychical research to the limbo of credulity and superstitition at the dictates of that "rationalistic bias" so ably noted by Mr. A. J. Balfour as long dominating the judgment of observers, and preventing sane and serious study of a difficult subject. The worst mood in presence of a new branch of science is that of ignorant contempt.

Yours faithfully,

June 8. TÉNEZ-LE-DROIT.

XVII.—ASTROLOGY.

THE DATE OF THE NEXT GREAT WAR.

IS it possible to know the date by occult means of the next great war?

I think it is!

The occult method usually practised to form an anti-date opinion is astrological, from the horoscope of national leaders or heads, with the map of the heavens for the sun's ingress into signs, and for each new moon.

These means are valuable, but insufficient standing alone.

If I can get the data I want, I will undertake to state the time of the next great war, and the nations that will be involved therein.

One part of this data I cannot get without outside help, and now ask for some reader of BORDERLAND to furnish me with it.

What I want is the dates on which the warships constituting our Navy were launched, and as near as possible the minute of the launch. If the exact time is not known, if the date and the time of high water at that place on that date be given, it will be very near to the true time of the launch; but if the exact time can be given I shall very much prefer it.

With these data and other means that I have, I will undertake to say when England will be involved in a war in which her Navy will have to take a prominent part.

If I can get the like information for other navies I can make similar forecasts, and in all probability be able to discern the nations we shall be at war with.

This appears to me to be a subject of great importance well worth the great amount of labour and patient investigation required to solve this problem.

Although personally convinced of my ability to do this when the necessary data is given to me, I am perfectly conscious that a number of readers will not have the same confidence. I hope they will give me the data, allowing events to mould their opinions.

RICHARD BLAND.

5, Sandringham Street, Hull, *June*, 1897.

PROPHECIES OF EVIL TO COME.

A BAD MONTH.

Mr. RICHARD BLAND, writing to me from Hull on June 22nd, says:—

During the early part of last year I made known a series of predictions from the position of the planets at the time of the May new moon; these were published in BORDERLAND, and were very amply verified. It is now my duty to name what I think will be another evil month.

I expect the month of July will be an unfortunate one; the new moon of June 30th joins its rays with the sun in evil aspect to Herschel, Saturn, Mars, and Venus; Mars and Venus are in evil aspect to Saturn and Herschel. This is a powerful combination for evil, and I judge their influences upon this earth will do harm. What may be the exact nature of the evil I cannot say. It will bring disaster and death, I judge, by fire, by water, by pestilence, and it is more than possible by war. There will be a number of sudden deaths, single and in groups; here and there one often, but I fear in great numbers at one time more than once during the month.

THE INFLUENZA.

I was fortunate enough to predict the influenza scourge that was so fatal a few years ago.

I now take up my pen to make a further prediction on this subject.

Before this year is out the influenza will slay its thousands and tens of thousands.

I write this for the July issue of BORDERLAND because part of this prediction will be fulfilled before the October issue, but the worst of it will be after the October issue, and I write this for July issue rather than the October issue, so that some may not think I have based the prediction upon the events that will be by then partially developed.

The month of July will see a marked increase in the number of deaths from this cause; it will lay hold of great people, striking down those that are highly esteemed; from them it will fluctuate up and down; it will not leave us, but during November its terrible power for evil will increase, and during December I fear it will be very bad indeed.

I judge November and December will be a shocking time of evil, felt throughout the world, but specially evil for us as a nation.

R. BLAND.

Hull, *June 22nd*, 1897.

ANOTHER ASTROLOGER'S FORECAST.

"NEPTUNE" writes me from Bristol, on June 1st, as follows:—

Astrologers are aware that while Jupiter is in Virgo Turkey will be benefited thereby, especially so as Jupiter is not afflicted while therein, but, *per contra*, will meet with good aspects from Uranus and Saturn. Even the conjunction of Mars and Jupiter in July will benefit the Turk. They as a people are slow to make changes while influences are against them, hence their procrastination; but they do not allow good influences to pass by without taking advantage. It is the only European nation that takes cognisance of astral influences in the affairs of States and individually. Consequently he has no difficulty in trifling with his physicians' prescriptions because they are in a more chronic state of helplessness than himself. His weakness is his strength. In July, Mars joins Jupiter in Virgo; both planets are unafflicted by Uranus and Saturn, and are hastening to a good aspect: so the sick man will watch his opportunities and take the advantages later on in the year. As Uranus and Saturn change signs, so does Jupiter, and retains its cordial relations with them during the greater part of 1898.

The same astral influences that cause the rise and fall of nations, may mean a levelling-up of all nations to one standard of manhood or brotherhood and equality. So it will be well if we do not allow our national pride and prejudices to run away with our reason. Turkey may make some, to us, very unpleasant alliances that may cause much mischief and trouble, and will fight hard for dear life.

The new moon of yesterday (31st May) will cause delay and perverse dealing, but the worst effects appear to fall on places about five hours East of Greenwich. The new moon of the 30th June appears more favourable for the Turks than for us. Some great national grief, maybe the death of a great friend of the people; great fires or explosions; our rulers are in a fix; I hope no calamity to our fleet; suicides numerous. The perfidy of friends and of the French causes some temporary annoyance.

As July advances the outlook appears more cheering, especially the latter part of month and early part of August. That is, if war is averted at the end of June, then all is well till the end of October; then the influences are very threatening and may mean the beginning of the long-looked-for wars, strife, and great commotions at home and abroad even in our own possessions. In November the conjunction of Mars with the Sun and Saturn in the sign Sagittarius, being in trine to the signs Leo and Aries, may, I hope, unite England and France. If so, the good aspect of Jupiter to Uranus and Saturn will be of mutual benefit to both in the coming year; but if at war with Turkey it will be a long and hard tussle.

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XVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

PREDICTIONS OF THE PARIS CONFLAGRATION.

THE frightful fire which burned alive so many of the leaders of French society at the Charity Bazaar held in the beginning of May appears to have been one of those events which are well predicted beforehand. Old Moore's Almanack has scored, for the occurrence of a great fire attended with much loss of life was prophesied by him as due according to the stars at the end of April.

Old Moore's prophecy, which was printed nearly six months before the fire, predicted at the end of April that "We are almost sure to hear news of an awful fire in Paris, which will involve loss of life, whilst a gang of looters will be busy amongst the ruins and adjoining buildings." On May 4th the truly "awful fire" occurred in Paris, and the newspapers reported that, although the scene of the fire was distant from what may be called the dangerous quarters of Paris, a gang of thieves managed to evade the police, and several of these were caught in the act of hunting for watches, jewels, and stray coins. M. Cochefert, chief of the Detective Department, ordered an extra staff of officers to watch the ruins during the night.

In the matter of prophecy "Old Moore" appears to have been quite outdone by an Italian almanack, "Il Pescatore di Chieravalle," which contained the following remarkable prediction for May, 1897: "A great fire may bring misery upon a number of families. A whole nation is in mourning for a personage of importance. Many human lives perish by an accident. A great number of princes are on their travels."

A medical member of the Psychical Research Society wrote to the *Standard* of May 6th saying that he did not think that Old Moore's success could be explained as a mere coincidence. He says:—

I have for some time been interested in the question of prevision, and during the past two years have had some remarkable instances of foresight occurring to a friend and patient of mine. On Saturday last she had a prevision of the Paris disaster, with the names of eight of the victims, and also an intimation that about two hundred deaths would result in a temporary building from fire in Paris. The same evening she had a prevision of the shipping accident near Aberdeen, the full name of the one steamer being given, and the first letter of the other, as well as the statement that eleven lives would be lost. These accounts were written on a letter-card, which was posted on Sunday last, and bears the post-mark May 3rd, 12.15 A.M. Before being posted the letter-card was attested by two gentlemen and myself.

To this letter the editor of *Light* appends the following note:—

We have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the writer of the above letter, and he has kindly permitted us to examine the postal letter-card to which he refers. The fire in Paris occurred on Tuesday, May 4th, and the card, which was posted on the preceding Sunday, not only foretold the disaster, but described the building, and gave the names of several of the victims. It also attributed the accident to the lamp of the cinématographe—and the authorities came to the same conclusion, after a searching inquiry.

Still more remarkable were the predictions which were predicted by Mdlle. de Maillé, the French spiritual trance medium.

So long ago as May, 1896, when the Parisian seer, then in the height of her notoriety, was holding crowded meetings in Mme. de Maillé's drawing-room, it is asserted by M. Gaston Méry that she gave utterance in her accustomed doggerel to lines which may be Englished thus:—

Near the Elysian Fields a low-roofed house I spy,
Not holy in itself, to holiness 'tis nigh.
Truth is not here, although the cause is charity.
I see the flames arise! I hear the piercing cries.
Poor bodies grilled and burned, and flesh to ashes turned,
To dust borne on the wind, and nothing left behind.

People are discussing the curious coincidence that the occurrence of a catastrophe in Paris should have been predicted in various almanacs, and now it transpires that just a twelvemonth ago Mdlle. Couëdon delivered herself of a similar prophecy at a *soirée* given by the Comtesse Urbain de Maille. About a hundred guests were present, and after replying to various questions, Mdlle. Couëdon spoke of a conflagration which would affect the highest circles, the Faubourg Saint-Germain being particularly smitten. No one, however, who was at the party would be hurt. "Even you will scarcely feel it, and only in an indirect manner," she added, turning to M. Urbain de Maille, who has lost in the fire a distant connection with whom he was barely acquainted. But the strangest part of it all is that not one of the persons who were at that *soirée* has been injured. It may also be remembered that at the time of the cyclones last summer Mdlle. Couëdon predicted that flames would fall on the Champs Elysées.

The S.P.R. in Paris is busily engaged in endeavouring to account for the presentiment of Sister Mary Magdalen, who perished in the Charity Bazaar fire. M. d'Ariste, an advocate of the Court of Appeal, has been making careful investigations in the case, and he has found that, on several occasions, the deceased, who was blind, foretold the manner of her death. Two months before the catastrophe, she told her aged parent, who was then infirm, that she would predecease her. On May 2nd she declared that she would die through a fire. Later that day she was attending to a *religieuse* who was ill, and when the latter remarked, "What an excellent nurse you will be!" Sister Magdalen replied, "No, I shall nurse you no more and you will not nurse me. I shall be brought back burnt." She made a similar statement on May 3rd, and on the 4th, before going to the bazaar, she desired to receive the chaplain's blessing and appeared quite sad. These particulars are vouched for by the Superioress of the Congregation. The deceased was not of a nervous or hysterical temperament, but enjoyed robust health, and none of the members of the community to which she belonged indulged in the habit of prophesying. The predictions were certainly remarkable in the highest degree.

IS WATER-FINDING ILLEGAL?

IGNORANCE and intolerance are closely allied. We shall never have tolerance for the studies which are pursued in the imperfectly surveyed Borderland until the general level of education is raised. This is not necessarily so much among those who are supposed to be uneducated as among the intensely superstitious ignoramuses who, having acquired a certain tincture or smattering of scientific teaching, imagine that there is nothing in heaven or earth excepting that which lies within the compass of what they regard as ascertained knowledge. Such people are from time to time found on the magistrate's bench in the police courts, and now one of them has cropped up as a local government auditor in the county of Bedfordshire. This good man, who is no doubt a conscientious, upright, trustworthy

citizen, according to his lights, was called upon to audit the accounts of a district council, which had adopted the extremely common-sense plan of calling in the services of a water-finder in order to find water. There are few truths that are more firmly established than that dowsers or water-finders have succeeded in discovering water at a minimum of expenditure where all the more orthodox practitioners have failed to find it. But the art of water-finding by the divining-rod is one of those things which cannot be scientifically explained, and, therefore, the ostrich-like, commonplace, superstitious, half-educated ignoramus dogmatically asserts that there is no truth in it. The fact that he is doing constantly scores of things, the secret of which is absolutely hidden from the greatest scientists, does not occur to him when he is suddenly called upon to judge of a question that lies outside of the range of his ordinary every-day experience. He cannot understand how the dowser's-rod should twist and turn when held over a hidden spring of water, and therefore, because he cannot understand how it is done, he is quite dogmatically certain that it cannot be done, and if he is an auditor, he proceeds, like this Bedfordshire worthy, to disallow the payment made by a district council for the services of a professional water-finder. If the good man had taken the trouble, before pronouncing his verdict, to read up the subject, he would never have committed this folly; but while we can compel children to learn to read and write, where is the despot sufficiently powerful to compel official auditors and magistrates to make even the most cursory study of subjects upon which they have to pronounce judgment?

The case in which the right of a district council to pay a water-finder's fee was overruled by an auditor, was thus reported in the *Times* of June 1st :—

At the annual audit of the accounts of the Urban District Council of Ampthill, Bedfordshire, which was completed on Friday last by Mr. W. A. Casson, the Local Government auditor for the county, several ratepayers raised objections to an expenditure incurred in the employment of Mr. Leicester Gataker, a water-diviner. They produced geological plans and sections to show that, if the diviner's recommendations were acted on, the council would be boring into a stratum of Oxford clay, the depth of which had not been fathomed as yet, although a boring had been made to 700 feet, and no water obtained. The district council had applied to the Local Government Board for a loan to carry out boring experiments to test Gataker's recommendations. The Board ordered a water supply to be procured within a limited time, leaving the council a free hand how they went to work, and they unanimously resolved to employ Gataker. In reply to the auditor, the chairman said that Gataker did undoubtedly hold out that he had a mysterious power of discovering water. His method was to start with his arms spread out and walk slowly over the ground. Suddenly he would stop as though he felt a shock, and it was there that he "located" a spring. He would then step backwards and forwards to ascertain the depth of the spring and the volume of water. In his report he named a number of springs in one field, and the total of the water there was more than ample for the town. The auditor, in announcing his decison, stated that in seeking for water the district council had disregarded the reports of experts and had gone for guidance to a man who had a reputation for discovering water by some unusual and peculiar method not possible to ordinary persons, and the question he had to settle was whether this was legal or not. He noted that Gataker took the trouble to do what ordinary professional men would not think of doing—namely, to state "I guarantee my business to be genuine," whilst no guarantee whatever in the legal sense was given that water would be found where it was located. Money might properly be spent on experimental borings under proper advice, but it had not been proved that this man had any greater power than any one else. The district council were in the position of trustees of public moneys, and must not spend them in a speculative manner. In the only case that had come before the Courts which bore upon this matter the Judges had held that "the pretence of power, whether moral, physical, or supernatural, with intent to obtain money was sufficient to constitute an offence within the meaning of the law," and he (the auditor) thought that, as Gataker claimed to exercise some such power, his employment was clearly illegal, and the amount of his fee would, therefore, be disallowed, and the gentlemen who authorised the payment surcharged with it. They could appeal either to the Queen's Bench Division or to the Local Government Board against the surcharge.

PROSECUTION FOR PALMISTRY.

EVERY quarter we have to report some prosecution or other of an unfortunate palmist. This time the victim was a phrenologist from Leeds of the name of Thomas Moore, who was prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act at Leamington :—

April 27th, 1897.

At Leamington yesterday Thomas Moore, 24, Linden Road, Leeds, described as a phrenologist, was charged under the Vagrancy Act with unlawfully pretending to tell fortunes by means of palmistry at the Assembly Rooms, Leamington, on the 22nd inst.—Mr. Crowther Davies, solicitor, who prosecuted on behalf of the police, explained that the defendant pretended to be a phrenologist, physiognomist, and palmist, and that his clients extended from Countess Kinnoul to Krao the "missing link." His advertised charges ran from 2s. 6d. to 21s., and where fortune-tellers were concerned it was generally supposed that there was not an inverse ratio between the amount of the fee and the promise of future happiness.

Miss Hattie Hemmings, daughter of a Leamington police-sergeant, deposed to visiting the defendant's consulting-room on the evening of April 22nd. He examined her bumps and the palms of her hands, and told her she had a good line of life, that she had had a love-quarrel during the previous year, would marry a young man taller and darker than herself, have three christenings and two mothers-in-law. (Laughter.) She paid defendant 2s. 6d.

Charlotte Vann gave similar evidence, only in her case defendant had promised six christenings, with the usual two mothers-in-law.

The defendant, in answer to the charge, said he could show that the evidence was all "cooked," and he asked to be allowed to read a hand before the Bench.

The Mayor: Certainly not. That cannot be entertained for a moment.

A fine of £2 2s. and costs—in all, £3 14s.—was imposed.

Such is the report as it appears in the London papers. I know nothing of Mr. Moore, but one cannot help admiring the pluck of the palmist, who offered to put his science to the crucial test of reading a hand in court. The Mayor of Leamington might do worse now that he has imposed his fine upon this practitioner from Leeds to make the experiment of ascertaining whether or not the palmist, from his Worship's palm, could read his past history and make accurate predictions as to what may happen in the future. Of course among palmists, as among physicians, there are plenty of scamps. The proportion is probably greater among palmists, for being a proscribed class outside the protection of the law, they are more apt to be a law to themselves than the mere members of more regular professions. But these trumped-up police prosecutions of palmists, in which police officers employ their wives and daughters to go and tempt persons to commit the offence for which they are immediately afterwards prosecuted, ought not to be tolerated. If people like to pay 2s. 6d. or £500 for a reading of their hands by palmists, it is not a case in which the law should interfere. The reading may be as worthless as most medi-

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cines, but a palmist should no more be fined or sent to jail for giving a reading of the palm than any dealer in patent medicines should be prosecuted for selling his pills.

Madame Morlee was fined by the Halifax magistrates for preaching palmistry. The case, as usual, was got up by the police, who paid the palmist to commit the offence for which they then run her in. Madame Morlee's counsel, in pleading for his client, said there were certain lines in the hands which some people believed indicated character, and the profession had been practised in Halifax before. Madame Morlee came to the town from the Congregational bazaar at Lightcliffe, where ministers, doctors, and other well-to-do people had their hands examined.

When he looked at the magistrates before him, he could only say they had seen it practised at bazaars, and there were men on the bench who had had their hands examined. But it was done under the cloak of religion. He would be a bold man, almost omniscient, who would say there was nothing in palmistry, for "all things are possible," and laws like that under consideration were better observed in the breach than in the observance. It did not reflect much credit upon any person who suggested that proceedings should be taken, when it was known that the thing had gone on so often before. People as respectable as anybody in that court, he might remark, were at the Lightcliffe bazaar. The Rev. J. H. Stowell wrote to say that the defendant was engaged for three days at the bazaar, and her delineations and descriptions gave great satisfaction.

Why should there be more difficulty in delineating character from the palm of the hand than in feeling at the head or looking at the face? Yet the magistrates would not dare to convict a phrenologist or a person who delineated character by handwriting.

The defendant's counsel went on to argue that the police would have as much right to go to a spiritualists' meeting and take action because they professed to communicate with the dead.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES.

A FEW years ago any one who asserted that he could telegraph through space without wires would have been held to be insane or mendacious. But now it is a matter for the Royal Institution and the Electrician-in-Chief of the Government Telegraphs. So the world moves.

Mr. W. H. Preece, the Engineer-in-Chief to the Postal Telegraph Department, lectured on June 4th at the Royal Institution on the transmission of electric signals through space without wires. The discovery, he said, of the existence of the ether, or continuous elastic medium throughout the universe, by which light, heat, electricity, and other forms of energy are transmitted, is one of the great scientific events of the Victorian age. All the forms of energy are transmitted in definite waves with known velocities, and one of the most magnificent generalisations of the present era is by Clerk-Maxwell, that all these disturbances are of precisely the same kind, and only differ in degree. The waves are reflected, refracted, and polarised. Electric waves, however, differ from light waves in this, that we have also to regard the direction at right angles to the line of propagation of the wave. When electricity is stored in a potential state in the molecules of a di-electric like air, the molecules are strained. It is called a charge, and it establishes in its neighbourhood an electric field. When active, it is called a current. The surrounding neighbourhood is then found in a state of stress, forming a magnetic field. In the first case the charges can be made to rise and fall, and to surge to and fro with rhythmic regularity, exciting electric waves along each line of electric force; and in the second case the currents can rise or alternate in direction with the same regularity, and originate electro-magnetic waves, whose fronts are propagated in the same direction. The former is the method of M. Hertz, which has been recently turned to practical account by M. Marconi; and the latter is the method put in actual practice by Mr. Preece in 1892, when distinct messages were sent across the Bristol Channel, a distance of three and a third miles. Again, in 1895, the postal cable broke between Oban and the Isle of Mull, and as there was no means of repair available, communication for signalling was established by transmitting the signals across the blank space by these electro-magnetic waves. In the electro-magnetic system two parallel circuits are established, one on each side of a channel or bank of a river, each circuit becoming successively the primary and secondary of an induction system, according to the direction in which the signals are being sent. Strong alternating, or vibrating, currents of electricity are transmitted in the first circuit so as to from signals, letters, and words in Morse characters. The effects of the rise and fall of these currents are transmitted as electro-magnetic waves through the intervening space, and if the secondary circuit is so situated as to be washed by these ethereal waves, their energy is transformed into secondary currents in the second circuit, which can be made to affect a telephone, and thus to reproduce the signals. Of course, their intensity is much reduced, but still their presence has been detected, though five miles of clear space have separated the two circuits. Such effects have been known scientifically in the laboratory since the days of Faraday and Henry, but it is only by the introduction of the telephone that it has been possible to utilise them. Last year an effort was made to establish communication with the North Sand-head lightship on the Goodwin. A cable was coiled in a ring on the bottom of the sea, embracing the area over which the ship swung, and the ship itself was surrounded with another coil above the water-line. Communication, however, was found to be impracticable, because the screening effect of the sea-water and the effect of the iron hull of the ship absorbed all the energy of the currents in the coiled cable and left the effects too minute for signalling. In July last year M. Marconi brought to England a new plan, which is based on utilising electro-magnetic waves of very low frequency. It depends essentially on the rise and fall of currents in the primary wire. He utilises electric or Hertzian waves of very high frequency, and they depend upon the rise and fall of electric force in a sphere or spheres. He has invented a new relay, which, for sensitiveness and delicacy, exceeds all known electrical apparatus. The peculiarity of his system is that, apart from the ordinary connecting wire of the apparatus, conductors of very moderate length only are needed, and even these can be dispensed with if reflectors are used. His transmitter is Professor Righi's form of Hertz radiator. Two spheres of solid brass are fixed in an oil-tight case of insulating material, so that one hemisphere of each is exposed, the other being immersed in a bath of vaseline. This oil has the advantage of keeping the spheres clean, and it impresses upon the waves excited a constant form. M. Marconi generally uses waves of 120 centimetres. Two small spheres are fixed close to the large spheres, and connected each to one end of the secondary circuit of the induction-coil, the primary circuit of which is thrown in and out by a Morse key. Whenever that is depressed sparks pass, and since the system contains capacity and electrical inertia, oscillations are set up of extreme rapidity, the frequency being possibly 250 millions per second. The distance at which effects are produced depends chiefly on the energy in the discharge. A six-inch spark coil has sufficed for four miles, but for greater distances a more powerful coil, emitting twenty-inch sparks, has been employed. The relay consists of a glass tube, four centimetres long, into which two silver pole pieces are tightly fixed, separated by about half a millimetre. This thin space is filled up by fine nickel and silver filings, and the tube, exhausted to a vacuum, is sealed. It forms part of a local circuit containing a local cell and a sensitive telegraph relay. In its normal condition, the metallic powder is virtually an insulator, the particles lightly touching each other. But when electric waves fall upon them, they are polarised, order is installed, and they cohere; electrical contact ensues, and a current passes. Oscillations set up in the transmitter fall upon the recciver, tuned in sympathy with it,

coherence follows, currents are excited, and the signals made. In open, clear spaces, within sight of each other, nothing more is wanted; but when obstacles intervene and great distances are in question, height is needed, and tall masts, kites, and balloons have been used. Excellent signals have been transmitted across the Bristol Channel through a distance of nine miles. Mirrors also assist and intensify the effects. It is curious that hills and apparent obstructions fail to obstruct. Weather seems to have no influence; rain, fog, snow, or wind avail nothing. In conclusion, the lecturer spoke of the Marconi system as a new telegraphy, and stated it had been tried on the former experimental area at Oban, where it had succeeded excellently. Further trials with lightships and lighthouses would be made, and the island of Sark would probably become a public message station.

Professor Oliver Lodge, writing to the *Times* on June 17th, says:—

It appears that many persons suppose that the method of signalling across space by means of Hertz waves received by a Branly tube of filings is a new discovery made by Signor Marconi, who has recently been engaged in improving some of the details.

It is well known to physicists, and perhaps the public may be willing to share the information, that I myself showed what was essentially the same plan of signalling in 1894. My apparatus acted very vigorously across the college quadrangle, a distance of sixty yards, and I estimated that there would be some response up to a limit of half a mile. Some of the hearers of Mr. Preece's recent lecture at the Royal Institution seem to have understood his reference to these previous trials to signify that I had assertes or prophesied that more powerful apparatus would always be limited to some such distance; whereas my statement was a scientific one, concerning the small and early apparatus which, with the help of my assistant, Mr. E. E. Robinson, I had at the time devised and constructed. My apparatus was substantially the same as that now used by Signor Marconi—there was a row of sparkling spheres; the sparks were taken under oil sometimes, as suggested by M. Sarasin; there were iron and brass filings in a high vacuum and likewise in hydrogen; there was also my own coherer with a single contact, which is more sensitive, but less manageable, than a filings tube; and the restoration to sensitiveness was effected by an electrically-worked hammer. Signor Marconi uses nickel and silver filings in a lower vacuum, and by employing greater power he has obtained signals over much greater distances; moreover, instructed primarily by Professor Righi, and aided in his trials by the British Post Office, he has worked hard to develop the method into a commercial success. For all this full credit is due—I do not suppose that Signor Marconi himself claims any more—but much of the language indulged in during the past few months by writers of popular articles on the subject about "Marconi waves," "important discoveries," and "brilliant novelties" has been more than usually absurd. The only "important discovery" about the matter was made in 1888 by Hertz; and on that is based the emitter of the waves; the receiver depends on cohesion under electrical influence, which was noticed long ago by Lord Rayleigh, and has been re-observed in other forms by other experimenters, including the writer in 1890.

DID THE GHOST USE THE TELEPHONE?

An esteemed correspondent sends me the following remarkable story, for the truth of which he vouches:—

Last summer an elderly friend of mine (we will call him Mr. B.) was sitting at home with his wife, in the suburb of a provincial town, when a letter arrived saying that his only daughter was unwell, and would, on her husband's advice, seek a short rest at home. In a few days she came, and her condition was not regarded as being serious. Mr. B. has a branch of his business at a neighbouring town some miles distant, and the office there is connected with the residence of his son (about two miles from the office) by a telephone. On a Sunday afternoon last autumn, Mr. B., jun., was at home, and, in amazement, heard the telephone bell ring in his room. He immediately asked what was the matter, and received the startling reply: "Go to your father s house at once. Poor Nelly is dead."

He went by the next train and found his friends in distress, for his sister had died rather suddenly. But what astonished him was that nobody had sent any message of the decease, which, in fact, had taken place at the moment he had received the telephonic message. He had not been thinking of his sister at the time, and the bell was heard by others in the room. On returning at night he visited the office before going home, and there found that the message could not have reached him in the ordinary way, for the wire was disconnected, and had been so since Saturday.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

The *Church Quarterly Review* for April reviews at length Dr. Stewart D. F. Salmond's book on the "Christian Doctrine of Immortality." The reviewer says:—

This is a very able and painstaking book. Taking immortality in its wider sense as including all that relates to that future brought to light in the Gospel, the author's object is to find out what is the teaching of Scripture, and more especially what is the teaching of Christ Himself on the subject. His inquiry is purely historical and exegetical. He does not deal with belief in immortality in its relation either to science or to philosophy, but confines himself solely to ascertaining what was a matter of fact taught by Christ and His Apostles. The general purport of the inquiry, and the spirit in which the author has addressed himself to his task, may be gathered from the expression: "The words of Christ are to me the highest authority, beyond which I seek no other."

The first conclusion at which the author arrives is that belief in immortality is the catholic belief of mankind.

He finds, in the second place, that this practical universality of the belief does not exclude belief in an absolute cessation of being for some.

Thirdly, he says that the idea which has prevailed far beyond all others is that the abode of the departed is a Hades, or subterranean receptacle.

The fourth conclusion at which the author arrives is this: The higher races have had a distinct doctrine of a retributive future all along the line of their history. In some it has been a singularly high and pure doctrine; in others less so; while in others it has been strangely rudimentary and imperfect.

In the second part of the book he shows that the real doctrine pervading the whole Old Testament is the primæval doctrine of the Underworld, which the Hebrews denominated Sheol. To it are consigned all the dead without exception; and there they are gathered into families, tribes, and nations. Having disposed of this, he next shows that there is equally no trace of the Pantheistic doctrine of the future. There is no doctrine of emanation from or of ultimate absorption in the Deity. So, also, he shows that there is no trace in the Old Testament of the doctrine of Transmigration or of the Pre-existence of Souls; or of other subordinate Ethnic doctrines which have been sometimes supposed to be found there. Having thus cleared the way, the author next proceeds in the chapter entitled, "The Positive Aspect of the Old Testament Preparation," to signalize the elements of the actual doctrine.

The author's third book is devoted to the teaching of Christ. The Saviour's teaching thus forms the central part of the treatise, and on it he lays, we think rightly, the greatest stress. The only point on which we would differ from the author is his treatment of the intermediate state. He holds that on this subject Christ is entirely silent, and that the intermediate state forms no part of His teaching. We think, in view of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, presently to be considered, this statement could hardly be maintained. But, apart from it, we would point out that an intermediate state is clearly *implied* in Christ's teaching.

In the opinion of the *Church Quarterly Review* Christ did teach the doctrine of the Intermediate State. The Reviewer asks:—

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What are the theological consequences of the denial of the intermediate state? That is the point we wish particularly to signalize; nor is it at all doubtful. It is not too much to say that this denial destroys the whole proportion of the faith.

The chief objection urged against it is that it takes away from the import of the present life in deciding our final destiny. It is supposed, in fact, that it teaches a second probation, a second chance, to those who have failed in this life. But this is a complete mistake. The doctrine of an Intermediate State has really no necessary connection with the views indicated. So far as the doctrine itself is concerned, it is compatible with the most varied views as to what takes place after death. The state succeeding death might be a state of sleep, or of dim consciousness and powerlessness such as was believed of old in regard to Sheol, or it might be a state of simple waiting, or a state of renewed and even intensified activity, or a state of progress. Our own view is that it is a state of progress in continuation of our present life. But what we want to point out at present is that any one of these views is compatible with belief in an Intermediate State, and that whatever view we adopt must rest, not on the doctrine of the Intermediate State, but upon its own basis.

In conclusion the Reviewer quotes a remark of the author with reference to *progress* in the world to come, and which also he regards as a lost theological principle crying out for recall. He says:—

The finality of life does not mean that the future existence is a stereotyped or merely passive condition. The fact that death marks the transition from the probation to the judgment and seals the spiritual decisions on which the future turns, does not mean that we are to be simply what we have been. Life must live, and men must act and grow, and character must deepen. The future will be an existence in which we go on and grow either in knowledge, love, and power of service, or in their opposites. But if so, the decisive matter is the trend of life with which we enter that future. The mercy of God extends to the last hour of life. The grace of God may be efficacious with many as it was with the robber on the cross. Death itself may be their purgatory. In multitudes of human beings, where we see only ignorance, sin, or defiance, there may be in the crisis of death, or in the valley of the shadow, the faint workings of a change in the principle of their life, and what may thus begin shall grow. If there be at the decisive point of life, however late it may come, the tremulous inclination of the soul to God, the feeblest presence of that which makes for righteousness and faith, in heathen or in Christian, it will be recognised of the Judge, and under the conditions of the new life it will grow to more in the power and the blessedness of good (p. 672).

With these remarks also we are at one, *if they are applied to the Intermediate State*. They form, in truth, a remarkable statement of the conditions and possibilities of the Intermediate State.

A SCHOOL FOR PSYCHICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Mr. Thurstan's Delphic Lyceum of London.

I PUBLISH the following circular issued by Mr. Thurstan to show what is being attempted in the way of systematic psychic development.

In order to extend the plan of the Réunions for Psychical Development into a more regular institution, the Director, Mr. Frederic William Thurstan, M.A., now invites his fellow-workers and all interested in the movement to co-operate with him in a scheme of the following nature:—

He proposes to establish, in a central part of London, a regular place of afternoon resort where persons of psychic temperament may meet to practise together the systematic development of various psychical accomplishments, and may register successful results, and where students of kindred subjects may get their difficulties explained orally, with practical demonstrations, by competent professors.

Allied with such a school or gymnasium of psychical development, he proposes to establish an Association of ladies and gentlemen under the registered title of the Delphic Lyceum of London.

There will be each year three terms, during which the Society will hold meetings and do its work: the Summer Term from the middle of May to the middle of July; the Autumn Term from the middle of October to the middle of December; and the Spring Term from the middle of January to the middle of March.

The hours of Réunions and Classes will be from 4 to 6 P.M. The institution will not be worked on any social basis. The qualification for admission will be: (1) A statement of sympathy with the Society's aims, and of a sincere desire for self-improvement or for encouraging facilities for the improvement of others more especially gifted; and (2) the payment of a registration fee of five shillings a year, or two shillings and sixpence a term, to the Director to assist him in the expenses of printing, postage, advertising, and office requirements.

Beyond the payment of this fee, members will incur no further liability, Mr. F. W. Thurstan undertaking to give to the Society during the appointed hours of the appointed terms, free of all charges for rent, firing, lighting, and service, the use of his room, No. 17, Buckingham Gate Mansions, 42, James Street, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W., and to take upon himself, as an honorary appointment, all the work of directing the institution and keeping the records, as long as the Society shall leave to his trust the sole directorate of its proceedings, and shall not desire to enlarge its scope or to take larger premises.

All persons who register themselves will be entitled to the following privileges:—(1) The receipt, post free, of all printed notices and programmes of the Society's arrangements for each term. (2) A free right of entry to the Réunions, to be held at least once a week during the term, for practice in Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Visualisation, Thought Projection and Reception, &c., provided they sign a printed declaration to the effect that their motive in attending is to practise their psychic nature, and not to witness others perform, or to get others to give them tests and proofs of the gifts which the Society assumes to be more or less latent in all human beings. This signed declaration, countersigned by the Director, will be the pass of admission. There will be no payment to be made for attending Réunions. (3) The privilege of introducing to one Réunion any friend known to be sincerely desirous of psychic development who may wish to become acquainted with the work of the Society. Members are earnestly requested to use the greatest discretion as to whom they introduce in this way, and to invite no one who may wish to come out of motives of mere curiosity and *espionage*. No friend introduced can attend a second meeting without becoming registered and signing the required declaration. (4) Admission to all the classes which may be held from time to time to give oral instruction in Palmistry, Hypnotism, Astrology, and kindred subjects, provided they pay each time they attend a fee of one shilling to the professional instructor who assists.

These classes will be so arranged that there will be no necessity to attend the full series—the instruction on each occasion being informal and the instructor being present to explain the difficulties students may find in handbooks, and to give practical demonstration of certain points. Members must clearly understand that they cannot attend these classes, as they can the Réunions, without paying the fee of one shilling, but they have the right to come to one and all of them without notice or introduction, and may bring friends as often as they like without the necessity of registering these friends, provided each person attending pays the fee to the professor at the close of the lesson.

Persons may register themselves by applying to the Director before or after any Réunion, or by sending to him by post their names, titles, and address, together with a postal order for the amount of registration fee, without which no applicant's name will be entered.

Any surplus from these fees, after the printing and office expenses are deducted, will be paid over by Mr. F. W. Thurstan to a fund to be devoted to placing the scheme on a permanent and extended basis, and the Director will gladly receive any contributions, donations, or bequests, small or large, to be placed to this same fund, to be entitled the Delphic Lyceum of London Trust Fund for the Promotion of the Work of Development of Psychic Gifts.

The following arrangements have been carried on this Summer term:

RÉUNIONS.

(Free to all registered members who have procured pass admission tickets.)

Réunions for the development and practice of Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Visualisation, Thought Projection, Thought Reception, &c., will be held every Wednesday from 4 to 6 P.M. No admission after 4.45 P.M. First réunion, May 12th. Last réunion, July 14th.

CLASSES.

(Open to all who pay one shilling fee to the instructor.)

PALMISTRY.—Every Thursday, 4 to 6 P.M. "Beata," a lady whose professional qualifications are well known, will at present attend to give oral instruction and practical illustrations. First Class, May 20th. Last Class, July 15th.

HYPNOTISM AND MESMERISM.—Every Tuesday (commencing in June), 4 to 6 P.M. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Frank Randall to attend on Tuesdays, beginning the 1st of June, 4 to 6 P.M., where, besides answering questions on the subject and demonstrating methods of procedure, he gave informal information on the following points in succession—"How to test the qualifications for being a good operator. The same for a good Mesmeric subject. How to test susceptibility and the stages of Mesmeric control. Magnet contact and passes. Methods of experimenting. Cautions and dangers."

THE PLACE OF SUGGESTION IN DAILY LIFE.

The foreign "psychical" magazines get their sustenance so very largely from those more familiar to us in England that one turns hopefully to those avowedly scientific. The *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* is never disappointing, though sometimes too entirely technical for suitable quotation in these pages.

Lately it has given us an interesting discussion, by two different doctors, on the place of Suggestion in Sociology.

SUGGESTING MENTAL ABERRATION.

One gets accustomed to hearing of suggestion in connection with cures, with or without hypnotism. We suggest to the diseased to be healthy, to the *malade imaginaire* to be robust, to the crazy to be sane. We resent as unscientific, unsupported by fact, the nonsense presented to us in novels and on the stage. We know that suggestion, hypnotic or no, cannot create, it can only develop.

It cannot create the gift of music in a person wholly without ear, it cannot induce a tendency to murder in a person of amiable disposition, but it can develop faculties which are latent and even unsuspected.

We are all quite prepared to face the possibility of being unsuspected geniuses, or to believe that we have gifts and qualities latent which have hitherto been insufficiently appreciated. Dr. Regnault, however, in the article before us, has a theory less pleasant to accept, the theory that we have many possibilities of evil, dormant from circumstances and surroundings, which suggestion may develop at any moment, and the point of this article is to discuss two alternative points of view.

1. Are we to permit the existence of such social and preventable conditions as may suggest wrong to persons who might otherwise have remained innocent, or should the State interfere for the advantage of its children?

2. Or are we, on Spencerian principles, to regard such temptation as the natural condition of evolution, and to let things go on as they will and can?

In other words, is "Lead us not into temptation" the expression of an unscientific condition of society, of a period of grandmotherly government, of a played-out theory that if we touch pitch we shall be defiled?

Our author considers, categorically, certain phases of our civilisation, which, as a man of science and a trained observer, are, he considers, likely to injure the individual.

THE GAMBLING SUGGESTION.

First he considers the evils which gambling has brought upon society. "*Laissez-faire*," says the Spencerian, but by what mere process of selection shall we eliminate the gaming tendency, and evolve a race for which *rouge et noir* has attractions kept within moderation? Meanwhile, "The passion of play is obviously suggestive, and a study of the gambler from this point of view would be of the deepest interest. One enters a gambling hall out of idleness. One sees those who play—those who gain; one hears talk of the series which comes out right, of the side which always wins. One plays *by imitation*, that one may gain like his neighbours, and when once the tendency is evoked, the passion is often stronger than the will to suppress it.

It is a picture to study from life. As when acting hypnotically, the subject hesitates, and then decides abruptly, without other reason than the attraction of the cloth, the contagion of the act. Intelligence has no part in it. . . . Such a being is no longer sane, he is under the influence of suggestion."

THE RACECOURSE.

The origin of horse-racing was with the admirable intention of promoting the improvement of the breed. This is not the place in which to dwell upon the advantages and disadvantages of the course. The shameless trickery and fraud and idleness which gather about the noblest of animals are too obvious to detail. "One plays from impulse, from suggestion; one can have no notion, without seeing them, of the anxious and unhappy faces which haunt a racecourse: girls, young men, old men, children—the victims of an obsession, the illusion of easy gain, suggested by the first comer who affirms with authority the name of the winner."

THE ATTRACTION OF DEBAUCH.

On this point Dr. Regnault speaks with emphasis of the suggestion of "the social evil,"—of the condition of the London streets, of the rank cynicism of permitting suggestion of the grossest kind.

SHOPLIFTING.

Dr. Regnault quotes at some length upon this point from an article published in the *Révue* a few months ago, which dealt exclusively with the temptation offered not only to the criminal, but to the motiveless, by the lack of protection of goods in shops. I have not the article at hand, but I remember his observations on the astounding frequency of so-called "kleptomania" among the well-to-do. Our present author quotes:—

"These great shops constitute a real danger for the feeble and the unhealthy. Many women who have never taken anything, and who would not steal elsewhere, find themselves incited and excited to robbery. The temptation is diabolical." He goes on to remark on the lack of caution of the shopkeepers, the insufficiency of attendants, and insists that not merely disguised detectives—who, it appears, are employed—but obvious police

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should be in attendance, to minimise the suggestion of impunity.

THE SUGGESTION OF DRINK.

The suggestion offered in this direction is too obvious for comment. The doctor considers the Government greatly to blame, and that the number who get drunk for drinking's sake, apart from the suggestion of companionship and of opportunity, are, till the habit is formed, less than is supposed. "One of the great faults of the present Government (in France, of course) has been the permitting, under pretext of liberty and in reality in electoral interest, the opening of increased numbers of wine shops. Increase in the consumption of alcohol followed immediately, and we are at this moment the nation which consumes this poison most largely. The suggestion is evident. 'Come and drink,' says a friend, and one goes from civility, or too idle to resist, and occasions multiply."

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

The danger of the entire liberty with which crime and scandal is published, and made interesting, is again constantly before us. "The newspaper acts as suggestion to a number of people already predisposed, but who would have resisted without the suggestion of example. Hence not only crimes but criminal procedures go in series—women cut in pieces, victims tied up in bundles, and the like.

"Doubtless," he concludes, "it is difficult in social science to hold the *juste milieu* between entire liberty which permits individual initiative to develop itself, and preventive measures which prevent the individual from being the victim of suggestion."

Suggestion is always with us, it has not been invented by the hypnotic doctors, it is an element of our responsibility; a privilege when it tends to healing, a danger when it tends to disease, mental or physical; always a fact to face. X.

HAS T. P. O'CONNOR A DOUBLE?

THE following interesting story of the appearance of the Double of T. P. O'Connor in the House of Commons has been going the round of the press.

On Wednesday, April 27, Mr. T. P. O'Connor was apprised of the serious illness of his father, who resided in Athlone, Ireland. On the following day, Thursday, April 28, Mr. O'Connor started by the morning limited Irish mail for Ireland. At Holyhead a telegram was placed in his hands stating that his father had died early that morning. In the afternoon the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Budget. Sir William Harcourt followed the Chancellor of the Exchequer and made an attack on the policy of the Government in South Africa, which immediately brought him into collision with Mr. Chamberlain. While Mr. Chamberlain was speaking, Mr. P. McDermott, M.P., came into the House, and moving up to the fourth bench on the Opposition side below the gangway, spoke to a gentleman sitting immediately below him, who, he is confident, was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, asking him to whom Mr. Chamberlain was replying. Mr. T. P. O'Connor turned round and replied that Mr. Chamberlain was attacking Sir Wm. Harcourt. He left the House shortly afterwards. Mr. McDermott, on going into the lobby a short time afterwards, met Mr. Edmund Brown, a barrister, an intimate friend of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's. Mr. Brown mentioned that Mr. O'Connor had gone to Ireland, and stated that he had a letter telling him of the circumstances under which he had left London. Mr. McDermott immediately stated that he had seen Mr. O'Connor in the House within the last quarter of an hour, and had spoken to him. Mr. McDermott searched everywhere for Mr. O'Connor, of course without success. Stranger still, Mr. Tuohy, the London Correspondent of *The Freeman's Journal*, is positive that he too saw Mr. O'Connor while Mr. Chamberlain was replying to Sir William Harcourt, in his usual seat on the third bench on the Opposition side below the gangway. Mr. Chamberlain spoke between 6 P.M. and 6.30 P.M. Mr. O'Connor had arrived in Dublin at that time, and was on his way to Athlone.

THE KAKHYEN THEORY OF BORDERLAND.

MR. E. H. PARKER, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* for July on "The Burmo-Chinese Frontier and the Kakhyen Tribes," gives the following account of their notions as to the state of the soul after death and their method of divination:—

The Kakhyens do not appear to understand what death is, and their popular notions on the subject are very mixed and hard to grasp. Still, some tribes at least have traditions of separate abodes for the good and evil men who die, and a man who recovers from a faint is said to have been on the narrow fiery road to the dividing line between the good and evil abodes, and to have hearkened in time to his friends calling upon him to return to earth. Guns are fired off as soon as a man dies, and all the people of the village then repair to the house with contributions of wood and bamboo for the funeral ceremonies. A sort of circular fence or stockade of slanting bamboos, each carrying a shred of cloth, is erected near the house, and the divining man scatters grass and beer over the stockade. The implements of the deceased are also hung up hard by, together with the skull of a pig sacrificed for the occasion. The villagers then proceed to hack down a tree with their *da*, and this is hollowed out to serve as a coffin. The *tumsa* or divining man is paid for his services, and he is supposed to point out the way to *nat*-land. Any man may be a *tumsa*, so long as he has the cunning and impudence to assert himself, and can find an elder priest to put him through his apprenticeship in the accepted rites. To send off the spirit thus is called *sha-bauntat*, but it may not take place for years: the spirit remains in the house and requires a fire to be kept up in its honour until such time as the *nat*-priest indicates the way to his ancestors. So, at least, says Mr. Roberts. The body is washed by persons (clad in new garments) of the same sex as the deceased. The rest of the ceremony is very Chinese. Silver is placed in the deceased's mouth, food and wine are set before the corpse, and the coffin is taken to the grave amid the booming of guns. The hole dug is just large enough to contain a flooring of boards for the coffin, the coffin itself, and some boughs covered lightly with earth. Over the whole a mound is piled; the clothes of the deceased are laid on the top and anointed with *shiru*. The mourners "cleanse themselves" by rubbing their legs with leaves, and spend the rest of the day in feasting: drinking and dancing succeed for another day; a water-buffalo is sacrificed, and, if the *tumsa* is good enough to break down the stockade, the spirit departs, and the stockade (which is in the form of an inverted cone) is transposed and used to cap the mound, round which a trench is dug. The funeral ceremonies of the true *Singpos* are not so elaborate. Indeed, at one time they seem to have burnt bodies instead of burying them. Idiots, murdered persons, and women dying in travail are still cremated; but the story told by some travellers of their house being burnt also is on a level with Charles Lamb's romance of the Chinaman's discovery of roast sucking-pig.

Divining is practised, as among the Tartars, by consulting the marks on bleached bones; but some Chinese methods with grass blades have also been adopted. The Kakhyens never set out for a fight or journey without consulting the *nats*. I never witnessed a solemn performance, but I have occasionally come across small parties of sacrificers in the jungle near Bhamo. Certain animals or birds are good or evil portents if they cross the path when business of import is about to be undertaken.

Diseases are not understood, and are usually supposed to be the doings of the *nats*, who are propitiated accordingly. For trifling fevers, however, each village has its own remedy in th form of simples, according to locality. Infanticide is unknow.a

On the occasion of a birth, the neighbours are summoned to drink the child's health, but it is considered unlucky for the young men to do so. It is highly important for the midwife to give the proper numerical name to the child the instant it is born, lest the wicked *nats* should name it for themselves, and thus, perhaps, cause it to perish early. If the delivery is difficult, the wicked *nats* who cause it are scared away by shooting off guns, arrows, brandishing weapons, and burning offensive materials round the house. The mother does not follow the barbarous Burmese custom of roasting herself before a fire for some days after child-birth, but for three days she must remain silent indoors. On the fourth day she washes at the nearest spring or well, a female friend first casting a spear into the water to drive away evil spirits.

THE PSYCHIC ROMANCE.

In the Jubilee number of the Penny Popular Novels I refer as follows to the psychic romance, which I regard as one of the distinctive features of the novels of the present day. After all, it is but a revival and amplification of a kind of novel with which our forefathers were not unfamiliar at the beginning of the reign. "St. Leon," by William Godwin, may be regarded as in a sense the forerunner of the innumerable novels which nowadays regard the occult world as chiefly available for suggesting situations or of helping out an author through a plot. From "St. Leon" came "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story," with "The Coming Race" as a kind of pendant to its two predecessors, while "Frankenstein" may be said to belong to the same category. The modern psychic romance, however, dates from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that extraordinary soul-searching story which, although purely imaginative, had nevertheless a very solid basis in psychological fact. The records of the Society for Promoting Psychical Research contain accounts of more than one case in which the same human form contained what may be best described as alternating personalities. The success with which Stevenson entered this field naturally tempted others to follow, and now we have the psychic novel established as one of the leading features of latter-day fiction. We are yet but in the beginning of things, for the wealth of this field is but imperfectly appreciated by those who have hitherto been prospecting it, taking up as it were a nugget here and there, rather than attempting to systematically exploit its buried wealth. Among the newer school of novelists who have realised the immense wealth of suggestion that lies in the hints of recorded psychic phenomena, and the half-thought-out speculations of psychologists, Mr. H. G. Wells is conspicuous. His "Time Machine" was the most successful attempt that has yet been made to enable the ordinary British Philistine to understand what immense possibilities are latent in a world in which our ideas of time cease to exist. Even the most imaginative mind fails to grasp more than the mere outside fringes of a conception of being in which time and space cease to dominate thought; but it is to Mr. Wells's credit that he has at last rendered thinkable a world in which the barriers of time could be moved hither and thither at will. Combined with adroit utilisation of psychic hints, Mr. Wells has a remarkable faculty for receiving suggestions from other fields of science than psychic. His speculation as to the possible evolution of the human race, in which the workers—white, loathsome creatures—lived in subterranean caves, out of which they only ventured at nightfall in order to seize their human prey which lived on the surface of the ground, for the purpose of filling their larder and maintaining their existence, was one of those nightmares of the scientific imagination which will not speedily be forgotten. I do not remember having read anything quite equal to it in force since Richard Jefferies' "After London," a work which, although now almost forgotten, nevertheless is a marvellous example of the use of the imagination acting under scientific suggestion.

Of the scientific romances of the future, the most remarkable in recent fiction have been those by Mr. H. G. Wells, who, in his "Time Machine" gave a perfectly ghastly apocalypse of the future destiny of our planet. Mr. Wells is now contributing to *Pearson's Magazine* a spirited and sensational serial entitled "The War of the Worlds"; the central idea is that the inhabitants of Mars have decided to make war upon this earth and annex this planet. The invasion is begun by the descent of Martians in a colossal shell, which strikes our earth in the neighbourhood of Weybridge. This shell is a kind of bomb from a fortress from which the Martians are able to hurl jets of solid flame, which move round like the beam of an electric search-light and consume into ashes every animate or inanimate object which crosses its path. The last instalment of Mr. Wells's romance affords a fair sample of the latest style of *fin-de-siècle* romance.

A PROPHETIC VISION OF THE BICYCLE.

In a recent number of *Le Messager* (Liége) there is an interesting extract from *La Revue Spirite* for the month of June, 1866—that is to say, upwards of thirty years ago—in which Allan Kardec relates that in a dream, during the night of the 24th of April previous, he was shown the following inscription upon a wall:—"*We have discovered that caoutchouc, rolled round a wheel, will make a league in ten minutes, provided that the road*——;" and at this point the words became illegible. In his effort to decipher them, Kardec awoke and immediately noted down the words he had read; to which, however, he failed to attach any meaning whatever. But to-day, when the wheels of every bicycle are surrounded by a pneumatic tube composed of caoutchouc, and a far greater speed than eighteen miles an hour is obtained by these vehicles, the prophetic meaning of the revelation is plain enough.

OCCULT SCIENCE.

Occult Science, a new quarterly, published at Columbus, Ohio, publishes the following extraordinary story about the rays of the glowworm:—

Dr. Dawson Tucker, a British scientist, has been looking around for months to find a good, easily-obtainable X-ray. He wanted something that could be used without a camera and would penetrate substances as deeply as the ray of Dr. Roentgen.

One day in looking around for bright, luminous substances, Dr. Tucker happened to spy a glowworm. This small insect was emitting a peculiar white light that caught the eye from a great distance, and held it fixed while the glow lasted. It was a peculiar fluorescent light, that seemed to emit more rays than any other light he had ever seen in nature.

The "daylight" of Messrs. Edison and Tesla had long attracted the doctor. And Edison's recent claim that he had found a light that is 12 per cent. energy—in other words, an artificial light almost as bright as the sun—occurred to the searching doctor at once. And it seemed to him that here all theories had found materialisation.

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Catching the insect, he had the greatest difficulty in making it glow. . . Suddenly it turned on its brilliant light, and the effect was as dazzling to the eyes of the doctor as to a little child.

To take an X-ray, it must here he explained, it is not necessary to have a camera. A sensitive plate, such as can be obtained of any dealer, and a suitable holder, will suffice for taking an X-ray picture.

Setting up this sensitized plate, and putting an inkstand back of it, the doctor held aloft the glowworm. It began sparkling to such an extent that he begrudged the space his fingers obtained, and, tying a string around the worm, he held it in front of the plate.

In working with an X-ray it is best to wear glasses. The bright light makes the eyes water, and may injure them if the exposure is a long one. Putting on a big pair of smoked glasses, the doctor held aloft the little worm in front of the plate. For twenty minutes he made the exposure.

The result exceeded all expectations. Not only was the ink within the bottle shown, but the drops upon the inside, and all imperfections in the bottle, which was of a composition substance. He photographed a ring in a cake of soap, and a handkerchief in a lady's handbag. Spectacles in their cases were easily "taken," and he went on from more and more opaque substances to lead itself. Here he got the delicate impression so far obtained by the X-ray from thin lead.

The difficulty in getting the worm to glow affected the experiments. But it was next found that the glowworm affected the plate even when not visibly glowing. The phosphorus, or the light, or whatever quality it may be, exists constantly upon the insect, and will act as an X-ray at any time.

MIRROR SPEECH.

SOME of our readers may remember some remarks in BORDERLAND *àpropos* of the Burton case (April, 1896) on "Mirror Writing." It was suggested that the tendency of automatic writing to present itself backwards might be due, like the same tendency in left-handed children, to the use of the right lobe of the brain, whereas in ordinary normal function we use the left lobe.

In a recent number of the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* a case is quoted from a work by Dr. Marcotie, of a little girl of twelve years old who underwent a severe operation in consequence of an abscess on the brain, after which her speech became incomprehensible. She would say, *Te-tan-ma; Yen-do sieur-mon chante mé; Le quil transer-lais-me-vous-lez-vou.*

The patient became very angry upon finding herself not understood, and repeated the phrases again and again, with increasing impatience. Finally it occurred to her friends to write down what she said, when they perceived that her speech was singularly reversed, as in a mirror, and that what she had intended to say was, *Ma tante; Monsieur Doyen méchant; voulez vous me laisser tranquille.*

The trouble lasted five weeks, but she eventually recovered. X.

CRYSTAL VISIONS.

AN article in the *Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme* deals with the question of vision in a glass of water. To all intents and purposes this is simply crystal vision, for a glass of water, unless you happen to spill it, adequately serves all the purposes of the most costly and valuable crystal in the world.

As might naturally be expected, the subject is here considered from the spiritualist's point of view. The method recommended is to fill an ordinary glass with clear water, place it on a table, putting beneath it a sheet of white paper, in order that no surrounding object should be reflected. To these very simple and desirable arrangements certain other details should be added. The water is to be "magnetised" for ten minutes or so, while the seer "wills" that it should receive the property of presenting accurately those images which the Spirits were able to create. Further, we are told, incomprehensibly, that the eyes must never be removed from the crystal, otherwise, "as in hypnotism," the charm will be broken!

The analogy with hypnotism becomes more apparent when we read that by the time the manifestation is produced "the subject is in hemi-somnambulism." The author repudiates the idea of the Middle Ages that a spirit or an angel takes possession of the ball; the visions are fluid pictures created by the spirits! It is just as absurd, we are told—truly enough—to say that a spirit dwells in a table or in a box as in a glass of water. "The spirits are not located in a glass of water any more than anywhere else. This is certain. What is there in a glass full of liquid? What there is is an image—nothing more—an image taken from nature. Hence its frequent exactness; thus there is a cause, and an intelligent one." X.

THE PROPHET OF TILLY.

One knows about the appearances at Tilly as reported in the newspapers last spring, but "The Prophet of Tilly" sounds unfamiliar. This book is written by an author who is anxious to prove that the whole series of events was predicted nearly fifty years ago by Eugène Vintras, known also as "Pierre Michel Elie," and by an "angelic" name, Sthrathanäel. He appears to have been a workman with a mission, and his life and works, and the way he perplexed the doctors and the priests, are all set forth in this pamphlet.

The fact that the apparitions at Tilly are of a very recent occurrence lends an interest and importance to the book which it might otherwise lack. They occurred about this time last year just when BORDERLAND was going to press, and by the time the next number appeared they had become ancient history; so it is only justice to the book before us to remind our readers of the circumstances which called forth this memoir. They are thus related by the editor:—

Every one knows of the new facts which have arisen in the Calvados, but they are explained very differently.

On March 18th, 1896, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Virgin Mary appeared for the first time on a delicate rose-coloured cloud, near a tall slender tree, an elm, situated on a slope in the middle of an hedge.

Since that day the apparition has appeared in various places, at irregular intervals; it was seen by a great many people, some of whom were sceptics, some believers, of whom a list has been made.

From the date of April 1st the phenomena increased in intensity. On the evening of June 26th a flat pink cloud parted, showing Mary dressed in a white robe, tied at the waist with a blue girdle studded with stars. The inhabitants of all the surrounding villages saw her. On June 30th, July 5th and 22nd, the Virgin appeared again in various places. The incredulous, who thought that the Virgin had been seen by a few foolish persons only, suddenly saw the apparition themselves, a few days after they had scoffed at it. X.

XIX.—BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

"FLAMES: A LONDON PHANTASY." *

MR. ROBERT HICHENS, the author of the "Green Carnation," has made a distinct hit in "Flames." He is now contributing to the *Gentlewoman* the record of how it was that he came to be interested in the study of the Borderland. He began by being very sceptical. But being commissioned by the editor to write some notes on palmists and seers, he set out in the regular professional mood to look them up. He began with a Hungarian trance seeress in Regent Street. "Flames," which he describes as a London phantasy, is the outcome of the investigations thus began. As it is emphatically a Borderland romance, I notice it at some considerable length.

The title of "Flames" is suggested by a quotation from Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from the "Blessed Damosel," who, standing on the rampart of God's House, sees the souls mounting up to God, going past her like thin flames.

The story of "Flames" is a story of disembodied souls which are occasionally visible as flickering flames at certain moments to the eyes of those who have power to see. The plot of this extraordinary, powerful, but somewhat weird and horrible story is very simple. It is extraordinary that four hundred and fourteen closely-printed pages should be filled with a narrative in which only four persons appear—three men and one woman. Yet such is the skill of the author, the fascination of his theme, that the interest is never slackened until we come to the four hundred and fourteenth page, and then I admit it falls flat, and we are left unsatisfied indeed; but until the four hundred and fourteen pages are read, the interest never slackens for a moment.

The story in brief runs thus. A young man of ideal refinement and stainless purity, named Valentine Cresswell, appears at the opening chapters as the unconscious guardian angel or inspiring spirit of his younger friend, Julian Addison, whose stormy passions, after a boyish fit, has been controlled and subdued by the force of his devotion to Valentine. Valentine Cresswell was a modern young man of twenty-four, who was extremely well off, and knew everybody. He was a man of the world, who was saved from the vices of appetite by the holiness of intellect, for he opposed the pleasures of the intellect to the pleasures of the body, and the refinement of his nature barred him off from the sins of youth. He preferred to be master of a soul, and had no desire to set it drilling at the command of painted women or to drown it in wine. Although he occasionally went the round of music-halls, threatres, went out to dinner like other men, he recoiled with distaste from the grosser sins in which many of his friends wallowed as dogs roll in offal. Apparently, he had been given what men call goodness, as others are given moustaches or a cheerful temper. Religion had no hold on him, and there were moments in his life when he felt discontented at his strange inability to long for sin. He quarrelled mutually with his hollowness of intellectuality, and argued almost fiercely with his cold and delicate purity.

"Why am I like some ivory statue?" he thought sometimes.

But though he envied his young friend Julian's capacity for licentiousness, he could not go nearer to it than desiring to have the desire. As he told Julian once, "The fact of the matter is, the desire is not within me. My nature shrinks from sin, but it is not virtue that shrinks. It is rather reserve. I have *no* more temptation to be sensual, for instance, than I have to be vulgar."

Julian told him frankly that it was his example that kept him straight, and he marvelled much that his friend, whose æsthetic face and correct life had earned him the title of "The Saint of Victoria Street," should never have felt the stress and storm and the temptations of life; yet it was so, and Valentine expressed to Julian a great longing to change souls with him, if only for a day or two.

"You will laugh at me," said he, "but I do long to feel an hour's keen temptation."

Julian at first laughed, and then told him of a strange acquaintance he had made of the name of Marr, an occult, who had declared that friends could in time and by perseverance accomplish an exchange of souls. Valentine clutched at the idea eagerly, and he and Julian darkened the room and sat together at the table.

But before sitting, the thought haunted Valentine. "My soul, Julian," said he, "so frigid and passionless, has held you back from sins like a leash of steel. If we should exchange souls, would your soul hold me back in the same way?"

Notwithstanding this misgiving, they determined to put the thing to a test, and they sat at midnight in a darkened room, with their hands on the table. After sitting for some time, the little dog Rip began to whine and shiver, and to their amazement, the curtain which was drawn over the door was half drawn back, without the agency of human hands.

That was the first sitting. At the second, they became conscious as they sat in silence in the darkened room, with the green curtain drawn carefully over the door, and the dog on the divan in his basket under a rug, that they felt the silence grow deeper and more dense, until it seemed to be a sort of pressure which handled them more and more definitely. Valentine felt as if he were pouring away from himself the vital liquid.

After sitting for an hour, the terrier began to bark with fury, darting this way and that, as if he were worrying the feet of some invisible person, who was trying to advance from the door to the centre of the room. The friends found to their amazement that the curtain had been again drawn back from the door, although no human being had been present.

Before the third sitting began, Julian reported that he had seen Marr, and told him about the séances. Marr was a satanic-looking man, with a white complexion, big dark eyes, black hair, tall, very thin and quiet.

They began the second sitting in the drawing-room, in which there was a picture of Christ in a picture called "The Merciful Knight." As long as they sat in that room they had no manifestation. They returned to the tent room, where they had sat for the first night, and carefully drew the curtain across the door. Then it was that the manifestations began.

When Marr was told of the experience, he said at once that it was a mistake to have tried to sit in the drawing-room, and the dog ought not to have been allowed to have been present. So when they prepared for the third sitting, they carried the little dog away, and began to sit. After a time—

With his eyes wide open Valentine gazed in the direction of Julian, sitting invisible opposite to him. He wondered how Julian was feeling, what he was thinking, and then he remembered that strange saying of Marr's that thoughts could take form, materialise. What could he give to witness that monstrous procession of embodied brain actions trooping from the mind of his friend! He imagined them small, spare, phantom-like things, fringed with fire as weapon against the darkness, silent-footed as spirits, moving with a level impetus, as pale ghosts treading a sea, onward to the vast world of clashing minds, to which we carelessly cast our thoughts, as a man who shoots rubbish into a cart. All was silent, as from the gulf of Julian's mind the inhabitants stole furtively to do their mission. Yes, Valentine knew to-night that he should feel no wonder if thought took form, if a disembodied voice spoke, or a detached hand moved into ripples the air. Only he was irritated and alarmed by the abiding sense of some surrounding danger, which stayed with him, which he fought against in vain.

As they sat in the darkness, Valentine became horribly afraid, and Julian found to his amazement that the little finger of another hand, not Valentine's, had been linked with his own.

* "Flames." By R. Hichens. W. Heinemann.

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The hand that touched his was much harder and bigger and thicker than Valentine's.

"Some one has been here with us," he said, "sitting between us in the dark."

Valentine, unstrung, and entirely upset, went off to see a friend, called Dr. Levillier, an excellent character, to whom he told all about the séances. He warned him that he was not merely responsible for his own soul, but that of Julian's, whose life was kept straight solely by his influence.

"If it were possible," said the doctor, "for your nature to change merely, and for your face to remain unchanged; if you sinned perpetually, and maintained your exact appearance, you might lure Julian to destruction. He would be unable to believe that any action you could suggest, and take part in could be evil. You would wreck his future with perfect ease."

The doctor, with his two friends, went to the theatre, and on his way home was followed by some dreadful human being, whose very presence caused him irritation and fear. It was Marr, who, unknown aud unrecognised by the doctor, was following him through the streets.

Dr. Levillier felt a longing to bolt for his life, but he halted, and Marr, instead of coming up to him, turned round and went away. The doctor was seized with a great desire to pursue the man who had been pursuing him, but Marr hailed a hansom, and drove off.

Three or four nights afterwards they met again for the fourth séance. As they sat, Valentine was flurried with fear.

Every cranny of Valentine's soul was flooded. There was no part of it which did not shudder with apprehension. And outwards flowed this invisible, unmurmuring tide, devouring his body, till the sweat was upon his face, and his strained hands and trembling fingers were cold like ice, and his knees fluttered as the knees of palsied age, and his teeth clicked, row against row, and his hair stirred, and his head, under its thatch tingled and burned and throbbed. Every faculty, too, seemed to stand straight up like a sentinel at its post, staring into dust-clouds, through which rode an approaching enemy. Eyes watched, ears listened, brain was hideously alert. The whole body kept itself tense, stiff, wary; for Valentine had a secret conviction that he was to be attacked. By what? He was hardly master of himself enough to wonder. His thoughts no longer ran free. They crept like paralysed things about his mind, and that despite the unnatural vitality of his brain. It was as if he thought intensely, violently, aad yet could not think at all, as a man terrified may stare with wide open eyes, and yet perceive nothing, lacking for the moment the faculty of perceiving.

He seemed actually to hear the faint cry of an approaching being, the dim uproar of its violent efforts to obtain its sinister will, and gain the power to make itself known to him by some ghastly and malignant deed. He was unutterably afraid.

"The hand again!" Julian suddenly cried, and they turned up the light. Julian persisted that he was holding it tight in his hand just above the table, but Valentine could feel nothing. "I am holding flesh and blood," said Julian. "I swear that. Yes, I can feel the fingers twitching, the muscles, the bones. I can even trace the veins!"

They turned the light down again, and then came the final stage of the séance. A strange, numb calm took the place of the horror Julian previously felt. He believed he was dying, and something of him seemed to be floating high up, as a bird floats over the sea, and listening and noting all that he did. This attenttve spirit heard a strange movement of his soul in the body, and as the vitality of the body ebbed lower, there grew in the soul an excitement that aspired like a leaping flame. Gradually his strength sank until he was a corpse, in which the fury dwelt. The pulses ceased from beating, the warm blood grew colder and colder; the little door of the heart swung slower and slower upon its hinges. Then came the supreme moment.

The soul of Valentine, with a frantic vehemence, beat down at last its prison door, and even as the body died escaped with a cry through the air.

"Valentine, did you hear that strange cry? Valentine, what was it? I never heard any sound like that before, so thin and small, and yet so horribly clear and piercing; neither like the cry of a child, nor of an animal, nor like the wail that could come from any instrument. Valentine, now I see a little flame come from where you are sitting. It's so tiny and faint. Don't you see it? It is floating towards me—now it is passing me—it's beyond—it's going! There, it has vanished! Valentine! Valentine!"

Julian turned the light up to find Valentine to all appearance dead. Great horror overtook him. He sent for the doctor, brought in the dog, which nestled quietly on Valentine's breast; but still his friend lay lifeless. At last the doctor came, and pronounced him dead.

"But," said Julian, "that dog seems to tell me he is alive, and this is some strangely complete and perfect simulation of death, some unnatural sleep of the senses. Pray—pray with me that Valentine may wake."

Suddenly the dog opened its eyes, smelt Valentine's hand, looked at his face, and then recoiled with a piercing howl, like the scream of a dog run over by a cart, and sprang away, darted to the farthest corner of the room, and huddled against the wall in an agony of terror. At this moment Valentine's hands slowly unclenched themselves, and his fingers extended as if he were a man stretching himself after a long sleep.

The stream of strength, from some invisible source, seemed almost to trickle through Valentine's veins. When he stretched his hands they were palpitating with intense vitality. So abounding was his health that the doctor was almost afraid. It was Valentine s body, but was it Valentine's soul?

The dog Rip resolutely refused to recognise its master. It tried to bite him, and snarled and trembled whenever he came near. Valentine was calm and collected, and seemed to both his friends a strange enigma of purity and unearthiness; but Rip refused to stop in the house with him, and when the doctor and Julian left they had to take the dog with them.

As soon as his friends left Valentine went to the drawing-room, and remained in the room about a quarter of an hour. When the door opened again Valentine emerged with a calm smile on his face. Two of his fingers were stained with blood, and on one a fragment of painted canvas adhered. The next morning, when the servant drew up the blinds, he found to his horror the picture of "The Merciful Knight" lying upon the floor. The canvas hung from the golden frame in shreds, as if rats had been gnawing it.

What had happened in that trance? This happened: During the time when Valentine was lying unconscious, the soul momentarily disposed of the body, the soul of Marr, who at that moment was spending the night with a girl of ill-fame in the Euston Road, quitted his body, leaving it for dead in the arms of the girl, and entered into and took possession of Valentine's senseless form.

It was not the first time Marr had done this. The body of Marr, which he had tenanted for some time, of which the soul was now in Valentine, had once been inhabited by a very different spirit. He was strong, gentle, tender, brave, when suddenly he was transformed, and there came a total stranger, different in every respect, from the man whose body he possessed—cruel, mean, brutal, a devil rather than a man. Wearying at last of the burden of the body of Marr, he only occupied that tenement until he could find a more convenient body for his use. This he had found in Valentine. The experimenting of the *séance* room gave him an opportunity to effect his purpose, and now the body of Valentine, possessed or obsessed by the fiend soul of Marr, was going about in the world as the real Valentine, while the real soul of Valentine was floating about as a tiny flame disembodied, unable to resume possession of the bodily frame from which it had fled.

Julian, on leaving the *séance* room in a highly wrought condition, saw this flame, saw it going with him as a companion, a tongue of flame which followed him. When he was going on to Piccadilly he stopped at a coffee house, when a painted girl of the street, crowned with a large hat on which a forest of feathers waved in the weak and chilly breeze, came up. Julian glanced at her, and she glanced back. Horror, he thought, looked from her eyes, as if from a window. As she drank her coffee she wept. It was evident that that night she had passed through some unwonted experience. She refused to say what was the matter, and as he was returning with her from the coffee stall he

saw once more the phantom flame hanging over the head of the stall keeper.

Turning to the girl, he laid his hand on her arm, and said, "Look there! There! Where the cups are hanging. Don't you see anything?"

But the lady dropped her cup with a crash on the pavement, wrenched her arm free, and hastened away, crying, "Let me go! I cannot stand any more; no, I cannot!" She shrieked as if her life was in danger, and drifted rapidly away until she was lost in the distance.

That was the beginning of the acquaintance between Julian and the lady of the feathers, otherwise known as "Cuckoo."

This is the opening of the story. It is told in eighty pages of this closely-printed book. The rest of the narrative is devoted to the painfully vivid description of the way in which the body of Valentine, possessed with the fiend soul of Marr, set itself to corrupt Julian, a purpose which was effected with a completeness that would have satisfied the devil himself. But the salvation of the soul of Julian was taken in hand by none other than poor Cuckoo, the lady of the feathers, in whose room the soul of Marr had quitted the body inhabited for some years. For the little street walker learned to love Julian, and this love was not as other women's are; she sought to show her love, not by the completeness of her surrender to her love, but by the inexorable rigour with which she insisted upon keeping him at a distance. He was to be different from other men in that, but the evil soul of Marr, working through the body of Valentine, triumphed over even this last citadel of virtue, and poor Cuckoo learned one night that Julian was even as other men, and with her.

This filled her with intense and undying regret. The scene of the dance—of the hours at the music hall, which led to the undoing of Cuckoo and Julian—is a marvellously vivid piece of description, but even in the midst of it Julian saw the tiny flame, the thin faint ribbon of shadowy fire which had startled him so much.

The story of Cuckoo is beautifully and pathetically told. Julian was almost driven to believe that sin and purity can dwell together in one woman, yet never have intercourse. Yet he knew that to be impossible. The fact remained that the tarnished Cuckoo, in the first moments of regret, was more conscious of his sin for him than he was conscious of it for himself; that she led him, with her dingy hands, to such repentance as he experienced, and that she, too, guarded him against repetition of the sin so far as she was concerned.

And then Julian thought of the great wheeling army of the bats, whose evolutions every night of creation witnesses. In the day they do not sleep, but they are hidden. It is a great though secret army, the army of the bats. It scours through cities. No weather will keep it quite restful in camp. No darkness will blind it into immobility. The mainspring of sin beats in it as drums beat in a Soudanese fantasia, as blood beats in a heart. The air of night is black with the movements of the bats. The murmur of the bats drowns all other sounds and makes a hoarse and monotonous music; and the eyes of the bats are hungry, and the breath of the bats is poisonous, and the flight of the bats is a charade of the tragedy of the flight of the devils in hell.

Cuckoo, like little Rip, Valentine's dog, was filled with an intense horror of Valentine. She in vain endeavoured to open Julian's eyes to the fact that his friend had turned into a fiend. Valentine, finding the influence of Cuckoo working against his will, sought her out in her own room, and gloried over his power, and told her his gospel; how it was that Valentine had lost his soul. She understood little of what he said, but he told her the whole story. Speaking of his old self:

"This man," Valentine said, assuming a devout earnestness to trick her more, and watching for the puzzled expression to grow and to deepen in her eyes, "this man had a holy nature, or, I will say, an unalterable will to do only things pure, reserved, refined; things that could not lead his body into difficulties or his mind into quagmires. He was a saint without a religion. That is a possibility I assure you, for a will can be amazingly independent. He had the peculiar grace that is said to belong to angels, a definite repugnance to sin. I know you understand me."

She nodded bluntly.

"I know, he couldn't go wrong, if it was ever so," she ejaculated.

"If it was ever so—as the housemaids say—you put the position of this man in a nutshell, and if this strange will of his had never relented the transformation I am going to describe, or——" he paused for a moment, as if in doubt, then continued —"or rather to hint it, would never have taken place. But he grew dissatisfied with his will. It bored him ever so little. He fancied he would like to change it and to substitute for it the will of the world. And the will of the world, as you know well, my lady of the feathers, is to sin. For some time he longed, vaguely enough, to be different, to be in fact lower down the scale than he was. But his longing to be able to desire sin did not lead him to desire it actually. One can force oneself to do a thing, you see, but one cannot force oneself to wish to do it or to enjoy doing it. And this man, being a selfish saint—saints are very often very selfish—would not sin without desiring it. So it seemed that he must remain for ever as he was, a human piece of flawless porcelain, wishing to be cracked and common delft."

"Whatever did he wish it for?" asked Cuckoo, with the surprise of a zany.

"Who can tell why one man wishes for one thing, another for another? That, too, is a mystery. The point is that he did wish it, and that he did something more."

"What was that, eh?"

"He deliberately tried to weaken and to deface his will, to alter it. And he chose curious means, acting under suggestion from another will or influence that was more powerful than his own, because it was utterly self-satisfied and desired only to be what it was. I don't think I will tell you what the means were. But his original dissatisfaction with his own goodness was the weapon that brought about his own destruction. His will did not change, as he believed, but what do you think actually happened to it? I will tell you. It was expelled from his body. He lost it for ever. He lost, in fact, his identity. For will is personality, soul, the *ego*, the man himself. And this soul, if you choose to call it so, was driven into the air. It went away in the darkness like a bird. Do you see?"

"Where did it go to?" asked Cuckoo.

"I don't know," he said. "I have wondered, but it is practically dead. It is no more a will. It is no more an influence. It is a heart without a pulse in it; in fact, it is nothing. I have made myself, my will a god," he exclaimed passionately.

And then, exulting over her weakness and his strength, he pulled her to look at her worn and withered face in the glass side by side with his radiant features.

Poor Cuckoo looked sadly at her miserable face, and then glanced at the other face mirrored in the glass beside her. A sudden cry escaped from her lips.

"Him! Did you see him?" she whispered to Valentine. "Him! Marr! He is not dead; he's here; he's here, I tell you. I see him in the glass!"

Valentine looked into the glass, and said, "No, he's—he's not there, but——" he dashed his fist across the mirror, and broke it from the top to the bottom.

"Do you know," said he; "do you know that I am Marr?"

She looked at him, turning white as she looked.

"I am Marr," he repeated. "Now do you understand my Gospel? Understand it if you can, for you are bereft of the power that belongs of right only to the woman who is pure. Long ago, perhaps, you might have fought me. Who knows, you might even have conquered me; but you have thrown yourself to the wolves, and they have torn you till you are only a skeleton; and how can a soul dwell in a skeleton? Your soul, your will, is as useless as that vagrant soul of Valentine, which I expelled into the air and into the night. It can do nothing; you can do nothing either. If I have ever feared you, and hated you because I feared you, I have fooled myself. I have divined your thoughts; I have known your enmity against me and your love—*yours!*—for Julian. But if the soul and will of Valentine could not save Julian from my possession, how can yours? You are an outcast of the streets! Go back to the streets—live in them—die in them! They are your past, your present, your future—they are your hell, your heaven—they are everything to you. I tell you that you are as much of them as are the stones of the pavement

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that the feet of such women as you tread night after night. And what soul can a street thing have? What can be the will of a creature who gives herself to every man who beckons, and who follows every voice that calls? I feared you. I might as well have feared a shadow, an echo, a sigh of the wind, or the fall of an autumn leaf—I might as well have feared that personal devil whom men raise up for themselves as a bogey. Will is God! Will is the devil! Will is everything! And you—you, having tossed your will away, are nothing."

He had spoke gravely, even sombrely. On the last word he was gone.

The lady of the feathers stood alone in the ugly little room, and heard the clock of the greal church close by chime the hour of midnight. Her face was set and white under its rouge, in its frame of disordered canary-coloured hair. Her eyes were clouded with perplexity, with horror, and with awe. Yet she looked undaunted. Staring at the door through which the men still called, Valentine Cresswell had vanished. She whispered—

"It ain't true! It ain't! Nothin' does for a woman; not when she loves a man! Nothin'! Nothin'!"

She fell down against the hard horsehair sofa, and stretched her arms upon it, and laid her head upon them, as if she prayed.

Off went Cuckoo to see Dr. Levillier, and the good doctor and the good Cuckoo formed a league for the purpose of saving the luckless Julian. The Cuckoo could not remember all that Valentine had said to her, and the only conclusion that the doctor could arrive at was that Valentine was mad. At the same time, the only way to save Julian was to use the Cuckoo, and ask her to do what Julian wanted her, no matter how difficult it might be.

Now Julian had at one time asked her to cease going out into the streets, and Cuckoo, although she had no other means of living, set herself to do the one thing which the doctor had said might help to save the man she loved. She starved herself nearly to death, and there are few chapters in modern fiction so touching as the account of the poor girl sitting in her room, chilled and hungry, suffering silently as the only thing she could do in the hopes of saving the man whom Valentine had doomed to perdition.

So the story goes on until the New Year, when the doctor and Cuckoo and Julian met Valentine in the fifth séance. As they sat in the darkness, the doctor became perfectly conscious of the thoughts that were in each mind; he heard the triumphant thoughts of Valentine; he heard the despairing weary wail of Julian, and he heard the thoughts of Cuckoo.

Valentine had triumphed over them all. Julian, a drinking wreck, had become his hopeless slave. The climax of poor Cuckoo's tragedy was wretched; she had to part with her dog, the last thing in the world she had reserved to herself. At last, cold, penniless, without wood or fire, she went out into the street, and found Julian maddened with drink in the midst of a crowd at Piccadilly Circus. She rescued him, carried him off, and drove home. The next morning Julian woke up to a knowledge of how Cuckoo loved him, and was starving herself to death for him.

"Oh Cuckoo, Cuckoo," he said brokenly. "You love me."

All about him there was a flame. He seemed to understand what he had never understood before, the mystery that had drawn him so strongly to the lady of the feathers. She clung to him with her thin arms.

"That's it," she whispered, in reply to his words.

Julian heard her with silence. These things broke upon him one by one with a *crescendo* of meaning that came like a great revelation, came to him shod with flame, winged with flame, moving in flame, warm like flame.

"You starved for me, sold the dog for me," he whispered. "How I love you! How I love you!"

The door bell rang, and Valentine entered.

It was a moment of destiny. The two wills crossed. The love of Cuckoo, the fiend-destroying energy of Marr in Valentine. Throwing off all disguise, the soul of Marr in Valentine boasted that Valentine was dead.

He laughed aloud.

"I killed him," he said "when I took his place. Julian, you shall know now what the lady of the feathers knows already, what a human will can do, when it is utterly content with itself, when it is trained, developed, perfected. I came through Marr to Valentiue. I was Marr."

"Marr!" Julian said slowly. "You!"

"And Marr, too, was my prey. Like Valentine, he was not content with himself. His weakness of discontent was my opportunity. I expelled his will, for mine was stronger than his. I lived in his body until the time came for me to be with you. Have you ever read of vampires?"

Julian muttered a hoarse assent. He seemed bound by a strange spell, inert, paralysed almost.

"There are vampires in the modern world who fed not upon bodies but upon souls, wills. And each soul they feed upon gives to them greater strength, a longer reign upon the earth. Who knows? One of them in time may compass eternity."

He seemed to tower up in the little room, to blaze with triumph.

"When you see a man go down, sink into the mire, you say, 'He is weak,' he has come under a bad influence, it is a vampire who feeds upon his soul, who sucks the blood of his will. Sometimes the vampire comes in his own form, sometimes he wears a mask—the mask of a friend's form and face. The influences that wreck men are the vampires of the soul at work, Julian, at work!"

His face was terrible. Julian shrank from it. He turned to Cuckoo.

"They feed on women, too," he said. "On the souls of women. Men say that magic is a dream and a chimera. Women say that miracles are past, or that there were never such things. But the power of sin is magical. The death of beauty and of innocence in a soul is a miracle. My power over you, Julian, is magic. The bondage of your soul to mine is a miracle. Come with me."

"I'll not come," he said. "I'll stay with her. I love her."

Valentine cast a malign glance upon Cuckoo, but again fear seemed to draw near to him. He made no answer.

"Only once I'll come," Julian said. "At night I lost Valentine in the dark. In the dark I'll seek for him, I'll find him again. Cuckoo shall come too, and the doctor. That flame—it went into the air. I'll find it—I'll find it again."

"Come then—seek it—seek Valentine. But I, too, was with you in the dark. And in the dark I will destroy you. Till to-night then, Julian!"

He turned and went out.

The doctor, Cuckoo, Julian, and Valentine met for the last sitting in Valentine's rooms. Once again, the doctor heard the thoughts of his companions as they sat in the silent room. Once again he felt there came into the darkness, as a new presence, the wandering, exile soul of Valentine.

The doctor trembled, feeling that the close of the strange mystery was at hand. And as he trembled he seemed to see in the dense darkness a tiny flame. It shivered up in the darkness where Cuckoo slept, moved away from her, like a thing blown on a light wind, and flickered above the bowed, despairing head of Julian. And, as he watched it, wondering, the doctor was conscious once more that there was a new presence in the room, something mysterious, intent, vehement, yet touched with a strange and pathetic helplessness, something that cried against itself, something that had suffered a martyrdom unknown, unequalled, in all the pale history of the martyrdoms of the world. The doctor recalled the sitting of the former night and his impression then—and again he was governed by the tragedy of this unknown soul. Its despair laid upon him cold hands. Its impotence crushed him. He could have wept and prayed for it. This was for a moment. Then a new wonder grew in him. His eyes were on the flame which burned above the head of Julian, and presently while he gazed, he seemed to see, beyond and through it—as one who peers through a lit window—the face of Valentine, the beautiful, calm, lovely Valentine whom once he had loved. The face was white with a soft glory of endurance, and the eyes smiled like the eyes of a great king. And the doctor knew comfort. For this face, although marred by the shadow intense suffering ever leaves behind it, was instinct with the majesty of triumph. And the eyes were bent on Julian.

Then Julian moved in the darkness and looked upward, despair seeking hope.

For how long a time had the wandering flame or soul of beauty been helpless, impotent, tortured by the appalling deception of the soul of Julian whom it could no longer protect?

Cuckoo had given it a home. She was alone. It approached her. She was an outcast. It stayed with her. She was beaten by the thongs of a world that teems with Pharisees. It clung to her. She had through all her days and nights been put only to the black uses of evil. It sought to use her only for good. And now at last it drew strength and power from the soul of the lady of the feathers. And the doctor knew that the secret of Cuckoo's grand influence to succour lay in her completeness. Degraded, wretched, soiled, ignorant, pent within the prison house of lust —yet she loved completely. And because she loved completely the sad, wandering, driven soul of Valentine chose her from all the world to help him in the rescue of Julian. For she, like the widow, had given her all to feed the poor. Her starvation had set her on high more than the starvation and the mortification of saints and hermits. For they crucify the flesh for the good of their own souls. Cuckoo thought ever and only of another. She had betrayed Jessie and touched the stars. Now in her slumber, physical allegory of her abnegation of self, she fought in this battle of the souls.

The flame above the head of Julian grew brighter. The flame of Marr, striving with the fury of despair, flickered lower.

Dr. Levillier held his breath, and prayed. Again he thought of Rip. Would Julian, too, die rather than yield to the final grip of evil? Would he die fighting?

* * * *

A strange thin cry broke through the silence. The doctor saw two flames float up together through the darkness. They passed before the face of Cuckoo and were lost in the air above her. Two happy flames!

She stirred suddenly and murmured.

The thing that sat by the doctor sprang up. Light flashed through the room.

As it flashed the doctor leaned towards Julian. who lay forward with his arms stretched along the table.

He was dead.

Valentine—the spirit, at least, that had usurped the body of Valentine—stood looking down upon Julian, dead, in silence.

Then it turned upon the doctor. The doctor stood up as one that nerves himself to meet a great horror.

He watched the light fade out of the eyes of this horror, the expression slink from the features, the breath remove from the lips, the pulses cease in the veins and arteries, until an image, some lifeless and staring idol, stood before him.

It swayed. It tottered. It fell, crumbling itself together like things that return to dust. The flesh, formerly kept alive by the spirit, now deserted finally by that which had dwelt within it, and sought to use it for destruction, went down to death.

Then the lady of the feathers awoke at last from her sleep. The doctor bent over her, and took her hands in his. It seemed to him that she had won a great battle. He felt awestruck as he looked into her eyes. He tried to speak to her, but no words came to him except these, which he murmured at least below his breath—

"Your victory."

Cuckoo looked up at him. Her eyes were still lightly clouded with sleep, but they were smiling, as if they had been gazing upon the face of beauty.

For how long had Cuckoo slept? Surely through all the length of her life, through all the tears that she had shed, through all the sad deeds that she had committed! Now, at last, she awoke.

Her slumber had been as the deep slumber of death.

And from death do we not awake to a new understanding and to a new world?

So ends this strange weird tragedy of a woman's love. Unsatisfactory, no doubt, for the redemption of Julian is transferred to another world, leaving poor Cuckoo still lingering behind. But how powerful it all is, how suggestive! Since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has there been anything quite as great in the way as "Flames"?

A STORY OF FAITH-HEALING.*

MISS SARAH DOUDNEY is one of the many novelists whom these latter days have found the psychic motive irresistibly attractive. She is herself somewhat psychic, and having strong personal and hereditary sympathies with the Swedenborgians, she has never been able to blind herself to the existence of the other and greater world which encompasses us. In the "Pilgrims of the Night" she has given us a careful, loving, and elaborate study of a typical Faith-healer.

The "Pilgrims of the Night," indeed, is a study in Faith-healing, and naturally must be reviewed in BORDERLAND from that point of view, rather than from that of the ordinary six-shilling novel, with its romance of love and marriage. Christabel Avory, the Faith-healer, who is introduced to us in the book, is an admirable type of a class the number of which is unfortunately too few.

This is the story of Christabel Avory. She was a country girl, born in a Hampshire village, who, when just as she was coming into womanhood, met a carpenter of the name of Vincent Forth, who had come into the country for fresh air. This Vincent Forth was a man who had a peculiar voice, as sweet as a woman's but with a deeper tone, who had the gift of healing, and who created no small sensation in the village by healing first one and then another of the cripples and alien villagers amongst whom he lived. He said that it was no miracle that he performed. If there were no power in them to receive, there was no power in him to give.

"He says there is a power which comes from God, and will flow through him into the child. It is the same power, he says, that came through the Apostles when they healed the sick. Some men and women are used to help each other in this way. The sick person must have faith in his healer, and he must open his heart to the healing influence; that is all that is asked of him. It is easier to cure children than grown people, for a child has a ready faith."

Naturally Christabel fell in love with Vincent Forth. Equally naturally the village parson regarded the Faith-healer as a thief and a robber, while her own family did their utmost to compel her to accept the advances made by a blackguard young farmer, who scorned Vincent Forth as a fool, a milksop, and a sexless idiot. For some short time she lived as it were in Paradise, listening to the teachings of the London carpenter, who opened to her the spiritual mystery that underlies all things. It was, however, of short duration, for Vincent Forth's enemy, the blackguard young farmer aforesaid, fell upon him one night as he was returning from a healing mission, and knocked him down, and kicked and beat him within an inch of his life. He recovered sufficiently to linger, but when spring came he passed away.

Full of unutterable grief, Christabel left the village and hastened to London, where she found refuge and work in a large industrial school, to the matron of which she was introduced by the village doctor. She began to practise Faith-healing, and the power grew and strengthened. Finding her way to the neighbourhood where Vincent Forth the carpenter had toiled for years, which appears to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Soho Square, she came upon one, a cobbler of the name of Barnaby Mace, who was apparently the leader of a little sect known as the Pilgrims of the

* "Pilgrims of the Night." A Novel, by Miss Sarah Doudney. W. H. Addison, 1897. 6s. pp. 415.

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Night, for they realised that, like all earth's sorrowful children, they were passing through the night to the Day of God, the glimmer of whose dawning they could see on the horizon.

From that time onward she devoted herself to the service of the sick and the needy. Her account of the power by which she effected her cures was simply that she was a conductor, so to speak, between the love of God which presses like an atmosphere upon the world and the individual whose heart was open to receive it. Christabel, dressed in the simplest gown of dark grey serge, with a plain black bonnet that hid most of her silvery hair, was a woman with a noble face, a full firm mouth, powerful chin, and keen eyes filled with tenderness. Christabel, happy in her intense enthusiasm, was lifted out of the range of unbelief into a real indifference to dogmas and ecclesiastical claims. The only thing that she desired was to feel God within herself.

Here is a description of the first scene in which she is represented as doing the work of healing. She had been brought to see a Mrs. Ryce, a woman who had been wasting away for two years, who had been given up by the doctor, and had been a hopeless case. There was nothing a matter with her but extreme weakness. Weary of the struggle for existence, she was losing her hold of the silver cord. When Christabel arrived, she grasped the hand that lay limp and nerveless on the coverlet, and then ordered all the relatives out of the room. Her aunt, an old dame in a bonnet, objected.

"'Who may you be,' she said, 'that comes here ordering out relatives, and giving herself airs?'

"'I am a servant of Jesus of Nazareth,' the Faith-healer answered. 'My Master has sent me here to do His will.'

"There was nothing aggressive in Christablel's manner, but looking at her, you were impressed at once by her strength. The calm, noble face was grandly outlined under the plain serge gown. The grey eyes, deep-set, met the old woman's glance with a steady gaze, and then the struggle was ended. This firm belief in the sacred power entrusted to her gave Christabel an immense personal influence. All resistance was overborne; TomRyce quietly put his people out of the room and followed, shutting the door behind him.

"There was a long pause. The Faith-healer, still holding the sufferer's hand, had sunk on her knees by the bedside, and was praying with that intensity which cannot pass through the channel of speech. As she knelt there motionless, with eyes open, she seemed to be looking deep into a world invisible to mortal sight. Her face was lit up as from an inward glow; and in all ages and all nations there have been, and still must be, these rare souls who stand between the Seen and the Unseen, and become the medium of spiritual benediction. The sick woman, lying inert on the bed, began to feel some new influence flowing into her feeble frame.

"'You do not know me,' said Christabel, breaking the silence at last: 'but you must listen to what I am saying. You have heard of Jesus, the Great Healer? Do you believe that He could do you good if He were standing here by your side?'

"'Yes, I believe that.'

"The woman's voice was faint, but there was a look of interest dawning in her eyes.

"'He is here now,' said Christabel, with a ring of triumph in her tone. 'He is pouring out His power through me—through *me*, the lowest of His servants! Only believe—only have trust in Him! According to your faith be it unto you!'

"The dull eyes opened wider, and a gleam of surprise and hope began to shine in them. The weak fingers clung tenaciously to the strong hand that held them fast.

"'Fix your mind steadfastly upon Him. See Him now as He is, the Divine Man who died for men! Feel the love that made Him suffer for your sake! let it burn its way from His heart into your heart. Receive into your wasted body the gift of His deathless life. He wills that you shall not die, but live and declare what great things the Father has done for you!'

"Again a deep hush reigned in the room, and the roar of the great city seemed to have rolled miles away. Poor Tom Ryce, listening anxiously outside the door, began to fear that the solemn silence would never be broken. Was it a sign of victory or defeat? What forces were contendig within those quiet walls? Would the issue of the conflict be life or death?

"The Faith-healer could not have told how long the hush lasted. She was leaning over the patient now, holding her with both her strong hands, and feeling that she herself was the channel of a mighty stream of blessing. Through her was flowing that mysterious power which restored the lame man at the door of the Temple and raised up the cripple at Lystra. It was a gift better than silver, than gold—this influx which still poured down from the Christ of Nazareth, that those who believed in His strength might have life through His name.

"At last there came a low, joyful cry—a sound that no one who had heard it could ever have forgotten.

"'I am cured,' the woman said. 'I know it! I am cured!'

"The Faith-healer stood upright, and gave glory to God.'"

Christabel maintained that the power she had used was not her own. It had been lent to her by the Master, that she might do His will. There was no fatigue, no exhaustion. The life-giving power passing through her had left her stronger and not weaker.

There is another faith-healing scene towards the end of the book, in which she cures a lady who had been partially paralyzed by a fall from a horse, had given up all hope of recovery, and had abandoned herself with resignation to her doom. Christabel was brought down to see the invalid, and found her much more difficult to heal than was Mrs. Ryce. There was much less faith in the home of luxury than in the cottage of the poor. For four days, during which she had struggled in vain to exorcise her patient's indifference to life, the crisis came, and this is the way it ended.

"As the stable-clock struck the two quarters, Christabel rose and unfastened her casement. The glass door opened upon a little balcony, to which ivy clung in thick masses, making a bower for the many birds that haunted the place. Unseen wings rustled as she stepped out into the starlight, and the scent of the gardens and woods came up fresh and sweet.

"In the old way, and with just the old gesture, she lifted up her heart under the stars. The strength that had come to her in the toiling, suffering, struggling city, would not be denied here. And as she prayed, doubts faded; the ages rolled away, and the Man of Nazareth was by her side, waiting to speak through her willing lips, and heal through her ready hands. It was the old triumphant song of victorious faith that her heart was singing now. With that certainty of conquest in her soul, she could have passed through dark waters,

and climbed mountains, knowing that the end of the journey was joy and peace.

"A servant, who met her in the lighted corridor a little later, stepped back awed, and yet charmed, by the strange glory in her face. Long afterwards the girl was haunted by that look, and spoke of it to her children when Christabel Avory had become only a memory.

"Downstairs, through the hall, and through the passage leading to Joscelyne's rooms, the Faith-healer went with her swift and steady step. At the door she met Lord Brackenhill, and waved her hand gently to send him away. He, too, was struck by her look, and went off without uttering a word.

"She found Joscelyne lying as usual on her couch, and Dulcie was sitting by her side. One glance round the room showed Christabel that no one else was there, and Dulcie looking up at her face inquiringly, saw that the supreme moment had come.

"Instinctively she rose, and stood upright; and these two women fronted each other over the couch, with the recumbent figure between them.

"Something of the same consciousness seemed to come to Joscelyn as she lifted her head, and met the calm, steady gaze of Christabel. Her lips parted, and her breath came quickly, but she did not speak. The Faith-healer took her by the right hand, holding it in a firm clasp.

"'My child,' she said, 'how is it that you have so little faith? This very night the Master has come to heal you. But it is not only the limbs that are paralyzed; the soul within you is languid and dull. You are in love with this state of ease and sloth in which you exist, and those around do but pamper you in your uselessness. Out there in the world there are men and women and little ones crying for you to help them, and you shut your ears to the voice of their complaint.'

"A flush rose to Joscelyne's delicate cheeks, and tears sprang suddenly to her eyes. It was the first time since her illness that any one had uttered a rebuke. They had all united in praising her beautiful patience and resignation. And yet there was nothing harsh in the speaker's tone; but it expressed a quiet assurance of the right, blended with perfect tenderness.

"'The Master has need of your help in His world,' the voice went on. 'Tens of thousands are working there, and yet He misses you. Others may be faithful, but there is always a certain share of work allotted to each, and your share is left undone. While you lie here and dream, you are resisting the will of God. Are you watching and waiting to see Him come in the clouds? I tell you it is in your inward life that you must find Him. The heaven that you are seeking must begin within your soul.'

"There was a moment's pause, and then Christabel spoke again.

"'Come, my child, believe Him, and be ready to obey His call. It is not the poor Faith-healer who speaks, it is God who commands. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and walk.'

"Joscelyne trembled like a reed that is shaken by the wind. The strong hand still grasped her hand firmly; the steadfast eyes never released hers; she felt herself thrilled through and through by the power of this intense faith. Still trembling, she was conscious that a new strength was being aroused within her frame—a strength which gathered fresh force every instant. And slowly, as one under the influence of a spell, she began to obey the voice, raising herself from the couch on which she had lain helpless so long.

"Dulcie, standing on the other side, remained silent. Her hands were ready, but there was no need of their aid. Joscelyne continued to rise, moving her limbs slowly and mechanically as if they were stiff from long disuse. But presently she set her feet upon the ground, and then rose gradually to her full height, standing erect at last with no support save Christabel's clasping hand.

"There was indeed something strangely solemn in Joscelyne's aspect as she walked steadily across the room to the group by the fire.

"'I am cured,' she said. 'It is God who has done this thing. He has raised me up that we may do His work in the world together.'"

The story ends with the slaying of the Faith-healer, but its interest really expires with the healing of Dulcie.

"THE END OF THE MARTIAN."*

LAST quarter I noticed the progress of Du Maurier's posthumous novel, which has just come to a close in the July number of *Harper*. The complete story calls for renewed notice.

The late George Du Maurier achieved an immense success with "Trilby," a success which was even greater in the United States than in this country. In "Trilby" the occult or psychic motive was hypnotism, which was used with very little regard to its scientific truth, for no hypnotist has ever been able to achieve the marvels that were imputed to Svengali. In his posthumous novel, "The Martian," which is running to its close in *Harper's Magazine*, we have a much more deliberate and continuous flight into the psychic realm. It is difficult to say exactly how much foundation in fact Mr. Du Maurier believed he had for his extraordinary romance. It is too fantastic even for those who are dieted on ghost stories and familiar with the marvels of the Society for Promoting Psychical Research.

For what is the motive of "The Martian"? This, to put it simply: that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are able from time to time to visit this earth and incarnate themselves in human beings, who become Martians, and who possess certain psychic qualities distinguishing them from other people. The Martian of Du Maurier's story feels this power in an instinctive sense of the north. He feels the north wherever he may be. Turn him round and round, blindfold him in the middle of a desert, and he would instinctively sense the north. On this occasion he was inhabited by one Martia, a creature from Mars, who was able on a critical occasion in his life to manifest herself to him so really as to remove from his reach a glass of poison with which he had intended to end his existence, and was even then able to use his hand during sleep to write a letter addressed to him, which he found by his bedside in the morning. She was able to continue this method of communication for years, with the result that Barty, entirely on the strength of those automatically Martian communications received during sleep, was able to establish a world-wide reputation as the first author of the day.

That, in brief, is the story of "The Martian" which has been advertised as the chief attraction in every number of *Harper's Magazine* for six months past. Now *Harper's Magazine* is published by a most respectable firm in New York, a firm which, if I remember right, refused to allow Mark Twain to allude to palmistry in one of his novels, on the ground that palmistry was a superstition which should not be encouraged even by mention. That a firm like *Harper's* and a nation like the Americans could eagerly publish and read a novel which has as its backbone or inspiring soul so extraordinary and unthinkable a conception as this, the Martian possession of a human being, is indeed a sign of the times.

The scenes of the opening chapter at least are laid in Paris, but they describe life in a French boys' school, and sketch it

* "The Martian." By G. Du Maurier. Concluded in *Harper* for July.

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more pleasantly and sympathetically than such institutions are usually described. M. F. Brossard has selected as the vehicle for telling his story an imaginary person, unaccustomed to writing: an Englishman, whom he names Robert Maurice, who describes himself as a mere prosperous tradesman, a busy politician, and a man of the world. To this Robert Maurice has been entrusted the duty of writing the life of the greatest literary genius that this century has produced, of revealing the strange "secret of that genius, which has lighted up the darkness of these latter times as with a pillar of fire by night. This extraordinary secret has never been revealed before to any living soul but his wife and myself. And that is one of my qualifications for this great labour of love."

This marvellous genius, it seems, is an illegitimate son of Lord Runswick and Antoinette Josselin. The name of his prodigy is Bartholomew Josselin, who in the story figures as Barty, and he is introduced to us from the moment when he is brought in an Eton jacket to the institution of M. F. Brossard, where Robert Maurice was also educated. Of Barty Josselin we are told strange things. Robert Maurice says:—

"He has been idealised as an angel, a saint and a demigod; he has been caricatured as a self-indulgent sensualist, a vulgar Lothario, a buffoon, a joker of practical jokes. He was in reality the simplest, the most affectionate and most good-natured of men, the very soul of honour, the best of husbands and fathers and friends, the most fascinating companion that ever lived, and one who kept to the last the freshness and joyous spirits of a schoolboy and the heart of a child; one who never said or did any unkind thing, probably never even thought one. Generous and open-handed to a fault, slow to condemn, quick to forgive, and gifted with a power of immediately inspiring affection and keeping it for ever after, such as I have never known in any one else, he grew to be (for all his quick-tempered impulsiveness) one of the gentlest and meekest and most humble-minded of men."

As a schoolboy Barty was an universal favourite; but in the October number not much light is thrown upon this strange secret, although enough is said that he was quite uncannily gifted—

"He could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye; this was often tested by M. Dumollard, 'maître de mathématiques (et de cosmographie),' who had a telescope, which, with a little good-will on the gazer's part, made Jupiter look as big as the moon, and its moons like stars of the first magnitude. His sense of hearing was also exceptionally keen. He could hear a watch tick in the next room, and perceive very high sounds to which ordinary human ears are deaf (this was found out later); and when we played blind man's buff on a rainy day, he could, blindfolded, tell every boy he caught hold of—not by feeling him all over like the rest of us, but by the mere smell of his hair, or his hands, or his blouse!"

But the most extraordinary and incomprehensible talent which the boy possessed was that of being able intuitively to find the north. He was as good as a compass. Blindfold him, and twist and turn him about as much as you please, he could always indicate the direction of the North Star. On one occasion, Robert Maurice asked him about this:—

"But what *do* you feel when you feel the north, Barty—a kind of tingling?" I asked.

"Oh—I feel where it is—as if I'd got a mariner's compass trembling inside my stomach—and as if I wasn't afraid of anybody or anything in the world—as if I could go and have my head chopped off and not care a fig."

This feeling of the north was due to Martia, but of Martia Barty knew nothing. Martia's first direct attempt to influence the life of Barty Josselin was when she saved him from committing suicide.

Poor Barty loses the sight of one eye, and being intensely miserable, on one occasion he decides to take poison; he pours out the deadly draught, but before he takes it he falls asleep, and when he wakes he finds that the poison has been emptied out, and in its place there is a long letter, written apparently by his own hand, in a curious script known only to himself and one or two intimate friends, in which he was reproved for his suicidal intention, encouraged not to despair of his sight, and told that the writer, who signed herself "Martia," had availed herself of his hand in order to place herself in communication with him. Who Martia was he did not know, but the sense of the North Pole, which he had lost for some time, returned, and life once more smiled upon him.

This strange visitant urged him to marry one Julia, whom she had often possessed, and by whom she wished him to bear a child, in whom she could be reincarnated.

Barty, however, refused absolutely to marry Julia. Then the sensation of the north left him. He married another girl whom he loved, Leah, and then, after a time, Martia discovered that Barty's heart had guided him more truly than her Martian intelligence. She became his guide, philosopher, and friend, and was as devoted to Leah as she had been to Julia. Barty after his marriage became famous, and Martia wrote all his books for him and succeeded in establishing him on a pinnacle of literary glory unsurpassed in the history of letters. It was not until long after that she explained who she was, and the relations of the Martians to this planet. Then, after his eighth child was born, while Mrs. Josselin was still laid up, she wrote him a farewell letter in which she made the astonishing announcement thas she intended to be his ninth child. The following is an abridgment of this extraordinary letter, which explains as clearly as Du Maurier saw fit to do the peculiar relations which exist between the inhabitants of Mars and mortals on this planet.

"My beloved Barty,—The time has come at last when I must bid you farewell.

"I have outstaid my proper welcome on earth as a disembodied conscience by just a hundred years, and my desire for reincarnation has become an imperious passion, not to be resisted.

"It is more than a desire—it is a duty as well, a duty far too long deferred.

"Barty, I am going to be your next child. I can conceive no greater earthly felicity than to be a child of yours and Leah's.

"O that I could connect myself in your mind with the shape I wore when I was last a living thing! No shape on earth, not either yours or Leah's, or that of any child yet born to you both, is more beautiful to the eye that has learnt how to see than the fashion of that lost face and body of mine.

You wore the shape once, and so did your father and mother, for you were Martians. Leah was a Martian, and wore it too; there are many of them here; they are the best on earth, the very salt thereof. I mean to be the best of them all, and one of the happiest. Oh, help me to that!

"Barty, when I am a splendid son of yours, or a sweet and lovely daughter, all remembrance of what I was before will have been wiped out of me until I die. But *you* will remember, and so will Leah, and both will love me with such a love as no earthly parents have ever felt for any child of theirs yet.

"Think of the poor loving soul, lone, wandering, but not lost, that will so trustfully look up to you out of those gleeful, innocent eyes!

"How that soul has suffered both here and elsewhere you don't know, and never will till the secret of all hearts shall be disclosed; and I am going to forget it myself for a few decades—sixty, seventy, eighty years perhaps; such happy years, I hope.

"For another night or two you will be my host, and this splendid frame of yours my hostelry; *on y est très bien*. Be hospitable still for a little while—make the most of me; hug me tight; squeeze me warm!

"As soon as Leah is up and about and herself again you will know me no more, and no more feel the north.

"When my conscience re-embodies itself, I want it never to know another pang of self-reproach. And when I'm grown up, if you think it right to do so, tell me who and what I once was, that I may love you both the more; tell me how fondly I loved you when I was a bland and fleeting little animalcule, without a body, and making my home in yours—so that when you die I

may know how irrevocably bound up together we must for ever be, we three; and rejoice the more in your death and Leah's and my own. Teach me over again all I've ever taught you, Barty—over and over again!

"Alas! perhaps you don't believe all this! How can I give you a sign?

"There are many ways; but a law, of necessity inexorable, forbids it. Such little entity as I possess would cease to be; it was all but lost when I saved your life—and again when I told you that you were the beloved of Julia Royce. It would not do for us Martians to meddle with earthly things; the fat would soon be in the fire, I can tell you!

"At the back of your brain is a little speck of perishable matter, Barty; it is no bigger than a needle's point, but it is bigger in you than in anybody else I know, except in Leah; and in your children it is bigger still—almost as big as the point of a pin!

"If they pair well—and it is in them to do so if they follow their inherited instinct—their children and their children's children will have that speck still bigger. When that speck becomes as big as a millet seed in your remote posterity, then it will be as big as in a Martian, and the earth will be a very different place, and man of earth greater and even better than the Martian by all the greatness of his ampler, subtler, and more complex brain; his sense of the Deity will be as an eagle's sense of the sun at noon in a cloudless tropical sky; and he will know how to bear that effulgence without a blink, as he stands on his lonely summit, ringed by the azure world.

"Indeed, there will be no more Martians in Mars by that time; they are near the end of their lease; all good Martians will have gone to Venus, let us hope: if not to the sun itself!

"Man has many thousands of years before him yet ere his little ball of earth gets too cold for him; the little speck in his brain may grow to the size of a pea, a cherry, a walnut, an egg, an orange! He will have in him the magnetic consciousness of the entire solar system, and hold the keys of time and space as long and as far as the sun shines for us all—and then there will be the beginning of everything.

"You have been thoroughly well loved all your life, my Barty, but most of all by me—never forget that!

"I have been your father and your mother when they sat and watched your baby sleep; I have been Rosalie when she gave you the breast; I have been your French grandfather and grandmother quarrelling as to which of the two should nurse you as they sat and sunned themselves on their humble door-step in the Rue des Guignes!

"I have been your doting wife when you sang to her, your children when you made them laugh till they cried. I've been Lady Archibald when you danced the Dieppoise after tea, in Dover, with your little bare legs; and Aunt Caroline too, as she nursed you in Malines after that silly duel where you behaved so well; and I've been by turns Mérovée Brossard, Bonzig, old Laferté, Mlle. Marceline, Finche Torfs, poor little Marianina, Julia Royce, Father Louis, the old Abbé, Bob Maurice—all the people you've ever charmed or amused, or been kind to—a legion, good Heavens! I have been them all! What a snowball made up of all these loves I've been rolling after you all these years! and now it has all got to melt away in a single night, and with it the rembrance of all I've ever been during ages untold.

"And I've no voice to bid you good-bye, my beloved; no arms to hug you with, no eyes to weep—I, a daughter of the most affectionate, and clinging, and caressing race of little people in existence! Such eyes as I once had, too; such warm, soft, furry arms, and such a voice—it would have wanted no words to express all that I feel now."

If anyone does not understand the true inwardness of things Martian from this extract, they had better read the book from beginning to end, and when they finish they will probably be no wiser than they are now. It is a fantastic, marvellous story, and it will be interesting to see whether it achieves anything like the popularity of "Trilby."

A NEW BOOK ON CRYSTAL-GAZING.*

THERE is a certain crystal-gazing public which will probably like this work very much, but it will not be those who, like the present writer, look upon the art and mystery of Crystal-Gazing as, in nine cases out of ten, a mere curiosity of psychology, and only very rarely as in any degree "psychic," and then as a psychic fact of the simplest kind.

The author, Mr. John Melville, treats the question as very far from simple, though he agrees with the present writer, that ordinary externalisation of mental images has not necessarily anything in common with Crystal Divination. When it comes to the question of premonition, or the revelation of knowledge not within the normal consciousness of the seer, he is a good deal more exacting than I.

Crystal-Gazing, under the conditions Mr. Melville lays down, is really an arduous undertaking; moreover, it is unnecessary to waste time over it unless your eyes are set widely apart in your face, as he has learnt from phrenology; nor is there much hope for you unless your "ascending frontal convolution" is well developed. "Mrs. Brown's" husband, "at Margate," or somewhere, was described as having "a noble forehead, as you would tell by the way 'is 'at marked 'im." He should have made a first-class Crystal-Gazer.

Then you take an infusion of Mugwort, or of Succory, during the moon's increase, the reason being that "both of these plants are specially responsive to magnetic influence; their leaves, like the compass needle, invariably turning of themselves towards the north,"—a new discovery in botany.

But not only must we consult phrenology and botany, but astrology concerns herself with our affair. The Beryl is under the zodiacal sign Libra, and so are these herbs, and they exert certain medicinal advantages which need not be particularised, and which bear specially upon crystal-gazing. Then, sitting in a partly darkened room at the north end, you pay due attention to six magnetic laws, and to four rules as to the care of the crystal. If this is not enough, you can do a great many more things as well. You can have all kinds of devices engraved on the stand of your crystal (designs are furnished, Plate II.), and you can say a long prayer (page 32), and you can draw patterns on the floor all around you (Plate IV), and you can consecrate the crystal, and perfume it, and consult an astrological calendar as to the particular angel to mention in your prayers. After this, unless you are blonde, which is against you, or unless you rashly choose an hour between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., if you can't see something it's a pity.

A good deal of the book is occupied with a treatise on Hygienic Clairvoyance, which seems to be entirely unconnected with crystal-gazing, but page 77 is valuable. It gives rules for developing clairvoyance, which as they point out with some detail the advantages of soap and water, might make this work famous, and the subject popular, at the hands of Messrs. Pears or the Sunlight Company.

X.

"A PSYCHIC VIGIL."†

THIS book tells how Tom, Dick, and Harry sat up all one night and talked about their souls, and their

* "Crystal-Gazing, and the Wonders of Clairvoyance." By John Melville. Published by Nicholls, Oxford Street. 1897. Price 5s.

† "A Psychic Vigil in Three Watches, by X Rays." Edited by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Allen & Co. 3s. 6d.

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psychic selves, and their destinies. It must have been a long night, for they didn't begin till after dinner, and they talked 160 pages—a whole three-and-sixpenny book!

Tom did most of it, and the others interrupted suitably, like the young Markhams, so as to break up the print and make the book look lighter. When he had talked 39 pages, looking out on the sea, he sent Dick and Harry to fetch some rugs, and talked 29 pages more out of doors, "in the soft comfort of the milk-warm air." The rest he talked walking up and down. "Let us rise," he said, "and pace this soft sward awhile, beneath the rolling stars."

His conversation ranges itself under 95 headings, with many sub-headings, and one wonders why Dick and Harry stood it. It is something to gather (page 39) that they were allowed to smoke.

One wonders, moreover, why Mr. Haweis, of all people, should have edited so dull a book—Mr. Haweis, whose wildest enemies never called him dull! There is nothing else particularly the matter with it; the sentiments are admirable, but not new.

X.

A SEQUEL TO THE TEMPLES OF THE HIMALAYAS.*

ONLY Sir Walter Scott has written a sequel which was better than the earlier volume; very few succeed in writing any which is not worse. "Dans le Sanctuaire" is no exception. It is, as a whole, better than the worst part, *i.e.*, the latter half of the volume, but less interesting than the best. One is thankful to be spared much story; the author is not great at the story part, whereas the psychic experiences of the hero, still our old friend Angelo, now elevated to an Archbishopric, are, even when exaggerated or misleading, always interesting and suggestive.

In the present volume he is recalled from India and sent to London, where he visits a palatial edifice in an ancient quarter, a geographical fact which excites one's curiosity. Here he is introduced to the chief of the European Magi, one of the successors of the three who worshipped at Bethlehem. From him he receives much instruction, all interesting and readable, and finally succeeds him in office.

He then finds himself in the anomalous position of being at the same time an Archbishop and an Arch-Magus. However, the Pope soon settles that little complication by ordering him to Rome. Extreme measures were, however, averted by the sudden appearance of Balthasar, the Magus of Egypt, and Gaspard (*née* Angelo) gets off. Moreover, he makes off with some sacred papyri, which he extracts from the Vatican Library, to his disgrace and that of the librarian. So far the book has been moral in tone, but, as he wasn't a collector, such conduct is without excuse.

His Holiness hadn't a notion what became of Angelo, but with great presence of mind he diverted gossips by mysterious allusions to "secret service."

What really did become of him is a triumph of invention. A prince by birth, an ecclesiastic by training, a Magus by selection, he established himself on the Atlantic shores of North America, and introduced an old system to a new world. It is satisfactory that, true to the tenets of the former volume, wherein he sets forth the insignificance of religious differences, he maintains friendly relations with the Church.

It is a really ingenious romance and very readable. It seems to bear the same relation to Buddhist teaching and history as do Jules Verne's novels to serious science. There is something to learn from both authors, and to learn in a pleasant way.

X.

* "Dans le Sanctuaire." Sequel to the Temples of the Himalayas. By A. van der Naillen. Paris: P. G. Leymarie. 1897.

A BOOK ABOUT WATER-FINDING.*

THE writer is a well-known and successful water-finder, and the little volume aims at nothing more ambitious than the presentation of his personal history, and of how he discovered and how he uses his power. Most of the more interesting details have already been given in an article in BORDERLAND, but in this little volume readers will be able to find the facts at first hand.

X.

THE MAGIC OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.†

IF the reader, who must be supposed to be acquainted with German, gets beyond the cover of this work, he will probably read it through, but the cover is certainly discouraging. On a background of scarlet, a long-haired sphinx holds a naked man upon the edge of a precipice, no doubt with allegorical, though distinctly uncomfortable, intent.

The object of the book, as disclosed in the preface, is to help those who inquire into the occult, by taking them back to the beginnings of things, and so giving them a stand-point—Germans are always calling out for a *Standpunkt*—from which to judge phenomena.

The process of seeking for the stand-point is interesting enough, but it does not get us much "forrader." We are instructed in the history of the magic of the old school and the new, we are reminded of the possibilities of illusion, and the various optical wonders of well-known conjurors are described; the phenomena of Spiritualism are next discussed (in natural sequence), with accounts of various exposures and imitations. Next we have the history of Hypnotism and Animal Magnetism, illustrated by accounts of cures by the first hypnotists of our day, English and foreign.

Finally we come to a careful chapter on "The Spiritism and Occultism of the New Time," headed by the significant quotation,

"EX NIHILO—NIHIL FIT."

The chapter is adorned with great names, Jung Stilling and Schopenhauer on the one hand, Professor Lodge and Mr. Crookes on the other. We have an account of the work of the Theosophical Society and a picture of the performances of Fakirs; we have the evdence for and against Eusapia Paladino, and a lengthy translation of the present writer's presentation of the problem in BORDERLAND. Then follows a sort of directory of writers and of publications in the interest of Spiritism, largely on the basis of association with the late publication *Sphinx*.

The book will interest the average reader who cares for the subject, and if it is like a good many, possibly its betters, inconclusive, it is, at least, not dogmatic.

X.

* "The Theory of Water-Finding, with Advice thereon." By a Professional (B. Tompkins). Barton, printer, Farnworth.

† "Die Magie des XIX. Jahrhundertsunter Mitwirkung." Von Dr. F. Maier von Uriarte Heuser's Verlag.

XX.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

We shall be grateful for the Co-operation of Readers of BORDERLAND, as well as of publishers and editors of journals, in the production of our Index. No trouble has been spared, but there is no doubt that a great many interesting publications may have escaped notice.

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Sânkhya Philosophy, The, B. Keightley, *Lucifer*, April
Service the Key to Wisdom, Katharine Hillard, *Theosophy*, April
Shall a Hindu follow Vivekananda or Mrs. Besant? *Light of the East*, March
Sheaths of the Soul, W. Q. Judge, *Theosophy*, June
Sleeping Yogi in the hands of European Psychologists, A, Franz Hartmann, M.D., *Theosophist*, June
Stories of Siva and His Spouse, *Theosophist*, April
Theosophy and Brotherhood, H. T. E., *Grail*, April
Theosophy not Buddhism or Hinduism, C. W. Leadbeater, *Vahan*, April 1
Theosophy of Islam, *Ourselves*, May, June
What the Vedas is to the Brahman, *Mercury*, April
Work of the Theosophical Society, Annie Besant, *Mercury*, May

Visions:

Death-Bed Visions, *Two Worlds*, April 16
Dove and Halo appear before a Death, *Light of Truth*, May 8
Two Persons seen in Visions while Ill, *Light of Truth*, June 5

XXI.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.

APRIL—JUNE.

Annales des Sciences Psychiques. Paris, 108, Boulevard S. Germain.

March.—April.

Professor Crookes' S.P.R. Address
Two Cases of Telepathy. Thomassy

Annali dello Spiritismo. 3, Via Ormea, Turin.

April.

A Case of Change of Personality

May.

On the Art of Divination
Phenomena of a Double

June.

Cases of Spontaneous Phenomena

Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston. $2.00 per annum.

April 10.

Modern Church Ethics. M. M. Dawson

April 17.

Banner of Light's Fortieth Anniversary
A Half-Century of Spiritualistic Literature. Moses Hull
Forty Years of Hypnotism

May 22.

Sketch of Mrs. Emily Lepper, "Healer"
English and Paternal Versions of the Bible

May 29.

Modern Religion and Philosophy. W. J. Colville
The Lyceum

June 5.

Spiritualists as Missionaries
The Bane of Religion

June 19.

Spiritualism: a Sketch. By Lyman C. Howe
Government by Spiritualism in Africa

Dawn. 44, Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta.

The Sacred Books of the East
Reality and Appearances
The Situation in India
The Future of Hinduism

Efterat. Scandinavian Magazine, 6, Kammakan-gatan, Stockholm.

April.

Fluidic Auras

May.

The Theories of Hudson Tuttle

June.

The Lost Atalanta
Père Jourdain; the Healing Medium of Paris

Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California. $1.75 per annum.

April.

The Doctrine of Christ. W. P. Pyle
The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
California as We See It. H. E. Butler
Vital Love
Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

May

The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
God is Love. W. P. Pyle
The Narrow Way. T. A. Williston
"The Gamble Discovery"
Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

June

The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
Communing with Nature
The At-one-ment. T. A. Willliston
The Statutes of Life. W. P. Pyle

Grail (Theosophic Isis). 77, Great Portland St., London, W. 6s. 6d. per annum.

April.

What is Our Future?
On Colours
The Rise and Fall of Races
Theosophy and Brotherhood

Harbinger of Light. W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per annum.

March.

Revolutionary Revelations. J. R. Buchanan
In the Valley of the Shadow of Death
Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King
What is Clairvoyance? Hudson Tuttle
Matter, Morality, and Evil Spirits. J. M. Peebles, M.D.
Magic Compared with Spiritualism. J. M. Peebles, M.D.

April.

Reincarnation
Dr. J. M. Peebles, Last Lecture
Victorian Association of Spiritualists
Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King

May.

Spirit Spheres.
Spiritualism in Germany
Creed of a Mystic
Outspoken Thoughts and Comments
Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King
Vindication of Spiritualism and Original Christianity. J. R. Buchanan
Double Presence. Hudson Tuttle

Herschell's Coming Events. 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C. 4s. per annum.

April.

Astrological Calendar
The National Horoscope
Transits
Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pp. 65-80)
A Few Theorems Respecting Lunar Influence

June.

Astrological Calendar
Transits
Speculations
Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pp. 97-112)
Shakespeare and Astrology

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Hypnotic Magazine. 56, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A. 7s. 6d. per annum.

April, May.

Psychic Phenomena in Septic Fevers
Suggestion as a Therapeutic Agent
Reports of Cases Treated at the Chicago School of Psychology; the School of Suggestive Therapeutics, Stevens Point; and the Cleveland School of Suggestive Therapeutics
The Wonders of Hypnotism

Intelligence.

Formerly "Metaphysical Magazine."

June.

Man and Nature
Modern Astrology. Allan Leo
Philosophy of the Divine Man. Hudor Genone
Mazdaism and "Being." C. H. A. Bjerregaard
Bhagarad Gita. Chas. Johnston, M.R.A.S.
Esoteric Puritanism. Henrietta C. Wright

Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin. 4s. per annum.

April.

The Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life. J. W. L. Keightley
Robert Browning: his Inspiration
Some Aspects of Brotherhood
A Warrior's Weapons

May.

The Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life. J. W. L. Keightley
Robert Browning
Priest or Hero? (concluded)

June.

The Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life. J. W. L. Keightley
The Age of Spirit
Browning: his Faith

Journal of Hygiene. 46, East 21st Street, New York City. $1 per annum.

May.

Music for the Sick. Prof. C. H. Young
Hygiene of the Brain. Dr. M. L. Holbrook

Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row, Calcutta. 4s. per annum.

April.

Buddha-Gaya Image Question
Monastic Order of Buddhism

May.

Attainment of Bodhi-Gyana
The Buddhist View of Relics
The Philosophy of Buddhism

Light. 110, St. Martin's Lane, S.W. 10s. 10d. per annum.

April 3.

Spirit Teachings Through the Hand of W. Stainton Moses
Further Phenomena with Eusapia Paladino
Address by Professor O. J. Lodge, D.Sc.

April 10.

Keeley's Philosophy
Spiritualism in Paris. Effie Bathe
Spiritualists and Psychical Research
Thoughts suggested by Professor Lodge's Address. By Richard Harte, George Wyld, M.D., and A Contributor

April 17.

Spirit Teaching Through the Hand of W. Stainton Moses
Magnetic Gymnastics in Paris
The Risen Christ
Work in the Spirit World
The Union of the Nations. Hudson Tuttle
Premature Burial
Some Reappearances. By "Edina"

April 24.

Canon Wilberforce on Spiritualism and Theosophy
Spiritual Harmonies
Professor Oliver Lodge's Address
Science and Spiritualism
A New Cosmogony

May 1.

Testimony of the Ages to the Existence of Spirits. J. de Kronhelm
A State-Writing Medium
Canon Wilberforce on Spiritualism
Professor James on Demoniac Control
Work in the Spirit World. Henry Forbes
Professor Crookes on Thought-Transference
Some Reappearances. Edina
Mr. Craddock Seized at a Dark Séance

May 8.

Experiences in a Private Circle. W. Appleyard
Our Teachers
Historical Value of the Beattie Photographs
Mediumship and Demoniac Control
Work that Spiritualists Can Easily Do
The Higher and Lower Self in Dual-Unity Being
Alleged Exposure of Mr. Craddock

May 15.

Work that Spiritualists Can Easily Do
The Higher and Lower Self in Dual-Unity
Angel Missionaries
Work in the Spirit World. Henry Forbes
The Seizure of Mr. Craddock

May 22.

Spirit Teachings Through the Hand of Stainton Moses
The Materializations in a Private Circle. F. W. Thurstan, M.A.
Ghosts and Right Reason
Some Reappearances. By "Edina"

May 29.

Still Asleep
The Mediumship of Madame Guppy Volckman
The Rationale of Palmistry
Jesus a Witness to Spirit Life
Obsession in Modern Life.

June 5.

The Reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky according to Mrs. Besant
Past and Future of the Spiritual Movement. Emma H. Britten
Direct Spirit Writings and Drawings. General F. J. Lippitt
Whit-Sunday's Witness to the Spirit
Work in the Spirit World. Henry Forbes
Demonstrations of Hypnotism. By Dr. Charcot, Jun.

June 12.

The Morals and Immorals of Hypnotism. Rev. H. R. Haweis
Is Man God's Failure?
New Photographs of Psychic Radiations

June 19.

Apparatus for Bogus Séances
Scientific Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena
Justice to "Primitive Christianity"
The Publican and the Pharisee
Phenomena in a Private Circle

June 26.

William Martin Wilkinson
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On Testing So-called Mediums
Planes of Consciousness

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The Caste System of Vedic India

April.

The Hindu Revival
Religious Evolution in Ancient India
Immortality of the Soul

May.

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Religious Evolution in Ancient India

Light of Truth. Front Street, Columbus, Ohio. $1.00 per annum.

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Prof. Wm. Crookes' Experiences in Spiritual Phenomena
A Perturbed Ghost

May 22.

Astrology
Relation of Magnetism to Spirit Manifestations

May 29.

Theosophy as a Religion
Dead Thirty-seven Hours

June 5.

Spiritual Life. C. H. Murray
New Photographs of Psychic Radiation by Luys

March 27.

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Human Voice Photographed
Obsession

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Meaning of the Term "Theosophy"

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A Somnambulist
Mrs. Besant's Collection of Aura

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Metaphysics and Spiritographs

April 24.
A Critical Introduction to the Study of Astrology. Julius Erickson
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May 7.
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On Dreams. C. W. Leadbeater
Occultism and the Occult Arts. H. P. Blavatsky

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The Congress of Humanity

May.
The End of one Cycle, and the Beginning of another. D. A. Courmes

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Our Relation to Children. C. W. Leadbeater
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Plants, Insects, and Birds. J. G. O. Tepper, F.L.S.

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The Akâshic Records. C. W. Leadbeater
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Lumière. Paris-Auteiul, 97, Boulevard Montmorency. 7 francs per annum.

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Spiritualism in Paris. Dr. Thomas
Horrible Haunting of a House at Pilot-Knob
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Haunted House at Yzeurs

April.
M. Carl du Prel on Suggestion. Dr. Lux
Luminous Apparitions produced by the X. Rays

May.
The Power of Thought
Clandon House, the Haunted House
Haunting Scientifically Observed

Lyceum Banner.

May.
Biographical Sketch of Wm. Chisnall
What Our Lyceums are Doing

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Sketch of Miss Lydia Meakin
Seventh Annual Conference of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union

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503, Fifth Avenue, New York City. $2.50 per annum.

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Occult Science and Occult Wisdom. Franz Hartmann, M.D.
The Kingdom of Heaven. Chas. Johnston
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A Remarkable Vision
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May.
Spirit Phenomena

June.
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Double Personality. J. De Kronhelm

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Ourselves. 108, Tredegar Road, Bow, London. 1s. 6d. per annum.

April.

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Theosophy and Christianity
From the Temples of Egypt

May—June.

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What's in a Name?
The Higher Patriotism
The Beginning of the End

Pacific Theosophist.—1170, Market Street, San Francisco. $1.00 per annum.

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Hidden Meanings in Christianity
The Second Object of the Theosophical Society
Misconceptions about Theosophy
Brotherhood or What?

May.

Hidden Meanings in Christianity
The Historical Jesus

Philosophical Journal. San Francisco, Station B, California $1.00 per annum.

April.

More Reminiscences of Spirit Work
The Impressional Phase. T. H. B. Cotton.

May.

Spirit Teachings in Relation to Human Life. J. J. Morse
"The Proclamation"

May 27.

Development of Psychic Power

Phrenological Journal. L. N. Fowler & Co., Ludgate Circus, London. 5s. per annum.

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General Grant's Memorial
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What Phrenologists are Doing. Jessie A. Fowler

June.

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Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of York
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Miss Margaret P. Pascal
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How Blind Children See
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March.

Law of Sacrifice

April, May.

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Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research

Psychische Studien. Oswald Mutz, Leipzig, Lindenstrasse. 10 marks per annum.

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Professor Crookes' S.P.R. Address
"Spiritisme" and V. Sardou

April.

Carl Hansen, the Hypnotiser, in Altona

May.

Vision of a Double. Dr. G. Von Gaj
A Somnambulic Visualiser. R. Lichtenstein

June.

Reichenbach's "Od" again. Willy Reichel
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Revista di Studi Psichici. Padua and Milan. 8 francs per annum.

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Haunted House at Yzeures

June.

Latest Experiences with Eusapia Paladino. A. De Rochas
M. Sardou and Spiritism. Emma MacKenty
M. De Rochas: His Opinion. A. De Rochas

Revue du Spiritisme. Paris, 5, Rue Manuel. 10 francs per annum.

March.

Positive Character of Spiritist Philosophy. G. Delaune
So-called Telepathic Manifestation. M. Kronhelm
Experimental Spiritism. Dastugne

Theosophical Forum. 144, Madison Avenue, New York.

April.

Do We Return to Earth of Our Own Accord?
Is There No New Flood till the End of the Twentieth Century?

May.

Report of Third Annual Convention, T. S. A.

June.

Is it Possible to Control One's Acts and Thoughts in the Dream State?

Theosophic Gleaner. Theosophical Society, Bombay. 1s. 6d. per annum.

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Do We Pursue the Real Object of Life?

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June.

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Predestination and Free-Will
The Manifestations of Siva and his Spouse
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The Finding of Kusinara

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An Indian Yogi before a Tribunal of European Psychologists. Franz Hartmann, M.D.
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April 10.

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April 17.

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May 29.

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Human Nature
The Thirtieth Century

April 23.

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Thought Influence
Rev. John Page Hopps (sketch)

April 30.

Search and Ye Shall Find
The Antiquity and Origin of Man
Re An Exposure of Fraud

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May 28.

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British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union. Alfred Kitson, Gen. Sec.

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The Case for Spiritualism

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Spiritualism and Socialism

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Uebersinnliche Welt. Eberswalder Strasse, 16, Portal I, Berlin.

April.

Experiments with Eusapia Paladino, Paris, 1893. Dr. Dariex
The Mystery of Valence-en-Brie

May.

Experiments with Eusapia Paladino, Paris, 1896 (Part II.). Dr. Dariex
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Karma. C. W. L.
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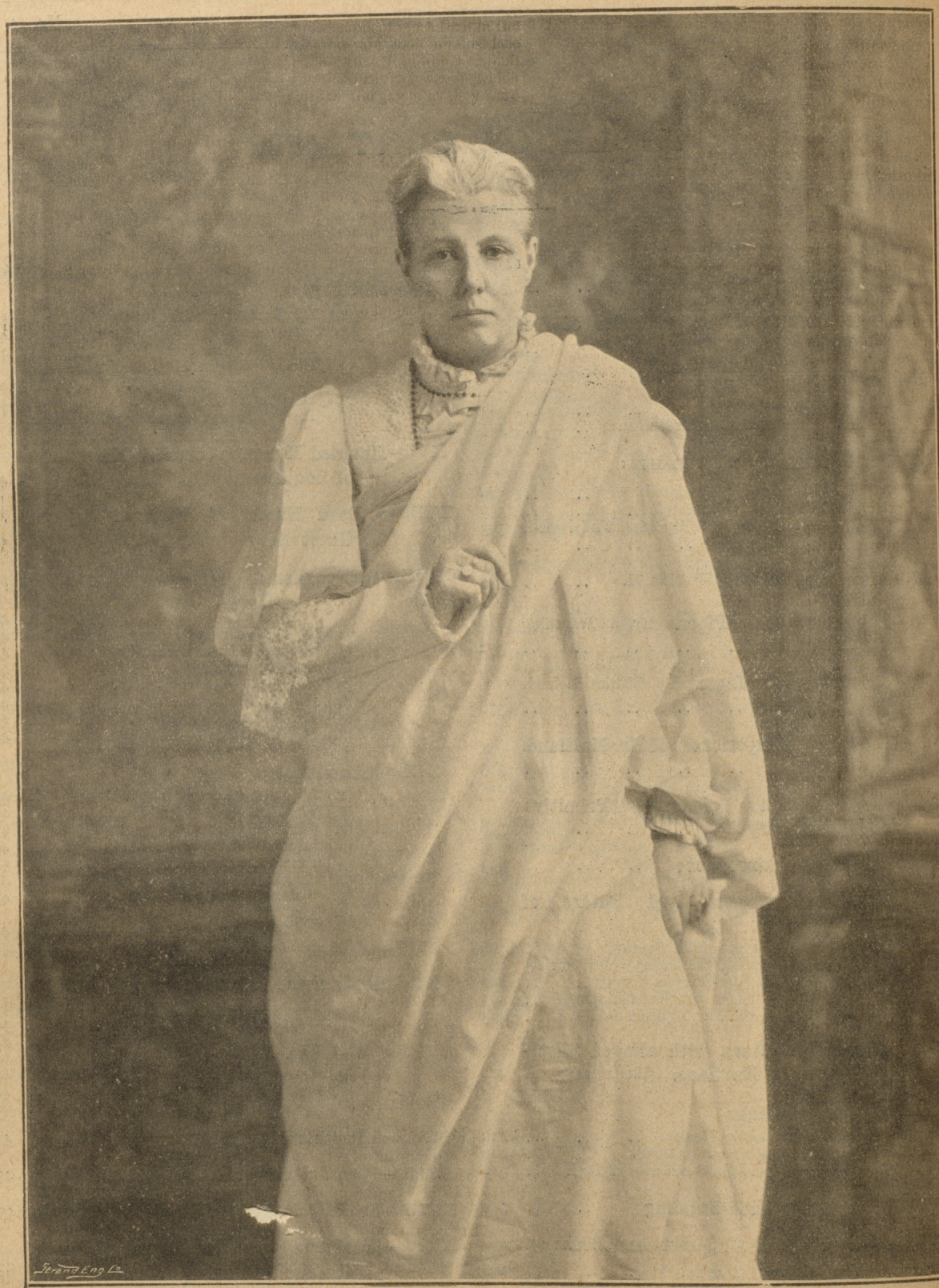

ANNIE BESANT, 1897. [*Photo by Sarony, New York.*

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BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1897. No. 4.

I.—HALT!—FOR THE PRESENT.

HALT, for the Present! is the word of command. Halt, *i.e.*, in the publication of BORDERLAND, but not halt in the investigation of Borderland. On the contrary, the temporary suspension of the publication of the periodical will be accompanied, I hope, by a more resolute and systematic effort to pursue the exploration of the mysterious region that lies beyond. When in July, 1893, I published the first number of this Quarterly, I concluded the Prefatory article with the declaration, "Forward is our Watchword; ever forward, let what will betide." It is because I am more anxious to get forward in the ascertainment of the facts governing the Invisible World around us that I have very reluctantly decided to make a temporary postponement of the publication of BORDERLAND, the eighteenth number of which I am now putting to press.

The reasons which led me to this decision are varied, and as many of them are of a personal nature, it is not necessary to enter into them here. All that is necessary to state is that, while I recognise the importance of publishing an organ which would undertake, as I phrased it, to democratize Psychic Study, the publication of results is not so urgent or so important a task as the ascertaining what results there are to publish. In other words, I think it more important to devote what time I have to spare to the Borderland to original investigation rather than to the issue of a quarterly survey of the field.

In taking a temporary leave of my readers, who for nearly four years have followed with unfailing interest and sympathetic attention the pages of BORDERLAND, I do so with no sense of a permanent parting, I bid them not Farewell! but *Au Revoir!* hoping to meet them again after a year or two with results which, they will be the first to admit, justify the temporary severance.

Looking back over the period that has elapsed since the first number of BORDERLAND was issued, I have every reason to be grateful for the support which I have received from the public, and still more from those who are engaged in the various departments of this study. It is, indeed, a source of complacent satisfaction, and of very sincere gratitude to know that after conducting this periodical for four years, I shall lay it down with the hearty good-will of all those with whose interests I have been editorially connected, whether it is the Psychical Researchers, the Theosophists, or the Spiritualists, to name the three classes into which Borderlanders may be roughly divided. I think I may fairly claim that if I have not held the balance even, I have, at any rate, kept in sympathetic touch with all three sections, nor has anything appeared in the pages of BORDERLAND which has rendered it difficult for me to resume the publication of some such organ when the time is ripe. I may even flatter myself that the net result of the publication of BORDERLAND has been to dull the edge of sectarian antipathies, and to convince everyone that the spirit of charity and tolerance is as much needed in the Psychic as in the

Ecclesiastical field. It is a great step in advance when investigators learn to admit, not for the moment merely when they are cornered by force of logic, or of facts, but constantly, as a habit of thought, that other investigators who adopt different methods are quite as honest, and may be quite as successful as themselves in wresting the hidden truth from the mine in which it is concealed. Students of very different schools have learned to meet, at least on the neutral ground of the pages of BORDERLAND, and to note, with I hope a continually decreasing amount of intellectual and spiritual scorn, what their neighbours were doing. Each, of course, goes on his own beaten track, and it is as well that it should be so, but there is a distinct growth, notably among Spiritualists and Theosophists, of the conviction of the importance of preserving the unity of spirit in the bond of their common faith in the reality of the Invisible World.

Of the Psychical Research Society it is difficult to speak quite so hopefully. While there has been on one side a distinct growth of a conviction on the part of its leading members in favour of the spiritualistic hypothesis, there has been an increasing tendency on the other hand to mask this approach to Spiritism by a high disdain for all those who do not follow the straight and narrow path laid down by the S. P. R. We all have our little weaknesses, and if the phylacteries of some of the pundits of the S. P. R. are exceeding broad, that is an idiosyncrasy which ought to be noted with amusement rather than to be condemned with contempt. Whether it is in America, where Mr. Hodgson has apparently thoroughly satisfied himself as to the reality of Spirit Return in an exhaustive series of experiments with Mrs. Piper, of which a full report will soon be laid before the Psychical Research Society, or whether it is in this country—notwithstanding the temporary set back of Eusapia Paladino incident—the trend of opinion among the leaders of the S. P. R. has been steadily in one direction. We have every reason to rejoice over the progress which has been made. The progress is not so rapid as might have been anticipated, and personal jealousy has tended to obscure, to some extent, the advance that has been achieved; but even if the S. P. R. had yielded nothing more during the last three or four years than the papers of Miss X. and the Reports of Mr. Hodgson, it would deserve our gratitude.

I think we may also congratulate ourselves upon a second gain that has resulted from the publication of BORDERLAND. Its appearance every Quarter has helped to break down the absurd wall which has been built up between the Other World and this, a wall made of the bricks of sceptical superstition, and cemented by the supercilious contempt of bigoted ignorance. BORDERLAND, even where it is little more than a name, has tended to give courage to the timid, and to strengthen those who were afraid to confess their belief in the reality of the Invisible World. Even on the magistrate's bench, the fact that a high-class publication published under such auspices deemed the phenomena of occultism worthy of respectful examination, tended to check the zeal of the ignorant prosecutor, who to-day, as always, endeavours to choke free inquiry by the threat of fine and imprisonment. It has been a distinct gain to freedom of thought, and liberty of inquiry throughout the world, that those who were derided and bullied for their faith in psychic things to be able to shelter themselves behind our publication. In the most hostile quarters, it has been most reluctantly admitted that, however eccentric we might be, nevertheless it was impossible, in view of the publication of BORDERLAND, to maintain seriously that no one but a lunatic, or an imbecile, or a knave, could believe in the reality of occult phenomena.

The suspension of its publication will, I fear, to some extent, impair the help it has afforded to those who are afraid to confess the faith that is within them. This is one of the inevitable disadvantages of the step which I am taking, but I hope it will be possible to minimise this misfortune if I assert, as I have no hesitation in doing, that the experience of the four years has tended to deepen and strengthen my conviction as to the reality of the phenomena in question, and the importance of subjecting them to close, searching, and sympathetic examination. No one can truthfully assert that I have dropped BORDERLAND because I do not believe in it. I have suspended BORDERLAND, because I believe in it more than ever, and because I have a confident expectation that after the period of suspension we shall be able to come back bearing proofs that will confound the most obstinate sceptic in the materialistic ranks.

A third improvement, that is distinctly observable in these four years, has been the increased recognition on the part of thoughtful persons within the churches that it is possible the key to many mysteries of their faith may be found in the Borderland. Of this the most notable is the frank recognition by a leader of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), that Telepathy may explain many answers to prayer, and supply a helpful suggestion for explaining one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church. The time is coming when all the churches will recognize that in this obscure and much ridiculed field of investigation lies their best

hope of re-establishing on scientific foundations the faith which materialistic science has succeeded, not in shattering, but in shaking. The old faith will be built up more strongly than ever, but some of the old foundations have mouldered away under the corroding influences of modern science.

In bringing about this welcome change, it has been the privilege of BORDERLAND to play a part which, however subordinate, has nevertheless been on the right side, and its influence has tended, so far as it has gone, to rationalise conventional orthodoxy and to spiritualise psychic research.

When we come to consider the question of the actual survey and exploration of Borderland, there is reason for a certain chastened satisfaction. Progress has been made, but not so much as we hoped for. That fact, indeed, is the chief justification of the suspension for the present of BORDERLAND. I hope I shall in the future be able to make more progress in that investigation than we have been able to record in the past. Those who are sufficiently psychic to conduct such an inquiry are numerous, no doubt, for the Sixth Sense seems to be possessed by everybody, although in infinitely varying degrees of development. But those who are developed sufficiently to observe phenomena for themselves, without extraneous help, are seldom possessed of the scientific instinct. The most interesting phenomena occur with persons to whom they are so familiar that they pass unobserved. On the other hand, some of those who are most interested in the subject, and who observe most closely, are as blind as bats from a psychic point of view. Take, for instance, Mr. Myers. No one has bestowed more painstaking attention upon all kinds of phenomena, but so far as personal experience goes he is blind and deaf.

Our chief disappointment has been the discovery of the difficulty of harmonious co-operation between the few who do possess the necessary intellectual and psychic qualities. I thought that the transcendant importance of the subject, and the fact that so few are both competent and willing to investigate, would have been sufficient to have overridden minor considerations of personality, or of conventionality, but as it has been in the beginning, so it is now, and the personal equation, with all its prejudices and antipathies remains to-day, as yesterday, an insuperable obstacle in the way of union, even in the most important cause. This, which has been the bane of the Church in every age, and has quite recently rent in twain the Theosophical Society, has not been without its influence here.

The last four years have probably affected each reader of BORDERLAND in a different way, but so far as I am personally concerned I can say that the chief lesson I have learned has been a better realization of the extreme complexity of the so-called supernatural phenomena, and the absolute impossibility of explaining them by any single hypothesis. The more we know of the mysterious realm that surrounds us, the less ready are we to dogmatize. So marvellous are the things which we know to be true, so utterly at variance are they with everything that is ordinarily accepted as true by the ordinary world, that there is hardly anything that can be regarded as antecedently impossible. Hence, more than ever do I feel it necessary to hold the judgment in suspense, and while admitting all things to be possible, recognize that very few things are certain, and that even those which seem to be most certainly true may be proved to be mistaken by a little more light, and a little more experience. Of one thing only I am more absolutely convinced of than ever, and that is that the ordinary limited materialistic view of man and of the world on which he lives, are absolutely inadequate to account for what we know to be happening all the time. Whatever else may be true, the faith in which the majority of people live and die, which is based upon the assumption that there is nothing but matter is absolutely and demonstrably false.

I cannot say that my sense of the dangers of psychic study has been deepened by my experience. So far as I can speak, personally, I may say that it has absolutely no prejudicial effect on my health, nor have I experienced any inconvenience from any of my communications with residents in BORDERLAND. A single sleepless night, or one indigestible dish, would cause me more inconvenience than all the spooks I have ever met. At the same time, I am keenly sensitive to the immense dangers that may result from heedless or irrational investigation. No one who has witnessed the phenomenon of demoniacal possession can ever feel other than cautious over this method of investigation. At the same time such cases are rare, and not more frequent than those of religious mania, which follow in the wake of every revival. So far as psychic investigation is concerned, I have found that when it is pursued in moderation, with due regard to limitations of common sense, and in a right spirit, nothing but good results from it. But every step which is taken in Borderland tends to open up new possibilities of error, perplexing inconsistencies, and almost inconceivable incongruities. Nothing is more puzzling than the extraordinary dovetailing of falsehood and truth—the interpolation, as it were, of inaccuracies in the midst of statements, the truth of which has been verified up to the hilt. This interpenetration of falsehood with truth in

communications from the Other Side, may be necessary in order to avoid the evils which would obviously result from too great dependence of spirit guidance.

This remark naturally suggests one series of publication published in BORDERLAND, which I look back upon with most unalloyed satisfaction. I refer to the letters from Julia, which were written automatically by my hand, and which are brought to an untimely close by the two letters which appear in this number. If these communications emanate, as the sceptics suggest from my own subconscious self, I can only say that the subconscious self is so distinct from its conscious counterpart that to me it is a distinct individuality, and one which I am afraid I must admit is upon a much higher moral and spiritual plane. This, however, is a matter that will probably be discussed more profitably when the collected letters appear in book form.

The four volumes of BORDERLAND, which will be completed with this issue, are interesting and useful contributions to psychic study. No doubt faults can be found with their contents, no matter what standpoint we can take. No one can find more faults in them than myself, but take them as a whole, they are intensely interesting. To use a familiar phrase, "they palpitate with actuality," and no one can cursorily dip into their contents without feeling that they are face to face with a multitude of honest, earnest, puzzle-headed persons, who are constantly familiar with some of the most extraordinary phenomenon known to mortal man. One thing we may claim without any fear of its being gainsaid—BORDERLAND may have been anything you please, but it has never been dull, and never been heavy.

Once more I close this notice by intimating that I have no intention whatever of severing myself from the thousands of psychic students, with whom I have been brought into contact by the publication of BORDERLAND. Our little library, such as it is, will remain at the service of all our subscribers who wish to read the books on its shelves. I shall at all times be glad to hear, by correspondence or otherwise, from those who desire counsel, or who wish to communicate results. I shall continue to prosecute steadily and with more vigour than I have hitherto done my investigations of Borderland phenomena, but for the present the publication of the quarterly is suspended, and, therefore, I must bid my readers for the time being a temporary Good-bye.

SOME FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS.

ALTHOUGH BORDERLAND will not appear quarterly, I hope that the supply of literature bearing upon the subject will not fail. There is no fear of this, so far as fiction is concerned, for occultism seems to have taken up its abode in the modern novel, and will remain there for some time. But among the publications which are either arranged for at present or in contemplation are the following:—

1. "Real Ghost Stories"; a Reprint of the Christmas and New Year Numbers of the *Review of Reviews*, 1891-2. By W. T. Stead. Publisher: Grant Richards, London. 5s.
2. "Letters from Julia;" or Communications from the Borderland. In preparation.
3. "Excursions in the Borderland." By Miss X.
4. "A Gallery of Borderlanders." Reprint of the Character Sketches which have appeared in BORDERLAND.
5. "Ghosts that I have seen." By Mrs. Russell Davies.

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II.—LETTERS FROM "JULIA": A PARTING WORD.

NOTHING that I have published in BORDERLAND has attracted so much attention as the Letters from "Julia." This was, from one point of view, not to be wondered at. But to those who are aware of the usual style of communications made through the mediums, who receive them from the unseen, the fact that Julia's letters have commanded such sustained interest is more marvellous than their origin. From all parts of the world I have received letters and other communications, thanking me for the help and inspiration which Julia's messages have brought into the lives of readers, to whom they have given new life and hope. And the fact that I have to close this series of her letters, so far as the public is concerned, is to me much the saddest thing about the present suspension of the publication of BORDERLAND. The letters will shortly be republished in book form.

September 19th, 1897.—Julia. My dearest friend,—My heart is somewhat sad within me at the thought that this may be the last time for some months that I shall have the much prized opportunity of communicating with my friends, whom I have so often addressed through the pages of BORDERLAND. It is now nearly four years since I began to write for them, and I have had much blessed evidence as to the help which my letters have given to many who had otherwise almost despaired.

HER PARTING WORD.

Now that for the present, and only for the present, my letters must cease, I feel more than ever impressed with the importance of insisting once more, more strongly than ever before, on the great truth that God is Love, and that all who love really and truly are in God and He in them. I have said this many times. But you do not seem to realise how literally true it is, and how absurd it will seem to you when you come over here and see how God has been kept out of your lives because of the lack of love in your hearts. There is nothing in all the worlds so true, so vital, so universal as this. Love and God are the same, and when, from any cause, you hate or do not love, to that extent you shut God out from your life.

If I had only one message to give, this is the message —Love.

ON BEING AS GOD.

If you would be as God, Love! Everything you love is a step towards Heaven. Everything you dislike so as to make you incapable of loving anyone, takes you down the steps away from Him. You think that it is righteous to be wrath, and you do well. But although you may be righteous and wrath, you cannot be at one with God if your wrath makes you to be out of charity with the offender. You may punish the offender—but in love. If you love to punish, if the pain you inflict pleases you—beware! You are out of love, and to be out of love is to be out of the very Being of God.

ON PUNISHING.

["But," I objected, "does this not result in spoiling people?"]

No; this is not to spoil people. Be just; nay, even be sternly just. You do not neglect to punish your child because you love him. But the pain you inflict is felt first by yourself. You cannot punish another rightly but you must bear it upon your own heart first. All bitterness, all desire for vengeance, all hardening of the heart that causes you not to feel the pain you must inflict upon another; these things are contrary to love and, therefore, are enemies of God. Love is not mere yielding to pleasant, easy-going complacency or indifference; that is not love, but self-love. The love that spoils a child is cruel as hate. It is selfishness. You must often smite in love. But love feels the blow before it is delivered; suffers first and feels the most. This is one of the many, the innumerable lessons of the Passion of our Lord.

ON THE GAIN OF DEATH.

When I have written of late months I have not said so much as I did in my earliest letters about the spirit life and the ever blessed realities of our union with Him who is Love, and with whom to be is Heaven. But there is nothing that I wrote that I have to unsay. Rather, if I could, would I repeat it all over again, more earnestly, more lovingly than ever. The greatest, the most delightful, the only important thing, compared with which all other things are as nothing, is that by what you call Death we have come into a far closer, more intimate realisation of His presence, of His Life in us, and our Life in Him. All that we can say, all that has been but as faint and imperfect symbols.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Oh, my friend, my friend, you know not, nor can I ever pretend to begin to explain the exceeding wonder, and glory, and infinitude of the sense of the realised Love of God for us, in which we live, and move, and have our being. I wish that I could make you feel it more. I wish I could explain it better. But I cannot say more than that—it is more than I ever dreamed of, more, far more than I tried to explain in my first letters. All that you know of earthly love—the love of mother for her child, the love of bridegroom for bride, the love of husband and wife—all earthly loves and ecstasies of affection, are

but as the alphabet of the language of Heaven. And the more ideally and unselfishly you love, the more you understand God and have God in you, the hope of glory. What the glories of sunrise are to the grey twilight that precedes dawn, is our life of love to the life you lead, excepting in those high moments when the heart glows with a divine exaltation which is born of the inspiration and consecration of love.

ON THE VISION OF GOD.

Alas, how feeble are my words! I cannot utter what I feel. I only know that when you will know you will feel as powerless as myself to explain.

Now, this is why I am always saying to you Love, Love, Love. Because the differenee between your side and this side is chiefly in this—there is more love here, as there is more sunshine in summer than in winter. If there were but more love in your world it would be even as ours; for to you also would be given the Vision of God.

And that brings one to another truth, which I would fain once more insist upon before I close my letter.

ON THE LAST ENEMY.

Your world is not at all so hopeless as you think. You have far more Divine attributes than you imagine. The worst of your world is the want of love. If there were love where there is hatred or indifference, earth would become Heaven. Even your most sceptical people admit that. But they say that even with love there would be the anguish of parting and the misery of death, and while this is so, who increases love increases sorrow, for the closer the tendrils twine the more anguish it causes to tear them off.

And that is why I have ever been so insistent upon the fact that if you will but cultivate your souls and cease to immerse yourselves in inert matter you will be able to triumph over the last enemy. For you who have so imperfectly, and at such irregular intervals, made proof of what I say, know that it is often possible, even to you whose life is so engrossed with worldly cares and pressing duties, to communicate or to receive communications from friends far away of so intimate and constant a nature that they throw into the shade all speech and correspondence.

GLEAMS OF THE COMING DAY.

You know also, from the experience of friends, that the possibilities of the multiplication of person, the creation of the apparent Double of one's body, and its transport to any place with the speed of thoughts is no mere phantasy of the imagination. These things with you are fitful gleams of the coming day. They can be, as I have told you, developed until parting will be no more, and the greatest drawback to the increase of love will vanish away.

There is no sense that shall not be satisfied, no demonstration of the reality of this latent energy of spirit that shall be wanting. The spirit that takes no heed of the limitations and trammels of the body when the body lives is not less free when the body is laid in the grave. The power that creates a Double can cause the living who love to receive their dead again.

AN OBJECTION TO A REPROOF.

[But all these years I have never seen you.]

Now, my dearest friend, it is true as you object that you have never seen me since I passed over. But when the water is disturbed there is no reflection of your face. There must be a calm and placid surface even for a mirror. And how often have you been calm and placid, tranquilly waiting for the manifestation of the Invisible?

You know that though you have not seen me with your own eye, others have, and that under circumstances which preclude deception. And if you have not seen me, have you not had constant witness of my presence in messages and communications which have never failed these five years?

JULIA ON THE EVIDENCE OF HER EXISTENCE.

[But, perhaps, after all, they may have been—]

Oh, I know well the sceptical doubt. These messages which you have received at all times and seasons; of which possibly a hundredth part have been published in BORDERLAND, may, you suggest, have been due solely to your subconsciousness, your other self. Your hand which has written things unknown to you which have occurred in the past, and which has written things as yet unknown to any one which have been fulfilled in the future, is, moved not by me but by some hitherto unknown segment of your soul. Well, you can take it so if you please. But you know, best of all, whether these communications, many of which ran directly counter to your own views, and all of which form a consistent whole with a distinct character and individuality of their own, did, or did not, emanate from your own mind. They certainly did not emanate from your conscious mind; and if you know nothing of their contents, you know nothing of their origin. I, who know both, have always told you the same thing. I am your old friend on earth-life who passed away some five years ago. And who has ever since been with you to teach, to console, and to assist you in direction.

When we speak of death as separation, has it separated us? Have I not been more constantly, more faithfully, more intimately with you than ever was possible to me when on earth. Then, if that be so, and you know it is true, why should you doubt that it can be so with all mortals? For what one attains is a measure of the latent possibilities of all beings.

I have often regretted that you did not take more practical steps to establish the Bureau of which I have so often written you. But, perhaps, I have been too impatient. The times and the seasons are not revealed to us, even here. But it will come, and when it comes you will understand.

JULIA.

ON THE PROPOSED BUREAU OF THE BORDERLAND.

SOME DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS. BY "JULIA."

THE following letters from Julia were written nine months ago, but have not been published till this quarter. As the subject is one to which my friend attaches the greatest importance, I am glad to bring the first series of her messages to a close with this very clear exposition of the difficulties and dangers that must be faced by those who would establish a bureau of communication between the Two Worlds.

December 12th, 1896.—Julia. My dearest friend. When you get the Bureau of Communication established you will be overwhelmed with applications from both sides.

DEATH AS THE SERVANT OF MAN.

And you will find that there are multitudes who will ask for messages, but will receive none. You remember I said that I told you at the very beginning that I could either get you an answer or tell you why no communication could be established. Now there are many on this side who have been trying to get into touch with those on your side, and they have failed. You have many on your side who will make the same attempt, and who fail also. And so it will be. And so it ought to be. For there are many times when Death the Divider is the most necessary and the most useful agency that can be provided for the service of man. Nothing but evil would result if all the dead, as you call them, could haunt the living. The Other World, as you call it, would be too much for you.

["Then," I asked, "had we better not let it alone?"]

No, I am quite sure that the Bureau could be a very great blessing. But it could also be a very great curse. When you have the dead hand—no, the phrase "dead hand" is not right. But it would be wiser to say that there are multitudes of spirits whose removal from direct action upon the embodied living is much to be desired.

DEATH THE DELIVERER.

There are multitudes of souls to whom Death has been a great deliverance. I mean that it has taken away persons who have been harsh, cruel, and despotic. Nay, it has sometimes been kinder in removing those who have been too kind, and whose care has dwarfed, whose love and tenderness have weakened, the growing life. These influences are to be deplored which prevent the full development of the soul. But while there is little danger that the victim of tyranny and oppression will seek to reestablish relations with their oppressors who have come over to this side, there is great danger that the weaklings whose staff and whose stay has gone will seek to lean again upon the support which enervated them if they can reach it through the Bureau. But there is not too much danger on that score to deter you from doing this good work. For the influence of those who live with us here in the light of the Love of the Father can only be for good.

POSSIBLE EVIL OF SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

But there are many spirits but lately disembodied whose communications, even though framed with care and inspired by love, would be mischievous and not helpful. Why, my dear friend, when you ask me for guidance, I often feel that I might be a great curse to you if I gave it you as you wish to have it. What I can do—all that I can do is to tell you how things seem to me, to remind you that while I often see more than you, you, who are living in conditions that do not prevail here, are in a better position to judge as to many things than I can be. Occasionally I am permitted to tell you things in advance for purposes of test and to give you assurance. But I should be nothing but a curse to you if I were to attempt to tell you what to do. It would be like a mother always carrying a child. It would never walk. Besides, I do not know. You must not think me omniscient because I have not got my body—my old body.

THE LESSON OF SELF-RELIANCE.

Oh, my friend, if you would but see and understand what is the purpose of life, you would understand how fatal it would be to allow any and every cry for direction and guidance and help to be answered. And there are many who will, if the communication be opened, forget this and give advice, and will attempt to direct those who consult them, and who will make sad trouble. For it is not for us to steer you. The object of life is to evoke, to develop the God within. And that is not to be evoked by allowing others to direct you. But you will find the purpose of the Father will not be allowed to be spoiled by the folly of His children, whether on this side or on that. Those spirits that attempt to interfere too much will be confounded. They will err, and be found out. Their authority will be destroyed. And so in the end things will come right again.

But unless you are on the look-out you will find much harm will be done by the attempt of those on your side to get their thinking done for them by us. And there are many fond parents and others on this side who are only too eager to continue to exercise the authority by which they overshadowed the souls of their children on earth.

THE BALANCE IN FAVOUR OF THE BUREAU.

Why, then, you say should I be so anxious to get the Bureau established? Because the use of it would be so much greater than the abuse. Because you wish to have a telephone you do not want to be always

rung up, or to be always told what to do. Telephones, no doubt, may easily become a nuisance. And this Bureau of mine might be a nuisance. But just think what it implies. If you could secure the communication so as to prove that life continues, that love lasts, that the other world is in contact with this. Is that not enough? If it were only that and nothing more, it would be worth while. Only to restore the consciousness of the invisible World and the reality of Eternal Love. Only! *

JULIA.

A week later she wrote again, much to the same effect but in more condensed form as follows:—

HOW THE BUREAU MIGHT DO HARM.

December 20th, 1896.—When you have established the Bureau, of which I have written to you so often, you will be pestered with many who will want to get into communication with those on the other side, for no good purpose. The Two Worlds will help each other much. But they can also hinder. And when the hindering exceeds the help, then the open door is closed. Now, I will give you instances; but please note that it will be quite as often people on our side who want to enter into communication with people on your side, for evil and not for good.

(1) TO THOSE WHO HAVE NO SELF-RELIANCE.

Now, there are three classes of persons who are certain to seek to communicate for their own part:—

First, there are those whose independence of character and self-reliance have been sapped by the extent to which those who have gone overshadowed them. They will seek to be guided still, and if they succeed it will do them harm. For the benefit of what you call death is that it leaves room for the remaining ones to develop. When you get those who have been spoiled by the care and authority of parents or guardians seeking to be guided still from beyond the border, they will only harm themselves if they succeed. What you have to do is to grow strong and independent. What you have to avoid is to be mere shadows or echoes, or worse still, mere puppets of another will. Death has rescued many of the living from what would have ruined them. And if you open your Bureau they will try to avoid being saved. Those who have learned to lean will lean on the disembodied spirit. Whereas they ought to lean on themselves. Who will not trust his own soul has lost it. And who will not rely upon the voice of God in his own soul, will seek for it in vain in the voices from beyond the Border.

(2) TO THE IDLY CURIOUS.

Secondly, the second class of persons to whom your Bureau will be mischievous, is composed of those who are merely curious. Mere busybodies, with an inquisitive itch, who will come to ask from no deep longing for knowledge of the other side, from no real desire to communicate with the departed. But who will throng your Bureau as they would go to a Dime Museum and put a penny in the slot to get some novelty. They will get no good. They are not serious. They merely come from motives of curiosity and a love of sensation. They will get no good. They may get harm.

(3) TO PARTNERS IN SIN.

Thirdly, there are those, who are by no means so few in number, who will wish to perpetuate a sinful relationship. They will not admit this. But they will seek it earnestly, desperately, more often than you imagine. And it may be granted them. The alliance that had been severed by the grave may be resumed. Yes, this is possible and is done. There is a possibility of the resumption of relations, which you believed had been severed for ever by death. There is danger here, and it is a danger against which you must be on your guard. Therefore, I say, do not think that the Bureau will be unmixed good. Much as I desire its establishment, I see that for many it will work almost unmixed evil.

Men will find what they bring. And the majority of men will seek not good, but what they desire. Now, the desire of men is by no means always for that which is highest and best.

[Then, do you think we had better drop the idea?]

BUT STILL ESTABLISH THE BUREAU.

My dear friend. What nonsense you talk. Do you propose to drop navigation because you hear of storms and rocks and quicksands. No! no! no! What is necessary is to recognise that the Borderland is as important (at least) to cross as the Atlantic, but that it is not any more safe. What you seem to forget is that the Bureau, with all its risks, will do what is the most important thing of all. It will practically abolish the conception of death, which now prevails in the world. You have become mere materialists. We must break through the wall of matter, which is stifling your souls. And the Bureau will make a way for the light from beyond to shine through. That is enough to justify the facing of any risks, such as I have described.

Yes, the New Year will be with you soon, and I hope that it will not close without some serious effort being

* Julia's "only" was written on the morning of the day on which I came across George Anderson's despairing poem "Immortality," in the *Agnostic Annual* for 1897. I reproduce the closing stanzas, illustrating as they do how much there is in that "only" of Julia's;—

Of all the millions of the dear death-parted
No soul hath e'er returned the tale to tell;
No sign—no word—to cheer the broken-hearted,
Or give the sweet assurance, "*All is well.*"

We ask for proof, and not for poet's fancies;
We hope, but with a dim and starless hope,
Clouded with doubt, that evermore enhances
The dark uncertainty in which we grope.

Oh! give us back our early faith unshaken,
That our dear dead are watching us for aye,
And know and love us, though on earth forsaken,
Soon re-united for eternal day.

No answer comes to that vain supplication,
And none will come—or ever came before,
For widow's hope or mother's consolation,
Our dead, alas! are gone, and gone for evermore.

made to establish that Bureau, of which I have written so much. Avoid as much as possible the three classes of whom I have written, and confine your attention and concentrate your efforts upon the verification of the continuity of existence, and the possibility of securing unmistakable communications from those who have passed the Borderland. Now, goodbye.

JULIA.

SOME THEOSOPHICAL APPRECIATIONS OF JULIA.

In the *Theosophist* for August, an anonymous writer, signing himself "Julian," devotes a couple of pages to the message from "Julia" published in the April number of BORDERLAND. He says that "Julia" is supposed to be the disembodied spirit (Kama-lokic-entity) of a friend of mine. He says that the whole of the message as given *in extenso* should be read to be fully appreciated, and then proceeds as follows :—

Among communications from the spirit world, the messages of "Julia" show an earnestness and frankness that is very remarkable. The clear practical sense, honesty of purpose, and the upright and frank methods of Mr. Stead, who serves as the medium, have undoubtedly an influence in bringing out the communications in so lucid a manner. The substance of the automatic writing seems clearly to emanate from an intelligence other than the conscious or sub-conscious self of the writer, and this last message is a very good proof of this.

Eastern spiritualism has made a great deal of mystery about even the mere beginnings of psychical practices. Whatever the reasons in the past may have been, they cannot now apply with the same force at present. There is a wave of psychism passing over the world just now, and nature herself has, as it were, rent a portion of the veil to widen the range of observation and carry it beyond the physical. The Yogis and Munis having through a long course of training acquired a knowledge of the higher planes of nature have been so much absorbed in their higher visions that they seem to have lost all touch with humanity and their needs, and being awfully pledged to secrecy have been indifferent about sharing any of their knowledge with the world they look down upon. The epidemic of spiritual phenomena over the civilised world seems to have forced some of them to see that it was high time they bestirred themselves a little and gave up some of their spiritual selfishness. The efforts made have, however, been so unsystematic, so unsympathetic, and so little calculated to inspire confidence, that no wonder they have been only partially successful. The initiates in spiritual science have much to learn from us and about us before they can even make a beginning in elevating humanity.

In the meanwhile the entities in spirit land are as anxious as ever to help mankind in their own way and according to their lights, and the latest communication of "Julia" shows that even Kama-lokic spirits can speak out more lucid teachings than embodied spirits with a long course of Yoga training.

The instructions given by "Julia" are likely to be tried by a large number of seekers after truth, and they seem to be meant for a wide trial. It could easily be foretold that where one man will succeed ninety-nine will fail, and that, for the simple reason that many will get impatient, and many others will scarcely be able to exclude the rushing and distracting flood of cares and worries, or scarcely be able to exercise discrimination and common sense in avoiding pitfalls. The student must first teach himself the full significance of the words, "Be alone, be silent, be in a mood to receive," before he can expect any results. The popular idea of love is so mixed up, consciously and unconsciously, with lust, that many a trial must fail by learners trying to visualize persons for whom they bear affection—thus imperceptibly exciting the passional nature. The use of animal food and alcohol, as well as sexual union, keeps alive and strengthens the Kamic nature, hence if upward progress is the aim in view, the advice of Mr. Leadbeater must preferably be taken ; and, particularly, no attempts should be made in this direction until one's moral nature has been strengthened before trial. "Julia" has herself pointed out that "the power ought to be under control. There would be only harm done if you could not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. If you cannot control this new sense you had better not acquire it." To acquire control one must have a strong and trained will, and therefore the learned must first of all subject himself to a great amount of self-discipline, and must, above all, have purity of heart. "Merge into one sense thy senses if thou wouldst be secure against the foe."

I welcome the admission by this Theosophist that "Julia," whom he treats as a Kama-lokic entity, can "speak out more lucid teachings than embodied spirits with a long course of yogic training." The proof of the pudding is the eating of it, and I welcome this admission as an indication that our Theosophical friends may have to revise some of the conclusions at which they have arrived concerning Kamic-lokic entities.

In the September number of the *Theosophist* the July message from "Julia" is referred to as "a highly interesting and specially instructive communication." Copious extracts are quoted. True it is, says the *Theosophist*, that most people have not developed their soul-consciousness, and are strangers to their divine heritage.

In the August number of *Lucifer* the writer of the notice of BORDERLAND for July says :—

"Julia's" sermonette is on the finding of the soul. There can be no doubt that of all the communicating spirits which revisit this earth of ours and publish their ideas through another's body, "Julia" is one of the most interesting. She has always something really good to say, and although it may be nothing new, it is vigorously expressed and in a distinctly individual style.

A REMINISCENCE: THE LATE LORD TENNYSON AND HIS NURSE ON FRESHWATER DOWNS.

(A Sketch from life.)

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III.—OUR GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

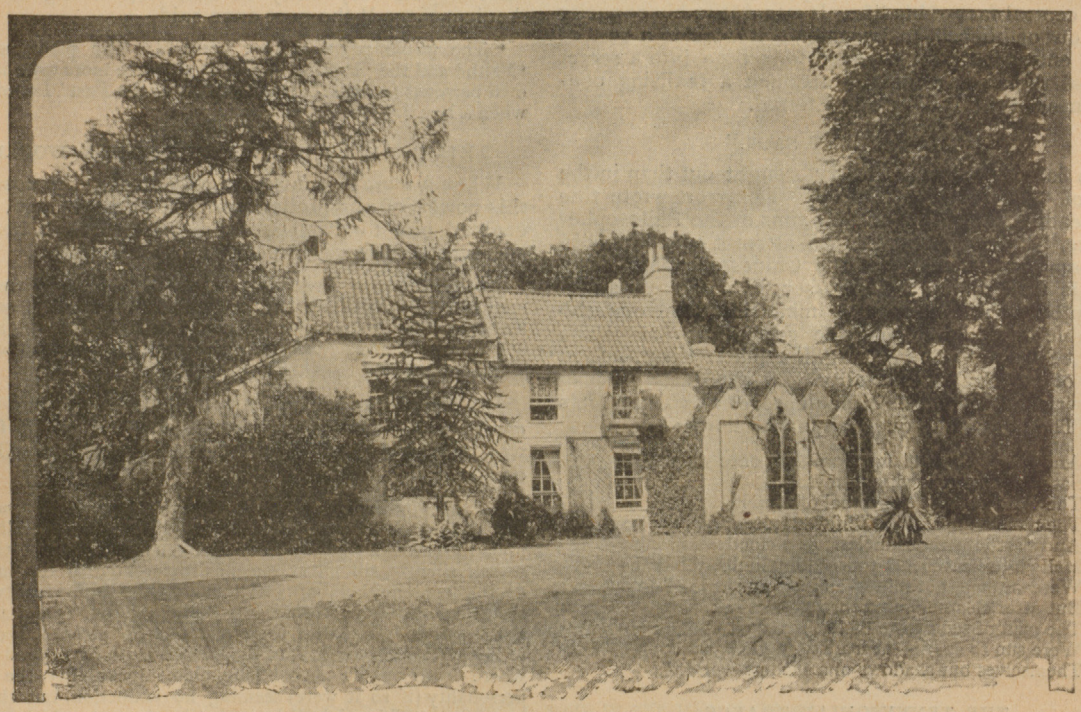
I.—TENNYSON.

"The veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the Day
Are heard across the Voices of the Dark."

ALL great poets are Borderlanders. The possession of certain psychic gifts is almost invariable in prophets, founders of great religions, and the men and women who have been privileged to embody in verse the sublimest aspirations of the race. They are all more or less seers, who dwell on the Borderland, seeing things that are invisible to ordinary men, and, therefore, are properly described as Borderlanders.

While writing out the "Penny Poets," I was much impressed by the constant reference to the other world in English poetry. To our greatest poets that other world is as real as this material one, which alone is recognised by the majority of men. From Shakespeare and Milton downwards the poets nearly all bear testimony, more or less emphatic, of the existence of other beings than the embodied spirits whom we call men and women. Shakespeare abounds with references to spiritual beings capable of exercising more or less influence upon the lives of mortals. Milton asserted in the strongest way that millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen by mortal eye.

But of all our poets, few have been so constantly



SOMERSBY RECTORY, WHERE THE POET WAS BORN.

psychic as Lord Tennyson. In the case of other poets the vision was more or less unconscious; with them it is part of themselves; they did not know how it came or whither it went. Tennyson was more conscious of his unconsciousness—if I may use a paradox—and was well aware that most of his best work was due to the intrusion of the other world into this life, or rather to his ability to rid himself of his material surroundings, and enter into that other world which to him was much more real than that which is but as the shadow that passes away.

The appearance of the Memoir of the late Poet Laureate by his son, Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson,* naturally supplies some partial insight into the psychic life of the poet. Judging from the Memoir, it is probable that most readers will draw up the conclusion that the psychic gift which the father possessed to such an extraordinary degree has not been inherited by the son. The tendency of the biographer is to minimise instead of emphasise the fact that his father was emphatically a dweller in Borderland; that his genius was largely the result of his psychic life; that he was able to charm, instruct, and inspire men of his generation, because in his higher moments he dwelt habitually on a mystic plane to which they seldom or never gain access. A biographer who was more in sympathy with occult things would easily, by a very few touches, have conveyed a much more impressive picture of Tennyson as a mystic—of Tennyson as a dweller in the realm of spirit. But even in this Memoir the fact is

* "Tennyson." A Memoir by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. In two vols. Macmillan & Co. 36s.

unmistakable. It could not have been hidden without altogether falsifying the whole narrative, for Tennyson's own words as recorded by his son, and by Professor Tyndall, together with abundant references to the subject in his own poetry, show unmistakably that this was the very foundation of the philosophy and religion which dominated his whole life. To Tennyson this life was but the ante-chamber of eternity. With him the passionate faith in personal immortality was Alpha and Omega. Without that life would have been to him the hollowest of mockeries, if not the cruellest of tortures. Everything that he wrote was more or less directed against the materialism which brooded over the world like a pall of lead.

And when we come to inquire as to how it was he arrived at this intense consciousness of life after death, this absolute certitude which enabled him to combat the materialist enemy from the standpoint of one who knows, and has seen that of which he speaks, we come directly to this central fact of his life. It was due to his capacity to go out of himself, to become as it were to a certain extent entranced, and to enter for a time into a secret spiritual region in which he attained a realising consciousness of the Infinite and Eternal.

"THE ANCIENT SAGE."

This is nowhere more clearly brought out than in the poem of "The Ancient Sage." Tennyson wrote this after reading the "Life and Maxims of the Philosopher Laot-ze," although there is no attempt to embody in the poem the philosophy of the Chinese teacher. The poem is throughout, as Professor Tyndall says, a discussion between a believer in immortality and one who is unable to believe, and the groundwork of "The Ancient Sage's" argument against materialism, and in favour of personal immortality, was the description of an experience which this Memoir proves was Tennyson's own. The passage in question is as follows :—

> "And more, my son! for more than once when I
> Sat all alone, revolving in myself
> The word that is the symbol of myself,
> The mortal limit of the self was loosed,
> And past into the nameless, as a cloud
> Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
> Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
> But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
> The gain of such large life, as matched with ours,
> Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
> Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

THE TENNYSONIAN TRANCE.

One night at Farringford, Tennyson, Jowett, and Tyndall sat talking about the power of the imagination as an instrument of scientific discovery. After Jowett had retired, Tyndall and Tennyson continued to converse. Tyndall thus records what Tennyson said :—

> With great earnestness Tennyson described to me a state of consciousness into which he could throw himself by thinking intently of his own name. It was impossible to give anything that could be called a description of the state, for language seemed incompetent to touch it. It was an apparent isolation of the spirit from the body. Wishing, doubtless, to impress upon me the reality of the phenomenon, he exclaimed, "By God Almighty, there is no delusion in the matter! It is no nebulous ecstacy, but a state of transcendent wonder, associated with absolute clearness of mind." Other persons with powerful imaginations have had, I believe, similar experiences. Walking out with a friend one evening, the poet Wordsworth approached a gate, and, laying hold of its bars, turned to his companion and said, "My dear sir, to assure myself of the existence of my own body I am sometimes obliged to grasp an object like this and shake it." It was at the Bed Alp, and I believe by the late Professor Bonamy Price, that this incident was communicated to me. The condition here referred to appears to be similar to that "union with God" which was described by Plotinus and Porphyry.

THE POET'S REAL LIFE.

This remark was made twenty-eight years before "The Ancient Sage" was published, and great was Tyndall's surprise to find there expressed in verse the experience which Tennyson had described to him so long before. Tennyson's experience was, therefore, a continuous thing, which lasted through his life. Indeed, it would be perhaps not an exaggeration to say that these moments of transcendent wonder and apparent isolation of the spirit from the body, were more his real life than the mundane existence which he spent among his fellows. It continued to the end, and it appears to have begun very early in life, for, writing of "The Ancient Sage," the poet once said,—

> "The whole poem is very personal. The passages about 'Faith' and the 'Passion of the Past' were more especially my own personal feelings. This 'Passion of the Past' I used to feel when a boy."

HIS COMMUNION WITH THE OTHER WORLD.

When a mere boy, his son tells us, that he possessed this power of abstraction from his surroundings, which enabled him to dwell with the invisible, and hear the voices of his silence. Speaking of his boyhood,

> As he wandered over the wold or by the brook, he often seemed to be in dreamland, so that one who often saw him then called him "mysterious being, seemingly lifted high above other mortals, and having a power of intercourse with the spirit-world not granted to others."

But Tennyson himself has repeatedly referred to this capacity for dwelling in another world, as a faculty which he had possessed from childhood up. On one occasion, he said :—

> A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the wierdest of the wierdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life. "This might," he said, "be the state which St. Paul describes: 'Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell.'"
>
> He continued: "I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in a moment, when I come back to my normal state of 'sanity,' I am ready to fight for *mein liebes Ich*, and hold that it will last for æons of æons."

HIS MYSTIC EXPERIENCES.

It would be difficult to state more vividly, or to assert more passionately, the importance of this mystic experience. On those occasions when he referred to the experience with members of his family, or with those whom he had deep spiritual intimacy, his words were uttered with a glow of passionate fervour, which left an indelible impression upon those who heard him. For instance, speaking of a conversation with his father, in January, 1869, his son records what he spoke to them with deep feeling.

Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, God and the Spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the Spiritual *is* the real: it belongs to one more than the hand and the foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence, I could believe you; but you never, never can convince me that the *I* is not an eternal reality, and that the spiritual is not the true and real part of me. These words he spoke with such passionate earnestness that a solemn silence fell on us as he left the room.

"THE HOLY GRAIL."

After "The Ancient Sage," possibly, even before it, as an expression of his inner life is the poem of "The Holy Grail." His son says:

Of all the "Idylls of the King," "The Holy Grail" seems to me to express most my father's highest self. Perhaps this is because I saw him, in the writing of this poem more than in the writing of any other, with that far-away rapt look on his face which he had whenever he worked at a story that touched him greatly, or because I vividly recall the *inspired* way in which he chanted to us the different parts of the poem as they were composed.

Tennyson himself says:—

The "Holy Grail" is one of the most imaginative of my poems. I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the reality of the unseen. The end, when the king speaks of his work and of his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of human men. These three lines in Arthur's speech are the (spiritually) central lines of the "Idylls":—

> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the High God a vision.

FARRINGFORD, THE POET'S HOME IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BORDERLAND IN HIS POEMS.

If Messrs. Macmillan and Company did not interpret the laws of Copyright so severely as to render it practically impossible to give any adequate quotations from the Poet's works, it would be easy to multiply the extracts from Tennyson's writings referring to his psychical experiences. I must, however, content myself with references to his trance experiences. One of these is in the 1895 section of "In Memoriam."

> So word by word, and line by line,
> The dead man touch'd me from the past,
> And all at once it seem'd at last
> The living soul was flash'd on mine.
>
> And mine in this was wound and whirl'd
> About empyreal heights of thought,
> And came on that which is and caught
> The deep pulsations of the world.
>
> Æonian music measuring out
> The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
> The blows of Death. At length my trance
> Was cancell'd, striken thro' with doubt.
>
> Vague! but ah! how hard to frame
> In matter-moulded forms of speech,
> Or ev'n for intellect to reach
> Thro' memory that which I became.

In the "Idylls of the King," there is another allusion to the same trance experiences—an allusion which is *Spectator* assure us was more or less a transcript of Tennyson's own experience. The King excuses himself from following the Holy Grail on the ground that he has his work to do, which must not be interfered with. But his work being done—

> Let Visions of the night, or of the day
> Come as they will; and many a time they come

LORD TENNYSON.

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Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air,
But vision,—yea his very hand and foot—
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again; ye have seen what ye have seen.

It may, therefore, be taken as established that the foundation of Tennyson's philosophy of life, and of his religion was gained in the Borderland, and that if he was able more than any other poet to express in his verse the aspirations and longings of the soul of his generation, it was because he himself, while living among men was not of them, but dwelt in a world apart, out of which he emerged from time to time to lead the daily life of ordinary men, but it was in no sense the whole or even the most important part of his existence.

SPIRITUAL BUT NOT THE LESS PRACTICAL.

Yet no one can say that Tennyson was not a man intensely alive to all that concerned his material life. He lived a very full life, and his interest was unabated to the very end. He was a man of affairs, as well as a poet. He was a student of science as well as a mystic, and for more than half a century he met and mingled as an equal, and more than an equal, with the foremost men of his time. This, it is well to remember, in view of the prevailing disposition on the part of materialists to argue that dwellers in the Borderland are necessarily incapable of taking their full share in the busy life of mortal men. Tennyson's conviction of what may be called the evanescent and transitory nature of the material universe in no way weakened his grasp of business, nor did he, because of his dreams, ever fail to see to it that he secured the full value for the copyright of his poems.

"BEHOLD THE DREAMER COMETH."

Never since the days of Joseph, said Gilfillan, could it be said with such truth of any man as of Tennyson "Behold the Dreamer cometh!" for it was in his dreams he gained much of his inspiration. M. Taine had a theory that Tennyson must have lived in luxury in his early life, owing to the splendour and magnificence of his descriptions in his early poems; but, as a matter of fact, Tennyson's early life was not spent in marble palaces, and when he was asked where he obtained that intimate acquaintance with the interiors of stately pleasure houses, he replied, from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments and from my dreams."

In this book, there is not much said concerning his dreams, but there is one reference that is worth quoting, which is very interesting, not merely for its own sake, but because of what it suggests as to the bearing of diet upon dreams.

I never saw any landscape that came up to the landscapes I have seen in my dreams. The mountains of Switzerland seem insignificant compared with the mountains I have imagined. One of the most wonderful experiences I ever had was this. I had gone without meat for six weeks, living only on vegetables, and at the end of the time, when I came to eat a mutton chop, I shall never forget the sensation. I never felt such joy in my blood. When I went to sleep I dreamt that I saw the vines of the south, with huge Eshcol branches, trailing over the glaciers of the north.

A DREAM OF THE GREAT DUKE.

A curious dream of Lady Tennyson, which is mentioned in the Memoir is well worth quoting. It was shortly after Tennyson had written the ode on the Duke of Wellington, that the dream occurred. Talking of it in after life to the painter, Mr. Watts—

He told Watts of my mother's dream after that ode was written. The Duke, she dreamt, called upon them, and as he rose from the sofa to shake hands with her, she feared to take the cold hand of death, and it was instead a warm, living hand which grasped hers.

"OLD GHOSTS."

As might be expected from one who dwelt so much in dreamland, and whose real life was spent in waking trances, ghosts were to him very real things. His son begins his preface to the book by an unpublished sonnet to his father, which was written originally as a preface to "Beckett."

Old ghosts, whose day was done ere mine began,
If earth be seen from your conjectured heaven,
Ye know that history is half-dream—ay, even
The man's life in the letters of the man.
There lies the letter, but it is not he
As he retires into himself and is;
Sender and sent—to go to make up this,
Their offspring of this union. And on me
Frown not, old ghosts, if I be one of those
Who make you utter things you did not say,
And mould you all awry and mar your worth;
For whatsoever knows us truly, knows
That none can truly write his single day,
And none can write it for him upon earth.

HIS ESSAY ON "GHOSTS."

This, of course, it may be said, is only a phantasy, that Tennyson did not believe that the old ghosts whom he addressed had any real existence, but that is not the opinion which will be entertained by those who are most saturated in Tennysonian lore. It is a curious fact that the essay which he wrote, as an undergraduate, for the Society of the Apostles, at Cambridge, was upon "ghosts." He was too shy to deliver it, and the essay itself perished excepting for the preface which is thus printed in the Appendix.

He who has the power of speaking of the spiritual world, speaks in a simple manner of a high matter. He speaks of life and death, and the things after death. He lifts the veil, but the form behind it is shrouded in deeper obscurity. He raises the cloud, but he darkens the prospect. He unlocks with a golden key the iron-grated gates of the charnel house, he throws them wide open. And forth issue from the inmost gloom the colossal presences of the past, *majores humano*; some as they lived, seemingly pale and faintly smiling; some as they died, still suddenly frozen by the chill of death; and some as they were buried, with dropped eyelids, in their cerements and their winding-sheets.

The listeners creep closer to each other, they are afraid of the drawing of their own breaths, the beating of their own hearts. The voice of *him* who speaks alone, like a mountain stream on a still night, fills up and occupies the silence. He stands, as it were, on a vantage ground. He becomes the minister and expounder of human sympathies. His words *find* the heart like the arrows of truth. Those who laughed long before have long ago become solemn, and those who were solemn before feel the awful sense of unutterable mystery. The speaker pauses.

"Wherefore," says one, "granting the intensity of the feeling, wherefore this fever and fret about a baseless vision?" "Do you not assume," says another, "that any vision is baseless?"

AN APPARITION AT ARTHUR HALLAM'S DEATH.

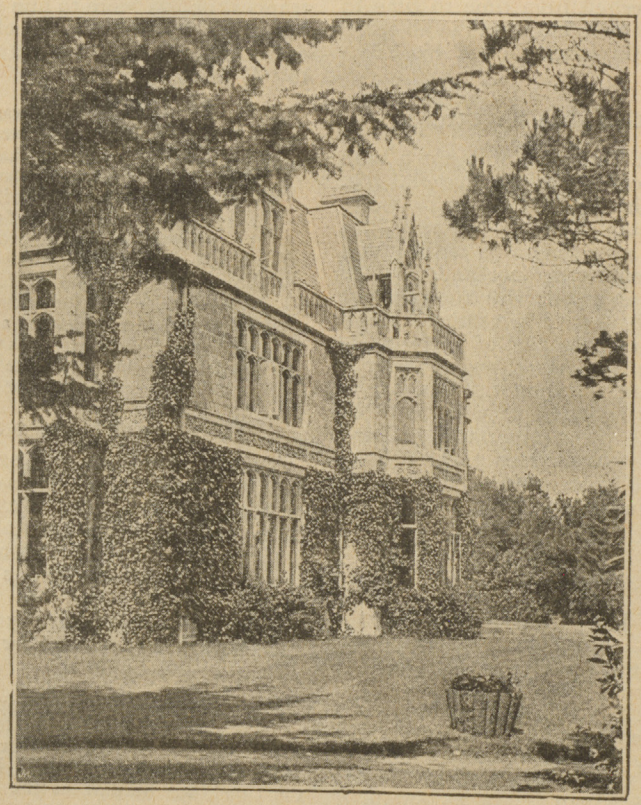
The essay breaks off appropriately at an observation which is thoroughly characteristic of the poet, and one which embodies a truth too often forgotten. We should not assume that any vision is baseless. Tennyson did not, hence he was ever ready to examine with eager interest every story of vision of what is called supernatural. Of these stories a few are preserved in the Memoir. One such relates to an apparition that was seen at the poet's home in Lincolnshire just before Arthur Hallam's death. The entry is as follows.—

A. went to London. Tilly (Matilda Tennyson) in the evening told me how, on an autumn evening at Somersby, just before Arthur Hallam's death, she and her sister Mary saw a tall figure, clothed from head to foot in white, and they followed it down the lane, and saw it pass thro' the hedge where there was no gap; and how she was so awed that on reaching home she burst into tears. She then related how, being at Spilsby for her dancing lessons, she had brought home the letters, and one among them from Clevedon. This was addressed to A. She gave it to him, as he sat at dinner, and went to take off her bonnet, and she heard afterwards that he had suddenly left the table, and that poor Emily was then summoned to him to have the terrible news broken to her.

HER BELIEF IN SPIRIT COMMUNION.

It was the death thus announced which inspired the "In Memoriam," that immortal poem of immortality, which was the flower of his meditations during the period of bitterness when he mourned over the grave of his friend. His son says that on one occasion his father said

That there might be a more intimate communion than we could dream of between the living and the dead, at all events for a time.



ALDWORTH, SURREY, WHERE TENNYSON DIED.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again!

THE STATE OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

At all events, for a time it is a significant remark which shows that he had arrived at much the same conclusion as both Theosophists and Spiritualists, as to the soul only being able to communicate with those left behind for a short time after death. His Memoir contains much speculation as to the state of life after death, of which the following is a sample.

To some short notes on "In Memoriam" which he had written for future publication, one explaining Section XLIII. was added; "If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and colour do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over.

HIS SPIRITUALISM.

As it is well known, Tennyson paid great attention to the phenomenon of Spiritualism, and held many séances with the noted mediums of his time. This, however, was kept secret, nor is there any reference to these séances in the Memoir. There is, however, one significant passage describing a visit paid by the poet his Brother, who was evidently a strong spiritualist himself, but was convinced that his brother was equally certain of the truth of it. The Biographer says:—

My uncle had grown more of a spiritualist than ever, believing in table-rapping; and in an unmusical girl being "made to play the most difficult music on the piano by invisible influence"; and in an old gentleman having been "conveyed through solid walls all in a moment, and found in the courtyard of a house a mile and a half distant, the gates of which were closed and locked." A lively discussion took place between him and my father about these so-called revelations. My father spoke after this fashion: "I grant you that spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks; but I am convinced that God and the ghosts of men would choose something other than mere table-legs through which to speak to the heart of man. You tell me if it is my duty to give up everything in order to propagate spiritualism. I cannot see what ground of proof (as yet) you have to go on. There is really too much flummery mixed up with it, supposing, as I am inclined to believe, there is something in it."

MORE OF PUCK IN IT THAN OF THE DEAD.

That there was something in it, Tennyson was not only inclined to believe, but knew, as a matter of fact, but what that something was, he was very much like the rest of us. On one occasion he remarked, speaking of communications which were alleged to come from the departed, that they seemed to him to be much more of Puck than of the personality of the deceased. That is a very pregnant remark, and one which embodies a conclusion that has often been forced upon the attention of investigators.

Nevertheless, for all his doubts, he probably expressed his innermost convictions when he wrote the familiar lines:

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The ghost in Man, the ghost that once was man.
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other through a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.

HIS DEFINITION OF FAITH.

At the same time, there is no evidence, at least, not in this book, that he ever referred to communications from across the borderland as justifying his conviction in the permanence of the individual after death. Some one wrote to him once, asking him as to his belief in the hereafter. He replied as follows:—

Sir, I have been considering your questions, but I am not a God or a disembodied spirit that I should answer them. I can only say that I sympathize with your grief, and if faith mean anything at all it is trusting to those instincts, or feelings, or whatever they may be called, which assure us of some life after this. A. Tennyson.

A STORY OF WILBERFORCE AND THE TABLE.

In the very sparing references that are made to the spiritualistic experiences of the poet, there is one curious story which shows that the late Bishop Wilberforce had also participated in the investigation. Tennyson on one occasion in the last years of life

Spoke of his pleasure in Bishop Wilberforce's last visit to him, of his sudden death, and of the Bishop's story of the "table-turning" when he was staying with Judge Alderson at Farringford. A table moved towards the door where the Bishop was standing, he exorcised the supposed spirit, and then the table stood still, rapping out, "I can't abide a Bishop."

HIS EXPERIENCES OF MESMERISM.

There seemed to be a good deal of Puck in that spirit. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, writing on this side of Tennyson's character says,—

He was one of those who, though not an upholder of miracle-mongers, thought that the wonders of Heaven and Earth were never far absent from us. He had many stories to tell about mesmerism, which had some effect upon his mind, though he can hardly be said to have seriously considered the subject. There is no trace of such stories in his writings.

Tennyson not only believed in Mesmerism, but was himself possessed of the capacity to mesmerise. Here is an extract which, speaking of a certain Mrs. Marsden, Lord Tennyson records that through his mesmerism before her marriage she recovered her health.

"We were staying at Malvern. Dr. Marsden was attending my wife and said to me, "Instead of paying me my fee, I wish you would grant me a favour. Come and mesmerize a young lady who is very ill." I said "I can't mesmerize, I never mesmerized anyone in my life." But the doctor would take no refusal, and said, "Pooh! look at your powerful frame!" So I mesmerized her according to the doctor's instructions. The first day it took me about an hour to send her to sleep; afterwards only a few seconds. Once she had a pain over her eye, and the doctor said, "Breathe upon her eye!" I did so, then begged her pardon, saying that I had forgotten I had been smoking. Dr. Marsden said, "She cannot hear you, that one breath has sent her off into the deepest of slumbers." In a little while the lady grew better, and we moved to Cheltenham. A week or two afterwards I returned to Malvern for a few hours, but I had not thought of telling anyone that I was coming. I met Dr. Marsden in the street, who at once went and told the lady. Before the doctor had said more to her than 'I have good news for you, the lady said, "I know what you have come to tell me, I have felt Mr. Tennyson here for half an hour."

WHENCE THIS IMPULSE?

But everything relating to this side of life had a strange fascination for him. Here is a story, which readers can explain according to their individual bias,

Of an American clergyman, who wrote to assure him that he had once by an uncontrollable impulse recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in his pulpit instead of preaching a sermon, to the great scandal and indignation of his congregation. Some days later a man called on him and said, "Sir, I am one of the survivors of the Balaclava charge. I have led a wild, bad life, and haven't been near a church, till by accident and from curiosity I went into your church last Sunday. I heard you recite that great poem, and it has changed my life;—I shall never disgrace my cloth again." "So," said the clergyman, "though I may have lost my congregation, I have saved a soul by your poem."

THE SON OF A PRAYING MOTHER.

Tennyson was brought up very strictly. His father was a clergyman, his mother a very good, pious Christian, whose prayerful anxiety for the welfare of her son found expression in the following letter:—

O dearest Ally, how fervently have I prayed for years that our merciful Redeemer would intercede with our Heavenly Father to grant thee His Holy Spirit to urge thee to employ the talents He has given thee, by taking every opportunity of endeavouring to impress the precepts of His Holy Word on the minds of others. My beloved son, words are too feeble to express the joy of my heart in perceiving that thou art earnestly endeavouring to do so. Dearest Ally, there is nothing for a moment to be compared to the favour of God.

BROUGHT UP BY A CALVINISTIC AUNT.

In his early youth he seems to have been rather unfortunate in the severity of the theological views of some of his relatives.

This aunt was a rigid Christian, who would weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. "Has he not damned," she cried, "most of my friends! But *me*, *me*, He has picked out for eternal salvation; *me*, who am no better than my neighbours." One day she said to her nephew: "Alfred, Alfred, when I look at you I think of the words of Holy Scripture: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'"

It is not difficult to trace the recoil from this teaching in many of Tennyson's poems. For instance:—

The following lines my father would quote as giving his own belief that "the after life is one of progress":—

No sudden heaven nor sudden hell for man,
But through the will of One who knows and rules—
And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian evolution, swift or slow,
Through all the spheres—an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth.

HIS CHRISTIANITY.

Miss Agnes Grace Weld, the poet's favourite niece, in the course of many conversations which she had with her uncle, discoursed much at times concerning the future life. He often lamented that men could fail to find their souls' craving for truth satisfied by Christianity. He expressed a firm confidence based on his own experience, in answers to prayer. Speaking of the Deity, he said:—

He can and does answer every earnest prayer, as I know from my own experience. E—— says there is something higher than God. If there be then it must be God. Whatever is the highest of all must be the Deity, call it by what name you will. Wherever life is, there God is, specially in the life of man. We are all sons of God, but One alone is worthy to be called *the* Son of Man, the representative of the whole of humanity; that to my

mind is the diviner title of the two, for none dare apply to himself this title save Christ, Who is the representative of the whole human race.

THE ASTRAL BODY.

I believe that beside our material body we possess an immaterial body, something like what the ancient Egyptians called the *Ka*. I do not care to make distinctions between the soul and the spirit as men did in days of old, though, perhaps, the spirit is the best word to use of our higher nature, that nature which, I believe, in Christ to have been truly Divine, the very presence of the Father, the One only God, dwelling in the perfect man. Though nothing is such a distress of soul to me as to have this divinity of Christ assailed, yet I feel we must never lose sight of the Unity of the Godhead, the three persons of the Trinity being like three candles giving together one light. I love that hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and should like to write such a one.

OUR LIFE BEYOND.

We shall have much to learn in a future world, and I think we shall all be children to begin with when we get to heaven, whatever our age when we die, and shall grow on there from childhood to the prime of life at which we shall remain for ever. My idea of heaven is to be engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this and other worlds.

HIS BELIEF IN THE ONE UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

His son says of his father's belief :—

Tennyson clearly saw the need of churches, and sympathised with all forms of religious belief.

"Thou knowest I hold that forms are needful"—"Akbar"—and he looked forward, not always unhopefully, to the day when there would be one Shepherd and one flock. He wished that the Church of England could embrace, as he felt that Christ would have it do, all the great Nonconformist sects that loved the name of Christ. He was full of compunction at once having shown a poor man what he thought an inconsistency in the Gospel, lest "he should have weakened his faith in the Bible." —II. 169.

Hallam, Lord Tennyson, says, in another case :—

The philosophers of the East had a great fascination for my father, and he felt that the Western religion might learn from them much of spirituality. He was sure, too, that Western civilisation had, even in his time, developed Eastern thought and morality; but what direction the development would ultimately take it was impossible to predict.

THE ESSENCE OF HIS RELIGION.

The essence of it stated in many forms, varying according to whether he was writing to his Sovereign or to some unknown correspondent, is always the same. After a conversation with Bishop Lightfoot, Tennyson wrote :—

The life after death, Lightfoot and I agreed, is the cardinal point of Christianity. I believe that God reveals Himself in every individual soul: and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another.

His whole hope was anchored on eternity. On this subject there is an extract given from the Queen's private journal which is very interesting :—

He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that were such a thing possible God, who is love, would be far more cruel than any human being.

He felt he had firm holding ground for his anchor on the other side, and as he wrote to Her Majesty on another occasion :—

As to the sufferings of this momentary life, we can but trust that in some after-state, when we see clearer, we shall thank the Supreme Power for having made us, through these, higher and greater beings.

HIS SHEET ANCHOR.

He was a man saturated through and through with faith in the invisible world which encompassed him, and of which he believed he had direct personal experience. Always it is with him, as he on one occasion exclaimed, "What matters anything in this world without full faith in immortality of the soul and of love?" Shakespeare and the Bible were his book, of books. Jowett says:—

He spoke of two things, which he conceived to be beyond the intelligence of man, and it was certainly not repeated by him from any irreverence; the one, the intellectual genius of Shakespeare—the other the religious genius of Jesus Christ.

On the first day he came downstairs after a long illness, having then reached three-score years and ten, he talked with his children about Job, which he thought one of the greatest of books, and asked for St. John, the "Little children love one another" passage, and "The Sermon on the Mount." In "Crossing the Bar," which his son told him when he wrote it was the crown of his life's work, he said, "It came in a moment." A moment, indeed, of sudden inspiration. He explained the Pilot as "The Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us."

SPIRIT MORE REAL THAN MATTER.

There was ever present with him the thought that this life was but a shadow, and but a small part of the great world's life. And again he says :—

Matter is a greater mystery than mind. What such a thing as a spirit is apart from God and man I have never been able to conceive. Spirit seems to me to be the reality of the world.

In the chapter on "In Memoriam" his son dwells at some length on his father's religious faith. He says that while religion was no nebulous abstraction for him, he dreaded the dogmatism of sect and the rash definitions of God. A week before his death he talked long of the personality and of the love of God. For him the world was but the shadow of God, and the sorrows of nature and the miseries of the world were but preludes, necessary as things are, to the higher good. Humility was to him the only true attitude of the human soul, and he spoke with the greatest reserve of the unfathomable mysteries of which many men love to dogmatise. His faith in the hidden purpose of the Infinite Power was to him the breath of life, and never failed him to the very end.

WHAT THOUGHT HE OF CHRIST?

When asked as to his opinion about Christ, he would say, "I have given my belief in 'In Memoriam,'" but he used to say that the spiritual character of Christ was more wonderful than the greatest miracle. On another occasion he said, "I am always amazed when I read the New Testament at the splendour of Christ's purity and holiness, and at His infinite pity." This union of tenderness and strength in Christ he called the "man-woman" in Christ. He disliked discussion on the nature of Christ, saying that such discussion was mostly unprofitable, for "none knoweth the Son but the Father." The parables were "perfection beyond compare." But "Christianity with its divine morality, without the central figure of Christ, the Son of Man, would become cold, and it is fatal for religion to lose its warmth. The forms of Christian religion would alter, but the spirit of Christ would still grow from more to

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more until each man in the roll of the ages, till each man found his own in all men's good, and all men work in noble brotherhood." His opinions upon prayer are also well worth quoting. "God," he said, "reveals Himself in each individual soul. Prayer is like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels, when the great sea gathers itself together and flows in at full tide." He said, "O! Thou Infinite. Amen," was the form of prayer he himself used in time of trouble and sorrow.

TENNYSON AFTER DEATH.

A volume might easily be written of Tennyson as a Borderlander, but limits of space forbid, and I have said enough to justify his inclusion in this Gallery.

When any eminent man dies, let alone any person who has been as deeply interested in the question of Spirit Return as Tennyson, frequent communications are received by psychics and mediums, purporting to proceed from the departed. This has been carried to such an extent in the case of Madame Blavatsky that a very interesting and amusing volume might be compiled of the various communications that have been made to mediums of all kinds from all parts of the world, purporting to emanate from H. P. B. Hardly a quarter passes without bringing me one or other communications sent in all good faith by mediums professing to embody authentic messages from Madame Blavatsky. They are of all kinds, and many of them undoubtedly possess some degrees of resemblance to what Madame Blavatsky has said, or might have said. The theory of wandering shells, or of thought images thrown off by a person of strong decided character in life, energised by some other spirit intelligence, and palmed off upon the clairvoyant or the medium as the actual personality of the deceased, is about the only hypothesis which has yet been stated to account for those extraordinarily diverse manifestations of the seance room.

The august shade of Tennyson has appeared, not frequently, perhaps, but still at many seances, nor have we been without communications which were given in circumstances which certainly preclude any fraud, and where there was no motive for deception.

SOME AUTOMATIC MESSAGES.

Of these communications, I may quote two specimens, the one in prose the other in verse—both of which were received by the same agent, an automatic writer, whose hand, much to his surprise, repeatedly wrote, declaring that the spirit of Tennyson wished to communicate a message to the world. The agent in question was entirely incredulous and somewhat angry, for he took little stock in communications purporting to emanate from the illustrious dead, and for some time he refused to receive the communications which were pressed upon him with considerable urgency, and sometimes with not a little temper. The message which was so urgently repeated was an expression of regret that Tennyson had never in his life adequately acknowledged the exceeding kindness with which all his poems had been received by the nation. This lack of gratitude, it was repeated, troubled the conscience of the dead man, and he could not rest until he had an opportunity to deliver this message to the public.

THE TESTIMONY OF CLAIRVOYANTS.

The communications thus began continued for some months. A succession of clairvoyants, some of whom were entirely ignorant that any communication had ever been received purporting to come from Tennyson, described with the utmost particularity the appearance of the poet, and in some cases they obtained his name. In other cases they identified him by photographs. These gave a semblance of reality to the personality of the communicating intelligence, and the medium took it seriously enough to ask the invisible agent that used his hand what he considered was his message to the nation, what was the note in his poems to which he attached the most importance?

WAS THIS TENNYSON?

The alleged "Tennyson" replied as follows:—

The note I most often sounded in my poems was the awful aimlessness of the world without God. That was the starting point for "In Memoriam." It was the chief aim of the Idylls to show how the world without God rolls down to red ruin and the breaking up of laws.

The writer then asked whether he did not attach any importance to his national patriotic poems. The Shade replied, "No; England passes, Nature endures." When further asked whether the "Princess," which dealt with the question of women, was not of a permanent interest, the answer was "No; woman is as man, and man is as woman. The change that is working out is temporary."

To another question as to the "Ode to the Duke of Wellington," he replied: "'The path of duty was the way to Glory' is a good line and perennial; but the other things are evanescent. These three only endure—God, Man, Nature."

He then wrote as follows:—

I will now tell you how I look upon my work. I will not now dwell upon the mere mechanical arts of rhythm and melody. I mean to refer only to the message given me to my generation. I see it now more clearly and in better perspective. I see that my message was pre-eminently a message of faith. Yes, faith in men and faith in God. When men believe in Man, they find ground for faith in God. That was my first great message. Believe in Man then in God, who created Man. The second message of my life was the reverence we owe to the world of nature. I studied nature with the love of a lover for his mistress. I was born in the country, and all my life I was with nature, not with man. I loved to study her in all her forms; she was my great lesson book wherein I read with reverent care what the Creator has inscribed. My poems (undecipherable) all their colour from nature's true uncoloured page (I wish you would let me write instead of puzzling out what I want to say.)

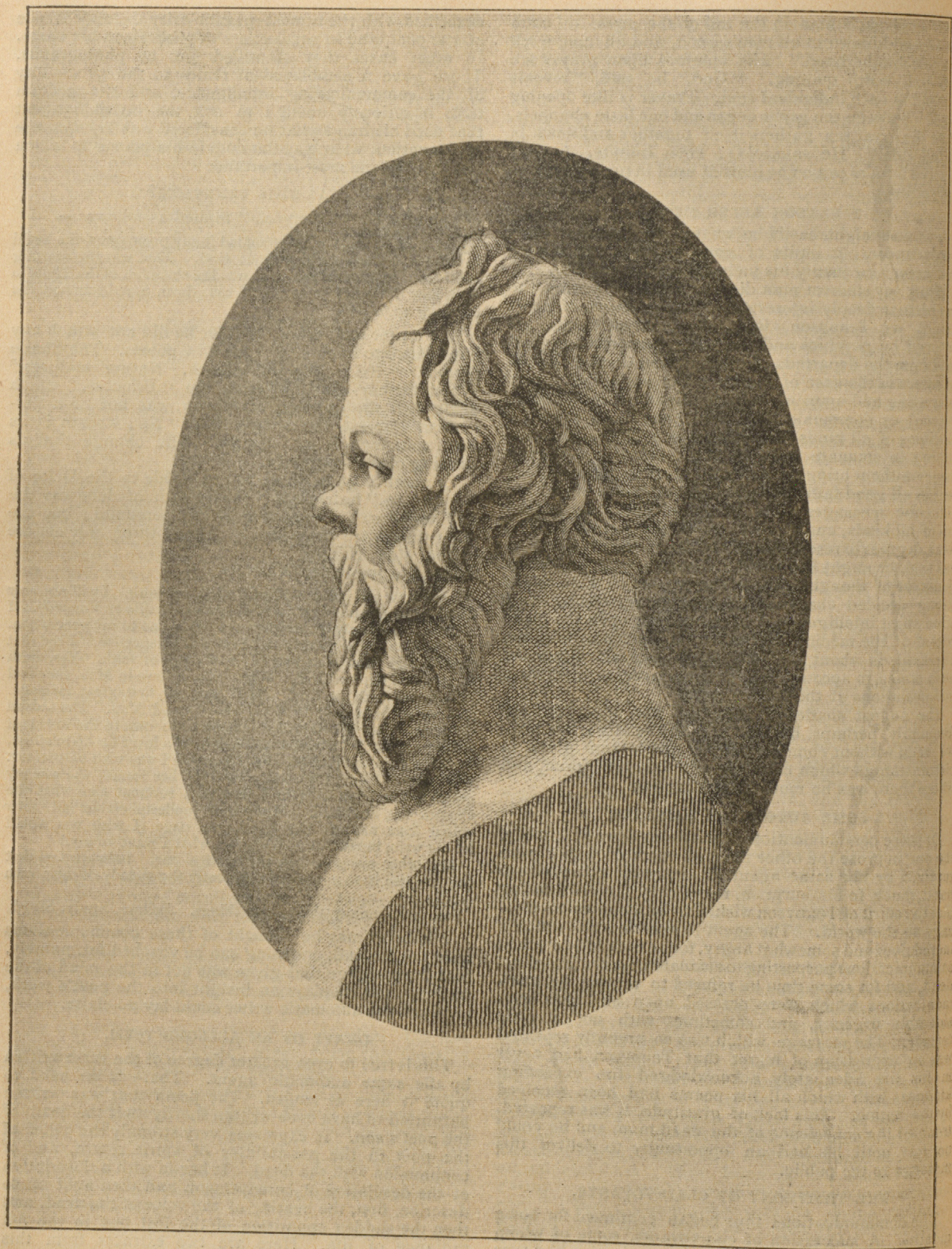
My other message was the musical one. I always feel that our English have not noted sufficiently the melody of their own language.

Yes, make me say these three things. Believe, Study, Sing!

Whatever may be thought of these communications from the Beyond, one thing can be vouched for, namely, that the message thus given was not in the mind of the medium, and displays an insight into the poet's work, to which the automatic writer could lay no claim.

DRAFT OF AN ALLEGED POEM.

This is true to even greater degree of the verse written by the same automatic agent. There is no need to quote it here at length. The poem that was written purported to have been written shortly after the death of the poet's son. It expresses very strongly the belief of the poet in the possibilities of spirit return, and of communion with the dead. It began with a description of the desolation of bereavement, and then went on to describe, first, the hearing of the voice of the dead, and then the sudden apparition of the lost one in the full radiance of life. Here are two extracts from this poem—



SOCRATES.

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Death! there is no death! Death is no more.
Death is the portal through which timid men
Do enter into life. Death is no foe to love,
But rather love's best friend, for it unites
The lover and his mistress, father, son,
And mother to her children. Life is full
Of sighs and tears and sorrows. Parting friends,
Severed by time and space—love's enemies—
Find in the grave the union long denied
By envious fate. Life—what you call life—
Is full of parting; the great uniter—Death—
Undoes the wrongs of life, and brings to each
Their loved and lost. The union here
Is ne'er undone; we live and love, and part
No more for ever. "Father," he said,
"Thou seest me, dost believe?" I bowed my head
And worshipped—worshipped him who gave,
And gave yet more when taking. "Oh, the love
That makes the grave the gate of comfort,
And all at once brings those who love
Once more together, even in life—this life,
And makes the heart—the mourner's heart—
Glorious with conscious knowledge of God's love.
Thus the stern, grim-visaged death,
Which seemed to slay with envious dart, was but
The sweet, good angel of the love of God.

It is easy to criticise this verse. It was only written as a rough version of a poem which had never received its final revision, and which is manifestly lacking in the finer qualities of Tennyson's verse. But the curious thing about it was that it is as much above the capacity of the unconscious hand of the automatic agent as it is below the standard of Tennyson's poetry. Add another curious thing, that Mrs. Russell Davies, who knew Lionel, and sat with Tennyson at seances, received communications at the same time that this verse was written purporting to come from the spirit of Lionel, declaring that his father had never written any poem such as the above; that he had made notes and jottings, which he had intended to embody in a poem, but that poem itself was never written!

Fortunately, we do not need to fall back upon this posthumous communication in order to know that to Tennyson the possibility of spirit return, the reality of spirit communion, were the great realities of life. It is what he wrote in his published poems more than anything else which constitutes his claim to be regarded as one of the great Borderlanders of Literature.

II.—SOCRATES AS A SEER. A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

[Mr. Myers was the first to treat the character of Socrates as that of a Seer, as being indeed a special illustration of the theory of subliminal consciousness. The writer of the present article has no theory to support, and his sketch is without prejudice of any kind. Those among us who are weary of theories will not be the less grateful to him for that.—X.]

NO character in the ancient world has produced a greater impression upon posterity than that of Socrates. He is a Greek of the most interesting period of Athenian history; yet he is something more to us than any other Greek. The questions with which his teaching concerned itself are of universal, as much as of local or national, importance. There is a mystery about his personality which strikes us as Hebrew rather than Hellenic. His outward appearance, with his flat nose, thick lips, and prominent eyes, is most unlike what we usually associate with the perfection of Grecian form and beauty. Though his name bisects philosophy, and we call his predecessors pre-Socratic, while all succeeding thinkers were more or less his disciples, yet in the ordinary acceptation of the word he was not so much a philosopher as a preacher and prophet. He did not busy himself either with physical or metaphysical problems, like the Ionics and Eleatics before, or Plato and Aristotle afterwards. For his part, Xenophon tells us, he preferred to meditate on what is useful and proper to man, and took delight to argue of piety and impiety, of honesty and dishonesty, of justice and injustice, of wisdom and folly.*

HIS SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Again the aim of a philosopher is primarily intellectual; his quest begins in wonder, and its end is the approximate discovery of truth. The object of Socrates, on the contrary, was primarily moral and practical, to make men better citizens and nobler characters, though, being a Greek, he approached his hearers through the reason rather than through the emotions and the spirit. But his detachment, his moral earnestness, missionary zeal, and almost superstitious piety, his reveries and second sight, supernatural warnings and martyr's death, not only separate him from sophists and rhetoricians, but from the most respected teachers of the Academy and the Porch. In all these points he resembled rather the prophets and saints, the inspired originators of religious and philanthrophic movements of every age, the men of magnetic influence and extraordinary psychology who have believed themselves in direct communication with the invisible world. Such men can be classed neither with statesmen nor poets, philosophers nor priests, and yet have perhaps exercised an authority over the human race greater than any or all of them.

* Zenophon's "Memorabilia," i., 1. Bysshe's translation.

SOCRATES AND THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

The special characteristics of the Hebrew prophets seem to be that they must have a call, the object of their teaching must be righteousness, their motive religious, their lives conformable to their doctrines; they must have the power of prevision, and generally speaking be unappreciated by the generation in which they live. Now with the exception perhaps of the mysterious Pythagoras, no one among the sages of Greece exhibited these characteristics to such a degree as Socrates. While the priest carries on an immemorial cultus from which he may not depart a hair's breadth, and the scribe, minister, or preacher interprets a sacred tradition and dare not exceed the letter of his instructions, the prophet inaugurates a new spiritual departure, and brings a message direct from the spiritual world. He must in the first instance have a call, a sign to assure his own faith, as he afterwards shows signs in attestation of his mission to others. It might come to Samuel through a voice, to Elisha through the hairy coat of

Elijah, to Amos in the midst of his rustic labours, to Ezekiel in storm and fire, to St. Paul in the scathing vision on the road to Damascus. Though speaking with the utmost authority when he has received his commission, the prophet is among the most diffident of men, and requires the clearest assurance that it is his duty to undertake a charge from which flesh and blood naturally shrink. Moses, at the bush, might plead his want of eloquence, and Jeremiah that he was a child and could not speak, and Isaiah confess that he was a man of unclean lips. So Socrates always asserted that his mission had been forced upon him by divine authority and oracular intimations. The most critical of these was the declaration procured by his friend Chœrephon from Delphi, that no one was wiser than Socrates.* Considering that he had no wisdom whatsoever on any subject great or small, after severe searchings of heart and mental struggle, he determined to test the veracity of the Pythoness by examining the politicians, poets, and men of repute. He found by their replies that their supposed wisdom was worthless, the only difference being that they knew not their ignorance, "whereas I knew it and was so far wiser than they." Thus began that cross-examining career, that intellectual mission to the young men of Athens, that service to the god, which brought on him life-long unpopularity, poverty, and ultimately death. "For it would be monstrous for me," he told the judges, "after having kept my place bravely as a soldier in the ranks, if through fear of death or anything else I were to disobey the oracle and desert the post which God has assigned me. I must obey Him rather than you."†

THE PROPHET A PRACTICAL MAN.

The object of the prophet as such is not, as we have said, speculative and philosophic, but moral and practical. It is scarcely necessary to prove this in respect to Amos and Hosea, Isaiah or Ezekiel. To hate the evil and love the good, to do justice and love mercy, to seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, and plead for the widow, is the burden of their message. So of Socrates, Xenophon says, he made it his chief care to deliver his friends from every guilty passion, and inspire them with ardent love of virtue.‡ Temperance, soberness, and chastity were his habitual themes. Is it not scandalous for a man to be taken in the same snare as irrational animals, as those are who die from over-eating, or are found skulking in the chambers of married women?§ To Crito, when urged to seek escape from prison, he replies, "We are not to do wrong for wrong, or to do evil to anyone, whatever we suffer."‖ He was not of opinion that silver and gold made a man more valuable, a wiser and a better man.¶ Those who pursue philosophy abstain from the gratification of bodily desires, and bear all trials and resist all temptations. They fear no poverty, no privations, no obloquy.** And his own example tested the sincerity of his profession. He would take no gratuity, and wondered how a man who offered to teach virtue should ask for money. Himself so poor that there was not a man in all the world, who could work, but would have been able to maintain him.†† Like Samuel, demanding whose ox and whose ass have I taken, he could appeal to the Dicasts, "What young man have I perverted? let them come forward. From whom have I taken fees?" He slept little; went barefooted; wore the same coarse clothing even during the bitter cold of a Thracian winter; and gave a signal proof of his inflexible probity when, being Prytanis* after the battle of Arginusæ, he alone refused to put an illegal proposal to the vote, and when under the Thirty Tyrants he declined to bring Leon from Salamis whom they wished to put to death.† Caring, as he phrased it, not a jot for death, but mightily about doing nothing against the law of God or man. Yet he was no ascetic, and could pass round the cup on festive occasions; while his playfulness with the young, in the Lysis and Charmides, reminds us of Mr. Ruskin with the girls at Whitelands College.

* Plato's "Apology of Socrates," p. 21, Stephen's pages.
† "Apology," pp. 28, 29.
‡ "Memorabilia," i., 2.
§ "Memorabilia," ii., 1.
‖ Plato's "Crito," 49.
¶ "Memorabilia," iv., 2.
** Plato, "Phædo;" Whewell, 66.
†† "Memorabilia," i., 3.

HIS HUMAN INTEREST.

But if Socrates was a prophet of righteousness, it was conspicuously of righteousness as understood by a Greek of the fifth century before Christ. He was not teaching Chaldeans how to propitiate invisible powers, or Hindus how to expiate hereditary guilt, or Jews how to reconcile the misery of the chosen people with the government of their covenant Jehovah, but Athenians how to become good citizens, and wise and happy freemen. The occupations, interests, the very divinities of Hellas were intensely human and practical. Socrates did not compass his ends by oracular utterances, by parabolical signs, or parallelistic dithyrambs, but by dialectic. His method was purely intellectual. Every one who came into conversation with him was examined as to the meaning of the great words—goodness, justice, courage, piety—which all so freely used. They were compelled by such a process to take to pieces and test the consistency and completeness of their common notions and general propositions, to detect the common attribute which they contained, and, if need be, the fallaciousness of their generalizations.‡ They learned, at all events, their own ignorance, as the conclusions were habitually negative. Instead of, like the Christian preacher, endeavouring to produce a consciousness of sin, a sense of having broken the divine law and a need of deliverance, Socrates aimed at a kind of intellectual conversion. His searching questions were enough to make every hearer, be he the great king himself, feel unclean, uninformed, no better than a slave.§ This exposure of all false pretensions to knowledge was a painful and humiliating process, which drove many away with irritation and hostility. But in nobler minds the state of doubt and discomfort brought about a desire for its removal, an enthusiasm for true knowledge.

In pursuance of the same intellectual methods Socrates theoretically resolved virtue into knowledge, and vice into ignorance. The man who does not know what virtue is, he held, cannot practise it, even if he would. Every one would pursue his own good, if he knew the way. But this does not meet the practical difficulty to induce the lower appetites to submit to the control of the rational will. "The good that I would, I do not; and the evil that I would not, that I do."‖ Hence he had continually to insist on the need of self-restraint. The law in the members warring against the law of the mind, was never better illustrated than by the story in the "Republic" of the man who, on his way from the Piræus, saw some corpses which he felt disgusted with himself for wishing to look at, but could not resist the inclination; till, at last, opening his eyes wide he bade them

* Epistates, or President, Xenophon calls him.
† "Apology," 32.
‡ Grote's "History of Greece," vol. viii., Sokrates.
§ Grote, from Plato's "Sophist."
‖ Romans vii., 19.

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glut themselves with the beautiful sight.* It is a sufficiently strong motive to self-denial that is ordinarily lacking, and this no mere intellectual instruction has ever been found able to supply.

HIS MOTIVES.

Socrates' own missionary zeal could never, as Grote observes, have been sustained through a long life without his strong religious motive. We see throughout that it was the constraining force of supernatural authority which led him to undertake so unenviable an office. "To examine men is the task imposed on me by God, through oracles, dreams, and every way in which the Divine will is declared to men." † And "when he believed that the gods had admonished him to do anything, it was impossible to make him take a contrary resolution." ‡ "Behold I have made thy face strong against their faces, an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead."§ "Gird up thy loins, and arise and speak unto them." ‖ Socrates had, it is true, no definite revelation; no law of one supreme and righteous Lord to which he could appeal. His texts were taken from Homer and Hesiod, not from Deuteronomy or the Psalms; his examples not from Jacob or Joshua, but from the choice of Hercules, or the resolution of Achilles. The popular theology of Greece was vague and mythological, often immoral. Yet nothing is more unfair than the charge brought against him by Miletus of not worshipping the gods whom the city worshipped. He was most careful to observe the institutions of his country and conform to the national cultus. He recommended Xenophon when hesitating to take service under Cyrus, to consult the oracle; ¶ and his last words were an injunction to offer the customary cock to Asclepius.**

SOCRATES AND THE RELIGION OF HIS DAY.

Socrates made the best of the religion of Hellas and rose above it. Considering virtue and piety to be the great pillars of the state, before undertaking any public office he first advised his friends on their duty to God and mankind, frequently displaying before them high and noble descriptions of the Divine power and goodness.†† "Apply yourself sincerely to piety and virtue, and you will soon be persuaded that God sees all, hears all, and regulates and superintends all the events of the universe."‡‡ In language reminding us of the Hellenist prophet of Tarsus, he taught that God was visible enough by the many wondrous works of which He is the author, giving us light, without which we should be as the blind, and night because we have need of repose, and excellently ordering the seasons for the fruits of the earth, of which we have such a variety, not only to supply our real wants but to satisfy luxury. §§ The natural Theology of Paley or the Bridgewater Treatises is almost anticipated in his argument:—"How wisely is it provided that since the eye is of a delicate make, it is guarded by the lid, drawn back when the eye is used, and covering it in sleep; and how well doth the hair at the extremity of the eyelids keep out dust, and the eyebrows prevent the sweat of the forehead from running into the eye to its hurt, and how are the fore teeth fitted to cut off proper portions of the food, and the grinders to reduce it to a convenient smallness." ‖‖ "Let all this therefore teach you not to neglect or disbelieve the Deity because He is invisible; learn to know His presence and power; be persuaded of His universal care and providence, and be sure to worship and serve Him."* His utterances on prayer and sacrifice, that the gods know better than we do what things are really good for us, † or that it would be injustice in the gods to take more delight in costly offerings of the rich than in poorer ones, because then the sacrifices of the wicked would often be more acceptable than the gifts of the good, ‡ are conceived in the lofty spirit of Isaiah or Amos. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me; I will not regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts; leave to do evil, learn to do well."

SOCRATES AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

But it is principally in his glowing anticipations of future life and judgment that the Platonic Socrates has been the revealer of the unseen to the generations immediately succeeding him. In the "Apology," as became his profession of universal ignorance, he had spoken of not knowing whether death was a sleep without a dream, or, as he had strong reasons to expect, a passage to another place. But in the "Phædo" he rises to an assured confidence that those who have left this life are still in being, and if we may trust Plato, spent his last hours in discussing the immortality of the soul with his sorrowing disciples. It forms the theme of the wonderful myths which conclude alike the Phædo, the Gorgics, and the Republic. These realistic pictures of the terrors of judgment and the blessedness of the heavenly state, remind us more of the Egyptian eschatology and the vivid description of the dangerous journey to the Hall of Osiris, and the weighing of the heart in the scales of Truth, than anything to be found in the Old Testament. The message of the Hebrew prophets was from a living Lord to his liege subjects, and concerns the righteousness of his dealings with them upon earth. They dwelt little on the destiny of the soul in Sheol. It was very much to the influences emanating from the school of Socrates that the world owed the wide-spread belief in a better resurrection which prevailed in Palestine and Alexandria during the Apocryphal period, and prepared the way for the coming of Him who brought life and immortality to light by His gospel.§

SOCRATES AND MYSTICISM.

But there is another aspect of the character of Socrates, too much ignored by his modern admirers, which yet differentiates him from the other leaders of Greek thought, and connects him rather with the Prophets of Israel and the mystics of Christendom. He belonged, it would seem, to two worlds; both to the world of practical affairs, shrewd common-sense and high intellectual culture, and to the inner world of supersensuous intuition and supernatural suggestion. From his boyhood he was profoundly impressed with the conviction that he had a divine voice or monitor within, which checked him even in small matters, but never urged him to any positive course. ‖ It had forbidden him to enter on public life, dissuaded him from considering what he should say on his trial, and did not check him during the speech which he actually made, whereby he concluded that he was in the right course. Frequent allusions are made to it both in Xenophon and Plato, as instructing him in a different way from other men, and "giving him notice what he ought and ought not to do." ¶ It has been commonly called the

* Plato, "Republic," bk. iv. † "Apology," 33.
‡ "Memorabilia," i., 3. § Ezekiel iii., 8. ‖ Jeremiah i., 17.
¶ Grote. ** Phædo, 118. †† "Memorabilia," iv., 3.
‡‡ "Memorabilia," i., 4. §§ *Ibid.*, iv., 3. ‖‖ *Ibid.*, i., 4.

* Memorabilia. iv., 3. † *Ibid.*, i., 1, and Plato, "Alcibiades," ii.
‡ "Memorabilia," i., 3. § Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. iii.
‖ "Apology" and "Theages." ¶ "Memorabilia," iv, 3.

demon of Socrates, but he scarcely himself attributes such distinct personality to the voice as that word would convey. Yet his—or Plato's—belief in the agency of intermediate intelligences may be inferred from the passage in the "Symposium," where he says that all divination, and all the science of priests with respect to initiations and incantations, in fact, all the converse between gods and men, whether asleep or awake, takes place by their agency.* The divine sign seems more to have resembled a double or clairvoyant consciousness; and has naturally provoked the incredulity of philosophers who have only studied the human mind in its normal functions. They have tried to explain it away as amounting merely to a strong conviction or conscience; or even as a mark of insanity. M. Lélut, a French critic, styled him "un fou," and classed him with Pascal and the mystics as under an hallucination.†

HIS OCCULT POWERS.

But there can be no doubt that the Hebrew prophets claimed, and were believed by their contemporaries to possess, occult powers of the highest order. In fact, the Deuteronomic law invites verification and stakes the reputation of the prophets on the fulfilment of their forecasts. If the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken.‡ And from the time when Saul consulted Samuel on the finding of his asses to Jeremiah's prediction of the return from the seventy years' captivity, we can see that the whole history was worked by prophets and prophecy, even in the narrow sense of the word. Elisha's power of second sight was so well established that his servants could tell the King of Syria that "the prophet that is in Israel telleth the King of Israel the words thou speakest in thy bed-chamber."§ In many cases we have evidence that a peculiar physical condition induced or accompanied the prophetic afflatus. Balaam speaks of falling down or falling into a trance, but having his eyes open.‖ Elisha calls for a minstrel, and as the minstrel played the hand of the Lord came upon him. Ezekiel, when the hand of the Lord was upon him, was prostrate and saw the heavens opened, and was taken up by the Spirit as if between heaven and earth.¶ Zachariah was wakened as a man out of sleep; Daniel was in a deep sleep, neither was there any breath left in him. Of the same stamp was St. Paul, who, Roman citizen, Jewish lawyer, and man of action as he was, could yet speak of himself as caught up into Paradise and hearing unspeakable words, whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell.** And outside the chosen people there have been in all ages men of a similar temperament, who have exercised the most extraordinary influence over human thought and conduct—Martin of Tours and Severinus, Bernard and Dominic, Catherine of Sienna and Jeanne d'Arc, Swedenborg and the Curé d'Ars. To them the unseen world was as real as the visible. Amid many differences they all seem to have possessed a kind of second consciousnees or internal vision, which enabled them to stand in closer relation to the spiritual world than the rest of men. The unique position of the Hebrew prophets is owing to this higher consciousness being employed as the organ of a continuous and progressive revelation, culminating in the anticipated advent of the Son of God. They had an insight into the laws of eternal righteousness, the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven, vouchsafed to none of their contemporaries. "However you will explain it," writes Professor Adam Smith, "that Divine Spirit which we have felt unable to conceive as absent from any Semitic prophet who truly sought after God, that Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world, was present to an unparalleled degree with the early prophets of Israel." *

* Thomson.
‡ Deuteronomy xviii., 22.
‖ Numbers xxiv., 4.
** 2 Corinth., xii., 3, 4.
† Elam's "Physicians' Problems."
§ 2 Kings vi., 12.
¶ Ezekiel iii., 12, 14.

SOCRATES AS A PSYCHOLOGIST.

Socrates had many of the marks of this prophetic psychology. A Greek among Greeks, with the keenest intellect, robust frame and remarkable powers of endurance, he is the last person whom we should suspect of hysterical tendencies or morbid self-delusion. Yet Aristotle attributes to him φύσιν μελαγχολιχὴν—the ecstatic temperament.† Stories were current of his prolonged reveries, one of them lasting from early morning through the night to the dawn of the next day, which we may compare with the trances of less stalwart visionaries. He could appeal to his friends that the divine voice often verified the trustworthiness of its intimations by the event. It interposed to prevent Charmides entering the lists at Nemea; and you may ask him what was the result.‡ Three times it essayed to deter Timarchus from going to assassinate Nicias, and what were his last words? "I am going to my death because I would not take the advice of Socrates." And of the Sicilian expedition, and when Sammio went with Thrasybulus it gave warning.§ The magnetic influence of Socrates' presence is indicated by the confession of the grandson of Aristides: "I never learned anything from you, Socrates, but I made progress when I was with you, even when only in the same house, still more when I was in the same room, and most of all if I sat near you, and took hold of you and touched you."‖

AS A DREAMER.

And his prescience is illustrated by the dream in which a beautiful woman appeared to him quoting a line of Homer, which he rightly interpreted to mean that he should not die till the third day, contrary to the anticipation of Crito, to whom it was related.¶ So that psychologically, as well as by the earnestness of his moral aims, his profound religious feeling, and his personal righteousness, we are justified in claiming a place for Socrates among the goodly fellowship of the world's prophetic teachers.

It certainly does not speak well for human nature that the almost natural outcome of a prophet's life should be odium, disappointment, and a martyr's death. "No man can long be safe who either to you or any other democratic body opposes himself firmly," ** said Socrates. There is always a feeling of irritation produced by the presence of superior goodness, like that of the citizen who was tired of always hearing Aristides called the Just. And if that goodness is aggressive, and rebukes our misdeeds, we are inclined to say as Amaziah the priest did to Amos: "O thou seer, flee away into the land of Judah and eat bread and prophesy;" †† or as Socrates puts into the mouths of the Dicasts, "Why cannot you remove to another city and there hold your tongue and live quietly?" ‡‡ He had given personal affront to many of the politicians, rhetors, and poets, by exposing their pretensions to knowledge; he had offended the demos by his presumed Laconian and aristocratic proclivities,

* Dr. G. A. Smith, "Twelve Prophets," p. 17.
† Grote. ‡ "Theages," Whewell. § *Ibid.* ‖ *Ibid.*
¶ Crito, 44. ** "Apology," 31; Whewell.
†† Amos vii., 12. ‡‡ "Apology," 37.

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and the conservative element in Athenian society by his supposed advocacy of new opinions. The possession of occult powers always seems uncanny to the vulgar; and fear or hatred may at any time take the place of awe and reverence. Jeremiah was all his life persecuted by those who yet evidently believed in him; and Jeanne d'Arc was a saint to her friends and a witch to her enemies. The true prophet, secure in his divine mission, cannot truckle to his adversaries by lowering his tone of authority, or supplicating for a few more years of inglorious life. By the almost defiant tone of his Apology, Socrates showed his personal superiority to ordinary hopes and fears, and read the most impressive lesson to the youth of Athens.* As far as opportunity enabled him he verified the conviction, so often quoted from the "Republic," that if a perfectly just man were to come to the city and teach it all manner of excellent arts, his fate would not be to be honoured and crowned with garlands, but to be racked and scourged, and ultimately to be crucified.

J. W. H.

* Grote.

III.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

By Sara A. Underwood.

Anne Thackeray Ritchie, writing of Mrs. Browning, says:—

She seemed, even in her life, something of a spirit, and her views of life's sorrow and shame, of its beauty and eternal hope, is not unlike that which one might imagine a spirit's to be.

Small and delicate as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's body appeared, its expression of spiritual strength and unearthliness seemed to strike forcibly the minds of all thinkers who had the privilege of personally meeting her.

THE SHEATH OF A SOUL.

The wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing to her sister, Elizabeth Peabody, says, "Mrs. Browning is wonderfully interesting. She is the most delicate sheath for a soul I ever saw." And Hawthorne himself describes her as—

A small pale person scarcely embodied at all. At any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped and to speak with a sweet temerity of voice. Really, I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose he has an earthly wife at all, any more than an earthly child—both are of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when he least thinks of it. She is a good, kind fairy however, and sweetly disposed towards the human race, though only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes! There is not such another figure in the world; and black ringlets cluster down her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their subtle profusion. I could not form any judgment about her age—it may range anywhere within the limits of human life, or elfin life. I was not before sensible what a slender voice she has. It is marvellous to me how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us, as she does, with the certainty of her benevolence.

HER IMMORTAL EXPRESSION.

Another writer says, "Never shall I forget her face—the plain, mortal beautiful in its immortal expression; large, dark, dreamy eyes, like deep wells of thought." The sculptor, W. W. Story, who was an intimate and dear friend of the Brownings in Italy, declares:—

One never dreamed of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence. Gossip was felt out of place. Books and all humanity, great deeds, and, above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts and therefore oftenest on her lips. . . . I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion. Her Christianity was not confined to church or rubrics—it meant civilization.

Another friend completes the picture of one whom Swinburne calls "the yet undethroned sovereign of English poetesses," by saying, "A more timid nature was never joined to a bolder spirit than in Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She fairly shrank from observation, and could not endure mixed company."

HER BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM.

But shy and sensitive as she was, she had ever the intellectual courage to declare her convictions upon all subjects, even upon the socially tabooed subject of Spiritualism, in which she did not hesitate to confess herself a believer. And it required the finest and highest kind of courage in her to declare her belief in it, not only because at that time it was, even more than to-day, accounted a sign of weakness to give credence to "Ghost Stories," but that her dearly beloved Robert despised Spiritualism, and grew angry at any mention of its marvels, while most of her intimate friends thought it utter folly on her part to believe in it. Sophie Hawthorne tells this story:—

Mrs. Browning is a spiritualist. Mr. Browning opposes and protests with all his might. One evening at Casa Guidi there was a conversation about spirits, and a marvellous story was told of two hands that crowned Mrs. Browning with a wreath through the mediumship of Mr. Home. Mr. Browning declared that he believed the two hands were made by Mr. Home and fastened to Mr. Home's toes, and that he made them move by moving his feet. Mrs. Browning kept trying to stem his flow of eager funny talk with her slender voice, but, like an arrowy river, he rushed and foamed and leaped over her slight tones, and she could not succeed in explaining how she *knew* they were spirit hands.

HER HUSBAND'S DISBELIEF.

Thackeray's daughter, in her reminiscences of the Brownings, says:—

Almost the first time I ever really recall Mr. Browning, he and my father and Mrs. Browning were discussing spiritualism in a very human and material fashion, each holding to their own point of view, and my sister and I sat by listening and silent. My father was always immensely interested by the stories thus told, though he certainly did not believe in them. Mrs Browning believed, and Mr. Browning was always irritated beyond patience by the subject.

I can remember her voice, a sort of faint minor chord, as she, lisping the "r" a little, uttered her remonstrating "Robert!" and his loud dominant baritone, sweeping away every possible plea she and my father could make. And then came my father's deliberate notes, which seemed to fall a little sadly—his voice always sounded a little sad—upon the rising waves of the discussion. I think this must have been just before we all went to Rome; it was in the morning, in some foreign city. I can see Mr. and Mrs. Browning, with their faces turned toward the window, and my father with his back to it, and all of us assembled in a little high-up room. Mr. Browning was dressed in a rough brown suit, and his hair was black hair then; and she, as far as I can remember, was, as usual, in soft-falling flounces of black silk, and with her heavy curls drooping, and a thin gold chain hanging round her neck.

She was so fixed in her belief in the nearness and her consciousness of the truth of the life of the spirit that her own grand poet-soul welled over with the joy of her belief, which she fancied must be as clear to other spiritually-minded souls as to her own, so that she often unconsciously spoke of her faith to those not yet so near to the spheres beyond as she herself was.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S REMINISCENCES.

Thus in several of his first interviews with her, Nathaniel Hawthorne betrays his impatience of the subject when writing of her. One time, when she was placed next to him at a dinner given by Lord Houghton, he says :—

She introduced the subject of spiritualism, which, she says, interests her very much. Indeed, she seems to be a believer. Mr. Browning, she told me, utterly rejects the subject, and will not believe even the outward manifestations, of which there is such overwhelming evidence. Really, I cannot help wondering that so fine a spirit as hers should not reject the matter till at least it is forced upon her.

Noting bits of the conversation at a dinner given by the Brownings, where several distinguished authors were present, he says :—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The most interesting topic being that disagreeable and now wearisome one of spiritual communications—as regards which Mrs. Browning is a believer, and her husband an infidel. Mr. Bryant (William Cullen Bryant, the poet, who was among the guests) appeared not to have made up his mind on the matter, but told a story of a successful communication between Cooper the novelist and his sister, who had been dead fifty years.

Hawthorne here repeats the story of the Brownings' séance with the medium, Mr. Home, as given by Mrs. Hawthorne, and concludes by remarking of Browning's account of the affair.

The marvellousness of the fact as I have read it and heard it from other eye witnesses melted strangely away in his hearty grip and at the sharp touch of his logic, while his wife ever and anon put in a gentle word of expostulation.

MISS COBBE'S STORY.

Another testimony to Browning's bitterness toward spiritualism, a bitterness which seems strange in so spiritual a nature as his, and the one point only, so far as known, of dissentient opinion between these rarely harmonious poet-souls is given by Frances Power Cobbe in what seems queerly enough to have partaken of clairaudient power on the narrator's part, though Miss Cobbe disclaims for herself any belief in anything pertaining to what is wrongly called "the supernatural."

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She was for a while, when living in Italy, the companion at Villa Bricheiri of Isa Blagden, a most intimate friend of the Brownings, and thus often met Browning, and less frequently Mrs. Browning—since the latter was, as well as herself, an invalid. "Browning and Isa," she relates in her autobiography—

Were always wrangling in an affectionate way over some book or music, and one night when I had left Villa Bricheiri and was living at Villa Niccolini, at least half a mile off, the air being in some singular condition of sonority, carried their voices between the walls of the two villas so clearly across to me that I actually heard some of the words of their quarrel, and closed my windows lest I should be an eavesdropper. I believe it was about spirit-rapping they were fighting, for which, and the professors of the art, Browning had a horror. I have seen him stamping on the floor in a frenzy of rage at the way some believers and mediums were deceiving Mrs. Browning.

No stronger evidence could be given of Mrs. Browning's triumphant faith in the truth of spirit life than her holding out thus against her best beloved. On the one point in which they differed, and painful as it was to differ from one to whom she was otherwise so devoted, that she playfully said of him, "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him, and hear him breathe. For the peculiarity of our relation is, that he thinks aloud with me and can't stop himself." And yet in spite of his doubt and angry denial of the evidence, her faith in its truth burned brightly in her soul until she entered upon the realities of those spirit spheres from which she had never been quite separated.

A FAITHFUL WITNESS.

Not only did she steadfastly express her belief in Spiritualism to him she held dearest, but she did so to others in the face of their acknowledged incredulity, and open scorn. Ingram, her very inadequate biographer, goes out of his way to express surprise at her belief, and to belittle its great truths. He says:—

One of the most important victims to the new epidemic was Mrs. Browning. Her letters of this period are filled with allusions to Spiritualism, and its strangest development spirit rappings. To a woman of such strong common sense as her friend Mary Russell Mitford, Mrs. Browning's belief in such things as these manifestations appeared almost incomprehensible. Writing to the American publisher, Fields, Miss Mitford remarks: "Mrs. Browning is most curious about your rappings, of which I suppose you believe as much as I do of the Cock Lane ghost's doings they so much resemble." And again, "Mrs. Browning believes in every spirit-rapping story, and tells me that Robert Owen has been converted by them to a belief in a future state." Henry Chorley, who had long been her intimate friend, alludes to the fact that her friendship for him, though it continued through life, was interrupted by serious differences of opinion concerning a matter which she took terribly to heart—the strange weird questions of mesmerism, including clairvoyance; for all these things were combined and complicated with the mysteries of Spiritualism. I have never seen one more nobly simple, more entirely guiltless of the feminine propensity of talking for effect, more earnest in her assertion, more gentle yet pertinacious in differences than she was; like all whose early nurture has chiefly been from books, she had a child's curiosity regarding the life beyond her books, co-existing with opinions accepted as certainties concerning things of which (even with the intuitions of genius) she could know little.

Thus they of lesser knowledge judged this spiritually-minded, clear-visioned soul!

HER PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

Her faith in the life beyond speaks out clearly through many of her poems, as when, in "A Rhapsody of Life's Progress," she speaks of a time when—

We grow into thought—and with inward ascensions
Touch the bounds of our being!
We lie in the dark here, swathed doubly around
With our sensual relations, and social conventions,
Yet are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware of a sound
Beyond hearing or seeing.
* * * *
And through the dim rolling we hear the sweet calling
Of spirits that speak in a soft under tongue
The sense of the mystical march:
And we cry to them swiftly, "Come nearer, come nearer,
And lift up the lap of this Dark, and speak clearer,
And teach us the song that ye sung:"
And we smile in our thought if they answer or no,
For to dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know
Wonders breathe in our face
And we ask not their name:
Love takes all the blame
Of the world's prison-place,
And we sing back the songs as we guess them aloud.

AN INSPIRED POEM.

In the poem full of indignant sympathy for American slaves, and accusation of the nation permitting slavery, written before or during the war, entitled, "A Curse for a Nation," she intimates that it was written under inspiration. It begins—

I heard an Angel speak last night,
And he said—"Write!
Write a Nation's Curse for me,
And send it over the Western Sea."

When she pleads that she does not wish to be made the instrument to curse another nation when she sees so much wrong-doing in her own land—

"Therefore," the voice said "Shalt thou write
My curse to-night,
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
A foul thing done *within* thy gate."

HER BELIEF.

Parts of her own personal experiences are, doubtless, hinted at in her poem, "Human Life's Misery" (which had been better named, "Life's Mysteries"), of which we quote two verses—

Things nameless! which in passing so,
Do stroke us with a subtle grace,
We say, "Who passes?"—they are dumb;
We cannot see them go or come;
Their touches fall soft—cold—as snow
Upon a blind man's face.

Yet touching so, they draw above
Our common thoughts to Heaven's unknown—
Our daily joy and pain, advance
To a divine significance—
Our human love—O mortal love,
That light is not its own!

SPIRITUALISM AN IMPERIOUS NEED.

In a letter written to Harriet Beecher Stowe by Mrs. Browning, in 1861, shortly after the death of a near relative of the poet (her father, I think), she makes open confession of her belief in Spiritualism as follows:—

Your letter, which would have given me pleasure if I had been in the midst of pleasure, came to me when little beside could have pleased. Dear friend, let me say it—I had had a great blow and loss in England, and you wrote things in that letter which seemed meant for me—meant to do me good, and which did me good; the first good any letter or any talk did me, and it struck me as strange, as more than a coincidence, that your first word since we parted in Rome last spring should come

to me in Rome, and bear so directly on an experience which you did not know of. . . .

I don't know how people can keep up their prejudices against Spiritualism with tears in their eyes—how they are not, at least, thrown on the wish it might be true, and the investigation of the phenomena by that abrupt shutting in their faces of the door of death, which shuts them out from the sight of their beloved. My tendency is to beat up against it like a crying child. Not that this emotional impulse is the best for turning the key and obtaining safe conclusions—no. I did not write before because I always do shrink from touching my own griefs. One feels at first so sore, that nothing but stillness is borne. It is only after, when one is better, that one can express one's self at all. This is so with me at least, though perhaps it ought not to be so with a poet. If you saw my "De Profundis," you must understand that it was written nearly twenty years ago, and referred to what went before. Mr. H.'s affliction made me think of the MS., and I pulled it out of a secret place and sent it to the *Independent*, not thinking that the publication would fall in so nearly with a new grief of mine as to lead to misconception. . . . It refers to the greatest affliction of my life, the only time when I felt despair—written a year after or more. Forgive all these reticences. My husband calls me peculiar in some things—I can't articulate some names—no, not to *him*—not after all these years! It's a sort of dumbness of the soul. Blessed are those who *can* speak, I say. But don't you see from this how I must *want* Spiritualism above most persons?

Thus speaks the exquisitely sensitive soul of the spiritually endowed poet! The "affliction" which occurred "twenty years ago," to which reference is made in the above letter, was doubtless the occasion of the death by accidental drowning of her best beloved brother.

MRS. BROWNING'S SPIRIT-RETURN.

In the biography of the poet-traveller, Bayard Taylor, edited by his wife, an incident is narrated which strongly affected his after life, in which Mrs. Browning, though then in spirit life, was an effective factor. This incident is of interest to all believers in the possibility of spirit-return. Bayard Taylor, though himself somewhat of a psychic, and interested in spiritual phenomena, was not a full believer, at least at the time the incident occurred.

Some time after Mrs. Browning's death, Mr. Taylor, being temporarily in Florence, had taken the rooms in Casa Guidi where the Browning's had lived, and which her pen immortalized. Here he was attacked by the first serious illness of his life, a fever, which brought him very low, and at its crisis he fancied—some will say through his delirium, and others will say clairvoyantly—that he saw the form of Mrs. Browning, who looked at him with sweetest sympathy, and laid her healing hands upon him. At any rate, from that hour he began to recover, and afterward embodied his vision in a poem entitled "Casa Guidi Windows," in which he says:—

> *She* came, whom Casa Guidi's chambers knew,
> And know more proudly, an Immortal, now;
> The air, without a star, was shivered through
> With the resistless radiance of her brow,
> And glimmering landscapes from the darkness grew
>
> Thin, phantom-like; and yet she brought me rest.
> Unspoken words, an understood command
> Sealed weary lids with sleep; together pressed
> In clasping quiet, wandering hand to hand,
> And smoothed the folded cloth above the breast.

AND HEALS BAYARD TAYLOR.

That he believed that in this vision of Mrs. Browning he really had caught a glimpse of the spirit world, is more than hinted at by Mrs. Taylor, for she says:—

When after this illness he could once more go out, think, write, and see his friends, he was aware that he had passed, not only through a physical crisis, but through a mental and spiritual one as well. He did not often speak of this, except to those closest to him, but he was wont to note the change as if a veil had fallen from his eyes, and he saw all things clearly. Strangely he got well in a marvellously short time, and, doubtless, spiritual ministrations helped him back to life.

It was soon after his recovery that he wrote to his intimate friend, the poet, Edmund Clarence Steadman, as follows:—

I can now thank God, not only for my recovery, but for my illness. For two years I have felt that my vital power was lowered, without being able to point to any symptom of disease and a crisis like this was necessary. In mind and moral temperament a corresponding process had taken place, and I look forth upon the re-bestowed world with younger, more hopeful, and more courageous eyes. . . . One should never doubt God, or defy what we call Chance. I am going to have henceforth more calm and moral poise.

WHAT MR. BROWNING THOUGHT OF IT.

If spirits can sometimes, as so many believe, show themselves in their higher estate to mortal eyes for purposes of good, surely it would add to the happiness of such a humanity, loving spirit as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to be allowed to show herself in her old home, and to help physically, as well as intellectually, a sick and soul-bewildered poet friend back to health and spiritual clearness. When Bayard Taylor returned to health he sent the poem, from which I have quoted, to Browning, relating at the same time his vision of Mrs. Browning and the impression it made upon his mind. The greater poet was touched by the story, and wrote in reply:—

There used to be healing once in a shadow, and there is all the interest in the world to me in shadows, were they far fainter than this one you describe, which came from what is real and present to me at all times. Thank you very heartily and affectionately.

THE PASSING OF HER SOUL.

The going out of Mrs. Browning from the imprisoning clay which held the strong spirit on earth for a while, until it could do the work for which it was sent, was characteristic. At the last she left her frail bondage easily. She had been ill from a cold for several days, but was not considered in immediate danger. Her biographer writes:—

One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in partial ecstacy, and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless Such moments are too sacred for the common pen which pauses as the woman poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet husband.

Others have told how, as the darkness of that night softly vanished in the growing dawn, when at last the first morning sun rays illuminated the historic windows of Casa Guidi, she opened those wonderful dark eyes and gazed at vacancy, as if attracted by some sweet heavenly vision. "It is beautiful! It is beautiful!" she breathed, in a tone of intense delight and satisfaction; then she laid her tired head upon her husband's breast, and passed onward to enter into that world beautiful to which she rightly belonged—and to realize in their fulness the truth of her own words:

> O, Death, O, Beyond,
> Thou art sweet, thou art strange.

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IV.—AFTER FOUR YEARS.

A RETROSPECT BY MISS X.

WHEN, only three months ago, I attempted to sum up the history of Psychical Research in the reign of Queen Victoria, I little thought how soon I should be called upon to discuss its history during the reign of BORDERLAND. The first volume of the life of this Review is written; time alone can show whether there will be a second. For good or evil its work is done, and we who write and read believing in the power of Will, in the force of Influence, in our own potentiality as creators of a psychic atmosphere, we must needs believe that it is for good or for evil that we have worked, and written, and read, that there is nothing in life that "doesn't matter," that Past and Future alike belong to the eternal Now. It is for each of us to take up our own responsibility, apart from the opinions of others, and in looking back at the work of others, as well as at one's own, one should seek only to appreciate, to weigh justly, and not merely to distribute praise or blame.

I think it may be worth while, perhaps, to look back at the original scheme of BORDERLAND, and inquire what lessons, what help for the future may be learnt, from our successes and our failures, or perhaps, I should rather say, from what I conceive to be such.

BORDERLAND, A REVIEW.

One should not lose sight of the fact that BORDERLAND is a Review, that its function has been to give some account of events occurring in the psychic world, of its life and literature and tendency, rather than to provide original reading, though that too has been thrown in with a liberal hand. It has been one of the drawbacks incident to its quarterly appearance that in many cases such events have already received their record, and that consequently BORDERLAND, while gaining in perspective, has lost in freshness and originality by appearing at such distant intervals.

BORDERLAND FROM THE OUTSIDE.

They lie in two piles before me, those seventeen BORDERLANDS, and I am writing now to help to add one more. The older ones have dark blue covers, presided over by that lady with the wonderful development of nether limbs, gazing into the blue distance of an indigo future, illuminated, very insufficiently, by pin points of stars. The little boy who, like Newton, plays with shells on the sea shore, knows his own limitations, and turns a sturdy back on the inscribed pillar which towers above him. Only last year the atmosphere cleared a little, and the giantess ceased to gaze into the infinite, and turned her attention to the *Contents of Borderland*. We all become more practical as life goes on. Her arm still rests on that inscribed pillar, and "Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Crystal Gazing, Hypnotism, and Automatic Writing" are under her elbow. They as subjects of inquiry are always with us. What have we effected in attempting their discussion?

TELEPATHY.

First, possibly we have made the subject of telepathy so far common as to put people in the way of learning that the accent in this word is on the second syllable, which is something. Second, that it is not a glorified synonym for thought-transference, as chiromancy for palmistry, or physician for doctor, or any vulgarity of that kind. These things accomplished, BORDERLAND would not have lived in vain. If, when you are recalling the burning down of your house or imagining flames surrounding your roof, I see a picture of it in the crystal, or the thought crosses my mind, or I write an account of it in automatic writing, that is thought-transference. If I smell smoke, or feel heat, or hear crackling, that is telepathy. In one we share thought, in the other sensation. Surely the distinction is clear enough! Nevertheless, in seeking for evidence in the Western Highlands of the existence of second sight or premonition—call the rare gift what you will—my great obstruction was that there had lately passed through the land a member of the S. P. R. with a note-book, who exploited the evidence and told the people "It was all telepathy." The free kirk meenister had said it was the de'il, which was bad enough, but telepathy was worse as suggestive of the unknown. This very quality of the unknown made my wholesale denial the less effective. It was all very well to say that premonition in so far as it was premonition, made thought-transference (which possibly was what the good man meant) quite out of the question, but one can never *prove* a negative assertion.

Most of us do mean thought-transference when we talk about telepathy, so as thought-transference we may consider the subject for a moment. If there has been any progress made of late years by psychic inquiry, it has been I think mainly in the direction of accepting thought-transference. This has worked in two ways. The sceptic who has nevertheless found something he can't explain will accept the hypothesis as at least thinkable, and as having some basis in that unchallenged field, his own experience. On the other hand, the credulous, a person even more dangerous to the status of our inquiry, is not now necessarily limited to the one hypothesis, spirits.

Spiritualism, by the way, is not inscribed upon the rock which supports the lady of the ankles, perhaps because the idea of a possible spiritual explanation of phenomena is held to underlie all else in psychic inquiry. There is little doubt, and the spiritualists are now, I believe, alive to the fact, that thought-transference is, at all events, a thinkable alternative to that of spirit communication. This has been the case all the more that it has been experimentally proved, and cases have been given over and over again in BORDERLAND, that in thought-transference there need be no consciousness on the part of the agent.

For example, the story known as the Burton Case was perhaps, naturally, at once claimed as evidence by the spiritualists, to whom, of course, both Sir Richard and Lady Burton undoubtedly belonged. Nevertheless I contended, and still contend, that the thought-transference explanation is a possible, I do not say a certain, alternative hypothesis. I wrote some thirty statements all unknown to me and all alleged by Lady Burton to be true, but they must all have been known to some person or persons living, or how could the truth of them have been proved? The difficulty now is to devise an

experiment which shall exclude the possibility of thought-transference!

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Of all loosely used classifications, that of clairvoyance seems about the most hopeless, and it seems to me a term to be carefully avoided. I have heard the most miserable nonsense in the way of crystal-gazing and automatic writing, defended as "probably clairvoyance." Scenes imagined, voluntarily or not, and having no reference to any known person or place, may undoubtedly refer to others unknown, but in the absence of proof it is about as risky to call such visions "clairvoyant," as to call the nonsense we all dream "clairvoyant." Most so-called clairvoyance, probably all, is at best, thought-transference visualised. One receives a thought-transference impression, and if one is a visualiser it is probably externalised as a picture, but that does not make it clairvoyance. Properly speaking it is a misuse of terms to call anything clairvoyance short of the wonders attributed to Mr. Stainton Moses, the reading of a closed book, or the description of the contents of a closed envelope, such contents being equally unknown to others. I do not think we have had much evidence in BORDERLAND of the power of clairvoyance; if any, I can recall none which seems to me of value.

HYPNOTISM.

On the subject of hypnotism the public is, I think, a little more sane than formerly. We realise now that it is a psychological condition and not necessarily associated with psychical affairs at all. We have largely cleared our minds of cant on this subject, and BORDERLAND has always stood forth staunchly against the quacks and miracle-mongers who, under cover of chatter about "magnetism" and such like ancient fables, have sought to secure their own ends by adding to the mystery of a subject which, at least in its main outlines, is not difficult to understand. We have protested, too, against the other extreme, against those whose attitude erred from lack of reticence, whose professed familiarity with the subject is such that they seek to make hypnotism an affair of every-day life, to be resorted to with the same impunity as homœopathic medicine or faith-healing. Hypnotism is not the dangerous moral force that the "shilling-shocker" would pourtray, but on the other hand it is not, even physically, safe in the hands of the amateur. Though a member of the Hypnotic Committee of the S. P. R., I would gladly see some legislation here, as in Belgium, Russia, and other countries, which should require the same safeguards in the administration of hypnotism as in that of other narcotics. This, not because of any nonsense about "giving up your own will" (which would make you a very bad subject for hypnotism), or "being hypnotised to do wrong," which would be as much your own fault as any other temptation, but because the hypnotic sleep acts like a powerful drug, and hypnotic suggestion may be, in the hands of the ignorant, a source of physical danger. Looking back on the work of BORDERLAND. I am glad to remember that its teaching on this subject has been almost always on the side of right and of common sense. People writing about the early days of spiritualism or about healing have sometimes talked foolishly in these pages as to magnetism and odic force, but not, I think, to the peril of sounder views.

CRYSTAL GAZING.

I am not quite discontented when I look back at our share in the history of the development of crystal gazing. We have chronicled a good many experiments, some of which are of considerable value, and the correspondence which still reaches me on the subject, and which I always gladly welcome, shows that it is one which has evoked an intelligent interest. The practice of crystal gazing gives a little trouble, and does not minister to personal egotism, as do some other fields of psychical research, so that, so far as I know, it is less in favour with the vain and the illiterate, whose interest in spiritualism, and certain forms of automatism, is so serious a hindrance to real inquiry.

Crystal gazing, moreover, owes much to the continued interest of Mr. Andrew Lang, who has made personal inquiries and observations, recorded with his own special charm of style and language. It is a subject which requires no spiritualistic explanation, which is often entirely apart from any supernormal or psychical characteristic, which is interesting to the folklorist and the antiquarian and the physiologist. When the crystal does serve as a means of externalising knowledge of facts remote in time or space, unknown to the seer, the interest is, of course, infinitely multiplied. Moreover, continuous and careful experiment and observation of those of others have convinced me, of my first certainly, that no reasonable person can possibly suffer from looking at a crystal any more than from looking at anything else. Looking for pictures in a glass of water, which is all that crystal gazing need imply, is better fun than looking for them among the intricacies of a wall-paper pattern, or in the glowing coals of a fire, and does not hurt your eyes. Crystal gazing is, as a subject of inquiry, certainly increasingly popular, and as yet is unmixed with the objections which have helped to degrade some other forms of psychic inquiry.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

I wish the same could be said of automatic writing. I suppose there must always be people silly enough to take themselves and their own statements for granted, and to feel gratified when they have an impulse to tell themselves a flattering lie. Even when vanity and superstition have not blinded them to the possibility of mistake, even when they are perfectly and absolutely sincere, as no doubt may happen occasionally, the possibilities of sifting their evidence are so few and so difficult of attainment, that I feel that it is a subject which lends itself, above all others, to self-deception. Among all the correspondence which has reached me through my connection with BORDERLAND, I am bound to say that none has ever made me doubt the expedience of so-called psychic experiment as have those letters which deal with automatic writing. Given a clear head, a capacity for weighing of evidence, a conscientious desire for truth, automatic writing is probably as good as, or even better, than other forms of automatism; but I can only repeat that I know of none which so readily lends itself to fraud or, at best, to self-deception.

SPIRITUALISM.

There are other subjects with which BORDERLAND has dealt, besides those presided over by the long-legged lady. Of these, as has been already said, the most obvious is Spiritualism. I am not a Spiritualist any more than I am any other *ist*, but I am strongly of opinion that the phenomena of spiritualism should be

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carefully recorded and considered, though without any haste as to conclusion or deduction. I feel, after these four years of observation and record, that the theories of the S.P.R. are still inadequate to cover the whole field of phenomena, and that there are certain directions in which we have no alternative but that of waiting or of accepting the spiritualist explanations. Personally, I am content to wait, and if the waiting leads to the establishment of spiritualistic hypotheses they should be as welcome as any other form of truth. So far, our waiting has tended in the other direction—to the subtraction from the realm of spiritualism, of provinces which were formerly assigned to it; but a No Man's Land remains which it seems to me foolish to ignore, premature to claim, and unscientific to dogmatise about. Nevertheless, as I have already said last quarter, I regret the tendency to make the S.P.R. a means of spiritualistic propaganda. There is a separate society for that purpose, and it is useless and ineffective to multiply agencies. If we do not wholly sympathise with its methods the more reason why we should lend our efforts and energies, so far as we may, to help where we can, and it is for this reason, and not as myself wholly in sympathy with the Spiritualists' Alliance, that I was happy to accept Mr. Dawson Rogers' invitation to speak with them this winter.

At one time I was permitted, in the pages of BORDERLAND, to make an effort to come into contact with the professional mediums of England. The effort was a failure, but the failure came from their own side. A large number of names and addresses of self-styled "mediums" poured in upon us, but when we made an effort to get even such references as to character and respectability as one would require in engaging a scullery maid, in nine-tenths of the cases the correspondence dropped. And yet these people claim to utter the voices of eternity; they expect us to accept them as a link with our sacred dead!

I have been to several séances. Of those private occasions which I owe to the kindness and hospitality of the mediums or their friends it is not fitting that I should speak, but the goods of professional mediums are put on the market as are other goods, and are open to the same criticisms. I have never been to any professional séance that was not dull, or vulgar, or both. I have seen tricks which one would not have supposed could deceive a schoolboy. I have never seen or heard any so-called phenomenon, which I thought convincing of anything but an impudent faith in the weakness of human nature, and a melancholy experience of its follies. I do not particularise further than by saying I have made it my business to interview most of the prominent professional mediums accessible to me. I got what I expected—nothing, and expectation is possibly in some degree to blame. To most I went incognito; it was only when my identity was known, that I received recognisable information as to my affairs and surroundings. I have seen no physical phenomena worth mentioning. Among professional mediums Mrs. Piper alone has seemed to me of serious interest, and in regard to her I can only say that she seems to me too good for the work to which she is (shall I venture to say?) condemned. I have no personal doubts as to her honesty during the time I observed her. I was satisfied that she told me what she could not have learnt by thought-transference, but interesting as it was, instructive, suggestive, there are experiences that may be bought too dear, and I contend that the price was a heavy one—for Mrs. Piper. It is not well to play with human souls, or even bodies.

If we subtract poor Eusapia, that bone of contention, I think Mrs. Piper is the main spiritualistic phenomenon which these four years have shown us, and I would gladly hear that she was released. Moreover, I do not know that we are under any necessity to regard her as a spiritualistic phenomenon, because she is, at present, unexplained.

I rejoice in the share BORDERLAND has had in "exposures," because we can only keep the truth by subtraction of the false. I almost wish they had been more numerous; we have had many opportunities, but among other reasons for limiting the publication of our knowledge, silence is often the most effective weapon against evil. Moreover it often puts the truth remaining to us into false relation with other truths, to make a lie too prominent, and Spiritualism does not, either as a creed or a philosophy, concern itself wholly or merely with mediums and physical phenomena; both, as a rule, materialistic in the grossest degree.

As a last word on the relation of Spiritualism to the life of the Borderland, I should like to say yet once more, that there is one point upon which Spiritualists insist, which would, for myself, go far to justify their existence, namely, kindness to the so-called inferior animals.

OUR "CIRCLES."

Like our efforts at a directory of mediums, our efforts at promoting circles of inquiry and investigation (which never meant "sitting" in circles) were also destined to failure. Some good work was done, but it was difficult to keep them together without some sort of individual personal relation, and I attempted the plan of bringing the members into contact with each other at a weekly reception. Our object was so far misunderstood that our visitors consisted largely of those who sought an opportunity for self advertisement, "professionals" of various sorts, and I soon found it impossible to continue the system. Anywhere, except in London, I believe that a series of practical lectures or thoughtful talk would have been useful, but London is already very much over-taught, which may account for its lack of education.

OTHER SUBJECTS.

I believe that our tests of professional astrologers, palmists, phrenologists, psychometrists, and the like, were useful. I think, except for some lucky shots as to Mark Twain, they were effectually convincing of the futility of the pretensions of most of them. A course of astrology or palmistry "literature" would cure most educated persons of a tendency to feel an interest in either as at present expounded, though personally I believe that in both there is something better than either their literature or exponents exhibit in these days of science-made-easy. Astrology at the hands of real scholars—I could name half-a-dozen men of learning who seriously study the subject—is a very different matter from the astrology of almanacs and cheap horoscopes and illiterate "professors." Palmistry divested of its "science" and its quackery has also, I believe, something to tell us, but what that is we shall not learn from sibyls at bazaars, nor from popular hand-books. I have not read the astrology articles in BORDERLAND for three years past, but I am satisfied that they must have proved useful in the direction I have indicated

THE DIVINING ROD.

We have, I think, done something to educate the public on this point by the publication of first hand evidence as to the faculty of water-finding. The relation of the purely physiological faculty of water or metal finding to the old superstition of the divining-rod is of merely historical and antiquarian interest, as most intelligent persons are now aware. Just as this fact is well recognised, the S. P. R. comes to the front with a very lengthy volume on this, which has, of course, no relation whatever to Psychical Research.* Apart from Psychical interest the subject has already passed through the hands of such competent literary critics as Mr. Lang and Mr. Baring Gould, and of two men of science so distinguished as Boyle and Chevreul, so on neither side need we seek further information, unless from some equally distinguished man of science as these, both of them members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. As yet, however, the learned have chosen to ignore the subject. Like hypnotism, it will probably receive justice when it becomes entirely divorced from any association with "the occult."

THE LIBRARY.

A useful feature of BORDERLAND work has been its library, which will continue to be at the service of the public. Psychic literature of any value is scarce in English, except so far as it relates to hypnotism, or has been created by the S. P. R., or by some of the earlier writers on spiritualism.

Of all the feeble trash now disgracing the name of fiction, that which purports to be psychic is the most contemptible and illiterate. There is an excellent novel called "Behind the Magic Mirror," by Miss Birrell: Marion Crawford, Miss Coleridge, Mrs. Alfred Phillips, perhaps one or two more have given us good "psychic stories," but one could count the whole collection on one's fingers. Except for what I have enumerated, and three or four books of Mr. Lang's, I think "psychic literature" has existed in England mainly to bring the subject into contempt.

The foreign books are more hopeful, and several magazines have good psychic articles. Why have we not, in England, some magazine on the lines of *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, something less pedantic than the mere *Proceedings* of a Society, yet more eclectic than some which have sought to popularise psychic study in England?

GENERAL PROGRESS.

Of the general progress of psychic inquiry in England I have spoken elsewhere. I do not think it has been anything like so rapid as some would have us believe. The evidence collected by Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Gurney, and others, has gone far to make the study reputable, and the eloquence of Mr. Myers has done much to make it literary. Of new hypotheses we have none, though the S. P. R. has helped to popularise some that are old, such as those of thought-transference and sub-conscious activity. It has, moreover, facilitated the study of hypnotism, though it has thereby probably injured this subject, as well as some others, by force of association. It has taught us to appreciate the importance, well known, of course, to psychologists, of expectant attention and suggestion, and thereby has increased our appreciation of the value of evidence.

But the outlook is of hope. It takes us a long time to get clear of the element of surprise, of shock to our conventions, above all to divest our minds of cant. The day is, I think, coming when those who wait will know—taught now and always by those who work.

Of work, in the sense of experiment, rather than of receptivity, of living the life, I have nothing favourable to say. I look back on my own periods of experiment as among the least fruitful, the least educationally valuable of my psychic life. I believe that all experience, emotion, knowledge, in its deepest sense, should be and is spontaneous, that we gain nothing by seeking for ourselves teaching other than that which life, in its natural development, may bring. The impression of others may be different; I venture only to contribute my own mite of experience, which is that of my whole life from its earliest years.

Gathering up the harvest of these four years of converse on the Borderland, I find that, above all else, my personal emotion is that of regret.

MANY MEET THE GODS BUT FEW SALUTE THEM.

There is considerable field of thought for the psychologist in the emotion of Regret. It is separable from the sense of grief or of loss, or of personal sorrow, but it is none the less keen for that. One wonders whether it is a primal instinct, having relation possibly to some lost faculty of looking forward, some power of perception of the shadows of events to come, in the lights of which in the past, from which we have parted, but of those one will perceive the loss, not merely of those things which we have never consciously greeted. Or, on the other hand, is it some sort of sub-conscious activity which has quietly collected neglected sensations which in the aggregate become Regret, while those observed and consciously remembered may nevertheless seem to create satisfaction? Look back at the day you parted from your French governess; how ill-tempered she was, how unjust! at the day you left school; how you had counted its advent for months and years! when you left the old home you never rightly valued, and moved into the house of your choice! when you turned your back on the pier and parade of that flaring London by the sea to which your doctor condemned you! when you said good-bye to the doctor himself after that weary illness! when you broke off that rash engagement and felt free once more! How welcome, how desirable, was each occasion, and yet each brought a lump to your throat; you hurried off not quite courteously, you locked your handbag, or tipped the servant, or shut the door, or said "good-bye," with something less than your usual *savoir faire*. There was apparently little relation of cause and effect; you had every reason to be glad, but over all there was the cloud of Regret.

It should be with hope and with satisfaction that we say good-bye, or perhaps *au revoir* to the friends who from time to time have sojourned with us on the Borderland; satisfaction in such measure of success as we have achieved; hope that should we meet again it may be with such advantage of added experience and realization of what is needed, as may make our reappearance of greater value.

Nevertheless, personally, I look back mainly with regret; not for what has been done, but for what has been missed, for opportunities neglected, for truth

* Life is short, and I have not attempted to read this not very attractive work. I notice, however, that its author goes out of his way to gibbet so accurate a scholar as Mr. Lang for spelling "Chevreu[i]l," which happens to be perfectly correct, though not the modern spelling. I observe that, till the appendix is reached, the author himself persistently mis-spells the name "Bleton."

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unspoken, for falsehood not contradicted, for the frequent ignoring of imposture and trickery, an ignoring which may be as dangerous to others as if it signified toleration. But of this more hereafter.

As to what has been done, that which is good will in the long run live, as truth always does, and that which is evil will come to naught. It is all a part of the eternal process of evolution, the survival of the fittest; not necessarily of what may seem to us the best, but of that most adapted to its environment, of that which must be, at least, the real. Of all the ghosts of the past the silent ones whom we have never greeted speak the loudest; it is they whose text is *nevermore*.

The wisest among us know so little of this difficult inquiry into the phenomena of the Borderland, that one is suspicious of whatever is labelled "knowledge" in a connection in which one feels justified in believing we have got no further than "inquiry"; and yet, for this very reason, one has no right to dogmatise upon conclusions which we believe to be ignorance, lest our own dogmatism be ignorance too.

To the Theosophist such an attitude is in itself a sin. His religion is a science; he *knows;* he has no excuse for ignorance even as to the smallest details of faith and life. We who are Christians have a clear and detailed revelation as to our life, and we believe we have as much, as to our faith, as we need, here and now. By slow degrees nature is telling us her secrets, leading us up from point to point; year by year adding to our stock of knowledge in this direction or in that; extending our senses or our faculties; bridging over time and space; enabling us to utilise forces that, did we but know, have been awaiting our command through all the ages.

Did we but know. The lack is in ourselves. Steam and the electric telegraph, and the X rays and Argon are not new creations—the progress is in ourselves; slowly, through countless generations, we have been prepared to receive and utilise each revelation. The right degree of receptivity is, after all, what we were waiting for, and I believe this to be at least as true in psychical as in physical research. Let me say once more, as I have said again and again in BORDERLAND, the psychic gift, whatever it may be, is a state to live in, not an art to acquire. "Many meet the gods but few salute them."

We call such gifts "faculties" in these days of cravings for nomenclature, and think, perhaps, that we have disposed of the whole problem. Perhaps the gift of clairvoyance or of premonition, or retro-cognition, are all faculties or extensions of faculty, and the time may come when we shall think such extension no more remarkable than longsightedness or acute hearing, when we shall look back at the superfluous elaboration of our present day explanations, and laugh at our pseudo-science and our pedantic affectations.

Or it may be that our development may be in an opposite direction; that a reaction may set in from the rank materialism, however disguised, that invades all inquiry, psychical or physical. We may learn that the human soul is something other than brain stuff, that our aspirations and intuitions and longings may be indications of something not only true, but demonstrably true; that it was not only a figure of speech which declared that man was made in the likeness of God—God the Eternal, the All-seeing, the All-knowing, the prototype of man whose aspirations extend beyond time, who craves to see and to know with a passion which is the very badge of his imperfection.

TO MY FRIENDS.

BORDERLAND has brought me many friends; some I know face to face, some only on paper, some only by report, and I should like my final words to be to all of these. If they have any message for me, or feel that I have any for them, I am always gladly reached by letter at the address of this Review. The relation of those whose association comes in connection with psychic interests is always of a special kind, and writer and reader have in common something more nearly touching both than in their ordinary connection. A common hope, a common sorrow, common aspirations it may be, are ours.

To the mere idle wonder-monger, to the charlatan, to those who know all, I have nothing to say; but to those who have taught, or helped, or encouraged such efforts as I have made for the honest and the brave, I am for ever grateful; to those who have given me the happiness of being of use I am the more grateful that I thank them for what is done as well as for what is hoped; to those who are in doubt or sorrow or loneliness I offer such sympathy as I may have the privilege to give; to those who have information or knowledge to share I offer a cordial welcome; from those who would share such information as I possess I have nothing to keep back. We may not again wander in the Borderland together, but beyond the Borderland we perchance may meet. If not *Au revoir* here, till then, my friends, Adieu.

X.

V.—"PSYCHIC BOSTON:" MRS. PIPER AND HER NEW CONTROLS.

BY A TRAVELLING BORDERLANDER.

I.—A SITTING WITH MRS. PIPER.

HOTEL BELLEVUE, BOSTON,
April, 1897.

AS one of my chief objects in visiting America this spring was to meet and have sittings with the far-famed Mrs. Piper, it was naturally a great disappointment to hear from Dr. Hodgson, whilst staying in Philadelphia, that for the last three months no one except himself could see the medium in question.

DR. PHINUIT DEPOSED.

The reason given was as follows: During this period Dr. Phinuit and other controls had given place to the "guides" of a recently incarnated spirit, now deceased, whom I will call Mr. Z., and these were most decided upon the question of all outsiders being excluded from the sittings. Having known the late Mr. Z. during the last three or four years of his life, and as two of his most intimate friends chanced to be two of my most intimate friends, I put this view of the matter to Dr. Hodgson in writing, adding that I hoped I should not be looked upon, under these circumstances, altogether in the light of "an outsider." However, the appeal was in vain. He "could hold out no hope for me," and it was only after arriving in Boston, and begging that the circumstances should be laid before the "guides" themselves, that Dr. Hodgson was directed by them to bring me out with him next morning to Arlington Heights. It was a miserable morning for the start. Heavy rain had poured down all night, seeming only to regain renewed strength as the morning broke, and by 8.30 A.M., when I left my hotel after a hurried breakfast, "the deluge" was evidently upon us for that day at least. An attack of the "grippe," from which I was barely convalescent, did not add either to the pleasure or perhaps wisdom of the expedition, but nothing less than physical disability to move would have prevented my keeping the appointment.

MRS. PIPER AT HOME.

It had been agreed that I should find my own way to Arlington Heights, and there look out for Dr. Hodgson; so having been duly warned to avoid the snare of getting out at *Arlington* (two stations beforehand), I arrived in due season after half an hour's railway ride to find Dr. Hodgson emerging from his smoking carriage.

As Mrs. Piper's very pretty and bright little house is situated at the top of a sufficiently severe hill, we took one of the quaint covered "buggies" of the New England country village and drove to her door. No more charming nor suitable situation could have been chosen for the purpose of isolating her mediumship and keeping her free from the noise and bustle and dense air of a populous city such as Boston.

Her refined little house overlooks a charming scene: trees still bare, indeed, but with promise of coming spring in their branches and twigs; a wide stretch of country beneath and around us; Boston in the far distance; and last, not least, a lovely piece of water in the valley midway, which reflected the surrounding trees and looked beautiful even under the very unfavourable circumstances of my first visit to Arlington Heights.

UNDER CONTROL.

A pleasant surprise awaited me in the medium herself. One had heard of the absolute honesty and genuineness of Mrs. Piper, but I was not prepared for the interesting and refined-looking woman who greeted us with quiet dignity and grace.

No one who has seen Mrs. Piper going into trance could possibly doubt the honesty of the process—so different from the usual travesty of the gasping, twitching medium too well known by the unfortunate investigators of these psychic mysteries—not that the proceeding is without pain to the spectator. On the contrary, the very genuineness of the trance makes it more painful, although one is assured that Mrs. Piper herself has departed from the physical body for the time being, leaving it as a vehicle for the controlling "guides." It was very much like watching some one under the influence of a strong anæsthetic—the same stertorous breathing and occasional low moans, succeeded at length by perfect unconsciousness, when the whole body became relaxed, and Dr. Hodgson, having drawn up a small table quickly in front of her, placed two soft cushions on it, putting her left arm under the head in such a position as to afford a support for the latter.

A CHANGE IN HER MEDIUMSHIP.

Mrs. Piper's form of mediumship has undergone a change of late. The former communications through the voice have ceased, giving place entirely to automatic writing, except at the moment of return to the physical body, when a chance sentence or two may be uttered during the period of transition, but these are generally difficult to catch correctly.

Dr. Hodgson had come armed with many pencils, which were changed from time to time, for the writing is so rapid, and generally so faint, that a very sharp-pointed pencil is necessary to make it legible. Even so, it was difficult to read at times, but Dr. Hodgson's long practice and infinite patience helped matters very much.

It seemed to me that I had never understood the true meaning of the word "patience" until I saw Dr. Hodgson's methods on this and a succeeding occasion.

IN PRAISE OF DR. HODGSON.

The hospitality he gives to all attempts at definite communication, however vague and shadowy in outline at first—the infinite patience with which he repeated again and again a question not fully comprehended; combined as these are with his well-known attitude of intelligent criticism and alert dispassionate judgment and balance of mind, combine to make an investigation of psychic phenomena very rarely to be met with in a world where most of us evince in a very marked degree *le defaut de nos qualités*. To combine sympathy, patience, and receptivity with cool and critical judgment seems well-nigh impossible for most men, no matter how intelligent they may be. Certainly Dr. Hodgson has solved the problem to a very remarkable degree.

A SITTING WITH THE NEW CONTROL.

I had two sittings with Mrs. Piper, the control on

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each occasion being one well known to most psychic students as one of the principal controls of the late Mr. Z. I am not allowed to publish the details of these sittings, as a careful and elaborate report of them is being prepared by Dr. Hodgson, and for obvious reasons it would be unfair to anticipate this. I may, however, mention the following facts :—

The control on the first occasion was exceedingly hazy and confused, and the attempt to verify names and dates suggested by me had very little success. As the communications came through the control, and Mr. Z could not at first speak directly to me, this would sufficiently account for the unsatisfactory result, more especially as the weak and enfeebled state of health of Mr. Z. during the last two years of his life would probably affect the nature of the communications. The physical condition on leaving earth-life seems to be taken on again when an attempt is made to return. Dr. Hodgson told me that in the case of his friend "George Robinson," who had passed away in the full vigour of life, and not after years of bad health, the communications from the first were clear and accurate. One thing of personal interest, and also of the nature of a test of intelligence and discernment in the control, happened, which I am at liberty to relate.

DR. HODGSON BANISHED.

Several suggestions were made on the occasion of my first sitting that Dr. Hodgson should leave me alone with the medium; but as these were afterwards partially withdrawn, and I was doubtful of my power to read the very illegible writing, they were not at first acted upon. Later, Dr. Hodgson proposed leaving the room for a short time in order to see if it made any change for the better. The moment he had withdrawn, a quick, eager question was asked, inviting, but by no means endeavouring to force, my confidence. It was a question which might be considered a leading one or not, as I chose to take it. I answered it shortly, but in a way to show that it was not resented, whereupon, without the smallest clue being given, a most accurate description of certain conditions present in my life was given. No names were mentioned, but only a person in perfect touch with the matter referred to could have spoken as this *control* did.

AND THE RESULT.

Advice was given, sympathy and encouragement added to it, and all this with the quick decided manner of some one speaking of a subject with which he was fully conversant: a great contrast to the vague and halting utterances upon matters which would have appeared more obviously easy to "sense" and discuss. If this were mere Thought-Reading (whatever that may mean), then why could not my thoughts have been read with regard to these other matters? It would have been a far easier feat. I had come with no thought of my personal affairs in my head nor expectation of having these mentioned. My *raison d'être* at these sittings was solely to help the late Mr. Z. to give his communications, not to ask leading questions about my own business or conditions; and the statements were as spontaneous as they were unexpected.

On the occasion of the second sitting, the communications referred only to Mr. Z. himself, and he appeared far less vague and more able to speak freely through his guide. A Christian name which I had asked for the previous day was given on this occasion, interpolated between other remarks and quite spontaneous.

TESTS TO BE VERIFIED.

I received no absolute tests that could be verified on the spot, even on this second occasion, but there were some very minute instructions referring both to his papers and to friends of his whom I do not know, and involving several excellent tests, which I hope may be verified on my return to England. Should this prove the case, I shall at once communicate with Mr. Stead, although I may not be allowed to give the details except in confidence to him.

It is very curious to watch Mrs. Piper's right hand as it is used by the controlling power in the automatic writing. After writing a sentence the hand closes to form a sort of telephone mouth, down which you have to make your comments or ask your questions, very slowly and very gently. The instructions for speaking through it are in fact identical with those given for the use of any ordinary telephone. The hand speaks of itself at times as being the brain of the communicating intelligence. At other times it is lifted up against the face of the sitter in a caressing attitude, or again is presented to you like a speaking trumpet as soon as the previous sentence has been recorded.

A third experience in pursuit of psychic developments in Boston was far less satisfactory. Whether you get startling tests from Mrs. Piper or no (and the first-hand testimony of many witnesses questioned by me is that they *have* received such proofs), no one can sit with Mrs. Piper and doubt her honesty or the truth of her trance condition.

II.—A PSEUDO-MATERIALIZING SÉANCE.

It was far otherwise when a famous member of the Harvard staff, whom I will call Dr. X., most kindly volunteered to escort me to a materializing séance. This was all the more noble that he had little or no hope of anything satisfactory occurring, in spite of a young man (in whose psychological state he took an interest) having assured him that in this special house we should find nothing but what was absolutely true and genuine!

We started together—the three of us—and having changed cars, arrived in a remote part of Boston, to find a well-furnished drawing-room with the usual stout woman in command, and some twenty sitters already in position.

THE CABINET.

The cabinet on this occasion (which was examined by Dr. X and myself) was certainly a very flimsy affair, being composed of a few narrow strips of wood, nailed together at wide intervals, and covered with some cheap green calico. The young man we had brought with us, whom I will call Mr. H., told me with triumph that the cabinet "*must* be all right" because he had seen the medium (a young man of seventeen) pick it up and carry it upstairs in his arms! I could not quite see the force of the argument. This could only prove that the cabinet was not permanently attached to the floor. The séance began with the usual speech from the young man who was to act as medium, and whose face was certainly not a guarantee, so far as honesty and rectitude were concerned.

NO MONEY TAKEN—UNLESS GIVEN.

He began by saying no money would be taken. In the first place, it was Sunday evening, when no monetary transactions were legal for any form of lecture or concert. Secondly, he did not believe in taking money

for any *supernatural gifts* or for allowing people an opportunity of speaking with their dead friends.

The effect of these excellent statements was somewhat marred by the peroration, which was to the effect that as mediums must live, eat, and sleep like other mortals, any one who chose might leave one dollar, two dollars, ten, twenty—at this point his eloquence came to an untimely end, caused by the smiles of even his most credulous listeners and admirers.

So he left off and went into the cabinet, having previously altered the arrangement of the sitters again and again, on the plea, of course, of putting the right magnetisms together. The learned professor and I were evidently not to be allowed to sit together, whether because he scented scepticism in both of us, or feared that evil communications might corrupt my fragile faith, I do not know. Later on in the evening we did manage to get within one chair of each other, but this was the limit, the intermediate chair being occupied by the well-meaning but particularly ingenuous youth, Mr. H.

THREE FORMS OF MATERIALIZATION.

The boy medium had begun by saying there were three kinds of mediumship possible in materializing séances, any one of which might be manifested that evening, according to the amount of power present. First and highest came "etherialization," where the spirit assumes the shape of luminous floating clouds or balls; secondly, materialization proper, *i.e.*, the presence of apparently solid bodies like our own (very much like our own on this occasion!); and thirdly, *personation*, where, the power not being strong enough for either of the preceding manifestations, the spirit was forced to use and manipulate the features of the medium into a temporary likeness of him or her self.

The young man seemed to be giving himself plenty of rope, any way!

So the show began. Certainly, as Dr. X. said, there was plenty for the money. Form after form came out, with brief flashes of retirement into the cabinet.

Since my former investigations in America, an ingenious device has been adopted, whereby the light is entirely controlled by the medium from inside the cabinet, being enclosed in a large glass lantern suspended from the far end of the room, and from which cords connect with the cabinet. The ordinary gas-lights were extinguished as soon as the séance began. Although light was given freely at times, one noticed that these times were invariably *after*, not *before*, a materialization.

POSSIBILITIES OF FRAUD.

I do not, however, wish to make inferences, but merely to state facts as honestly as possible. Another thing he had noticed, *i.e.*, that the entire curved wall of the room at the opposite side from the cabinet, connecting with the usual back room, was covered from top to toe with heavy dark green cloth, similar to that which was nailed on the windows close to and behind the cabinet. We had been specially invited to investigate this latter cloth and to see how securely it was fastened over the windows. "No possibility of ingress *there*." Quite true; but where was the necessity for this same heavy material being placed over the other end of the room? It could only be to form a covering for the folding-doors behind. Why should they be covered at all? No one who has experienced the heat of any ordinary American room can plead *draughts* as a possible solution of the problem. In fact, the chief feature of this and of most other séances lies in the utter absence of ventilation, which, during a monotonous sitting of three hours, becomes rather serious.

THE MATERIALIZATIONS.

On the assumption of fraud (and there can be no doubt that uncertainty lay not in the question as to whether there was fraud, but whether any part of the sitting, however trivial, were genuine), I must confess that the way in which the "spirits" appeared in the middle of the floor in front of the cabinet, like rolled-up muslin balls, showed considerable ingenuity and suppleness of joint. Curiously enough, however, the stretching-out process involved in rising to the full stature was far less remarkable, and very much what might be expected from any ordinary and unskilled person in assuming an upright position from a crouching one. As more than one spirit was said to materialize under the chairs of the sitters on the opposite side of the room to us, our theory was very much strengthened, that in these cases the "spirit" entered through the folding-doors so carefully concealed by green cloth, and made its way behind the chairs of the credulous, till it could gain admittance to the cabinet by this pretence of materializing close in the front of it.

Most of the sitters were evidently old stagers; if not "in the swindle," at any rate prepared to believe and admire everything.

It was sickening to hear the constant exclamations of "Oh, what a beautiful spirit! Isn't she *lovely!*" or, "Oh, my! what a fine face he has!" when one of these bundles already described had rolled to the front, and nothing could be seen till it began to arise except a mass of white drapery. One felt inclined to say, "My good man or woman (as the case might be), you might just as well exclaim 'What an exquisite spirit!' when the clothes-basket comes home on Saturday night!"

An hour or two passed with the usual eternal winding up of the musical box. We had sung "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Let us gather by the river," and the usual old repertoire many times over, and Dr. X. and I were becoming bored to extinction, when an incident varied the proceedings.

A TELL-TALE HAND.

At the beginning of the proceedings the young "medium" had professed to be controlled by the spirit of an Indian. Apparently it was not thought worth while to attempt to improvise Red Indian clothing on this occasion; so he merely rushed out of the cabinet in his ordinary evening dress, screaming out from time to time the sort of gibberish that passes muster in these cases, and shaking hands all round. It happens that I always take special and instinctive note of hands, and had therefore been aware that his hand was peculiarly broad across the palm, and that he had very short fingers. There was something distinctive about the clasp and "feel" of the hand that I could not possibly mistake.

Later in the evening poor Mr. H. had his special "sop" prepared for him. It was announced that his angel guide, "Lily," had materialized, and was asking for him. So he went up in great glee and brought "her" back with him—a young girl, apparently, in clinging white garments, and with soft fair hair. She shook hands with Dr. X. and myself. The moment my hand touched hers I recognised the medium's clasp and form of hand without any possibility of mistake. Moreover, the features were very poorly disguised, for

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the salient points—complexion, colouring, &c.—of Angel Lily were those of the young man in question.

A TROUSERED FRAUD.

Of course we had been prepared for "impersonation," but it seemed rather barefaced, and I think put the coping-stone on the accumulated disgust and monotony of the evening, and we were delighted to make our escape at long last. The proceedings ended with some very inferior dancing, supposed to emanate from a deceased *danseuse*, whose white draperies were not sufficiently voluminous to conceal the black trousers of the medium underneath them.

The question naturally arises, "Why should intelligent and sensible people lend the countenance of their presence to such a wretched travesty; to waste of time, money, temper; to listening to hymns sung under circumstances little short of blasphemous?" The only answer I can give is that, unfortunately, some of us (the writer amongst the number) know by experience that a grain of gold *does* appear from time to time amidst all this rubbish, just as a few grains of real gold may be extracted from a hundredweight of surrounding rubble in quartz crushing.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.

A few weeks ago I had attended another séance, of very similar character to the one above described, in Philadelphia, with almost identical results, although in both cases there were grounds for supposing that *something* genuine might be found. How do you account for it? I do not attempt to account for it, but would make a suggestion. In most cases where a medium is not merely paying flying visits to a city or town, but living there from year to year with a recognised *clientèle*, there must probably be occasional successes, few and far between—glimpses of the genuine—stretching, perhaps, over weeks and months, of pure, unadulterated fraud—muslin draperies, Angel Lilys, and all the rest included.

It is the infinitesimal grains of gold in the surrounding quartz that make one willing, at rare intervals, to investigate some new medium who is vouched for as that white crow—an absolutely genuine man or woman.

SOME GENUINE PHENOMENA.

You go, knowing you won't find *that* any more than Diogenes found his honest man, but you *may*, by rare good fortune, strike a vein of temporary and intermittent genuine phenomena.

I have done so even at houses such as these, where the proof did not rest upon cleverly manipulated skirts or even features, but upon the intimate knowledge of details in my own life and that of the supposed communicating personalities, impossible to have been obtained by any process of "fishing," and certainly on two occasions impossible even had the fishing-rod been cast into the waters of my own sub-consciousness. A very common objection takes this form: Is it worth while to "go through so much to learn so little," as the boy said about his alphabet? Yes, most decidedly it is for those who undertake this research. I do not wish to criticise the methods of the S.P.R., with which society I am, and have been for many years, associated.

IS FRAUD NECESSARILY FATAL?

Their axiom is to throw up all investigation where fraud has been discovered. No doubt this may be an excellent rule for such a large and heterogeneous society, forced to make its methods acceptable to such varying tones of mind as are represented amongst its supporters. But to my own mind, fraud in these matters is merely a question of *degree*. When a hungry man steals a loaf of bread, he is put into prison and punished as thief. When a big speculator grows rich through a clever and guarded use of the rules of "commercial morality" he is admired, and called a very smart man of business.

Here the converse holds good.

Cheat on a big scale, and the "fraudulent medium" is exposed. Cheat just a very little, perhaps half unconsciously, and you are quoted as beyond any criticism or question. Again I say and maintain that it is a question of *degree*, where the effects and not the ethics of the subject are involved. The slight embroidery of details, often under the veil of severe accuracy, the pressure on facts in *favour* of a theory (*as often as not a sceptical theory*), the light touch on those facts which would appear to condemn it—the slight personal prejudice—the faint and most natural wish to do *something* to justify a reputation: it may be for crystal gazing, or ordinary clairvoyance, or automatic writing, or raps, or any other form of psychic gift—no honest person would produce any such phenomena fraudulently in cold blood as a paid medium will produce a full-fledged Angel Lily! But in the eagerness of an honest *partial* success, possibly in the almost laudable desire to crush unintelligent and unfair criticism, are we all absolutely innocent of the *slightest* presence of prejudice in the scale of our experiences?

If not—and what broad-minded man or woman can be sure of this absence of colouring matter? on the contrary, it is the more intelligent person who realises that it *must* exist—then I maintain that the "personal equation" must be considered here, just as it has to be considered in the case of every astronomical "observer" at Greenwich, no matter how careful and honest he may be.

There will always be slight, perhaps infinitesimally slight, differences between the results of the most accurate observers. This is an axiom at Greenwich. Why not also at Westminster Town Hall? The question of moral responsibility in the two cases differs widely, of course. But science is not primarily concerned with questions of *morals* but of *facts*. By all means investigate through credible witnesses at first and at last also, provided they supply sufficient material for the research. No one works "placer mines" who has Mount Morgan or Broken Hill at his disposal.

THE TEMPTATION TO PIECE THINGS OUT.

But bear in mind that, even here, no one should be expected to receive testimony without question that depends solely or even chiefly on personal character however exalted. Also that genuine and most interesting and important phenomena have been extracted rarely even from mediums who, having exhausted by abuse some original gift requiring the most careful and delicate handling, are often tempted to resort to fraud to produce phenomena which no longer come spontaneously, and of the conditions of which they are generally profoundly ignorant. To go back for a moment to Mrs. Piper. I have heard quite enough at first hand from various and most intelligent witnesses to leave no room for wonder that she has secured the confidence of all who have sat with her, and am convinced that the information concerning themselves and their families (often including circumstances unknown to the sitters, and therefore *excluding* that convenient cap for all heads—Thought-Transference) is at least supernormal in its source.

VI.—THE SECRET OF MAGIC.

BY MR. C. G. LELAND.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear."
TICKELL.

"A little onward lead thy guiding hand
To these dark steps a little further on!"
"What trick of Memory to *my* Voice hath brought
This mournful iteration?"
WORDSWORTH'S *Poems of Sentiment.*

MAGIC is the art of achieving or doing anything by the aid of supernatural power, that is to say, by the assistance of supposed spirits or intelligencies. This would, of course; include logically all religion with its miracles, and it is certainly true that in Shamanism or the rites of the conjurors among American Indians, Esquimaux, and Africans, magic, in its coarsest forms of theurgy, or wonder-working, or miracle, forms the entire faith of man. As Shamanism probably represents the first spiritual conceptions of humanity, it is of great interest in the study or elucidation of the subject, which I propose to consider. It has also struck many very pious and sincere Protestant writers, to say nothing of innumerable infidels, that the modern miracles of the Church of Rome, its exorcisms of demons, rats, caterpillars, or locusts; its enchanted candles guaranteed to cure a sore throat, its blessing of donkies and lotteries; its amulets and medals, with fumigations and Latin formulas, are all nothing but Magic under another name. And when we find, what no writer, be he Protestant or Catholic, dare deny that, many of these usages existing in Italy, and practised by priests, were old Roman, the assertion is verified. The use of frankincense, burnt in censors, is only one illustration out of perhaps a hundred, which might be alleged. I shall show anon that many of the wisest and most learned, and devout, among priests, Hebrew or Christian, admitted this identity, but for the present I will simply remark that the vast mass, even of educated people, would still be shocked at the calling a devout prayer an incantation or invocation, and yet like any other magic formula it is simply an effort to obtain from supernatural and mysterious power, a request. I have before me a book by a Roman Catholic priest and doctor of medicine, containing the special prayers or invocations to be used for every kind of disease, a different formula for every disorder, and these approach so closely to cabalistical adjurations, that in many the same spirits are named.

To say that the Archbishop of Canterbury, repeating the prayer for rain, which is given in the Prayer Book, and an African Mumbo-Jumbo conjuring to the same end, though with sincerest call, to his own fetish god, have anything in common, naturally strikes most readers as profane. To a man, let us say. from another world, who had never heard of either Christianity or Shamanism, the real difference would not be so perceptible. And, when we find that fire is invoked in the same book as a "creature," we can hardly deny that this implies a living and probably intelligent being. Saint Francis, of Assisi, distinctly and undoubtedly recognised in animals, undeveloped human souls, and called them his brothers and sisters; surely, no pagan ever went deeper than this into the very inmost spirit of heathenism.

To guard the rights and rites of the church, Magic was recognised as of two kinds, good and evil, white and black; that which was worked in the name of the Holy Trinity and that which worshipped the devil. Both branches were, however, regarded with disfavour, since even the white, as it could not be used in public by priests, claimed a power which greatly injured their influence. As regarded divination or foretelling and conjecturing future events, especially in astrology and the mystic power of numbers in arithmetic, there was, indeed, great toleration, but still many books were written by the orthodox from the earliest times against everything of the kind, as leading or inducing to sorcery, necromancy, or devil-worship. There were, however, very few of the learned, who did not dabble, at least, in these, which was no great wonder, when we consider that all the classic literature, which was almost the sole basis of scholarship, including the works of the Church fathers, abounded in what were believed to be authentic instances of the existence of spirits or demons aiding those who knew how to invoke them. Did not Chrysostom meet, converse with, and convert a satyr? In short, there was a debateable wonderland into which even the most pious, armed with faith, might make incursions. So they all tried to learn, at least, what the marvellous art was like.

The basis of Magic, as it was understood and attempted to be practised in Europe by the learned, was the Jewish Cabala. In this, there was no line of demarcation drawn between white and black. Every rabbi recognised its truth, and, anciently, nearly all practised it. Its basis was the Scripture, which was held to be so ineffably mysterious and marvellous, that it contained an inner life or spirit of supernatural revelation, which could be extracted in many ways, by transposing its words, selecting them, reading them backwards, adding to, or taking from them the vowels, and treating them arithmetically, every letter being also a number. Out of this, aided by a vast mass of traditions drawn from Babylonian or other Shemitic sources, the Jews gradually formed an entire system. This was briefly one of emanations from God the first source, or so-called Essenes, the lowest of which are termed in the book attributed to Hermes Trismagistus, "the downward-borne elements of God."

These ranks of emanations were represented by categories of angels. The various names attributed to the Creator himself became spirits, forming the very natural transition from the One, who is in all, or Pantheism to Polytheism. While the Jews were strictly monotheistic, their occult philosophy taught that—

"All were but parts of one tremendous whole,
Whose body Nature was, and God the soul."

This contradiction disposed the Hebrews to subsequently accept the Persian dualism, which recognises Ormuzo and Ahriman, the contending good and evil principles. Hence, the power of Satan and his attempts to win souls. Therefore, Cabalistic Magic abounds in instances of endeavouring to compel demons or devils to obey man by the use of the holy names of God and his cognate angels. To fully understand this, the reader has only to consult the occult philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa, to which might be added quite a

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library of similar works, a few of which are reprinted, even at the present day for the use of true believers. There are still in Poland and Germany many learned rabbis, who continue to study the Cabala in ancient scrolls; I have heard of one, even in New York, who discovers stolen goods by the power of the Sephiroth, and other processes.

When the last of the true prophets had passed away, the Jews, unwilling to be without some medium of communion with God, found it in a mysterious spirit which they called *Bath Kol*, or the Daughter of the Voice. This was a sound, first detected in the echo of the ceiling of a vault in the temple at Jerusalem. From that time the Voice was invoked in many ways. Thus a human head, dried and mummified and prepared with mysterious ingredients and duly conjured, was believed to speak. The same was done with the body of an infant. Here we have probably an Egyptian origin. The mummy was always attended by a guardian spirit in the Land of Misoaim, and regarded rather as a case of suspended animation than a corpse.

That a Voice speaks in a mysterious manner, be it in the wind, or the sound of a rushing stream, in the rustling of leaves, from the earth, or from an ancient tomb, is a belief almost inherent in all races. We need not go to tradition for it, children often fancy that they hear it. Once in the Köppernthal, near Hamburg les Bains, I myself heard a sound marvellously like that of children talking, caused by the babbling and murmuring of a brook. In an Algorkin tale, an Indian is misled by a sorcerer who imitates this same sound, and leads him away, and along a stream, until he finds it is nothing but the sound of the water. In England, within the memory of man, it was found that in a certain place, children were accustomed to go to an old tomb, which was a square high vault with a slab of stone at one side in which there was a hole, to which they put their ears to hear, as they said, "the dead people talking." It was probably some draught of air, or the resonant sound like that of a shell applied to the ear, which at times seems to imaginative persons a voice in which they can distinguish words. In Italy it is believed that by taking a sea-shell, or an old vase or pitcher, after pronouncing the proper incantation, one can hear the utterances of a certain spirit.

It is recorded that the first line composed by Tennyson, when he was a child, was the following:—

"I hear a Voice that's speaking in the Wind."

All of this has been suggested to me by a very curious little old parchment-bound manuscript on magic. It bears the singular title of *Ludus Puerorum in Numesica Scientia, Auetore Fratris Johannis à Cento, di Luigi Cellai Fiorentius*, 1787, and is evidently a variation and copy of some old Cabalistic work. This consists of 160 very closely and elaborately written, and often decorated, tables of numbers. The author in one place declares that he has been indebted to Pico Mirandola. In a novel by G. P. R. James, Chicot sings that the famous Crichton

"Readeth the Cabala
Like wise Mirandola."

Despite many pages of explanation, in Italian and Latin, the whole of this arithmetical Cabala is to me quite unintelligible, albeit it proposes to solve such simple questions as, "Quid agit Plato dum dormit?" which hints at hypnotism, and, "Au possint creari novi mundi?"

To one who is not naturally "good at figgers," even the first lesson, teaching how to get the key of fortune, is beyond hope. I am rapt like the Pythoness into verse by the bewildering witch *aura* of the second, which teaches:

"How the deuce,
Binarius ab Unitate (*sic*)
Recipit asse. Unde producit
Ternarium. Et in quater nitudine,
Ternarius ter productus efformat
Clavem—which being won is but the A
Of a tremendous alphabet, enough
To turn the brain of an astrologer;
Although to extract the Key of the Pyramid,
Or that of the Divine Intelligence,
By the Ineffable Triple Rule of Three,
Helped by strange conjurations, offered up
Unto the Angel of the Sephiroth,
Is far more serious and difficult
And calls for awful ciphering indeed."

For our author combines all the terrors of arithmetic with the higher horrors of the Cabala. Ever and anon he toys with the Schemhampforash, which the transcriber has made into Semiforas, and illustrates the present, future, and past with such names of intelligences as, Sabaoth, Eulachiel, Torugaliel, Raphael, Salathial, declaring, in parenthesis, that he submits provisionally to the opinion of the Church and its sublime Pontiff as to the orthodoxy of all this.

But with page 161 Brother Johannes à Cento, having got through with his Arithmetic, begins with Magia, or Magic proper; and here we have indeed something which is, when fully considered, singularly interesting. It is a celestial city of recreation and repose after his algebraical Valley of the Shadow of Death. All that is necessary, according to him, to master all supernatural knowledge or power, is to firstly produce in our own mind, by the aid of six sigils (seals or medals) a three days' fast, and the solemn repetition of the prayer of St. Thomas and the ninetieth psalm, a certain inspiration, which is described as follows:—

"After the numerical Cabala follows the Divine, which is called the Mental Cabala, or the Celestial Illustration, which is so called because after having made a demand in our mind, we receive the reply by means of an instantaneous, celestial mental *Illustration* which may be on anything which can be known. But as this divine science comes only from God we must seek to be in the grace of the Supreme Being, in order to bless the following divine and sacrosanet seals, on the days and at the times indicated."

Then follow the pen-drawings of the seals, the first of which, to be used on the first Sunday in March, bears the name of Barachiel, Benedictis Dei, the letters A D, R M, and the name of Jehovah four times repeated in Hebrew letters. The succeeding five seals are respectively of Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Scaltiel, and Jehudiel. These seals are to be drawn on virgin parchment. While making them repeat the Latin prayer of St. Thomas, which is given, and the ninetieth psalm. Then the answer to the question will come of itself into the mind of the operator. The key to the whole lies in the concluding words:—

"The question may be put in any language and on any subject—*scibile*—past, present, or future, but one must seek to be united to the Eternal Being to acquire this science, which we call (the) Universal Reception."

Nota bene, be it well observed, that intense mental concentration, abstraction of mind, or will directed to a single idea, is what is chiefly needed. That is to say,

that all magic is simply self-hypnotization or self-induced suggestiveness, of which I shall speak or write "later on."

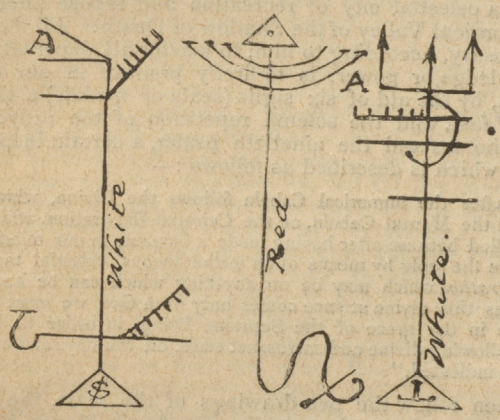
The second and last process may be described as materialising thought. It is extremely interesting, as directly illustrating the belief in the *Bath-Kol*, or the "Daughter of the Voice." It is certainly from a Hebrew original, and is in all probability the great invocation of the Cabalists to that last great exponent of the belief in prophecy or inspiration. It is entitled, *Magia, Voce Anglico Auriculare*, or, "Magic, the angelic audible Voice," and runs as follows :—

"I have said before in this work that naught should be wanting of that which is hidden and veiled in the obscure penetralia of occult philosophy. Therefore, after having set forth the harmonic chain of Numbers, the Responsive, and the science of Mental, Celestial, Universal Reception, there is wanting only Magic, and behold how I reveal also the secret of this divine art, and let you see that to learn it is only a *Ludus Picerorum*, or child's play.

"All the art of Magic, therefore, consists in naught save the acquisition of the auricular, or audible spirit, and this is all the secret of the occult of Agrippa, Trithemius, and others; and it is this :—

"Among the branches of occult philosophy there is a very easy method of knowing at will all that can be known—present, past, and future—by means of a truly angelic voice, which utters to the ear of the Master every reply to his free questions, and to possess this knowledge you must operate as follows :

"Take the skin of a newly born kid, such as is called virgin parchment, and paint on it three winged angels with the corresponding characters under each angel, and the characters are these :—



"The virgin chart being thus prepared you must go into a very clean room in which there is placed a new altar on which is spread a very white cloth, quite new, and on it there shall be aloes, myrrh, cinnamon, ambergris, and virgin sulphur, all fitly arranged.

"Then begin a fast which must last for three days in that chamber, and during all the time the operator must be chaste as to women.

"When the fast is ended the Oblation thereof must be made before the figure depicted, and it must thus be uttered, standing up, with all the fervour possible.

THE OBLATION.

"I dedicate to you, oh Angels and heavenly spirits, this my fast, which I have endured in your honour; grant, therefore, of your grace unto my will that I may obtain the true Voice which I seek, Abraym! Abraym! Abraym!

"Then having ready a small fire and a plate of virgin tin, burn the things mentioned (the perfumes), and while they are consuming, say :

"May the aromatic perfume, inspiring with its sweet smell, heart and brain, rise unto you, Sadoc, Adonay, Saday! as I raise my hands."

(Here the operator raises the plate with both hands).

"Even so may ye receive the perfume of my heart, God the greatest and best inspiring one!"

Then the plate is laid down and we begin the cabalistical

CONJURATION.

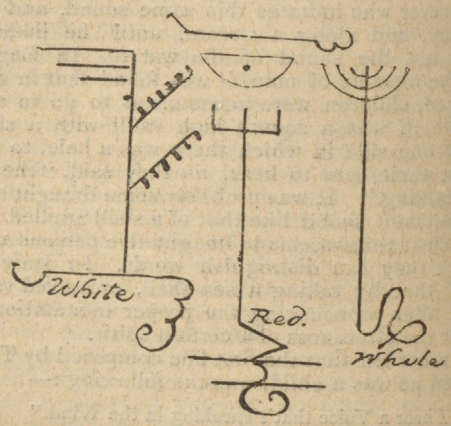
"I adjure thee Adonai, I adjure thee Sadoc and Zieuz, that ye reply to me visibly and invisibly, by Amazaind, Sem and Cam the just son of man. I pray ye that without offence ye receive me in the soul as master in all possible science, so that by your aid I may know what I wish of the past, present, and future, God the best and greatest so willing!"

Then at this instant there will be heard a voice which will say "Ask!" but no attention should be paid to it, and with the eyes steadfastly fixed on the three angels, painted on the parchment, say as follows :—

"I ask that when I shall have made my request as I seek thee with thy characters hereunder (inscribed) that thou tell me in my ear what I desire to know!"

Then the spirit, compelled by the great virtue and power of the divine names pronounced in the conjuration, will at last say, "I will serve thee most willingly."

This done burn the figure and then make in paper (parchment?) whatever demand you choose, always blowing on the writing while making the request (or directing the breath on it while speaking). And after the question make the following characters :—



This is the accustomed formula to be made every time when demanding anything in writing, and the same are the characters appropriate, but, at the same time, according to that intent and disposition of the master. While making the formula he should utter the names Sadoc, Adonay, Sadey! While making with the hand those characters, according to the day of the request.

I may here observe that, as I understand the author, the characters are to be drawn in the air with the finger while uttering the names, as appears more evident by what follows :—

One must be careful to be very attentive while the voice speaks in the ear very promptly in answer. Also be careful to move the hand in exact time and accordance with the letters (of the names).

"Behold, therefore, how simply is set forth the whole art of Magic, so that even a child can learn it.'

In which invocation of the auricular spirit there is far more than meets the ear.

A very voluminous and gravely scientific writer on

hypnotism, who has made innumerable and greatly varied experiments, more than once suggests that by means of the new "science," "which has to mesmerism the same relation which astronomy bears to astrology," it will be possible to explain the marvels attributed to Magic, without proving the latter—*a la Salvesté*—to be all humbug and juggling. And truly this curious treatise on the voice goes far to confirm the opinion, and is of the more importance because, as the writer observes, it includes *all* Magic. For truly he who has a spirit-voice to tell him everything has indeed all knowledge.

Hypnotism is objective and subjective. In the former an operator who can succeed in inducing sleep in any person by magnetic passes, or fixing the vision on his own eyes, can also, during that sleep, order the patient to remember something to be done after awaking. Thus, if he tells the latter that at ten o'clock the next morning, or at any other time, he (the subject) must begin to dance, or pray, or go and visit a particular friend, it will certainly be done, because at the appointed hour there will arise in the mind an irresistible impulse or desire to fulfil the command. There appear to be actually thousands of perfectly authenticated cases, to the effect that whatever is ordered by the operator is fulfilled. If the patient is told to hear a voice, that voice will be heard. According to popular expression, which in itself means almost nothing, the imagination of the one hypnotised takes extremely vivid forms. That all these marvels come *from the subject himself*, and are due to as yet not understood functions of the brain, is very evident.

In subjective hypnotism the same person is at once object and operator; that is to say, he hypnotises himself. This can be effected by looking steadily at any point, especially something bright, such as a metallic or crystal ball, directing the mind to it, and excluding all other thought. The looking at it cross-eyed facilitates the process. Now, if before bringing on such sleep, the operator will exert his will, with great concentration, he may bring many curious things to pass, according to the vigour or susceptibility of his mind, and the practice which he has had, the latter being of great importance, since few really succeed until after repeated experiments.

Firstly, he may determine to awake at a certain hour. This succeeds with most people even at the first trial. By gently and firmly exerting the will or persuading oneself, as it were, we can also induce sleep. Violent effort or vigorous thought has quite the contrary effect. We must keep the mind steadily but in a softly persuasive manner to one subject. The whole art lies in apprehending or catching this combination of resolution with ease. He who can keep his attention or "mind" for a long time at one subject or point, no matter how insignificant, without straying and without exertion, can achieve wonders.

By this directing and *willing* our conscious waking power, we can bring ourselves to dream of certain subjects or people, and to remember certain things when awake at any future time. It cannot be done all at once, any more than one can learn to read in one lesson, but with steady perseverance most people can achieve all this. Generally speaking, by giving an hour a day to the mental exercise, the most refractory cases achieve, in from one to four weeks' time, some remarkable performances such as may encourage them to persevere. It is to be noted, especially, that after a few days' self-teaching we begin to anticipate the hour with impatience. Perhaps the best time for practice is that between going to bed and falling asleep.

How or in what manner the brain acts so as to produce these marvellous results is as yet unknown. Some light is, however, cast upon it by a knowledge of certain facts. According to the old-fashioned spiritual-metaphysical theory, the soul consists of certain extremely mystical portions or divisions, such as judgment, memory, perception, imagination, reflection, &c., over the functions and relations of which different sects quarrelled, even as they did over religions and to as much purpose.

The now despised science of phrenology did, however, great service in accurately indicating that certain faculties occupied certain parts of the brain. That the scholar and poet have differently shaped heads from grooms and prize-fighters had long been observed. Physiology has at last, on this basis, determined the site of memory, which, as Plato said, is the mother of intellect, a far deeper idea than would at first appear. Memory, in the metaphysical-mystical system, was a sub-division of spirit—whatever that was. It is now held that there are millions of cells in the portion of the brain assigned to memory, every one of which contains an idea or *image*. Whatever we see or receive by the senses supplies images which go to their proper cells, possibly guided by greater or less association. That there is some kind of a law or laws of grouping them in small communities is almost apparent. Therefore all that we have ever known is in our heads. Sometimes, as many writers—for example, Coleridge—have observed, extremely latent images are recalled by extraordinary influences. A man whose waking thinking power—or "judgment," for want of a better word—has quite forgotten a language, will speak it again when in delirium.

What we know when wide awake consists of such action of the "mind," and the use of such images as have become familiar by frequent use. This is strictly our common sense, or such as is generally common to all. But no man knows what he knows, or all that is hidden among the sleeping images in his brain.

When we are awake common sense is in action, but it goes to sleep to recuperate its power. Deprived of sleep it becomes disorganized or crazy. But while we sleep many images which have been dormant during our waking hours steal softly forth and combine as it were into irregular or wild dances or dramas, which are known as dreams.

How or what the directing power is which guides and forms the images into a plot, such as it may be, is as yet unknown. Sometimes it displays a power like that of common sense, sometimes it is like madness. A man can dream that he is hearing or reading a tale, and at the same time acting it. He really knows not which. Be it also observed—and this deserves a *nota bene*—we have all, thousands of times in our lives, formed deductions, inferences, conjectures as to how certain events will turn out. All of this has gone to sleep in different cells. There is no one living who, if he had all these at his command, could not astonish the world by sage conclusions, which would be prophecies. Sometimes the dream awakens these, and a prediction is the result.

We may call this power imagination, since to it is attributed a mental action which is not that of common sense. But as the latter sometimes acts in dreams, so the dream steals into our waking thoughts. When we sit in a "brown-study" while awake, something like a

dream often comes over us. We at such a time dismiss all active thought, giving ourselves up to simple feeling, or waking repose. In such quiet, which has something of sleep in it, the images often slide imperceptibly out of their cells, and form what may be called a waking vision. MacIrish and Dendy mention the *day-mare*, which is like a nightmare; I myself have experienced it. In fact, whenever the mind is abstracted to a single idea, as when painting a picture, or in composing poetry, the dream or imagination displays itself. It is here as if one man worked while another brings him materials.

All of this does not explain why a human being can be put to sleep, but it is worth noting that a chicken, if we put its head under its wing, slumbers at once. Also, if we hold a cock with his head downwards, the bill touching a table, and draw a straight line with a piece of chalk, the eyes following it converge, and a state like coma is the result, nor does the balance between imagination and common sense make anticipatory memory clear, though it leads up to it. Altogether, we may, however, conjecture a higher latent kind of will, superior to both, which, apart from waking consciousness, keeps a command or order on record, and fulfils it at the appointed time. If we possess unconscious memory of the past, we may also have one for the future.

Now to return to the Cabala; the author declares that all Magic reduces itself to obtaining knowledge, by two processes, the first being the *illustration*, which is an answer in the mind, or a mental perception. This is perfectly clear, intelligible, and practical. The intellect bent by steady attention to sigils or seals and characters, prayer and invocation, is above all, hypnotised, as thousands of saints and mystics hypnotised it, by following the special command to seek all the time union with the Eternal Being. Thus, the latent images, and especially the hidden experiences of inference and conjecture are awakened—truly, we know not how—but every experiment in hypnotism has proved that it is done, and we get the result in an answer. It is as if an operator were to give a difficult sum in arithmetic to a subject, in his trance, tell him to solve it, and present the answer on the next day in his waking hours. And he would do it.

The problem of the Voice is only a more advanced step of the same mental action. I have said that by holding a sea-shell, or the mouth of a pitcher or vase to the ear, we hear a sound like that of the distant sea.

> For it remembers its august abode,
> And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

If the experimenter be at all imaginative, he can bring himself in time to think that he can detect murmured words. With time and faith, this seldom fails. But, if he "do without" a shell—and here I speak from repeated personal experience—he has only to will, wait and listen, and he will hear what, to me, at least, appears to be a sound like that of a softly rushing river, or faint murmuring. If he repeat to himself a short sentence he will hear it in the sound. It appears at first to be fancied, but in time it becomes more independent, and audible. It has happened to me several times when quite young that, at the very instant of dropping to sleep, when so many experience a strange convulsive start, I seemed to hear a voice which uttered a cry or a single word, such as *Come!* very distinctly.

The peasants of the Toscana Romagna believe that the sound from a shell held to the ear will be gradually changed to words uttered by a spirit, if a certain conjuration or spell be pronounced over it. I have this spell given to me by a fortune-teller. I believe that in perhaps all instances, these *scongiurazione* are of northern Latin origin (as is proved by much intrinsic evidence) and were, therefore, originally Etruscan.

The perfectly authenticated instances of people who have fancied that they heard voices speaking to them, even habitually, are numerous. I knew a boy of seven or eight years of age, who declared that a spirit, whom he called "Bill," constantly talked with him, and explained to him his lessons, especially the sums in arithmetic. I am not inclined to think that there was any deceit in this case. He made no parade of his invisible friend, and seemed to regard him very much like another boy, but one of superior intelligence. When anything seemed doubtful he always said: "I must ask Bill about that?" He had a singular fancy for collecting all kinds of bottles, of which he made a kind of museum. Beyond these peculiarities he was quite like any other lively, good little boy.

The Cabalistic directions to secure spiritual aid enjoin a three days' fast. All over the world, and among races even who have not learned the custom by tradition, it is known that, while in a state of hunger, we have clear and vivid dreams, and at such times and under such conditions they are most agreeable.

When I was a soldier during the Civil War in America, and was often for days together half starved, so that I often slept merely to forget hunger (recalling the proverb, "*Qui l'dort, dine*"), my dreams were remarkably vivid and interesting.

By some extremely strange and mysterious law of nature, whenever the digestive organs with the appetite are abused, overloaded, or even in action, an antagonism with the *bien-être*, a happy condition of the imagination, memory, and dreaming faculty manifests itself. If a man drinks alcohol to excess and gets the delirium tremens or *mania a potu*, he is haunted by waking visions of all kinds of horrors, or of things specially repulsive to him, such as snakes, reptiles, demons, and spectres. Food difficult to digest, eaten just before going to sleep, generally produces evil dreams or nightmare. Those who see in this the manifest intervention of a higher power to the end of moral instruction, forget to explain, however, why the eating a Welsh rabbit, or lying on the back—neither of which can be regarded as sins by the strictest moralist—often produce the most terrible mental suffering in the minds of the best of men. Nay, they are often made to commit crimes and impure acts in dreams, the memory of which horrifies them when awake, which is, to say the least, a somewhat singular method of teaching religion and good conduct.

Among the Indians of North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, dreams are very much studied as revelations from a superior intelligence and as guides to conduct. They are always prepared for by several days' severe fasting with prayer and conjuration. The result in numerous cases is so remarkable as to naturally seem miraculous to all who do not understand causes. Therefore, it can be easily imagined that a Cabalist, inspired with the extremest faith in an age when all the popular mind was steeped in superstition and filled with solemn religion, after three days' fasting, his senses, bewildered with the scent of burning perfume, and his soul trembling with the belief that awful spirits were gathering round him, should be hypnotised, that is to say, have his mind brought to unconscious inner action, and driven to seek among buried memo-

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ries an answer. There is nothing at all improbable in this. It could be brought to pass with at least one person in five, in this our sneering, jeering, flippant age, which *believes* itself to be incredulous, which grins and giggles when witchcraft or sorcery is mentioned—which "don't believe in that sort of thing, you know"—and which would shiver or faint with horror at a night-gown on a broom in the dusk, or phosphorous eyes and mouth on an indiarubber ball—it being a fact that those who disbelieve ignorantly are practically on a par with the stupidly credulous. Unless we perfectly knew the whole conditions of their existence and *raison d'être*, it is as *silly* to disbelieve in ghosts, dreams, and sorcery as to put boundless faith in them on mere tradition. For all these things *really exist*, only it is in a different way or manner, or under different conditions from what we have imagined. He who twenty years ago had asserted that a time would come when the Voices of the Dead might be heard speaking, would have been regarded as a visionary, but the phonograph has brought it to pass. And there were few, indeed, if any, who anticipated that there were those living who would see through opaque substances, even to masses of iron.

It is a wonderful fact that as we advance to causes, matter recedes from the perception of the senses, while it really gains in effective power. Anciently, men believed in four primary active elements; then electricity and galvanism were discovered, then ether; now we anticipate with reason the detection of far more subtle and powerful underlying forces. Every step takes us no nearer to what *seems* like spirit and *occulta*, yet is not. Science, for aught we know, may bring us to undiscovered senses, and beings who live under conditions all unlike our own, so that we may yet realise that—

> All over doth this outer earth
> An inner earth enfold.

Only it will not be spiritual as we now understand the word, nor occult or mysterious according to the old meaning. There will, in fact, be nothing whatever that is mystical in it. No inner light or revelation will be required to behold it, for it will be set forth by the chemist or natural philosopher, and not by the magus or the priest.

The question between matter and spirit, which is such a terrible puzzle to many, has, however, of late lost much of its terror to those who, living in the Borderland, are more familiar with the phantoms which are half real, half ideal. I wrote, some time ago, a poem on "The New Magic," in which my own views of the question were set forth as follows:—

> I think that Life is all material,
> Since Science has not shown to man as yet
> A thing not made of atoms fired with force,
> Or power hidden in power; yet 'tis true
> That every step we make seems to awake
> The transcendental problem of a line
> Which ever coming nearer, still veers off
> Till we perceive "Infinity alone
> Can satisfy the Equation"—so 'twould seem,
> That matter will for ever seek the Ideal,
> Or the Spiritual which 'twill never reach—
> Yea, though we solved all mysteries of Mind,
> Of Thought, and of Creation, answered all
> The questions, doubts and problems which to-day
> Divide the Theist and the Atheist,
> We should be no jot nearer to the end,
> Since mysteries new succeed to mysteries solved
> At rate of compound interest—let it pass—
> Sufficient for to-day is what we have.
> As yet we have not quite learned how to think,
> And so must do our thinking by and by.

All of this appears to utterly want romance or interest to those who retain the old associations which cling to "superstitions," or those mere associations or *habits* of feeling, which, in reality, constitute most of the religion or attachments of all the unthinking world. But this romance, or association, is evidently transferring itself very rapidly into new conditions. "I can find you in money," said a father to his daughter when he increased her allowance, "but I can't find you in fancies." We are all having the solid cash of scientific discovery rapidly increased—the romance or æsthetics we must invent for ourselves—or "find our own fancies." And as even the most illiterate have never failed in the past to supply, or rather over-supply themselves with the interesting or marvellous, the romantic and humorous, it may be safely assumed that there will always be ready as much as may be required. And what if none be required, and the world *should* forget all its old interest in fairy-tales, absorbed in the more delightful experiences of the laboratory? Well, *we* shall be in our grave by that time, and need not concern ourselves thereover, *Aprés nous la deluge!*

MR. EDWARD MAITLAND.

THE BIOGRAPHER OF MRS. DR. KINGSFORD.

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VII.—THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF MR. MAITLAND.

EDWARD MAITLAND, the friend, comrade, and biographer of Dr. Kingsford, who died at Tonbridge on September 20th after a long but painless illness, had a strange and chequered career. As a youth he went to the Pacific Slope, where he married his wife, Esther, who died in Australia. Mrs. Maitland was the chief agent in establishing the close relations between her husband and Mrs. Kingsford, which was such a great source of mutual help and comfort to both.

THE WIFE'S POSTHUMOUS DEVOTION.

He was sitting with Dr. Kingsford in a séance when his wife first revealed herself to him in a somewhat remarkable fashion. On asking the name of the control, says Mr. Maitland—

The name was given of my wife, who had died twenty years before in Australia, and whose name was known to no one present beside myself. It was *Esther*. Completely taken by surprise—for the length of the interval had prevented me from anticipating a communication from that quarter—I exclaimed, "Have you, then, been about me all these years unsuspected by me?"

"I have been much with Mary," was the reply, meaning by "Mary" my colleague, that being, as we came now for the first time to learn, her spiritual or "initiation" name, given her by our illuminators as the representative of the soul, the Biblical symbol for which is Mary, which name also occurs twice among her own names. The above reply suggested to me an explanation of a phenomenon which had greatly perplexed me, but of which I had made no mention. This consisted in the apparent transformation on that very morning of Mary into the complete likeness of my wife, though the resemblance between them was but slight. She herself was unconscious of this change of aspect, and I wondered how the likeness could come and go. I now ascribed it to a momentary transfiguration, caused by the apparition of my wife forming itself over her, and enveloping her as with a veil in such wise as to render herself visible to me.—"Life of Dr. Kingsford." (I. 140.)

A MESSAGE FOR A PUBLISHER.

Mrs. Kingsford after this had a visit from the wife (deceased) on a matter of business. Her story as she gave it to Mr. Maitland was as follows—

"You remember how our sitting was closed yesterday evening by Esther saying she would come to me alone. Well, in the night I dreamt that a lady, dressed in a dark costume, and with a veil over her face, came to see me in my room. She sat opposite to me by the fire, and when she lifted her veil, I was struck by the resemblance to myself. She seemed greatly agitated, and said with much emotion and earnestness—speaking, as I understood, of you—'He has been so imprudent. For God's sake go instantly to Tinsley's. I will go before you.' 'What is the matter?' I asked; 'what has he to dread?' 'His relatives,' she replied, specifying two of them. 'They will stop his book, and plot against him to take him away. He has been so imprudent.' And this she repeated several times, concluding with again imploring me to lose no time in seeing Tinsley, and saying that she would prepare the way for me." (I. 143.)

Mrs. Kingsford paid the visit, and found it timely and useful and then reported the visit to Mr. Maitland. On his showing her, for the first time, a portrait of his wife, she at once recognised it, and exclaimed, "It was she who came to me in my dream last night."

A VISION OF HIS MOTHER.

After having thus definitely installed "Mary," alias Dr. Kingsford, in her place as companion and helpmeet, Esther only makes very occasional appearances. Mr. Maitland seems to have been always a seer. This is his account of how his mother appeared to him. He was writing alone one time when—

My mother's image appeared unmistakably before me. Not, as the event proved, her mental image merely, but her actual spiritual self. For at the moment of my completing the sentence, and almost before I had time to recognise that I was not alone, her well-remembered tones struck on my ears in the most unmistakable manner, and in a voice that anyone might have heard, calling me by the endearing diminutive she had ever used for me, and exclaiming, "O Eddie! Eddie! We have found each other at last!" No use was made of my organs for this utterance. She spoke from without, standing close by me on the right. But the next instant she flung herself upon me in an all-pervading embrace in which we seemed to mingle together into one, and gave way to a violent burst of joyous sobbing and crying, causing the tears to stream from my eyes. Profoundly affected as I was, my intellectual faculties were even more on the alert than my emotional feelings. And I was occupied in examining intently a phenomenon so strange as that of a person discharging tears and sobs without being himself a party to them. On her part it was an immense and unrestrained burst of glad-some weeping. (I. 28.)

THE APPARITION OF HIS FATHER.

He saw his mother in the day-time. His father came at night. He says—

The first intimation of my possession of a new visual faculty was an apparition of my father, then some ten years dead. I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, and was in that state of perfect mental quiescence which lies between waking and sleeping, but is neither of them, wherein—as I came to learn by experience—the system is accessible to impressions which would otherwise escape recognition; just as a pool of water, when its surface is at rest, receives and truly reflects images which the least motion dispels.

Mr. Maitland says that the visual faculty by which he saw his father enabled him to see many other things, including the mental interior of men and the souls of trees.

A RARE FACULTY.

Mr. Maitland says—

By means of this newly-developed faculty I found myself able to discern the interior personality of those about me, and this so much more clearly than the exterior as to render the latter the tenuous and shadowy and the former the substantial and real, to the complete inversion of the relations ordinarily regarded as subsisting between spirit and matter. The ability to do this was not without its distressing side. (196.)

As might be imagined. Once he found himself most utterly wretched, suffering torture with no apparent cause. He found he—

was in the midst of a gang of vivisectors, their sympathisers, abettors, and partisans, and it was their spiritual tastes which had so keenly affected me. (I. 91.)

His description of the soul of a tree is interesting. The tree—

opened from top to bottom, disclosed, pervading its entire fabric

—trunk, branches, and farthest twigs—a slender and delicate form, most exquisitely traced, and vivid, luminous, and distinct as a flash of silvery lightning. The apparition lasted but for an instant, and the tree closed up again, hiding what I had seen from my view; but leaving the notion vividly expressed on my mind that the tree was actually instinct with a life or soul identical with what might be predicted of my own.

HEARING FROM THE INSIDE OF THE EAR.

When he was writing concerning the perfect man, an august being whom he describes as a spirit belonging to the order called "the Planctaries" bent over him as if reading or inspiring what he wrote. As he finished his sentence—

At this moment—my mind being so wholly preoccupied with the utterance, and all that I saw it involved—as to make me oblivious of all else—the presence I had felt bending over me darted itself into me just below the cerebral bulk at the back of my neck, the sensation being that of a slight tap, as of a finger-touch; and then in a voice full, rich, firm, measured, and so strong that it resounded through the room, exclaimed, in a tone indicative of high satisfaction, "At last I have found a man through whom I can speak!" (I. 113.)

So powerful was the intonation that the tympana of my ears vibrated to the sound, palpably bulging outwards, showing that they had been struck on the inner side, and that the presence had actually protected itself into my larynx and spoken from within me, but without using my organs of speech. I was conscious of being in radiant health at the time, and was unable to detect any symptom of being otherwise. My thought, too, and observation were perfectly coherent and continuous, and I could discern no smallest pretext for distrust of the reality of the experience. And my delight and satisfaction, which were unbounded, found expression in the single utterance, "Then the ancients were right, and the Gods ARE!"

THE TYPEWRITER AS AN AID TO CLAIRVOYANCE.

One of my stenographers can use the typewriter automatically as I use my pen, but Mr. Maitland found the typewriter a distinct aid to clairvoyance!—

Although it was not only when I was writing that I found myself exercising the faculty of introvision or clairvoyance, I reckoned as among the means which ministered to the development of this faculty my recent adoption of a typewriter for my literary work; the effect of which was, by concealing from view the words written, to leave the mind free to follow the idea which was seeking expression, wholly unoccupied by aught else. I came to learn later that the state thus induced by the use of the typewriter was no other than that state of trance or ecstasy which constitutes the *Yoga* of the Hindoos, and consists in such abstraction of the mind from the outer and lower ranges of the consciousness as enables it to enter its inner and higher ranges. (I. 106.)

He maintains that he was perfectly convinced as to the objective reality of the appearances which occurred when he was—

quite alone, confident of being in perfect health, physical and mental, and in possession of full consciousness, calm and collected; and they must make their appeal to more senses than one, and to the mind as well as to the senses.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Mr. Maitland says—

The first physical manifestation received by me consisted in my wrist being grasped by some invisible agency, while I was using my typewriter, and forcibly guided over the keys, the words being presented simultaneously to my mind, but only as they were being written. For the greater part of a page I sat and watched while this continued, freely yielding my hand to the influence. Not only was the grasp firm and strong, but the movement differed in character from my own, very much as does the fingering on an organ differ from that on a pianoforte. "This," I said to myself, "must be what is meant by being a medium." It was the first disclosure to me of the existence of unseen intelligences able to operate directly on the organism, and independently of the mind of the individual.

There was another point of identity which I recognised as subsisting between my own experiences and those of the mystics generally. This was the suspension of the ordinary respiration during the ecstasy or trance state and the substitution for it of an internal respiration, as if by the breathing of a distinct personality within and other than the physical organism. This condition would continue for an hour or even longer, according to the period of abstraction and the degree of its intensity. (I. 132.)

A VISION OF HIS SON: PROPHETIC.

Mr. Maitland had an interesting clairvoyant prophetic vision of his son. It was during the Russo-Turkish war. He was a sad Russophob; wrote a book in favour of Turkey, and when travelling by train one day was inspired to exclaim—

"Arm, then, O England; arm as to fight for all that thou holdest dearest in time and in eternity. Give without stint of thy sons and of thy daughters, those to receive, these to heal, the wounds of thy salvation." At this moment, not having in my mind any thought of my own son, a brilliant shaft of light, like a luminous arrow, seemed to me to dart through the carriage window into my brain, bearing on its barb a perfectly distinct image of my son, wearing a military uniform, and in a prostrate attitude. As he was not in any military service, nor had any prospect of entering such a service, the apparition gave me the greatest alarm, as portending some personal disaster in connection with the impending war. As soon as I had recovered my composure I took note of the time of the occurrence. It was 3 P.M. and the day Monday. (I. 136.)

A few days after he met his son.

His first words after our greeting were: "I want to go to Turkey." "I know you do," I replied sadly; adding, "in what capacity?" "As a soldier," he said. "I know you do," I said again. "How do you know it?" he asked; "I only knew it myself on Monday." I replied that it was on Monday afternoon I had learned it. At the very time I thought it he had decided to go.

A VISION OF HIS SON: HISTORIC.

Mr. Maitland never got on well with his son. Why, he never knew until the doctrine of reincarnation came opportunely to the rescue and a waking vision showed him that his son was the reincarnation of a man who one hundred years before had killed his own previous incarnation! The story, as he tells it, is as follows:—

Suddenly and without the smallest anticipation, as I lay in bed in the early morning between sleeping and waking, I found myself actually fighting a duel with one whom I recognised as him who is my son. We were in the costume of the Cromwellian period; he was certainly a cavalier, as was shown by his coat and hat as they lay on the ground, for we had both divested ourselves of these articles, and were fighting in our shirt-sleeves. And I thought I also was a cavalier; not, however, on account of my garb, for though my hat and coat were also on the ground, they were too far to the rear of where I stood for me to see them sufficiently well to note which party they denoted me as belonging to. And the encounter was too warm to allow of my glancing back at them, had I thought of doing so. Our quarrel, it was evident to me, was not a political one, as the statement that we had been on opposite sides suggested. It was a personal one, and of an exceedingly bitter kind so far as my opponent was concerned, so obvious to me was his consciousness of being entirely in the wrong, and of my being the injured party. Besides our respective seconds no one was in sight, and they stood well aside. We fought with rapiers, and for a considerable time I held him

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in check, easily warding his every thrust. I had no feeling of anger nor any intention of harming him, my one idea being either to disarm him, or, in the event of his growing desperate, to inflict a wound sufficient to disable him from continuing the conflict. But suddenly, on perceiving my design and finding himself outfenced, he lost his temper and rushed in on me in a furious *mêlee*, as if determined to do by force what he could not do by skill, and all at once I found my power of arm gone, so that I was unable to wield my sword, and I said to myself that it must be a failure of the heart's action. But presently I became aware that the duel was over, and that, though I had not felt the thrust, I had been run through the heart and was what is called dead; after which I remembered no more.

ST. JOHN REDIVIVUS.

Mr. Maitland is quite certain that he is the reincarnation of the Apostle John. He saw clairvoyantly the scene of the woman taken in adultery, himself figuring as a young man interested in deciphering the words Jesus wrote on the sand. A voice said to him as he was longing to see the scene again—

"You have it within you. Seek for it." Thus encouraged, I made a further effort at concentration, when—to my utter surprise, for I had no expectation or conception of such a thing—the whole scene of the incident appeared palpably before me, like a living picture in a *camera obscura*, so natural, minute, and distinct as to leave nothing to be desired, and, at the same time, utterly unlike any pictorial representation I had ever seen of it. Close before me, on my right hand, stood the Temple, with Jesus seated on a stone ledge in the porch. I had a perfect view of His face. He was of middle age, but, to my surprise, the type was that of a Murillo rather that a Raffaelle, and the lower portion of the face was covered with a short, dark beard. The expression was worn and anxious, and somewhat weary. The skin was rough as from exposure to the weather. The eyes were deep-set and lustrous, and remarkable for the tenderness of their gaze. (I. 123.)

A REMINISCENCE OF THE APOCALYPSE.

Dr. Kingsford one day said to him—

"Thy world will cast us out. You saw, though you did not tell me, that you and I were the 'Two Witnesses;' and the Dragon is the materialistic philosophy that will fight against and slay us, and for some time have the empire. But in the end we shall prevail, for the death is a spiritual one, and the rising again is spiritual. All this is written in John's Apocalypse. I see now that you and I are one; our genii wish us to be one, because you supply that which I have not, and I supply that which you have not." (I. 206.)

"The attraction which the Apostle John had for me," says Mr. Maitland—

Found this further expression. I was reading chapter X. of the Book of Revelation, being the while in a deeply introspective mood, but perfectly calm and critical withal, when, on coming to the verse describing the "little book" which was so sweet in the taste and so bitter in the digestion, a strange tremor came over me, such as I had never before experienced, accompanied by the feeling that I had, somehow, a strong personal interest in the utterance. And then, while engaged in analysing the sensation and wondering to what it was due, a whole chorus of several voices, audible to the inner hearing, exclaimed in accents of jubilation, "Yes! Yes! You wrote that, and it refers to your present work!"

THE EVIDENCE OF SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.

Mr. Maitland, like Anna Kingsford, Madame Blavatsky, and Mrs. Besant, has nothing of good to say of spiritualism. But if it had not been for spiritualism and spiritualists he and his friend would have made little progress. At the beginning he says:—

I had no belief in the reality of the phenomena called Spiritualistic. The little I had seen of them had failed to impress me, saving only by the fact of their frequent abortiveness. Conjurers never fail, spiritualism did fail; therefore it was not conjuring. I had got no further than this, saving only that I had been struck by the unanimity and positiveness with which, at every experience I had attended, it was declared that I had it in me to obtain the requisite proofs, and that some day I should obtain them. (I. 104.)

And proof he got of a most astonishing kind.

ANTI-VIVISECTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Among the most remarkable of the spiritualistic manifestations was the communication they received from the planchette, purporting to come from the disembodied spirit of Sir William Fergusson. Mrs. Kingsford saw him in a vision.

His picture was in the shop-windows, and she was familiar with it. He was looking thin and haggard, and seemed distressed; for when he spoke, it was in a somewhat querulous tone. His conversation was all of vivisection, principally urging more active measures. One phrase which he used frequently struck her as very singular. He kept saying, "Why don't you do a little something? I wish you would try to do a little something." (I. 159.)

Later we sat down to the planchette, he came and wrote:

"I was at your conference this afternoon. For God's sake do your utmost to put down vivisection. It is peopling our side with fiends. Of all the trees in the garden of death, this is the one which bears the deadliest fruit. In my heart I believe it is the last attempt of the powers of evil to abolish God. Pray let this letter of mine be published.—WM. FERGUSSON."

The Rev. A. F. Barrett, Rector of Stour Provost, told Mr. Maitland—

that he had himself conversed through a medium with a spirit purporting to be that of a deceased vivisector, who had declared that he was in horrible agony on account of his deeds in the flesh; but that so far from being able to repent, his only wish was to inflict fresh tortures, and to make others like himself. He hated coming, he said, to make this confession, but was compelled to do so. It was part of his punishment, and he could not refuse.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Mr. Maitland had a most astounding number of messages given him by a spirit named Winona, controlling an American medium. He was told—

You belong to the Bible-school of prophets. You are not a Spiritualist, but an Inspirationist. You are to introduce the religion which the most advanced spirits are revealing to the world through you. Your work lies outside the ranks of Spiritualism. (232)

The whole story of the jealousy of these spirit controls of Mrs. Kingsford, and the way in which they influenced him and her, must be read in the book. The net effect of it all is to convey the impression that it was a mistake if not a sin to have anything to do with mediums, or to seek for messages from the dead.

MESSAGES FROM MRS. KINGSFORD.

But what is our astonishment, then, to learn that soon after Mrs. Kingsford passed over, Mr. Maitland himself resorted to a medium in order to open up communication with his dead friend. This is his account of this astounding inconsistency. He says:—

My faculty had consisted in sensitiveness of hearing and touch rather than of sight, saving only when asleep; for then my spiritual vision was of the keenest. For this reason I did not

anticipate ocular proofs of her presence; unless, indeed, she should visit me in sleep. And concerning this possibility, I reflected that any experience of such kind would be unsatisfactory, as it might be but a dream, and would require corroborative evidence to give it value, such as would be afforded by the communication of knowledges specially characteristic of her. But no dreams of such kind occurred to me; and for a considerable period the only intimations I had of her presence consisted in such enhancement of mental perception in regard to our work as might be due to the duplication of my faculty by hers, the result being fresh applications of the key given us to the interpretation of spiritual mysteries.

In May I made the acquaintance of a lady who, without being a medium in the sense of going under control, was in a remarkable degree clairvoyant and clairaudient to spiritual presences. My anxiety to lose no chance of communication, added to my recognition of this method as legitimate, induced me to sit with her for the purpose, she coming to my rooms, where I was satisfied the conditions would be best. She was a person of ordinary intelligence and acquirements, but simple and genuine of character. The answers repeated by her in reply to the questions put by me were all such as might have come from Mary, and as the intermediary was incapable of devising. Her own knowledge of us, and our association and work, was but slight, and far from such as would have enabled her to invent the replies.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PROPHETS AND MEDIUMS.

The following message to Mr. Maitland was given through automatic writing. Mr. Maitland is Caro, Mrs. Kingsford Mary:—

"*To Caro.*—You entirely misconceive the process by which the revelation comes to Mary. The method of this revelation is entirely interior. Mary is not a medium; nor is she even a seer as you understand the word. She is a Prophet. By this we mean that all that she has ever written, or will write, is from within, and not from without. She knows; she is not told. Hers is an old, old spirit. She is older than you are, Caro; older by many thousand years. Do not think that spirits other than her own are to be credited with the authorship of the new Gospel. As a proof of this, and to correct the false impression you have on the subject, the holy and inner truth, of which she is the depositary, will not in future be given to her by the former method. All she writes henceforth she will write consciously. Yes, she must finish the new Evangel by conscious effort of brain and will."

THE NEW EVANGEL.

This is Mr. Maitland's account of the way in which Dr. Kingsford first introduced him to the new revelation:—

Just recollecting something which had escaped her memory, and might have relation to the subject of our conversation, she rose and fetched a manuscript of her own writing, asking me to read it, and tell her frankly what I thought of it. Having read and re-read it, I inquired how and where she had got it, to which she replied by asking my opinion of it. I answered with emphasis, that if there is such a thing as divine revelation, I knew of nothing that came nearer to my ideal of what it ought to be. It was exactly what the world was perishing for want of —a reasonable faith. She then told me that it had come to her in sleep, but whence or how she did not know; nor could she say whether she had seen it or heard it, but only that it had come suddenly into her mind without her having ever heard or thought of such teaching before. It was an exposition of the story of the Fall, exhibiting it as a parable having a significance purely spiritual, wholly reasonable, and of universal application, physical persons, things, and events described in it disappearing in favour of principles, processes, and states appertaining to the soul; no mere local history, therefore, but an eternal verity. The experience, she went on to tell me, was far from being exceptional; she had received many things which had greatly struck and pleased her in the same way, and sometimes while in the waking state in a sort of day-dream.

THE NATURE OF THE REVELATION.

While receiving these revelations, Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Kingsford felt as if they were living in Bible times as much as when they were St. John and Mary Magdalene. He says:—

Our feeling was that we were living in "Bible times," which in reality had never ceased, nor ever do cease, except for those who are devoid of the spiritual consciousness, and for these those times never begin and have no existence. The revelation is perpetual, and the power to receive it is natural to man, requiring no miracle. That he fails to receive it is through defect, not of constitution, but of condition, being self-induced by his habits of life and thought. (I. 119)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHRIST IDEA.

This is Mr. Maitland's account of the way in which he made his way to the innermost heart of the mystery:—

I found that all that was necessary was simply to reverse the materialistic hypothesis, and instead of deriving all things from an unconscious substratum, such as matter is assumed to be, and making consciousness accidental—deriving them from consciousness itself, making this the original being of which all things are modes, being individuated in vehicles of various grades of tenuity, some of them so tenuous as to elude the bodily senses. As I followed this track of thought all difficulties disappeared, and the experiences in question became not only possible but inevitable; and not these only, but the way was cleared for the solution of the great problem in view, the philosophical concept underlying the Christ-idea. For the recognition of the universality of consciousness, and therein of consciousness as the *condition* of Being, the negation of which is the negation of Being, proved to be the solution of this stupendous problem. For it made Christ intelligible as representing the full unfoldment of consciousness in its individuated state, to the realisation of the God-consciousness, while yet in the body.

THE CHRISTS OF HISTORY.

Mr. Maitland reports a message given him by a medium, who made out that he was called to represent and combine all the teachings of all the Christs of history. The passage which is one of the most remarkable in the book is as follows:—

"The spirit who desires to speak through me is spokesman for a group of other high spirits, who with him form a constellation. The stars of this constellation are your stars. They pour down their influences and concentrate them upon you, in order to inspire you with all their rays at once. He tells me to show you his name, as, he says, you will then know who the others are;" and she formed in the air the letters which make OSIRIS.

"Do you mean that the Egyptian sungod was a real person?" I asked.

"I do not know what you call sungod," she replied, "but he is real in heaven and was real on earth; and he died on the cross, as also did all the other spirits in his constellation."

"What are their names?"

"The spirit says you know. Tell me."

"Did one begin with M?" I asked.

"Yes, yes! that is right;" and we both exclaimed at the same time "Mithras!" I then named Krishna and Buddha, to which she as eagerly assented; and then added Jesus, saying, "Nearly all these, and many others, died on the cross after an hour's sharp agony. They were the great souls who perished in seeking to save the world; whom the world slew, and afterwards worshipped. And they now form a great spiritual constellation, and from their high place are seeking again to save the world; and on you has the task fallen to represent and combine all that they were and taught. Where they were crucified to

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death in one short agony you will be crucified, but not to the death."

THE GODS OF OLYMPUS.

If Mr. Maitland had to represent and combine Osiris, Mithras, Krishna, Buddha, and Christ, all that they were and all that they taught, Mrs. Kingsford was the selected representative of Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Apollo, and Diana, and other deities of old time. "You are a spiritual Lens," Dr. Kingsford was told. "You are a mirror in which the highest spirits—the Gods—can reflect their faces." (240.) It is rather disappointing to know that their chief, or, at all events, their first message was to abstain from cooking as a condition of attaining to the fruits of the Tree of Life. She thus reported the vision of the Gods of Olympus to Mr. Maitland:—

I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, for thinking over the matter, when I became aware of the presence of a group of spiritual influences, one of whom, speaking for them all, said to me, in tones audible only to the inner hearing, but distinct, measured, and authoritative: "We whom you know as the Gods—Zeus, Phoibos, Hermes, and the rest—are actual celestial personalities, who are appointed to represent to mortals the principles and potencies called the Seven Spirits of God. We have chosen you for our instrument, and have tried you and proved you and instructed you; and you belong to us to do our work and not your own, save in so far as you make it your own. Only in such measure as you do this will you have any success. For you can do nothing without us now; and it is useless for you to attempt to do anything without our help." (i. 252.)

It was not, therefore, exclusively in my thoughts when night came; and I was by no means prepared for the vision which the (full) moonlight brought me after I had gone to rest. I might keep it till we meet; but as, possibly, it might by that time lose something of its vividness, or some of the words spoken might slip my memory, I think it best to commit it at once to paper while it is fresh in my mind.

I saw in my sleep a great table spread upon a beautiful mountain, the distant peaks of which were covered with snow and brilliant with a bright light. Around the table reclined twelve persons, six male, six female, some of whom I recognised at once, the others afterwards. Those whom I recognised at once were Zeus, Hera, Pallas Athena, Phœbus Apollo, and Artemis. I knew them by the symbols they bore. The table was covered with all kinds of fruit, of great size, including nuts, almonds, and olives, with flat cakes of bread, and cups of gold, into which, before drinking, each divinity poured two sorts of liquid, one of which was wine, the other water. As I was looking on, standing on a step a little below the top of the flight which led to the table, I was startled by seeing Hera suddenly fix her eyes on me and say, "What seest thou at the lower end of the table?" And I looked, and answered, "I see two vacant seats." Then she spoke again and said, "When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, you also shall sit and feast with us." Scarcely had she uttered these words when Athena, who sat facing me, added, "When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, then you shall know as you are known." And immediately Artemis, whom I knew by the moon upon her head, continued, "When you are able to eat of our food and drink of our cup, all things shall become pure to you and ye shall be made virgins."

Then I said, "Oh Immortals! what is your food and your drink; and how does your banquet differ from ours, seeing that we also eat no flesh, and blood has no place in our repasts?"

Then one of the Gods, whom at the time I did not know, but have since recognised as Hermes, rose from the table, and coming to me, put into my hands a branch of a fig-tree bearing upon it ripe fruit, and said, "If you would be perfect, and able to know and do do all things, quit the heresy of Prometheus. Let fire warm and comfort you externally; it is Heaven's gift. But do not wrest it from its rightful purpose, as did that betrayer of your race, to fill the veins of humanity with its contagion, and to consume your interior being with its breath. All of you are men of clay, as was the image which Prometheus made. Ye are nourished with stolen fire, and it consumes you. Of all the evil uses of Heaven's good gifts, none is so evil as the internal use of fire. For your hot foods and drinks have consumed and dried up the magnetic power of your nerves, sealed your senses, and cut short your lives. Now you neither see nor hear, for the fire in your organs consumes your senses. Ye are all blind and deaf, creatures of clay. We have sent you a book to read. Practise its precepts, and your senses shall be opened."

Then, not yet recognising him, I said, "Tell me your name, Lord." At this he laughed, and answered, "I have been about you from the beginning. I am the white cloud on the noon-day sky." "Do you, then," I asked, "desire the whole world to abandon the use of fire in preparing food and drink?"

Instead of answering my question he said, "We show YOU the excellent way. Two places only are vacant at our table. We have told you all that can be shown you on the level on which you stand. But our perfect gifts, the fruits of the Tree of Life, are beyond your reach now. We cannot give them to you until you are purified and have come up higher. The conditions are GOD'S; the will is with you."

These last words seemed to be repeated from the sky overhead, and again from beneath my feet. And at the instant I fell, as if shot down like a meteor from a vast height; and with the swiftness and shock of the fall I awoke.

You may guess how full my heart was! Pondering over this extraordinary revelation, I incline to regard it as the result of a deliberation among the Spirits who guide us, and that they have found themselves unable to do more with us until we have advanced further. I suspect that the illumination promised us upon the dogmas and historical problems which are to furnish the themes of fresh volumes will not be given under present conditions, but that we shall really have to abandon the use of cooked foods, and to live like John the Baptist and the old desert saints, before we can get what the Gods promise. Have you courage sufficient for this? When one thinks *what* it is one is buying at the price, the sacrifice seems a slight thing indeed. And in view of your consenting, I will ask you to get some packets of "crushed wheat," instead of the tea we were going to take out—the plain crushed wheat, I mean. I felt curiously guilty this morning as I ate my egg and drank my hot coffee! And I had always considered my food so simple and pure! Now I regard myself as a mere groveller—a worm and an "image of clay." My mind is full of the Gods and of Prometheus, and I can't think of anything else for five minutes together.

But I must now take leave of these weird and fascinating volumes (Life of Dr. Kingsford) quoting in conclusion the brief but pregnant sentence, perhaps the most pregnant in the book.

We were told that instead of all rebecoming one, the one becomes many, the end of evolution being not the absorption of the individual in God, but the individuation of God. (133.)

VIII.—PROFESSOR BUCHANAN AND THE APOSTLES.

A VINDICATION OF "PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY" AND ITS PHOTOGRAPHS.

I HAVE received a long letter from Professor Buchanan, dated San Jose, California, August 31st, in which he replies to the review of his "Primitive Christianity" which appeared in the last number of BORDERLAND. Dr. Buchanan says that he supposes that I know best how to adapt the sacred truth which has been delivered to him to slow going humanity, but he thinks that I have touched it off too gently; that I have extracted the cannon balls and wetted the powder, so as to reduce what might have been a dangerous explosion to a picturesque splutter. He says that I have made his revelations very harmless by two very complete misconceptions, which he endeavours to remove. I certainly did not intend to place Professor Buchanan among the imbeciles and ignoramuses who have made themselves ridiculous, and, therefore, I gladly allow him an opportunity, in his own phrase, to reopen the case for a re-trial, with a reliable brief for the unfortunate defendant.

I had no intention to leave his psychic work without any scientific standing, and I can only say that I did my best not to under-estimate the gifts of Mrs. Buchanan. She must indeed have been a marvellous psychometrist never to have made a single mistake in the course of ten years.

I am glad to know that Dr. Buchanan's expectation that he was to leave this world in the course of this year is no longer likely to be justified by events, for, "thanks to his knowledge of remedies and of the arcanic laws of life, and the constant attendance of his spirit friends," he expects to postpone his exit from this planet for some time to come.

DR. BUCHANAN'S REPLY.

ALLOW me to thank you for the instructive narrative you have given of my life labours, a complete view of which would have required twice as long an article. The New Education alone might have interested your readers more deeply, as it has received the highest commendation in America, and has nothing really marvellous. I have desired to occupy all realms of knowledge as an explorer, but found it impossible.

And let me thank you also for giving the foremost place to the communication of "Julia." If I had been privileged to speak to you as freely I might have made a similar communication in different language, not referring to the loss of the soul, for it can be regained in the higher world, but showing what portion of the higher nature may be paralysed, and what portion of the brain may lose its just control of life by neglect.

You have kindly given eyelids to your readers, that the glare of my discoveries may not be unpleasant; but sunshine becomes agreeable when not coming too suddenly.

Darwin and Wallace and the author of *Vestiges of Creation* emitted a blinding light when they displayed the progress of physical evolution in the dark past ages, and conservatism had to shut its eyes; but now they are opening, and the conservative orthodox ministers in this region are treating evolution with distinguished courtesy.

If the progress of physical evolution has become tolerable, why may not the progress of moral evolution also become tolerable among the educated, after an equal length of time, and the doctrines of Jesus Christ, as presented with authentic evidence in Primitive Christianity, be kindly mentioned in the pulpit—at least in the pulpits which have not to face too many millions in the pews. The teaching of Jesus in reference to the wealthy can never be popular in a very wealthy congregation, though they are tolerated at present by being taken in a Pickwickian sense, or as an oriental exaggeration, like the promise of removing a mountain by prayer (which He never uttered).

But there is nothing in the true report of His teaching requiring to be apologised for as an orientalism. All such wild phraseology was inserted when it was anonymously brought out at Rome a hundred and forty years after His death. All that He ever said is highly acceptable to those who have not, as "Julia" would express it, lost their souls—in fact, to all rational people.

In presenting so novel and extensive a subject as a new group of sciences, a new philosophy, and a new religion, there are few who could do justice to it without devoting time to the study which I presume you could not give.

You have given a great deal of information, but have fallen into misconceptions of which I bear the burden. You have essentially mistaken the fundamental nature of my labours and their claims to public attention, and truth suffers much more from the mistakes of a friend than from the attacks of an enemy, which are always welcome in an open field. But my opponents shun such contests, for falsehood generally seeks cover and shelters itself behind the mob, the law, or the conspiracy of silence. You would do me a great favour by finding an honourable opponent with sufficient knowledge to render him worthy of notice.

I AM NOT CLAIRVOYANT.

You speak of me as a *clairvoyant seer!!* But I am no more of a clairvoyant seer than Professors Crookes, Wallace, and Darwin. I am simply an investigator of psychology and physiology, the laws of life, the principles of religion, and the history of ancient religions, and I am very sorry that I cannot be a "clairvoyant seer," for it would greatly facilitate my labours. I have never presented or asserted anything as the result of my clairvoyance, for I have none.

After reducing me to the class of clairvoyants, you make a statement still more fatal to my claims as a historian and scientist, by saying, in reference to my report of the revision of what are called the Scriptures, "These communications appear to have been the result of *impressions upon Dr. Buchanan's own mind*, and he

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puts them forth in the full belief that they actually emanate from the Apostle in whose name he speaks"!

This astonishing statement would have been just as true if made in reference to Renan or Strauss, Dr. Davidson, Bishop Marsh, or Professor Schleiermacher—just as true as if I had affirmed that in your writings you were only a medium to convey the ideas of "Julia," to whom you are impressible when you submit. But no apostle or other spirit was ever able to impress a sentence or even a word upon my mind or mentally answer my questions, and I am very sorry they cannot. I envy your superior capacities, and if I possessed them the world would hear from me enough to startle it. You do not seem to appreciate your own powers.

When such a statement as you have made is sent forth by a friendly reviewer, what may not my opponents say? Will they not say that Dr. Buchanan is a lunatic? I may therefore say to Mr. Stead, in the language of Cæsar to Brutus, *Et tu Brute*. Two such statements are equivalent to applying the guillotine twice to Dr. Buchanan, taking the entire neck as well as head. They dismiss to the realms of romantic speculation that "Primitive Christianity" which its American readers consider an example of patient investigation and of historical research. But your hasty reading has not been a sufficient preparation for the correct description of such a book.

A RECORDER OF PSYCHIC FACTS.

The book, of course, gives the opinions of its author, which readers may accept or reject; but it gives the *historic facts* on which the opinions are based, which can be tested by reference to the proper authors.

It also gives the psychic facts on which opinions are based. It shows that, as mediums of established character for ability and integrity give communications from the departed, which prove correct when tested, it is proper scientific work to record the communications from ancient as well as modern spirits. This work has been faithfully performed, bringing forth a great mass of information unknown both to the medium and the investigator; for neither had ever been engaged in scriptural studies or in the study of religious history; and the revelations were as new to them as to the reader. To have suppressed such knowledge would have been a high crime.

THE EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS AND OF PSYCHOMETRY.

Four of the spirits who made the communications co-operated in being photographed or spiritually pictured. When these photographs were placed in envelopes and subjected to description by psychometers, the spirits were described, showing that they were what they claimed to be and what their physiognomy indicated.

Moreover, the communications are highly interesting, rational, and instructive, being a correct report apparently of the four Gospels by their authors, differing materially from what was published as the New Testament near the end of the second century, and stating how and when the true records were first suppressed and then garbled with a large amount of interpolation—St. Paul has stated that the majority of the Epistles attributed to him were never written by him, and are in opposition to his sentiments. St. John also rejects from his Gospel very important passages conveying an erroneous theology, and adding passages which had been suppressed.

Thus the photographed authors of the Scriptures appear before the world and demand to be heard, and all who read the revised Gospel of St. John speak of it in the highest terms. What more could the Apostles do?

If those who are interested will compare these Gospels direct from their authors with those which were brought out anonymously without any authentication about the year A.D. 170, the verdict of all competent and impartial critics will be unanimous. I give evidence, the anonymous gospels give none.

WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR "PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY."

The cunning church of the Roman pagans ran for a hundred years on the authority of its priests, *without one of the four Gospels*, and this publication of the four Gospels is the first time that they have been made known to the world outside of Palestine.

Upon this publication Christianity must stand or fall, for this publication from the Apostles is the first substantial evidence ever given that the Gospels of the New Testament are anything more than a Roman forgery; and if the Church of England in the twentieth century shall continue to adhere to the wisdom and truth of those who thought this a flat four-cornered earth with no antipodes, and reject the *spiritual teaching* of St. Paul, which she *professes* to believe, she will most certainly be disestablished. It requires no prophet to foresee that.

ON THE AUTHORITY OF MRS. BUCHANAN.

What enforces the validity of these revelations beyond anything which has ever come from the higher world is the fact Mrs. Buchanan, the famous and accurate psychometer, whose powers were so fully illustrated in the "Manual of Psychometry," showing that she never made a material error, had psychometrically described these apostolic characters before her decease six years ago, and having since been a constant attendant upon Dr. Buchanan, telling him of what she has seen in the higher world and what she sees in this world for his benefit, she participates in these investigations, and states who are the spirits communicating, thus guarding against any fraud among spiritual visitors. She verifies her own presence by writing between closed slates in her own handwriting, and the leading spirit, St. John, demonstrated his reality, not only by his photograph, but by a message spiritually pencil-written on paper in daylight, when there was no pencil or human hand in reach of it.

Having never claimed mediumship, and not knowing that I was ever suspected of it, unless by credulous Spiritists, who think every lady a medium, I did not think any formal disclaimer necessary. I was content to refer to possible doubts from "the imperfection of mediumship" and the possibility of their misunderstandings, saying, "I am sure of the integrity of the mediums engaged (free from pecuniary motives), and I have endeavoured by repetition and reviewing to correct any accidental errors."

I did not think it advisable to say much of mediums and thereby enable sceptics to start a suspicious discussion or a personal attack upon mediums whose integrity I guaranteed. I did not, however, mention that St. John's first communication was made possible by "a female medium." Another important communication I stated came through "one of my pupils, an intelligent lady of fine psychometric and spiritual powers." On another occasion Martin Luther, communicating on the history of the corruption of the Church, I said: "Mrs.

Longley being the medium, whose intelligence, integrity, literary capacity, and disinterested labours for the truth deserve much honour and gratitude."

I also gave the psychometric descriptions of St. John and Jesus from concealed pictures, one of which was given about fifty miles from my presence. It was also apparent in my report that I was recording what was spoken to me; and of one of the apostolic descriptions I said that Cornelia sent it "through Mrs. Longley," who was residing in another city.

AND OF WELL-TESTED ANCIENT SPIRITS.

In explaining ancient history I have, like all other historians, given my opinions, but of all that important history you say not much, though it is the foundation of the book. Yet to the revelation of gospel lives, gospel records, and emendations of a faithful text, I have given only what has been given to me by ancient spirits concerning their own writings, through mediums whose competency and fidelity have been tested thoroughly for many years, the whole being assisted and supervised by Mrs. Buchanan, whose vast range of psychometric perception has been increased by her residence in the higher spheres, and who psychometrically understood the Apostles well and the character of Christ before she left this world. All Spiritualists know that style of communication is continually going on, and that reliable messages are being obtained and published and accepted, even without the guarantee from the supervision of Mrs. Buchanan. Many such messages appear weekly in the American spiritual papers, and they have never been in any way discredited.

The messages I have given are also verified by the portraits and the psychometric descriptions of their spirit authors. Is there any better evidence in the sciences to which BORDERLAND is devoted? And has anything ever come from the spirit world of so high an intellectual order—so instructive in history? Supercilious sceptics ask for something of value—some real knowledge from the spirit world. We can show them hundreds of diagnoses of obscure diseases which have baffled medical colleges, and wise prescriptions saving lives the faculty considered lost, and extemporaneous poetry and eloquence beyond the natural capacity of the medium.

Now the dark centuries in which the Church originated, which have profoundly puzzled all theologians, made still more mysterious by the notorious frauds and forgeries which *every historian knows* were prevalent, are illuminated as by a calcium light, and the declaration of Jesus verified that nothing can continue hidden.

The Church is summoned from the spirit world to revise its creeds and surrender its superstitions as Jesus summoned the Judæan Church of old, and *His voice cannot be silenced now.* The Inquisition is dead, and, as St. Paul said, where the Spirit of God is there is liberty, and the measure of liberty is the measure of Divine influence. Christianity comes now in its bright intellectual power, and defies the criticism of England's favourites, Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall.

HOW JOHN THE BAPTIST'S PORTRAIT WAS OBTAINED.

As my evidences are so sharply assailed, let me say that the portrait of John the Baptist is quite authentic, and is easily verified by psychometry. To recover the personal aspects of Jesus, St. John, and John the Baptist from oblivion is the most far-reaching display of spiritual power yet seen, and delightful to all sincere Christians.

I placed a white cardboard between two slates which I held, and in much less than an hour I opened the slates, and found in that cardboard a *fresh oil painting*, of which I have published the engraving. It was about a month before the paint became quite solid.

I could not have conjectured whom this picture represented, but the name was inscribed on it, and any competent psychometer can testify, without seeing it, that it represents a very ancient character, corresponding strictly to John the Baptist, who reaffirms what scriptural history states. The ancient spirits came to me for the same reason that modern spirits came to surviving friends and relatives—my sympathy with them, and their strong sympathy with me, knowing the work I was doing. The appearance of John the Baptist, Moses, and St. Peter was to me entirely unexpected.

I know nothing more demonstrative in the whole history of spiritualism, and when you quote respectfully the vulgar opinion of all spiritual facts—"of evidence there is none"—you virtually authorise the suspension of Borderland as a combination of delusions.

"I AM ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH THE EVIDENCE."

I am entirely satisfied with the evidence when it is fully stated, for many a man has been hanged on far less evidence, and many a scientific doctrine has gained credit on much less evidence. But if I have any ultra-sceptical friends whom such evidence does not satisfy, I can only say I am sorry for them; and I think they will at least agree with me historically in my demolition of the entire mass of second-century fictions in Church history concerning the Apostles and Jesus, in which I have the able co-operation of President Andrew D. White, our present Minister to Germany, whose very learned "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom" has demolished more superstitious illusions than I could possibly discuss in my volumes. They are all interesting and amusing. And, perhaps, if Canon Wilberforce would read the learned works of White he might then think it worth while to read mine.

But those who read without the aid of their "lost souls" do not understand the philosophy of heaven. And there are probably as many lost souls that have abandoned Christ for anti-Christian creeds as have abandoned Christ for gold and for popularity.

A PROTEST AGAINST YOUR SCEPTICAL STANDPOINT.

Kind as your notice has been, I must protest against your sceptical standpoint and your assumption, for it is nothing but a conjecture without evidence, that Mrs. Buchanan says nothing but what might have been unconsciously suggested to her by me. Is "Julia" a mere echo of your thoughts? And do I not know the character and capacity of my associate? She was as independent of me as any other friend could be. The greater part of her communications were matters unknown to me; and she often sent off psychometric descriptions to correspondents without my knowing anything of it. Dr. Buchanan is *sui generis*, and is not willing to be identified with any class who have appeared before the public.

Mr. A. R. Wallis, too, had his conjecture that her psychometric statements might have emanated from spirits, but a discoverer and teacher of a half century's experience is not enlightened by the casual conjectures of neophytes.

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A VINDICATION OF MRS. BUCHANAN.

I am very sorry to be compelled to protest against your misconception of Mrs. Buchanan's contributions. You must admit that I know more of her than any one else possibly could; and I say that I have never known her either to be guided by my opinions or to make any material error in a psychometric description. You denounce her description of Alexander III. as entirely false; but the mistake is yours (accidentally) not hers; and is more excusable than your other mistakes. She never described Alexander III. Her description of the Alexander who was assassinated was as correct as her prediction of his assassination, and of the deaths of Disraeli and Garibaldi, the outcome of Irish troubles, and the Afghan war.

The character whom you supposed Alexander III. was Alexander I., and her description of him was correct. His life did "go down in a cloud." He became a morose tyrant. His gloomy surroundings "tormented and embittered his morbid mind," as Chambers says. She did not say he would be assassinated, but that he was in danger of political hostility, and there was a "menacing feeling" against him—there was a conspiracy. She said she thoroughly disliked his character (and she was right), but that others did not understand him as she did.

The experiment should have been more fully explained than it was. She held in her hand a paper bearing the words "the Czar of Russia," with no reference to time to show which Czar, and she selected the most famous one and described him well. She said he was to her a repulsive character, and difficult to describe. But she recognised him as a Russian Emperor, which was a sufficient test of her power, and, I believe, history fully justified her whole description. He was thoroughly detested and deserved it. It was but a random experiment to see what she would say.

Allow me also to protest against being presented before the public as merely a dealer in opinions and impressions, when dealing with facts that demand attention, ignoring the fact that I stand on the *solid basis of history* as the *foundation* of the sacred truth, that I have presented, not my private psychic history, but history accessible to all.

A CHALLENGE.

I challenge examination of my historical data. If the Conservative clergy and Mr. Gladstone, as well as Canons Wilberforce and Farrar, Martineau, and the clergy of Scotland can show any fundamental error in my historic statements, I am ready to acknowledge my defeat; but if they will not—which means they cannot (for I do not believe they will dare to face the question)—I claim that the public which has so long listened deferentially to them should listen to Dr. Buchanan as a historian. They may be as adverse to him as to Gibbon, Colenso, or Darwin, but no erroneous and baseless opinions can survive when there is a free press, and truth cannot be suppressed by ostracism or imprisonment.

Science holds the empire of the future, and the morally sublime wisdom of Christ is now justified by the science which lifts its eyes from the ground and comprehends two worlds. They who have misrepresented Him, and made Him the author of war instead of peace, must now defend their assumption before the bar of humanity.

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

In this, as in all my life labours, I stand entirely alone, with a new philosophy against the godless medical colleges in which woman was not admissible until I opened the first door; against the godless churches which have the name without the principles of Christ; against the godless spiritists who seek only marvellous facts; but in sympathy with all who intuitively realise the nature of Jesus the Christ and the uplifting of the soul, unknown to Pharisees, which He first made known on earth, to which good spiritualists are beginning to approach, and some ministers.

While the whole fabric of society is opposed to Divine law, and in harmony only with mammon, I stand where the disciples of Jesus stood when He said in His last meeting, "The world hath hated them because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

To those who have followed my labours in psychic science I give thanks for justice. But to my opponents who, like Wilberforce, shun progressive sciences, I say you have, no doubt, some respect for established history. Hence I ask the Liberal clergy of England to read "Primitive Christianity" (published by Redway), and then resume the study of the history of the early centuries, and see if I am not well sustained in every position.

We have the advantage in this country of two good works, probably not current in England—Waite's "History of the Christian Religion," and "The Bible: its Origin, Growth, and Character," by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Washington City.

A PROPOSITION.

I do not take up the questions involved at present, as the BORDERLAND is not devoted to history. I simply state my proposition, which will be as firmly established in the coming century as geology or evolution, that there is nothing in existence to-day which can properly be called a Christian church, nor has there been since the first century, unless in India for a time established by St. Thomas. And if my history cannot be refuted, the world will be compelled to listen to the records of the Apostles (so long suppressed), for there is *no other authentic record* of the inspired founder of Christianity, who "spake as never man spake"—not for the Demon-god of hell, but for the God of Heaven, the source of love, whose many mansions have been invisible until the spirit world was permitted by godless men to visit their friends on earth (as Moses and Elias came to Jesus), because advancing civilisation would not allow the burning of witches.

AND A PROPHECY.

When the true Christian church comes it will conquer the world by moral power; and when it controls one nation it will establish peace throughout the world—not only international peace but peace between the warring classes. There will be no more famines, no more poverty and suffering; jails and lunatic asylums will gradually disappear; life will be safe and robbery will cease; there will be neither kings nor prelates; neither armies nor forts, nor navies, nor arsenals, muskets, and cannon; prosperity will come to all nations—love to all homes; angels will be our visitors—the earth will be the Kingdom of God. But who can name a promise of Jesus that has ever been fulfilled by the Church? When did it forbid cannon and bayonets? When did it move even its little finger in opposition to the hell in Cuba?

If I have shocked anybody by saying that Christianity would not tolerate it, let them defend their position if they dare.

A WELCOME RESPITE.

As BORDERLAND publishes my warning of departure in twelve months, which have not yet elapsed, I would say that my immense unfinished tasks produced a warning from Cornelia five years ago to hasten the preparation of my work for the press. It was given in her own handwriting between two slates; on the lower one, in bright sunshine, in a group of friends in the open air at a summer resort in Missouri. I had too much faith in my own constitution to heed it as I should. The warning came, which I published, but assurance was given that all that could be done by spirit power would be done to prolong my life. A partial spinal paralysis from a fall has confined me to the house ten months, but now it is abating, and they speak more hopefully, so that I have faith in finishing my principal tasks, but I have enough prepared in my collection, embracing ten to twenty thousand pages of manuscript, to occupy ten years, which cannot be mine on earth.

THE LAST WORDS OF A PIONEER.

My revelation of the brain preceded by twenty or thirty years the labours of the vivisecting physiologists of Europe, of which Professor Fimer of England has been the best representative. Although the brain is our psychic organ, primarily, and but secondarily physiological, our materialistic doctors (who cultivate psychic ignorance as a fine art, and intensify the stupidity of their students) have avoided every psychic function of the brain as carefully as the devil is said to shun holy water. But they have done nothing to invalidate my discoveries, while confirming several important doctrines.

Among my first discoveries fifty-six years ago was the discovery of the cerebral organs concerned in clairvoyance and spiritual communications.

In the profound stolidity produced by materialism and anti-Christian theology, which fossilize the brain and paralyze the soul as effectually as avarice, there is no desire for profound wisdom, and little capacity to distinguish wisdom from the vagaries of speculation. Hence I have done little toward publication and expected no favour from publishers, having neither college nor church support.

In the "New World of Science" the constitution of man, soul, brain, and body will be made intelligible, and the psychic and geometric laws of his life in two worlds made clear. Then philosophy and Christianity will be understood.

But there is no progress in the wisdom which philosophy produces without the aid of the uplifting and inspiring sentiments introduced by Jesus, the presentation of which authenticates His mission, for they were far above the worldly wisdom of church-craft of either ancient or modern times, which has never very materially varied, and never lifted man up to Divine life or put an end to the earthy hell called war.

It was the strong ethical impulse in the soul of the author of 'If Christ came to Chicago" which enabled him to step in advance of his contemporaries and show some courtesy to revolutionary truths.

While the nations of the earth are living on the hot borders of the hill called war, I hope that the presentation of Christianity as it came from Jesus may rouse modern Apostles, even without His inspiring presence. If I point to the promised land, so points the finger of evolution, and Christ foresaw it all.

A PREDICTION BY MR. THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

VERY little has been heard of late of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, the seer whose name is chiefly familiar to the English public in connection with that of Laurence Oliphant. It is four years since I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Harris in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are at present living in New Brunswick, Canada, in a wooded retreat, where, however, they keep in touch with the outside world, whose evolution they regard with keen interest. Mr. Harris, I am told, has recently been moved to utter a very lugubrious prediction concerning the British Empire. One morning recently at breakfast after reading my character sketch of Mark Twain, Mr. Harris suddenly broke out with the following declaration: "Mark Twain's saying that he perceived England mentioned in the Bible, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' is a voice of the Eternal Oracle, in which he pronounced the damnation of Great Britain. Mr. Stead possibly may live to see it." Mr. Harris is of English and Welsh descent, but "his just soul and his hatred of grab and pharisaism cannot abide the wrongs that this king race of the orb inflicts upon the lesser powers whom it was created to bless and protect while ruling."

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IX.—MESMERIC CLAIRVOYANCE.*

STRANGE STORIES OF SPECTRAL EXPERIENCES IN CEYLON. BY T. BOWLES DALY, LL.D.

IT is the duty of every student who may have gleaned any psychic knowledge, to add something to the mental heap acquiring such respectable proportions in our day. His contribution to the general store may be of trifling importance, yet a hint, a stray suggestion, or an item of personal experience, may be of use to the few brave souls who are now devoting themselves to this unpopular research. Morse, while inventing the language of the electric telegraph, utilised much of the stray experience of others, and ultimately added a valuable brick to the temple of knowledge; all science has been slowly developed by such processes. The following is a brief record of some magnetic experiments, with hints which may enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. As the information proferred partakes largely of the nature of a personal confession, the reader is requested to pardon the tiresome iteration of the personal pronoun. The hunger for knowledge, especially occult knowledge, is in the air everywhere around us and craves satisfaction. Magnetism under a new name has come to diffuse light on an unknown territory and its shadowy inhabitants. Reichenbach's experiments proved beyond a doubt that an imponderable matter exists which can be seen by some, and felt by many. This fact is at last reluctantly admitted by a few, though rejected by the majority; it remains for us to investigate its nature and properties. This subtle matter which permeates life is subject to various influences; it is common to men, plants, and minerals. It seems a basic element in life producing sympathy and antipathy on this plane, even to those who fail to perceive its material form. The discovery of the telescope, microscope, and spectral analysis prove that it may not be impossible to bring this peculiar substance within the range of ordinary senses, but for the present it can only be examined by clairvoyants or trance subjects; that it is worthy of investigation there can be no doubt.

AN OLD DUTCH TOWN.

It is necessary to explain my surroundings and circumstances before further entering into this subject. I am living in an old house in the town of Galle, the capital of the southern province of Ceylon. Galle is a walled city built by the Dutch, where miniature houses and streets nestle behind a frowning rampart some eighty feet wide, which forms a beautiful promenade. The main idea of the Dutch was protection and security, sanitation was not thought of in those early days; many of the rooms have no windows; the town lies below the level of the sea, water is scarce and drains imperfect. The place is a picturesque fever trap, beautifully shaded with find old Suriyia trees; cholera, small pox, and a host of other diseases find a home here. The Oriental rejoices in his ancestral filth, and no inoculation of English ideas will ever cure him. One might as well hope to teach a monkey to spar as to get a native to see the beauty of cleanliness. Here I am in charge of a college with several hundred students. The house is on the rampart facing the sea, from my chair I can watch the restless Indian ocean churning its white spray on the coral reefs. The college is a large building with outhouses, which have been converted into class rooms and dormitories. Some empty apartments separate my quarters from the rest of the college, I have no human companions in this wing, but I am not without other company. The house was once a hotel and said to be haunted, so are most houses, if people possessed the requisite vision. Ghosts only become visible where crime and sensuality have left a deposit, or where the inmates are mediumistic enough to supply the material for a form.

HOW I BEGAN.

There are about forty boarders in the college, and not a day passes without some one being down with fever or some bowel complaints. There is no endowment; the funds for the support of the institution were raised by subscription. As we cannot afford to call in a doctor, my anxiety is considerable. One morning, during meditation, the suggestion came to me, "try magnetism." I at first rejected the suggestion, though I had studied a little of the subject in England, and was tolerably successful in a few cases undertaken. I also possessed from childhood a limited measure of "second sight." The idea however, haunted me, and necessity supplied the requisite spur. The people looked up to me in their difficulties; so I had to assume a confidence I was far from feeling. I remember the first case well—a boy was down with fever. I went into the dormitory with the steward and two of the masters. I threw off my coat, called for a basin of water and a towel. "I mean to drive away the fever," I remarked aloud; "see how quickly it will fly." I laid my hands on the boy's head, and commenced the downward passes with the utmost concentration of will. The boy was in the cold ague stage; his flesh felt like a corpse. In less than ten ten minutes warmth returned, and soon a perspiration came out on his forehead. "Now you see the fever is gone. Get him some warm rice water, and cover him with a blanket." It was a perfect cure. They were astonished; and none more so than myself. The boy was out playing cricket that evening. After this I had plenty of practice, and was fairly successful in treating a great variety of diseases. Magnetism, however, cannot cure every disorder; on some it seems to have absolutely no effect, particularly on paralysis and asthma, while it brings speedy relief in most nervous disorders, epilepsy, fever, tumors, and minor complaints. I devoted two or three hours every morning to my patients, and soon acquired considerable skill. I charged no fee, and seldom sent anyone away without benefit. Seventeen out of twenty of my epileptic subjects became clairvoyant. These helped me largely. They described their own disorders, and frequently announced the very day they they would recover. From these subjects I picked up a considerable amount of practical knowledge not written in any book on the subject. Out of several hundred cases there were not two precisely alike, so varied is this faculty.

CLAIRVOYANCE WITHOUT TRANCE.

I beg now to present a few samples of an unusual character. The first was a student, a young man about

* The following MSS. reached me from an unknown correspondent in Calcutta, from whom I had heard once or twice previously. I publish the MSS. as I received it, only altering the title, which the author, Dr. Daly, had entitled "The Knife and the Book: Magnetic Experiences."

eighteen, who suffered from insomnia; a few days' treatment he was completely cured. A more unpromising subject could not be found. His mind was erratic, deficient in concentration, and a body like a sponge, which sucked in magnetism without exhibiting results. He never lost the use of any of his senses, and could not be sent to sleep. With the view of strengthening his memory, and mainly at his own request, I continued the treatment. After the fifteenth sitting he called my attention to a number of pin-point spots of golden light in the surrounding darknesss, very faint at first, but increasing in magnitude until merging together, they at length assumed the form of a disk. This object presently broke into fragments exhibiting landscapes, houses, figures, and faces. In no instance was the boy able to perceive any person or place specified by the magnetiser, neither did he exhibit any psychometric faculty when letters or other objects were placed in his hand or to his forehead. This was my first instance of one becoming clairvoyant without going into trance, the number increased later on. I am very reluctant to place anyone in trance if I can effect a cure without it; I have been successful in a host of cases without attempting to induce sleep.

ASTRAL TRAMPS.

One evening during my magnetic sittings I pointed to a corner of the room, and asked the clairvoyant to describe what he saw there. He shuddered, but failed to perceive any form. He was able to describe accurately the dress worn at a dinner-party in Malta, and a shipwreck off the Spanish Coast, and yet failed to notice my uninvited astral visitors, who were taking far too lively an interest in my affairs. They were even indifferent to a copious discharge of fine old English expletives, which I had often hurled at them. What I dreaded was, that this miserable spawn would take possession of my subject and oblige me to suspend experiments. For days I turned over this problem in my mind, wondering at the obtuseness of my subject. At last I tried a plan in which I had but little faith, but which proved successful, and opened to me another avenue into the mystic region in which I was feebly groping. During my residence in Ceylon I have travelled a good deal, visiting over thirteen hundred monasteries, and talking to all sorts and conditions of men. In idle moments I made a collection of Tamil, Sanskrit, and Arabic Mantrams, intended for healing, purification, and ejection of elementals. I now determined to test their potency. This was easy, for every third man in Ceylon knows a little magic. In most cases it is employed for low selfish objects, the performers are often mere impostors, but among them are, however, a few who understand their business. The Pirit ceremony adopted by the priests to purify a house and banish disease, is both religious and magnetic, and often proves beneficial. I invited a man versed in Mantrams, to perform one of the ceremonies, and invoke the presence of a well-known Deva, whose influence was said to be beneficial.

THE MANTRAM.

After the ceremony the boy was magnetised and placed in the purified chair, on being invited to look round the room he now perceived what was before invisible, and gave abundant details. The crowning event was the appearance of the Deva, whose dazzling presence nearly overcame him. She was only visible to the subject, a partiality which caused me some inward rebellion; quickly perceiving my thoughts, she promised to appear to me at another time, a pledge which was generously redeemed. This meeting with the boy, however, was final, as the clairvoyante informed me that the sittings must close; his faculties were too unstable to make further use of them; a portion of my vitality had been transferred to him; his health was now restored, further sittings would injure me and not benefit him; the influences which haunted the house could do no harm. I am summarising the information received. The subject spoke of himself with perfect frankness, as if he was alluding to a total stranger; he warned me to distrust some of the information which he had given that voices in the darkness prompted him, the statements were not all wrong, but only partially true.

MATHONGA.

Here let me add that the order of non-human presences comprise a very wide range, for which the Singhalese possess an ample but by no means perfect nomenclature. Camping by a waterfall in the midst of the Kandyan hills, I witnessed by moonlight a scene which made me believe that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was a sober reality and not a piece of brilliant fiction as it is generally supposed. Again, sitting one night on a verandah, before an old Suriyia tree, I perceived a number of minute creatures, of a pale reddish colour, coming up from the sea, more numerous than a cloud of flies, and settling on one of the great branches. I remarked to a friend sitting beside me, that something was likely to happen to the tree. At four o'clock in the morning a heavy wind blew, and when I went out I found this branch torn from the trunk and lying on the ground. Many of these non-human entities no more perceive us than the generality see them. Some are extremely beautiful, while others are very repulsive. There is a combination of sounds, words, and perfumes which form a temporary link of connection between the inhabitants of the physical and astral planes, the generic name of which is the Mantram. The communications of the Deva were mostly by symbols difficult to understand, and almost impossible to describe without descending to an unintelligible jargon. This resplendid being, belonging to a higher order of elementals, is not without the apparent vanity of a woman, for she can capture the senses with a vision of loveliness, aided by a costume and ornaments of barbaric splendour. This, however, is the natural mode of presentation, for it cannot be a desire to fascinate a grizzled old bachelor to whom the affections and lusts can say nothing but *morituri te salutant*. Such spiritual entities are sexless. Mathonga appears as a woman of vigorous vitality, glowing with health; her neck, feet, and arms loaded with massive gold ornaments, while her Tamil drapery seems more graceful than any Greek representation. Her large lustrous eyes command admiration and repel passion, while her deep brown colour and full lustrous eyes might be that of an Italian. Any more auctioneer's list of her charms can give but a poor idea; and I am not a man in possession.

After the incident recorded I ceased to magnetise the boy, while I am pleased to add that his health is fully restored. Magnetising with a benevolent object opens the door to much knowledge if the operator is provided with the requisite qualifications. The fact of banishing pain from some poor sufferer is a distinct pleasure and a sufficient reward for the physical exertion entailed; when the magnetiser discovers that his patient possesses unusual faculties, it would be criminal on his part to neglect developing them.

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MY BEST SEER.

My next most interesting subject was a boy of twelve to fourteen, who was the victim of epilepsy in its most aggravated form. The fits used to last from one to two hours, while the attacks were daily until his strength was nearly exhausted. When I took him up he was no better than a living skeleton; his legs and arms like rulers, without sap or vigour. After the sixth sitting he became clairvoyant. I ignored the exercise of this faculty until I restored his health with food, exercise, and magnetic passes. As he acquired strength his clairvoyance assumed the medical form. He diagnosed his own disease, made comments on my physiology, which appeared to him as manifest as one of those open-work clocks which make no secret of their internal arrangements. As this form of personality did not embarrass me I encouraged him to institute comparisons between the functions of our respective systems. He thereupon informed me that he perceived floating through his body minute red globules which he called bad air; these were absent in mine. Another clairvoyant, suffering from the same disease, confirmed this, but stated that the globules were black. The motion of my hands during the passes had the effect of disturbing and finally drawing these from his head to his shoulders, and from hence to his fingers. When I made a circular movement he declared that I forced them to swim round, and inquired my reason for doing so. While magnetising him he felt pin points enter his body, and saw a blue flame from my hands, which gave him strength and proved very refreshing. He informed me that I had great healing power, especially for all diseases connected with the brain. I privately wondered whether this gift was compensation for the small amount of this commodity originally bestowed on me. On venturing to inquire whether the healing property had anything to do with the obstinate and determined spirit for which my friends blame me. I was gravely rebuked for underrating "will power," which he declared was the mightiest gift man could possess. Healing, he stated, had nothing to do with it; "will," he explained, was the power which projected the force, while the bullet or the restorative power was something forged in a different shop. It could not be acquired, and might easily be lost, it was a spiritual gift; "you know yourself where it comes from," he added. Now that is just what I don't know. The most embarrassing thing is, that he is constantly crediting me with knowledge to which I lay no claim, and failing to see the profundity of my ignorance. It is inexpedient for the magnetiser to make a confession of his deficiency.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

I have learned a great deal by this kind of inquiry, and much of it has been tested and found genuine; for example, I now know the exact parts of the body to manipulate, saving much time and dispensing with tiresome passes. When I wake up the clairvoyant he remembers nothing, and falls into the childish condition of his age; a mere glance or wave of the hand is enough to transform him into a man talking with penetrating clearness on matters outside the range of ordinary conversation. Occasionally, if his inner self has any communication to make, the boy will come rushing into my study saying that he has a pain in his head or chest, which he wants removing. This is invariably the signal for some private communication. The worst fault of the clairvoyant is his brutal frankness, which often embarrasses me. I was one day magnetising a boy, brought me for some supposed disease of the stomach. The clairvoyant was playing with the dog in the next room; suddenly he interrupted by asking to remove a pain in his chest. My touch brought him into the lucid state, which was what he wanted. "There is no use magnetising this boy," he remarked, "nor is there anything wrong with his stomach, except all the muck he puts in it. In three months he will be mad—neither magnetism nor anything will save him."

THE KNIFE.

One day I asked, could he tell me was there any medicinal plant for snake-bite. "There is something better than a plant," he answered, turning his gaze towards that unbound pharmacopœa beyond our limited senses. He then informed me that there was a species of horn, and showed me how it should be used. He next stated that there was a book which contained a treatise on snake-bites and other important matters. The book was scarce, only a few copies in the island, and these were jealously guarded by their owners. After this, I was ordered not to question him for some days, this effort having caused fatigue. I was seized with a great desire to possess this book; after some days I received the welcome information that a portion of this horn referred was in the possession of a man residing in a village in the interior, who, it is needless to say, was entirely ignorant of its properties. The name of both the village and the man was given. The article was found by accident and converted into the handle of a knife, which was at present deposited in a large tool-box, while the owner with the key in his possession, was in Columbo. On next Saturday he would return to his village. The necessary steps for acquiring possession of the coveted article was left unreservedly to my sagacity. Here a clue was undoubtedly given, but considerable difficulty still remained. The Goiya is a born sceptic, who doubts every one and everything—his mind is a mine of suspicion. Now, to go to a remote village, visit a man with whom I had no previous acquaintance, and ask him to produce a particular kind of knife, would arouse suspicion and create impossible expectations.

A STRANGE EXPEDITION.

It was late that night before two friends and myself arrived at a definite course of action; an expedient, however, was devised, and I despatched the two next morning on this errand. An unavailing search was made, and as I had anticipated, the suspicion of the whole village was excited; more so, for it unfortunately happened that just at that time stolen property was concealed in the place. My friends were regarded as private detectives, sent down on inquiry; the plea of looking for a knife was regarded as a clumsy device to conceal their real intentions. The searchers returned tired, exhausted and crestfallen, but thankful to escape rough handling, especially from the man whose house had been visited. The attempt was a failure, but not a complete one. The clairvoyant maintained that the right house was a mile further off, and that there were two men in the place bearing the same name, which led to the confusion.

NATIVE HUMOUR.

Here it is necessary to explain that the Singhalese are a vain people, delighting in long names, and when any circumstances obliges a man to change his habitation, he frequently drops the name he was there known by, and revives a section of the liberal patronimic for

his next abode. There is a fine sense of humour in this which is not appreciated by either the magistrate or the police, especially if Apuhamy happens to be "wanted," which is only too often the case. The reader, without being uncharitable, will see that this custom possesses undoubted advantages to a man who seeks solitude, and is averse to impertinent curiosity. For the present, the inquiry had to be postponed, as it was neither expedient or convenient to renew the attempt. I was provoked, and inclined to believe that some tricksy entity of the astral plane had been tampering with the clairvoyant. In the meantime, the acquisition of the book became an object of decided interest. I named all the monasteries and mentioned all the Vederales I thought likely to possess a copy, without effect. I was in despair, when at last he informed me that the book was shown him. He described it minutely, a rudely-bound volume in manuscript, with the name Arneoles on the cover, and beneath it three lines effaced. The present owner was a boy named Pransappo, who resided with an uncle in the village Matrambe, near Uduwatake; both father and mother were dead. The relation had some idea of the value of the book, and would be unwilling to part with it. I was not to call in person, others should be employed to negotiate the matter. Accordingly, in order to secure this treasure, I one day set out in person accompanied by my servant and two students from the college, acquainted with the locality. On nearing the place I remained at the house of a friend, and despatched my servant and the boys on the search. The house, the family, and the boy were found, the latter was known by another name than that specified. The uncle admitted the possession of some books which the boy was willing to sell. On consulting an old woman in the house some battered volumes were produced, but not the one specified. On being requested to make further search the old man grew insolent, and finally abusive; my servant returned, satisfied that the book was not to be found.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS SELF SPEAKS.

This circumstance so shook my faith in the clairvoyant that I resolved to desist from the useless search, besides as soon as the lad's health was restored I was determined to dismiss him. Next morning I magnetised him as usual but refrained from asking any questions, about an hour afterwards he came complaining of a sharp pain in the chest. I removed the pain and while doing so he informed me that a pair of scales evenly balanced were held before him. I inquired indifferently how this phenomenon concerned me; he explained that it had reference to the book I desired and that I was to start that day for the village, there was only a chance of my getting it, if I exercised my will power I might overcome the opposition that would be raised. I did not believe a word of this statement; but regarded this speech as a deliberate attempt to deceive me which only increased my indignation. On the strong remonstance of one of my friends, I, however, set out with no hope of success, but with the determination of testing the truth of the boy's statement. Even my interest in the book had quite abated, for I strongly objected to be fooled by human or non human presences. My scepticism sprang from the fact that the aura of the clairvoyant and his father in the first instance forewarned me of treachery and ingratitude, and also I was dissatisfied with several statements made by him; so, though I did not doubt the boy's clairvoyance, I believed him to be mislead by evil influences. At night I frequently saw a dark shadow near his bed.

AN OBSTINATE OLD WOMAN.

In my second attempt on reaching a house on the skirt of the village, I saw the son of the owner suffering from fever, with his head muffled in a shawl. There were several idlers present when I arrived who, as usual, thronged round to stare at a European. I passed my hand over the young man's head and body and there affected a cure. The act had a profound affect upon those present, suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that I would use the gift I possessed to effect the object of my visit. Flinging diplomacy to the wind, I explained to those present the object of my journey, adding, that this would be my last visit, and in oracular manner informed them that if the old woman in the house dared to prevent my getting the book it would be the worst for her. I then gave a specimen of my magical power, fixing one on a chair from which he could not rise, and making another believe that his coat was on fire. After this exhibition I ordered my servant to go to the house and bring the book and the owner before me. The whole gang of idlers accompanied him, who no doubt gave an exaggerated report of my small achievement. The old woman got thoroughly frightened and raised no further opposition. I was at lunch when the party returned. When the owner drew from his cloth an olla book black with age, not the one I expected, I could with difficulty restrain my indignation. Tears streamed down the face of the clairvoyant, my repressed emotion so effected the boy. He requested the owner to withdraw while in the presence of the others he explained that the MSS. before me was the original from which the printed copy was taken, that it was more valuable inasmuch as there were several leaves missing from the bound volume. Both books were stolen property, the owner as well as the thief were now dead, the present possessors regarded me as a magician whom they were afraid to offend lest I should get them into trouble; they would take no money lest they should be brought under my spell. The book fairly corresponds to the description given by the clairvoyant, it contains a great deal on snake bites as well as other curious matter.

The above sketch has been written some years. I think it better to send it as it stands. From my notebook I can supplement the statement already made.

A DISCOVERY.

There is no use in describing in detail how I got the knife. Enough to say that I procured it. It is a common bone-handled penknife, such as are turned out by the hundred in Sheffield. The whole story of its magical properties is an ingenious falsehood. On one or two other occasions I perceived a similar attempt to deceive me, which I could not account for. One night I questioned the lad closely. Here is the substance of the conversation which I took down at the time.

"Is there anyone giving you the answer to my questions?" For a time there was no reply, until I insisted on an answer.

"He does not want me to tell."

"Who does the *he* refer to?"

"There is a small man with a big head near me."

"Indeed? How long has he been with you?" I asked in astonishment, never hearing of this personality before. No reply. "I must have an answer." After some minutes the reply came slowly, while an expression of pain came over the boy's face.

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"Always."

"Now tell him he must go—that I don't want his assistance."

"He says he won't go, and if you drive him away, he will haunt you and do you an injury."

"Tell him he is a liar, and that I defy him."

No sooner had I uttered these words, than the boy was seized with a fit, and struggled violently. I had to tie my handkerchief between his jaws to prevent him from tearing me with his teeth and doing injury to himself. It took me fully twenty minutes to get him out of the fit. After that he became so weak and prostrate, that I had to carry him in my arms to his bed. For some time the clairvoyant faculty, except in occasional visions, seldom comes to me. That night I could hardly sleep thinking of the boy. I was restless, and once or twice went into the dressing-room to see how he slept. The second time I perceived the dark shadow of a man hanging over the hody of the sleeper. There was plenty of light, for it was a lovely moonlight night. I addressed this creature in a fit of the deepest indignation, and ordered him off. The figure turned towards me and gradually materialised, showing an enormous mouth with long protruding teeth like an animal. The body was like that of a small man covered with short black hair. He had long arms like a monkey, with claws like fingers. I fixed my eyes firmly on this creature, and extended all the points of my fingers towards his face, exclaiming, with the greatest will force,

"Now fiend, do your worst, and see which of us is the strongest. I will that your miserable carcass be broken on the coral reef and for ever annihilated. Begone!"

I have been accustomed to exercise strong will power in healing, so much so, that I can hypnotise myself into a trance. This time indignation lent an additional strength. For a moment the figure seemed to stand and grow larger; then the body wavered, and, with a howl like that of a jackal, vanished. From where I stood I could see through the open window the surf breaking on the coral reefs, and I perceived, or fancied I saw, something fall with a splash on the water where the sharp rocks protruded. After that I dropped into a chair and lost consciousness. When I woke up my poor little dog Nellie was licking my hands and whining piteously. This faithful creature was devoted to me, but mortally afraid of astral visitors. I looked at the boy; he was fast asleep. While it was fresh on my mind I made a note of what passed, believing that my vision of the last stage was the effect of imagination. Next day the clairvoyant seemed in perfect health. When questioned, he said the old man was gone; his body was smashed on the coral reefs. He would never trouble him again.

"How do you know this?"

"I saw it all."

"What was he?" I asked.

"An evil influence of the worst kind. It was he that brought on my sickness."

"What killed him?"

"Your will power. Just as you can banish disease, you can dispel evil spirits; also you can tie them to any place you like."

It was a long time after this that I realised the truth of these remarks. After this I never had occasion to doubt the veracity of the clairvoyant.

MEDICINAL PLANTS.

One day, bathing in a pool below the ramparts, I got my ankle slightly scratched. A couple of hours afterwards I felt a stinging pain, and on looking at the foot it appeared red and inflamed.

"What is it?" I asked the boy near me.

"Poison," he replied, from a weed growing on the rocks."

"Can nothing be done to arrest it?"

"Yes. There is a plant which grows on the rampart. This will check it at once. You must keep me magnetised, or I'll not know it if I wake."

I did so. He brought a small handful of green leaves, which were pounded, and, when applied, gave immediate relief. Next day there was no pain, nor was the skin discoloured. I showed the plant to several Vederalis, or native doctors, who knew nothing of it. There are several useful medicinal plants in Ceylon; their healing properties are kept a profound secret. I heard of a man who was successful in healing fistula. I sent for him, but no entreaty would induce him to divulge the secret. In the interest of humanity I felt justified to extract it from him without his consent. I ordered the clairvoyant to read his mind, and tell me the name of the plant and the method of applying it. "Pomegranate leaves dried in the sun and ground to powder. The same applied to the open wound will in three days give relief." The efficacy of this cure can be tested. A very interesting study, which I should recommend to psychic students is the aura of plants and minerals. These should be examined in a darkened room, and at various periods in the month. The aura is more perceptible at full moon. It would appear that the sap rises and falls, strong at one time and weak at another. It can best be seen when the sap is at its highest. The slightest mental worry of disturbance disperses the vision. The flesh-eating Aristolochia Jigas has a deep red aura. The leaves would be useful in cancer or skin diseases. There is also another plant which has decided magnetic properties. If a twig of it is broken the hand receives a shock resembling that produced by an induction coil. If a compass is brought near it the needle vibrates. The energy is strongest at 2 P.M.; it loses all force at night. No bird or insect is seen near it; there is no iron cobalt or metal in the soil where it grows. Some plants have a faint metallic colour, others a pellucid green of the richest shade The range of colours that appear to the clairvoyant are more numerous than the ordinary sight can apprehend. I devoted a good deal of time to this study, but I regret to say that, beyond a few useful hints for diseases of the country, I have obtained only a small deposit of positive knowledge. The subject required more care and attention than I could afford. This hint, however, may be enough to set others on the track.

OPENING THE WINDOWS.

In developing a clairvoyant great care must be taken, lest the delicate faculty be injured or destroyed. At first only a few questions should be asked, and these strictly limited to the state of his health. I induced the faculty in several without going into trance. One was able to see fairly well objects at a distance only that his ordinary senses conflicted with his vision; concentration was well nigh impossible. In order to correct this I tried the hypnotic method, giving him a bright object to look at until the optic nerve was exhausted. At the stroke of a gong he went off at once into trance, and he became a perfect automation. He believed himself a soldier, an actor, a singer, a child, a girl, and a dog, and tried to act up to the character of each according to his ability. The spectacle afforded me no gratifica-

tion. On the contrary, a spasm of pity thrilled me at the exhibition of such helplessness; especially as his power of vision was entirely obliterated, and nothing I could do would revive it. His health, however, did not suffer. Two or three other cases confirmed the impression that while hypnotism is useful to restoring health, it is positively harmful to the inward vision. I may be old-fashioned in clinging to the fluid theory, but the evidence of most of my best subjects leaves me no choice. With the greatest respect for the valuable labours of Messrs. Leabult, Bernheim, and Kingsbury, I am disposed to believe that these gentlemen set too high a value on the power of "suggestion," and overlook entirely the faculties of the magnetiser. I have taught several to magnetise who had no clairvoyant faculty. They operated on patients successfully before me, but not one of their subjects showed any symptom of lucidity. Of course I may be mistaken in this impression. I only hope by sufficient tests that this question may be placed outside the region of conjecture.

HOW THE CLAIRVOYANT FEELS.

Seeing objects at a distance, diagnosing disease and observing entities on another plane of existence are at first fatiguing operations. A species of indescribable awe and terror takes possession of the subject, to be hostilely questioned is nothing short of agony. Time is necessary to permit the subject to grow accustomed to the new situation which is Protian in its form. A curtain of thick darkness is constantly present, for ever hiding the vision; ribbons of light, red, blue, green, and gold, faint stars like butterflies floating through the twilight of a drawing-room occur before forms appear. A deep sense of the unknown largely augumented by masses of delicate vapour, shifting, moving, and melting perpetually is a common occurrence. The magnetised subject is not conscious of a physical body that has dissolved with the clouds. The Ego feels free and untramelled, but it is liable to motion as liquid mercury. He is also aware of some thinking entity separate, but belonging to him, coldly watching his movements and interjecting words of advice and warning. The complexity of his nature now dawns on him with a vividness of an electric light in a dark place. The subject clings nervously to the voice of the magnetiser with a tenacity proportionate to the sense of its unstable condition; the magnetiser's slightest request exercises on him a mighty influence, a ship guided by its helm presents but a feeble parallel, a dry leaf whirled by a March wind through an eternity of space is a more appropriate figure. The subject requires to be kept in hand and his attention gently but firmly directed; without this guiding power he drifts and wanders into a region of oblivion; for picture after picture and scene after scene is kept revolving before his inner sight until his head grows dizy. In this new condition and plane of existence he is as helpless as a lobster when he throws off his old shell, and as liable to as many fierce and remorseless enemies. A variety of questions put to the subject in this stage mentally jolts him, the effect is similar to plunging his body to the depths of the sea and then tossing it to the clouds. There is no figure to describe the annoyance and perplexity endured. The soul, Ego, subconscious self, whatever name it goes by, is supported and helped by the Ego of the magnetiser, though the latter may not be aware of it. The potentialities of the soul varies with the possesser. There is no knowing what form the clairvoyance may take, seeing in the distance, diagnosing diseases, sensing objects, discernment of spirits, knowledge of the future, property of plants and minerals. The vision is invariably confined to one or more of these, but very seldom includes all. One of the great difficulties is the danger of mediumship; when this takes place the magnetiser's work is immediately arrested.

CONCLUSION.

It is three years since I left Ceylon where the above experiences have been derived. Since going to India I have gone back to my old profession of journalism, which has kept me busily employed. Except during the last three months I have had no time for psychic study. Within the latter period I have been residing with a family in Calcutta, who are keenly interested in this pursuit, one of the ladies is an automatic medium. We adopted a course of BORDERLAND reading which proved highly interesting, and I renewed my healing practice with tolerable success. The members of the family and some of the visitors benefited, and were duly impressed with the healing gift. Two of the family and two visitors developed clairvoyance, only one of the four going into trance. The exception being a young naval officer, a most sturdy, upright character, owing to an accident his head received an injury which affected his hearing. I cured this defect while he went into deep sleep, developing remarkable clairvoyant powers. The other was a schoolboy of fourteen. A young lady visitor acquired the gift of discernment of spirits with only the slightest magnetism. The family belongs to an old East Indian stock of the highest respectability. The house and grounds are well laid out with a large tank in the centre of a handsome flower garden. One of the most remarkable incidents in our study is that from four independent sources I have been able to get confirmation of the strange disclosure of the Ceylon clairvoyant. In developing the clairvoyance of the four mentioned, my greatest difficulty was to drive away undeveloped spirits who kept interfering with my pupils. Fortunately each of the four could see and warn me of the interruption. I successfully drove these intruders off, and ordered them into the tank, chaining them to the place by an effort of will. This was witnessed and vouched for by each of the psychic students. I do not for a moment believe that this power is an exclusive property in me; any one with a trained will, who has practised concentration of mind, can be equally successful. There is much more on this subject which I could relate, but I fear the paper has grown far to long, and may test the patience of the editor. I conclude by saying that magnetism or hypnotism presents a useful handle by which the mechanism of our being may be explored. It can shift the threshold of consciousness and afford glimpses into the complex nature of man, and may ultimately prove of great value to humanity.

J. BOWLES DALY.

Calcutta,
17th February, 1897.

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X.—THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF THEOSOPHY.

I.—AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BESANT.

MRS. BESANT returned from her arduous, but brilliantly successful tour in the United States in time to be interviewed before the present number of BORDERLAND went to press. Mrs. Besant, it may be remembered, was one of the original sponsors of this magazine, which was launched after consultation with her, and has been conducted with her occasional, but, nevertheless, invaluable advice. Naturally enough she was sad to hear of the decision to suspend the publication of BORDERLAND until further notice.

"I am very sorry to hear it," she said, frankly, "very sorry. It has done good work; widened the area of interest, and has given courage to many to study a subject from which they would have shrunk had it not been for BORDERLAND."

"Well," I said. "You cannot regret the decision more than I do myself, but circumstances have rendered it necessary, and it is now irrevocable. At the beginning of the twentieth century I think we may see the resurrection of our Quarterly, and the beginning of a new series on an assured foundation. But leaving BORDERLAND for the moment, will you not be good enough to afford me the opportunity of telling my readers in my last number where you have been, and what you have been doing?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Besant, "with the greatest of pleasure. I left England in March, landed in New York on St. Patrick's Day, the 18th March, 1897. I came back the end of September in the steamer *St. Louis*, which sailed on the 22nd, and now I am here for the winter."

"Not, I hope, to leave us again in a hurry."

"Not until the spring at any rate," she replied. "I will remain here in the autumn and winter, but in the next spring I expect to go to India."

"Speaking generally," I said, "what is your feeling concerning the present condition of the Theosophical Society?"

"I think very well of it," she replied. It is flourishing all around the world, and I have every reason to be contented, especially over the results of the recent American tour."

HER AMERICAN TOUR.

"Your visit was confined to the United States?"

"Yes, with the exception of a trip from Buffalo to Toronto and Hamilton. We started from New York and worked westward. We did not dip further south than Philadelphia and Washington, but worked right across the continent to the Pacific coast. Chicago was the place where we found the strongest interest. I say we, because the Countess Wachtmeister accompanied me through the tour, and shared in all the work, which although successful, was somewhat heavy. We worked right through the great west, passing through Kansas City, Denver, and Salt Lake, and as far south as San Diego, which was the most southerly point we touched. Then we turned northward, travelling up the coast to San Francisco, on to Portland in Oregon, then to Olympia, the capital of the new State of Washington. Then we came eastward, stopping a fortnight at Chicago, where we have four flourishing branches, and where the theosophical doctrine seems to have fallen upon good ground. Then through Michigan and Ohio to New England, and thus back to New York, completing the circle. It was a very interesting trip, and brought us into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. This was specially so in the case when moving through the great ranching country or in Butte, which by the way is pronounced Bute, like the Marquis of Bute's name. Another curious experience was our visit to Olympia. You never saw such a deserted shell of a town. It is the State capital, and when the legislature is sitting it may be busy enough, but when we visited it during the recess a more forlorn place you never saw. Houses shut up, hotels empty, shutters up in all the shops, and nobody stirring.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICANS.

One observation which continually forced itself upon our minds was that in the western states, it is only the women who read books, the men read nothing. You will find that the wife preserves some leisure for culture, while the husband tends more and more to become an unlettered money-making machine. It is an unlovely evolution, and one which plays havoc with the unity of the home."

"I have heard the same phase commented on by other observers," I replied. "More than one-half of the direct subscribers of the *American Review of Reviews* are women. If it goes much further we shall have a society in which the marriage in 'Locksley Hall' will be produced *ad infinitum*. But you remember the lines—

> 'Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
> What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.
> As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.'

Let us hope that the American women will be able to resist the downward drag of her unlettered husband."

"I do not like the outlook," said Mrs. Besant. "At present in the Eastern States there is a great deal of surface politeness in which respect the Americans are much in advance of other English-speaking nations, but inside, the men look with tolerant contempt on the tacit claim of the women to universal knowledge, and take good humouredly their airs of superiority. In the West the whole burden of maintaining the culture of the household is thrown upon a single member—the wife. Mentality alone will not suffice to sustain so great a responsibility, and of spirituality there is no excess on either side. In fact, this is decreasing in the 'new woman.'"

"But is not motherhood itself is a great spiritualising experience, the continual channel through which the divine enters into the heart?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Besant, "but the 'new woman' does not want to be a mother; the passion for motherhood seems to have become extinct in many households."

HER EXPERIENCE OF INTERVIEWERS.

"Which then, indeed," I replied, "are nigh unto cursing! And what do you think of the spiritual apparatus of the States, *i.e.*, the newspapers?"

"I saw plenty of them, as you can imagine, for I was

the constant prey of the interviewer, but of that I have nothing to complain. When you are on a mission for spreading the light, the interviewer is a very valuable auxiliary. At the same time," she remarked, "it would be better if he restrained a little of the exuberance of his imagination. One question they often asked me was, 'If I remembered any of my previous incarnations.' When I said yes, they all clamoured to know something about them. I naturally refused, saying that as it was a matter upon which I could produce no evidence, it was idle to make statements that could not be proved. Notwithstanding this invariable reply, one reporter did not hesitate to make the assertion that I claimed that I was the re-incarnation of Lord Byron, and that it was on this account that I was so enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the Greeks. As a matter of fact my enthusiasm about the Greeks has never been conspicuous for its fervour, and I need not tell you that I never claimed in any way to be the re-incarnation of Lord Byron. Nevertheless, the interviewer's bold falsehood made the tour of the Continent, and I daresay it is running yet."

THE CARMAGNOLE OF THE NEW WORLD.

"Then you are not much impressed by the spirituality of the journalistic apparatus?"

"The American newspaper," she replied, "is vibrating with intense vitality. Its staff live in the vortex of whirling Kâmic activities, which are utterly fatal to any of the repose or reflection indispensable for spiritual leadership. They seem to me to be dancing a mad Carmagnole, in which the pace goes ever faster and faster, and which sweeps every one into its maddening whirl. They live for the day, in the things of the day, and nobody ever forgets so completely the things of yesterday as your American newspaper. Spirituality implies calm, balance, and dignity, and these are only conspicuous by their absence."

"How was your Mission treated by the press?"

"At first with but scant courtesy, but gradually, as week after week went by, the newspapers began to treat us more and more seriously, until at last there was nothing in the world to complain of as to the tone which they adopted in dealing with the Theosophical Society."

THE THEOSOPHISTS IN THE STATES.

"How does the Theosophical Society stand now?"

"Very well," said Mrs. Besant, "When the great Secession in America took place, the Seceders carried over 85 of the 100 American branches, only 15 remained loyal to the society. Of these, three have since died, so practically we had to refound the society all over again. Countess Wachtmeister had been busily and usefully employed opening branches, so that before I reached New York we could count about 22 branches in the union. As a result of our six months' tour we have now 51 lodges, organised under six central committees, with a corresponding secretary in each state, so as to secure their harmonious working and organised cooperation. All our branches form the American section with its headquarters in New York, and Mr. Alexander Fullerton as the secretary. I left New York feeling that the society has once more been established upon a solid footing, and that its growth will be steady and sure."

THE SECEDERS.

"What about the Seceders?"

"Oh, I have nothing to say about them," said Mrs. Besant, "excepting that they seem as anxious to drop the name of Theosophy, as the Theosphical Society is anxious to disclaim all connection with their organisation. They have now somewhat about 130 branches in the United States, but they appear to be developing more into a mere philanthropical organisation, which will do, I hope, good work in the well recognized field of the relief of the poor, the rescue of the fallen, etc.; but they publish no new books, give no effective teaching, and do not appear to regard the prosecution of occult study as one of the objects of their existence. Their president has recently resigned, and they are now under their third president, though only two-and-a-half years old. The process of disintegration is going on throughout the country, and our new branches are being largely fed by Seceders, who are returning to their allegience to the mother society. But they are going their way and we are going ours, and I made a point of avoiding any reference to them during my tour. Of course, it could not be avoided when questions were asked point blank, but, otherwise, I said nothing."

THE METHOD OF PROPOGANDA.

"What was your *modus operandi*?"

"We usually gave two public lectures in each town we visited, for which admission was charged, but we also invited the public to conferences which everyone was free to attend and ask any question which they pleased. These inquiry meetings were one of the most effective methods of propaganda, the attendance always increasing, day after day, and by this means we were enabled to form a branch in almost every place we visited."

A LENDING LIBRARY.

"One method of propaganda which has been adopted by the American Section is the utilization of the Circulating Library," said Mrs. Besant.

A selection of elementary books is made, and a strong wooden box, with lock and key, is constructed to exactly fit them. This box is lent to a new Lodge for two months, and is then passed on to another. A similar selection of more advanced books follows, to be retained for three months, and then passed on. A third might follow, to be retained for seven months, and thus a year's study would be provided. The boxes already provided in the American section contain the following selections of books:—

Lending Library, Box 1.—Manuals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—The Ancient Wisdom—Esoteric Buddhism—Birth and Evolution of the Soul—In the Outer Court—Voice of the Silence—Bhagavad Gîtâ—Light on the Path.

Lending Library Box 2.—Key to Theosophy—Growth of the Soul—Building of the Kosmos—Self and its Sheaths—Plotinus—Orpheus—Four Great Religions—Upanishads, 2 vols—Path of Discipleship—First Steps in Occultism—Three Paths to Union.

Lending Library Box 3.—The Secret Doctrine, 3 vols. and index—Isis Unveiled, 2 vols.—Pistis Sophia—The Esoteric Writings of T. Subba Rao.

"LUCIFER" AND H. P. B.

"How long is it since Madame Blavatsy died?"

"Six years," said Mrs. Besant.

"And after all those years how does her work look to you?" I asked. "I notice that you have changed the title of *Lucifer* to that of the *Theosophical Review*, which seems a change significant of much. *Lucifer* was at the time when it was launched a bold, defiant proclamation of war against the established orthodoxy. It was typical of the phase of the movement that found favour with Madame Blavatsky. She was a bold iconoc-

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last, daring unconventionality, reckless of proprieties and conventionalities. She deemed it necessary to use her organ as an instrument for slashing right and left against what she considered the cant and falsehood which incrusted the religions of the world, especially that of Christianity."

WHAT THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY HAS TO DO.

"Well," answered Mrs. Besant, "without venturing to criticise the action which Madam Blavatsky deemed then expedient to take, I think I may safely say that we have outlived it. The iconoclast negative mission of the Theosophical Society has been discontinued. We no longer go about with a club. What we have now to do is to embark upon a constructive period, in which the Theosophical Society will endeavour to make itself the centre of the world-religion, of which Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedism, and all the other sects and religions are integral parts."

"Do not you think that you had better drop the title 'Theosophy,' for the 'Theosophical Society' is in danger of becoming the mere title of a new sect?"

"What would you have us call ourselves?" said Mrs. Besant. "The name 'Theosophy,' the 'Divine Wisdom,' exactly expresses the fact, and the prejudice against it is dying out as its real meaning becomes clear. We could have no truer and no nobler name. I have called my new book 'The Ancient Wisdom,' and the 'Wisdom Religion' might perhaps suit you better."

"THE TRUE RELIGION."

"No," I said; "Wisdom Religion is no good. The only suggestion that I can make is that you should call yourselves 'The True Religion,' for, as I take it, that is what you claim to be."

"Yes," said Mrs. Besant, "but that *is* the divine wisdom—Theosophy. The whole drift of my lecturing in the United States, and the essence of all that I have to say, here or elsewhere, is that Theosophy is the opponent of no religion, and the exponent of all. To the believers of other religions we say, 'We also believe as you believe, only we have the key which explains certain things that are a mystery and a stumbling block to you, and, further, we are able to set forth the method by which you can verify the truth of your religion for yourselves. In fact, we hold, not without solid foundation for our belief, that we alone represent the universal eclectic and really Catholic Church, which recognises as brethren and believers all those who, under every form of creed, seek Truth and follow after Righteousness."

"In other words," I said, "you, instead of carrying the torch and tomahawk, as Madame Blavatsky seemed to do, are now arrayed as the Angel of Peace, carrying in your hands an eirenicon which will enable the men of all religions to recognise the substantial unity of their faith."

THE NEW EIRENICON.

"Just so," said she, "and there is nothing antagonistic to Christianity in Theosophy, or to Buddhism, or to any other of the great religions of the world. They are all segments of one whole. You do not recognise the whole, we do. We are able to construct a harmony, and to interpret the fundamental basis upon which all religions are reared. It is the breadth and width and truth of this great synthesis which constitutes the first element of our strength. The second is the power which all our students may acquire of verifying for themselves the accuracy of the Faith that is within them.'"

As Mrs. Besant spoke, there flitted before my eye a spectacle of Mrs. Besant presiding over a conclave as comprehensive as that which assembled at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, a council representing all the religions which are known to mankind, united for the first time on a common basis, established on foundations of scientific certitude.

II.—THE ORGAN OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

IN August the last number of *Lucifer* was published. In September the first number of the *Theosophical Review* took its place. In November its price will be reduced to one shilling. The change in the title, which is accompanied with some unimportant changes in type and general appearance of the magazines, has been made with much regret by the theosophists. I share the regret. *Lucifer* was a bold, defiant title when it was first adopted, but after eleven years the public has ceased to associate *Lucifer* with Beelzebub, and the magazine as *Lucifer* was much more closely linked with Madame Blavatsky and the early days of the movement than the *Theosophical Review*.

EXIT "LUCIFER!"

Mrs. Besant, writing in the September number on the change of title, says:—

> It is said truly enough that the name repels in Christendom, being regarded as synonymous with devil, while outside Christendom it is meaningless; in both cases it carries with it no suggestion of the theosophical character of the magazine. My reason admits the cogency of the arguments for the change, and I therefore assent to it, but my heart rebels; for *Lucifer* has become to me a living personality, and the name dear as the name of a friend. Mesmerism, when re-baptised as hypnotism, became acceptable in respectable circles, which had previously looked askance at it, and it may be that *Lucifer*, re-baptised *The Theosophical Review*, will gain entry where heretofore he was unwelcome, and thus will become a light-bearer over a wider region, and aid better the movement he was brought into the world to serve, and is reincarnated to serve better.

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Besant may be right, but my instinct as a journalist is against the change. A new religion in its youth ought not to be too speedy in adopting a tall hat and dress coat. That is what seems to have been done when the eminently respectable and decorous but somewhat dull title of the *Theosophical Review* was substituted for that of *Lucifer*. But it is not my affair, and the people in Avenue Road ought to know their business best.

MRS. BESANT ON THEOSOPHY.

The first number of the *Theosophical Review* contains an eloquent dissertation by Mrs. Besant on the Theosophical Movement, Past, Present, and Future, chiefly in the past and in the future. Mrs. Besant maintains that the Theosophical Society is the latest offshoot of the great Vine of the Divine Wisdom, which is planted in our globe in the mystical garden of Eden, when the earth was young. Of that Vine every great religion has been a branch and every spiritual philosophy has been an offshoot. The main stem of the Vine is the Great Brotherhood, the Lodge of Sages, profoundly versed in the Divine Wisdom, who from time to time formulate a new presentment of a portion of that religion, and give it to the world as a religion or philosophy.

Passing over the fairy stories of Atlantis, which, however, Mrs. Besant evidently accepts as authentic history,

she traces the history of the pure Theosophy which was taught by members of the Brotherhood to the first sub-race of Aryans. Many and beautiful were the branches that sprung from it. The Persian, the Chaldean, the Egyptian, the Grecian philosophies offshoots, all sprung from the parent stem. The same Divine Wisdom was again unveiled in India by the Buddha, and later the students recognise another appearance of the Brotherhood, where the Nazarene prophet offers pure Theosophy to his own nation only to be rejected and slain. Nevertheless, branches of the Vine overspread Europe, and Christian churches and philosophies enshrine parts of the Divine Wisdom. Messengers of the ever-watchful and guiding Brotherhood appear from time to time. Among these she names—

Averroes and Duns Scotus, à Kempis, and St. Francis, Paracelsus and Bruno, Boehme and Eckhartshausen, Swedenborg and St. Martin.

At length, in the fulness of time, Madame Blavatsky is the chosen messenger of the Masters, who on this occasion resolved upon a new departure.

"This time pure Theosophy shall have a vehicle of its own, with no exoteric religion as its outer shell; the attempt shall be made to present it to the world without founding a new faith or formulating its truths as dogmas.

THE NEW NOAH AND HIS ARK.

So the Society was founded, with a special object for the purpose of carrying the precious deposit of Divine Wisdom over the end of the cycle. Mrs. Besant says :—

This Society is the ark of spiritual truth, launched on the stormy waves that separate a continent of the past from a continent of the future; our Noah—to borrow a Hebrew name—our Manu—to borrow a Hindu title—is the great Brotherhood, who launched the ark, and he abides in it with us as it breasts the tempest. Those who voyage in the ark carry over the precious treasures of the past as a gift to the future; they are the transmitters of the knowledge to the new cycle, they will start the new departure. To be the lowest scullion-boy in such a vessel would be a title of honour, to take a share in working it is a privilege beyond price.

But as happens in all churches, there are many lukewarm, and the pages of the *Theosophical Review* abound with intimations that, even within the chosen circle of the Society, the zeal of many has grown cold, while others have imitated only too faithfully the evil example of the Christians in getting up schisms and indulging in all manner of malice, hatred, and uncharitableness, where brotherly love ought to prevail.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

The Theosophical view of Christianity stated that precision in the reviews published of Ian Maclaren's book, "The Mind of the Master," and Dean Farrar's "Apology for the Bible." Of the two, Ian Maclaren's appears to be much more in accord with the Theosophical orthodoxy. The reviewer of the "Mind of the Master" says :—

There could not be a better book to bring a Christian friend to the level of our own wider and higher doctrine; and the large number of our own people who prefer to retain the Christian form as the mould into which to cast their devotion to the Higher Self will find in it a Christianity which has very little indeed to jar upon their Theosophical principles. When Christianity has completely "reformed itself upon the lines laid down by Dr. Watson, it will not be hard to add our own doctrine to it."

III.—THE TRUE LIFE-STORY OF CHRIST!

A NEW REVELATION READ IN THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

ACCORDING to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who is one of the chief investigators of the astral world at the Theosophical headquarters, the Theosophists are about to startle mankind by a new revelation. Writing in the *Theosophical Review* on the "Christian Creeds,"

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED,

Mr. Leadbeater tells us that his paper is not based on the voluminous works of theological writers,

But is simply the result of an investigation into the âkâshic records made by a few students of occultism.

These few students of occultism, while reading in the astral light the records of past time, claim to have stumbled upon an original version of the Gospel. Mr. Leadbeater says :—

It is not my intention here to enter at length into the extremely interesting information which clairvoyant investigation has given to us with regard to the true life-story of the great Teacher Christ. That will be a work to be done hereafter, but it will assuredly not be undertaken unless and until it is possible for us to adduce evidence in support of our statement, such as will appeal to the minds of the scholar and the antiquarian. It will, however, be necessary for a comprehension of the purpose of the ancient formula above mentioned to say a few words upon that subject.

AN OUTLINE OF THE NEW GOSPEL.

As a matter of fact the Christ arose (at a date considerably earlier than that usually assigned) as a teacher within the bosom of the Essene community, living amongst them and instructing them for some time before his public ministry commenced. The heads of this community were already in possession of fragments of more or less accurate information—possibly obtained from Buddhist sources—with regard to the origin of all things. These the Christ put together and rendered coherent, casting them into the shape of a formula of belief which may be regarded as the first source of the Christian Creed. The original of this formula may perhaps be some day translated into English; but such an undertaking would need the co-operation of several persons, and very minute care as to the niceties of meaning and choice of words. The attempt will therefore not be made here, but we shall confine ourselves to indicating those clauses of our present Creeds, which were represented in this original formula, and endeavouring to make their meaning more intelligible.

THE SOURCE OF THE CHRISTIAN CREED.

The purpose for which this symbol was construed was to condense into a form easily remembered the teaching as to the origin of the cosmos which the Christ had been given to the heads of the Essene community. Each phrase of it would recall to their minds much more than the mere words in which it was expressed; in fact, it was a mnemonic such as the Buddha used when he gave to his hearers the Four Noble Truths, and no doubt each clause was taken as a text for explanation and expansion, much in the same way as Madame Blavatsky wrote the whole of "The Secret Doctrine" upon the basis of the Stanzas of Dzyan.

I am afraid that the non-theosophical reader will hardly be disposed to congratulate Mr. Leadbeater upon his success of making the meaning of the Christian creed more intelligible. This, however, is a matter of comparatively small importance, and his explanations will be listened to impatiently if they block the way to the publication of what he evidently believes to be the genuine, original narrative of the Life of Christ.

THE AKASHIC RECORDS.

But what, the reader may ask, are the Akashic Records, to which Mr. Leadbeater refers so confidently.

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The Akashic Records are the original photographs, so to speak, of everything that has ever happened since the world began, reflections of which are projected upon the astral light, where they can be seen by clairvoyants and psychometrists. The trained occultists, however, examine the records themselves, and it is in the examination of those records that Mr. Leadbeater claims to have discovered the true facts of the Life of Christ.

In *Lucifer*, for July, Mr. Leadbeater gives some information concerning these records, which certainly justify his remark that, if he can verify his investigations, we may confidently expect the clearing up of all the histories of all the mysteries from the beginning of the world down to the present time:—

It may be asked, how is it possible, amid this bewildering confusion of records of the past and previsions of the future, to find any particular picture when it is wanted? As a matter of fact, the untrained clairvoyant usually cannot do so without some special link to put him *en rapport* with the subject required. Psychometry is an instance in point, and it is quite probable that our ordinary memory is really only another presentment of the same idea. It seems as though there were a sort of magnetic attachment or affinity between any particle of matter and the record which contains its history—an affinity which enables it to act as a kind of conductor between that record and the faculties of anyone who can read it.

For example, I once brought from Stonehenge a tiny fragment of stone, not larger than a pin's head, and on putting this into an envelope and handing it to a psychometer, who had no idea what it was, she at once began to describe that wonderful ruin and the desolate country surrounding it, and then went on to picture vividly what were evidently scenes from its early history, showing that that infinitesimal fragment had been sufficient to put her into communication with the records connected with the spot from which it came. The scenes through which we pass in the course of our life seem to act in the same manner upon the cells of our brain as did the history of Stonehenge upon that particle of stone; they establish a connection with those cells by means of which our mind is put *en rapport* with that particular portion of the records, and so we "remember" what we have seen.

Even a trained clairvoyant needs some link to enable him to find the record of an event of which he has no previous knowledge. If, for example, he wished to observe the landing of Julius Cæsar on the shores of England, there are several ways in which he might approach the subject. If he happened to have visited the scene of the occurrence, the simplest way would probably be to call up the image of that spot, and then run back through its records until he reached the period desired. If he had not seen the place, he might run back in time to the date of the event, and then search the Channel for a fleet of Roman galleys; or he might examine the records of Roman life at about that period, where he would have no difficulty in identifying so prominent a figure as Cæsar, or in tracing him when found through all his Gallic wars until he sets his foot upon British land.

People often inquire as to the aspect of these records—whether they appear near or far away from the eye, whether the figures in them are large or small, whether the pictures follow one another as in a panorama, or melt into one another like dissolving views, and so on. One can only reply that their appearance varies, to a certain extent, according to the conditions under which they are seen. Upon the astral plane the reflection is most often a simple picture, though occasionally the figures seen would be endowed with motion; in this latter case, instead of a mere snapshot, a rather longer and more perfect reflection has taken place.

On the devachanic plane they have two widely different aspects. When the visitor to that plane is not thinking specially of them in any way, the records simply form a background to whatever is going on, just as the reflections in a pier-glass at the end of a room might form a background to the life of the people in it. It must always be borne in mind that under these conditions they are really merely reflections from the ceaseless activity of a great Consciousness upon a far higher plane, and have very much the appearance of an endless succession of the recently-invented *cinematographe*, or living photographs. They do not melt into one another like dissolving views, nor do a series of ordinary pictures follow one another; but the action of the reflected figures constantly goes on, as though one were watching the actors on a distant stage.

But if the investigator turn his attention specially to any one scene, or wishes to call it up before him, an extraordinary change at once takes place, for this is the plane of thought, and to think of anything is to bring it instantaneously before you. For example, if a man wills to see the record of that event to which we before referred—the landing of Julius Cæsar—he finds himself in a moment not looking at any picture, but standing on the shore among the legionaries, with the whole scene being enacted around him, precisely in every respect as he would have seen it if he had stood there in the flesh on that autumn morning in the year 55 B.C. Since what he sees is but a reflection, the actors are, of course, entirely unconscious of him, nor can any effort of his change the course of their action in the smallest degree, except only that he can control the rate at which the drama shall pass before him—can have the events of a whole year rehearsed before his eyes in a single hour, or can at any moment stop the movement altogether, and hold any particular scene in view as a picture as long as he chooses.

In truth, he observes not only what he would have seen if he had been there at the time in the flesh, but much more. He hears and understands all that the people say, and he is conscious of all their thoughts and motives; and one of the most interesting of the many possibilities which open up before one who has learnt to read the records is the study of the thought of ages long past—the thought of the cave-men and the lake-dwellers, as well as that which ruled the mighty civilisations of Atlantis, of Egypt, or of Chaldæa. How the vistas of the past open up before such a student—not only the story of all the vast achievements of man, but also of the processes of nature, of the strange chaotic life of earlier rounds—we can indicate only slightly here; but the reader will readily realize that in these directions an almost limitless field lies waiting for the patient investigator.

IV.—COLONEL OLCOTT AND THE MAHATMAS.

A RECORD OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

COLONEL OLCOTT is one of the few persons whose faith in the Mahatmas is founded upon sight. He has seen them, and talked with them, not once but many times, and, in his "Old Diary Leaves," which is published in the *Theosophist*, he gives us a record of his personal experiences in dealing with these august beings.

THE MAHATMA AT LAHORE—FIRST VISIT.

In the July number he gives a description of one of the Mahatmas, whom he describes as a Master who came into his tent and woke him up, making him believe at first that his life was threatened by an assassin. He was speedily undeceived, especially when his illustrious visitor precipitated in his hand a letter which predicted the death of two of his opponents, who were then most active, and gave him much good counsel besides.

Colonel Olcott says:—

The whole time of the interview could not have been longer than ten minutes. The touch of his hand drew me out of the depths of the oblivion of dreamless sleep. I had had a fatiguing day, the tent was very cold, heated only by some embers in a great earthen pot, and I had covered myself to the ears in the bed-clothes. I am touched, I wake with a start, I clutch the arms of my visitor, possibly my would-be assassin; the sweet, kind voice breaks the last stupor of slumber; he is there, standing beside my bed, his face aglow with a smile; I see it in the *chiaroscuro* of the back-light. Then the magical creature of the silk-enwrapped letter in my hand, a few words, a farewell salute, he walks past the lamp on the box, his noble form lingers an

instant in the tent-door, he gives a last friendly glance at me, and is gone. It is not much as to time, but its memory will last my life through.

SECOND VISIT.

This interview took place at Lahore, while he was travelling with Mr. Brown and Damodar, on the way to visit the Maharajah of Kashmir. But this was not the only experience which he was destined to have at Lahore that November. On the night of the 20th, as Colonel Olcott and his two friends were sitting in chairs at the back of the tent, at ten o'clock, the Master came again, but he was preceded on this occasion by a disciple:—

After some waiting we heard and saw a tall Hindu approaching from the side of the open plain. He came to within a few yards of us and beckoned Damodar to come to him, which he did. He told him that the master would appear within a few minutes, and that he had some business with Damodar. It was a pupil of Master K. H. Presently we saw the latter coming from the same direction pass his pupil—who had withdrawn to a little distance—and stop in front of our group, now standing and saluting in the Indian fashion, some yards away. Brown and I kept our places, and Damodar went and conversed for a few minutes with the Teacher, after which he returned to us, and the king-like visitor walked away. I heard his footsteps on the ground, so it was no wraith, but the man in his external body.

Still further proof was given me before retiring, when I was writing my Diary: the pupil lifted the *portière*, beckoned to me, and pointed to the figure of his Master, waiting for me out on the plain in the star-light. I went to him, we walked off to a safe place at some distance, where intruders need not be expected, and then for about a half hour he told me what I had to know, and what does not concern third parties. since that chapter of T. S. history was long since closed. Needless to say I slept very little on either of those two nights. The august visitor told me, however, that he had not come to me of his own motive entirely, although glad to come to me in person, but had been sent by the authority higher than himself, who was satisfied with my fidelity and wished me to never lose confidence.

Colonel Olcott is quite sure that this august visitor was the one he was called to meet.

THE VANISHING OF DAMODAR.

When he arrived at the capital of Kashmir, Colonel Olcott was considerably alarmed by the sudden vanishing of Damodar. His young companion had left the bungalow alone at daybreak, leaving no message. Colonel Olcott went out of the room to seek him, and returned almost immediately. When he reached his room, from which he had not been absent more than a minute or two, he found lying on the table a note from the Master, begging him not to worry about the lad, as he was under his protection. The note was in the "K. H." writing, and enclosed in the familiar Chinese envelope. His first instinct, upon which he acted, was to take Damodar's luggage, his trunk and his bedding, and put it away under his own cot. Colonel Olcott then sent off a telegram to Madame Blavatsky announcing Damodar's disappearance, and saying that he had no idea when he would return.

A MAHATMA DISGUISED AS A TELEGRAPH BOY.

That evening there arrived a mysterious telegraph messenger bearing a telegram from Madam Blavatsky, who was in Madras, 2,000 miles away, saying that a Master had told her that Damodar would return, and that I must not let his luggage, especially his bedding, be touched by any third party. Colonel Olcott had no sooner opened the telegram, and glanced at its contents, when the telegraphic messenger vanished, and Colonel Olcott knew, by the psychic disturbance which he felt, that he had been in the presence of one of the Brotherhood. His theory of how the vanishing Brother had come into possession of the mysterious telegram, and had personated an ordinary telegraphic messenger, is, he says, one easily comprehensible to every advanced mesmerist, but to those who are not advanced in mesmerism, it is quite incomprehensible.

THE VANISHING ONE TRANSFORMED.

Damodar came back sure enough, having undergone a strange transformation.

It was on the 25th November, at daylight, that Damodar left us: he returned in the evening of the 27th—after an absence of some 60 hours, but how changed! He left, a delicate-framed, pale, student-like young man, frail, timid, deferential; he returned with his olive face bronzed several shades darker, seemingly robust, tough, and wiry, bold and energetic in manner: we could scarcely realise that he was the same person. He had been at the Master's retreat (*ashrum*), undergoing certain training. He brought me a message from another Master, well known to me, and, to prove its genuineness, whispered in my ear a certain agreed password by which Lodge messages were authenticated to me, and which is still valid: a fact which certain transatlantic persons might profitably take note of.

MAHATMAS AS BANKERS.

This seems to have been the last manifestation of the Mahatmas at Kashmir, but when Col. Olcott got back to Adyar, at the headquarters, in December, the manifestations from the Mahatmas increased and multiplied, and on one occasion at least the Masters precipitated something more valuable than letters of advice in Chinese envelopes. Colonel Olcott tells the story as follows:—

Daily phenomena occurred in the "shrine;" six and even seven persons got notes, in English and Indian vernaculars simultaneously, answering questions put to them just before. On the morning of the 28th, out on the lawn, before the openings of Convention, I told H. P. B. how sorry I was that the other Madras members had allowed Judge Sreenevas Row to spend so large a sum as Rs. 500 out of his own pocket towards the cost of the Convention, as I was sure he could not afford to be so generous. She reflected a moment and then called Damodar to her from a group with whom he was talking a little way off. "Go," she said, "to the shrine and bring me a packet you will find there." He went, and within less than five minutes came hurrying back with a closed letter in his hand addressed on the cover to "P. Sreenevas Row." The Judge, being called to us, was given the packet and bidden to open it. He did so, and the expression of amazement on his face was indescribable when he drew forth a very kind and affectionate letter to himself from Master K. H., thanking him for his zealous services and giving him the notes enclosed as a help towards the Convention's expenses. The enclosure was in Government Promissory Notes to the aggregate value of Rs. 500, and on the back of each were written the initials "K. H." in blue pencil. I have given the facts exactly as they occurred, and one of the notes—for Rs. 10—I have kept as a souvenir, by the Judge's kind permission. The points to keep in mind are: that I myself had heard but a moment before repeating it to H. P. B., about the Judge's unstinted generosity; that Damodar had gone to the shrine and returned with the money within the next five minutes; that each note bore the familiar "K. H." initials; neither H. P. B. or Damodar had then between them one hundred, let alone five hundred rupees, and that the gift was at once reported to all the delegates clustered over the lawn. That it was not "fairy gold" is evident from the fact of my having one of the very notes now at Adyar after a lapse of nearly fourteen years.

Such manifestations are rare, and perhaps wisely so. There would be a great run upon Mahatmas if they

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could be relied upon to produce 500 rupees whenever the faithful had need.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S TESTIMONY.

In the course of these papers Colonel Olcott mentions that he has never been left without communications from the Brotherhood. He says :—

Twenty-odd years of this experience has begotten a constant calm and an abiding trust in my heart, as it did in that of H. P. B. Sometimes it may be a glimpse of a personage, sometimes an audible voice, sometimes a clear forecast of events, sometimes a message through third parties; like that which Mme. Mongruel, the gifted Seeress, gave me in her somnambule sleep last year at Paris, and which foretold the immediate future of the Society, the duration of my own life and the aspect of things towards the end of it.

A PARALLEL FROM THE NEW WORLD.

The *Hypnotic Magazine* for August publishes a letter from a correspondent, J. E. Hill, dated from 1357, Broadway, Denver, June 30th. Mr. Hill's story is interesting as a pendant to Colonel Olcott's account of how money was furnished him by invisible friends. Mr. Hill says :

Sixteen or seventeen years ago we removed from London to Torquay, shipped our furniture by rail. When we went to get our furniture we found we had not sufficient money to pay the payment of storage by nine pounds, about $45. We went back to our rooms discouraged. Presently my wife's hand became rigid, then moved as if writing. I knew what that meant, and placed a pencil in her hand and paper on the table; it then wrote, "Don't worry, we will try and help you. Sit still. (Signed) Help." We sat still, perhaps two or three minutes, when I heard a jingling and movement behind me on the mantel-shelf. Then the hand wrote, "We are glad we could help you ; go to the cup on mantel shelf. Help." I went and to my astonishment there were nine gold sovereigns. Yet hardly to my astonishment, because they had brought us money and other things before. Can you explain this? Fraud and delusion won't do. The railway company took the gold. Again, shortly after this, one morning in bed, my wife passed under the control of an influence and said, "You ought to have been with us last night ; we brought lots of fruit and other things." I said I was sorry, but I could not help being absent. She then said, "Never mind. We will try and bring you some now." Her hands were then placed together in a rigid condition. Presently one hand was raised, and in the other I saw a nebulous form of a pear, which slowly hardened into a plain every-day pear. I ate it. Can you explain? These two instances will suffice. I could relate many, many more of fruit, flowers, birds; men, women, come and go in broad daylight; no fraud, no collusion, no mortals but our two selves, often.

V.—WHAT IS THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY?

As this is the last number of BORDERLAND that will be published for some time, it may be as well to reproduce, if only for purpose of reference, the following statement which is published in the *Theosophist* as to the original and present position of the Theosophical Society.

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17th, 1875. Its founders believed that the best interest of Religion and Science would be promoted by the revival of Sanskrit, Pali, Zend, and other ancient literature, in which the Sages and Initiates had preserved for the use of mankind truths of the highest value respecting man and nature. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism, and strengthen the waning religious spirit.

ITS OBJECTS.

The simplest expression of the objects of the Society is the following :—

First.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

Second.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third.—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor his interference with them permitted, but every one is required, before admission, to promise to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself.

ITS HEAD-QUARTERS.

The Head-quarters, offices, and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, where the Society has a property of twenty-seven acres and extensive buildings, including one for the Oriental library, and a spacious hall wherein Annual Conventions are held on the 27th of December.

The Society is not yet endowed, but there is a nucleus of a fund, the income from the investment of which is available for current expenses; these are mainly, however, met by donations, and one-fourth of all fees and dues collected by Sections, and fees and dues from non-sectionalised countries.

All bequests intended to benefit the *Society as a whole*, must be made to "The Trustees for the time being of the Theosophical Society, appointed or acting under a deed of trust, dated the 14th of December, 1892, and duly enrolled."

The Society, as a body, eschews politics and all subjects outside its declared sphere of work. The *Rules* stringently forbid members to compromise its strict neutrality in these matters.

The *Theosophist* is private property, but under the Revised Rules it is the organ of the Society for the publication of official news. For anything else in the Magazine, the Society is not responsible.

ITS BRANCHES.

Many Branches of the Society have been formed in various parts of the world, and new ones are constantly being organised. Up to December 27th, 1896, 428 charters for branches had been issued. Each branch frames its own bye-laws and manages its own local business without interference from head-quarters; provided only that the fundamental rules of the Society are not violated. Branches lying within certain territorial limits (as, for instance, America, Europe, India, &c.) have been grouped for purposes of administration in territorial sections. For particulars, see the revised rules of 1896, where all necessary information with regard to joining the Society, &c., will also be found : to be had free on application to the Recording Secretary of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras ; or to the General Secretaries of the Sections.

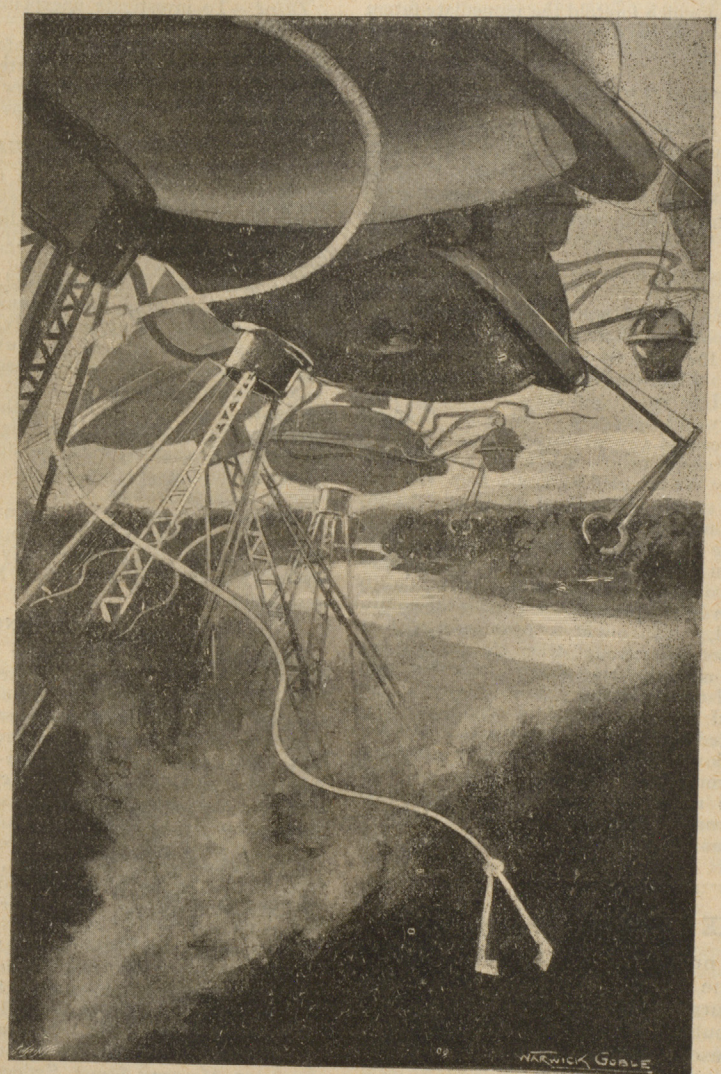
In Europe, apply to G. R. S. Mead, 19, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W., London ; in Scandinavian countries, to A. Zettersten, Nybrogatan, 30, Stockholm, Sweden. In Holland to Mr. W. B. Fricke, Amsterdam. In India, to Bertram Keightley, Benares, N W.P., India. In America, to Alexander Fullerton, 5, University Place, New York, City. In Australasia, to J. Scott, M.A., 42, Margaret Street, Sydney, N.S.W. In New Zealand, to Miss Lilian Edgar, M.A., Mutual Life Buildings, Lower Queen Street, Auckland. In Ceylon, to Mrs. M. M. Higgins, Musæus School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls, 8, Brownrigg Street, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, or to Mr. H. S. Perera, 61, Maliban Street, Colombo.

XI.—NEWS FROM MARS.

ALLEGED COMMUNICATIONS BY A MARTIAN "CONTROL."

IT is very extraordinary the interest that is taken at the present moment in the inhabitants of Mars. Du Maurier's posthumous work, "The Martian," with its curious account of the inhabitants of the planet of War, has achieved a success almost as great as that of "Trilby." Very different, but still quite as significant in its way is Mr. H. J. Wells' "War of the Worlds," the sensational story which that rising novelist is contributing to *Pearson's Magazine*. It is a story describing how this world was invaded by the Martians, and a very gruesome tale it is. From Queensland comes the story to the effect that Mrs. Burbank, one of the most noted of the Australian psychics, has been told by her invisible friends that the fauna of Mars include such creatures of imagination as winged horses. A still stranger list of monsters is given in the list of the spirits of Mars in books dealing with Crystal Gazing. Old Moore's Almanack, not to be behind-hand, predicts that a strange revelation concerning the life on the planet Mars is due next month. The entry in his almanack is as follows :

A great astronomical discovery may be expected. Indeed, it will seem to many that, in consequence, a means of communication between ourselves and the inhabitants of the planet Mars is likely to be opened up. How far these sanguine hopes will be justified cannot here be said. That the discovery will be of immense importance OLD MOORE unhesitatingly affirms.



FROM MR. WELLS' STORY, "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," NOW APPEARING IN *Pearson's Magazine*.

The possibility that the planet is inhabited is one which has long occupied the speculative mind of man. Lord Tennyson, we learn from his Memoir, used to love to speculate on the subject. His son writes :

My father said that, according to analogy, at least one of the planets belonging to each sun should be inhabited, though perhaps with beings very different from ourselves; and that the spectroscope was destined to make much greater revelations even than it had already made.

All these fragmentary guesses and assertions or imaginings concerning Mars are thrown into the shade by the extraordinary detailed narrative of life on the planet Mars which was communicated to Mr. Starling, through the agency of a trance medium in London. The fact that such communications have been received cannot even be doubted by the greatest sceptic, but when we ask as to the truth of their origin we are confronted only with a blank wall. In publishing extracts from the voluminous MS. with which Mr. Starling has favoured me, and illustrating it with the extraordinary photographs which he claims to have procured of two ancient monarchs of Mars, I need hardly say that I do it with all reserve. Those who believe in the communications which Mr. Starling has delivered to me are welcome to do so. For myself, I would say they are very important if true, but for evidence as to their truth we have still to wait. Probably most persons will agree in regarding these communications as a confirmation of Tennyson's judgment, that in messages from beyond there is often much more trace of Puck than of intelligences of a higher order. Still, supposing that the whole story is a mere romance, due to the imagination or inventive genius of some intelligence on the Other Side, or of the aberration of the brain of the medium, the narrative is a curious one,

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and may be preserved as a curio and a specimen of its class.

It is also interesting to note that the question of obtaining communications from Mars is one of the points specially raised by a correspondent signing himself Lex, who wrote, criticising the communications from Julia. His letter set out what he would do if he were Julia; *i.e.*, a disembodied spirit, who was independent of the conditions of time and space. He said, in that case,

> My brain fairly reels at the thought of the tremendous interest of what I could communicate. Could I not help them to a solution of the great problems which have so long perplexed us? If I could go at a thought to the farthest star, should I not tell my friend the Professor the exact nature of the belts of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and the canals of Mars? Should I not tell him that he was right in his theory that this earth of ours is but one of countless millions of globes inhabited by intelligent beings in various stages of evolutionary development? Should I not, to begin with, describe the inhabitants of Mars, their language and customs, their science, literature, art, and politics?
>
> But I need not go on. Anyone can see that to either parson or professor I could impart information of such startling and absorbing interest as the world has never known.

That is just what the intelligence communicating through the mediumship of Mr. West, of Shirland Road, Paddington, professes to have done. Mr. West is not a professional medium, but for the last eighteen years he has been well-known as a Spiritualist in Paddington, and as a Clairvoyant and Trance Medium. He is a clerk in a contractor's office; very abstemious, never drinks, never smokes, and is naturally devout, meditative, and unimaginative. He spends most of his spare time in practising music and photography. Mr. West in the series of sittings at which the communications entitled "News from Mars" were given, was controlled when in trance by an intelligence who described itself as a lady resident in Mars of the name of Silver Pearl. She spoke with a slight foreign accent, and gave many details concerning herself, and previous existences, for, according to Silver Pearl, she had lived in many spheres and sojourned in many material worlds. Nor did she confine her communications to information about Mars, but gossiped pleasantly and glibly concerning Saturn and Jupiter. But concerning her communications as to these other planets I say nothing.

HERIES, KING OF ALGÁTHANON.

THE SLEEPLESS, SERVANT OF GOD, KING OF ALGÁTHANON, SON OF HERIES.

The only specimen of the Martian language with which Mr. Starling has supplied me is a fragment of Silver Pearl's poem to the sun. This quatrain will probably suffice:—

Granquilana qui resocrath
Blei Suon oclas mi cry
Plan sath onam mion icee
O fras, mo kalonath.

She was also able to secure photographs of two Martians, which, as curiosities, are reproduced here. Mr. Starling says these photographs are not photo-

graphs of flesh and blood persons, posing before a camera in the ordinary way. They are photographs of portraits made by the spirits from the Martian spheres with the assistance of some spirits in the earth sphere. There were other photographs representing Silver Pearl's child, and a young lady companion to herself at a time when they were fourteen years of age, but as they in no way differ from those of any two children that might be found in London to-day I do not reproduce them.

According to these communications made by Silver Pearl through the mediumship of Mr. West, Mars is very much like this world, or what this world would be if we were all rational vegetarians who foreswore war, and lived to the age of one hundred and fifty. The MS. is so voluminous that if it were printed in full it would leave but little room for anything else in the number. I, therefore, merely pick out some of the items thus communicated. Briefly summarised, this is what Silver Pearl says concerning her planet and its inhabitants.

A MARTIAN'S ACCOUNT OF MARS.

Mars has two satellites, the inner one of which revolves round Mars with immense rapidity, doing the circuit in seven and a-half hours. As it is so close to the planet, and revolves with such enormous velocity, it marks a zone round Mars known as the stormy zone, which is perpetually scourged by storms, wind, hail, thunder, and lightning. No one lives in this zone, and those who approach its borders take special precautions to avoid being swept away. Mars with its inner satellite forms a huge dynamo which charges its atmosphere with electricity, so densely as to give the planet when seen from outside its peculiar red colour. To the Martians the atmosphere is not red, but bright blue.

VOLCANOES AND MOUNTAINS.

Mars has several volcanoes, most of which are extinct. One, however, which is in condition of occasional activity, acts as a kind of natural barometer or weather glass. These volcanoes supply the planet with metal and sulphur. The interior of a volcano, according to this authority, is very much like the bottom of a blast furnace. When the metal is all fused it is tapped by the Martians, and the metal runs off into moulds as it is wanted.

Mars is crossed by a range of snow-capped mountains near the equatorial zone, which ought to be observed by a good telescope from the earth. There are two principal rivers. The air is much less damp than that of the earth. Our planet is known by the Martians as the Weeping One, owing to the clouds encompassing it. They can see our snow-capped mountain ranges, owing to the fact that they glitter in the sunlight, and rise above the banks of vapour which obscures the rest of the world.

THE MARTIANS AND THEIR WAYS.

Of the inhabitants of Mars, it is said that they never eat animal food, but they use the mammoth as a beast of burden. The horses are like our cobs, but are of a slate violet colour. Their cattle are small, with only one horn. Their wool is taken from the fleece of an animal that resembles the cross between a sheep and a goat. The inhabitants eat fish, and kill animals for the sake of their skin and gelatine, but the carcase is consumed by the flashes of electricity. They eat very little bread, which is made of a grain like wheat, which grows in rows like peas in a pod, but without the pod. Rain-makers flourish, and the population is given up to something resembling our Spiritualism. Everything is on a smaller scale on Mars, excepting the length of life, which lasts for about 160 years of our reckoning. They are clairvoyant naturally, and have learned to fly, although not for very long distances. They also glide over water as if it were dry land. All war has been abolished in Mars. The Government is a Theocracy. The planets are divided into twelve states, each ruled by a leader, who in return receives instruction from the angelic world. No Martian owns any personal property, nor is there any money in circulation, excepting between State and State. Cities and towns are known as families and brotherhoods. All necessities and luxuries of life are distributed according to the needs of the individual, just as in a family. They have factories and manufactories, of which the motors are driven by the tides, of which there are very many more than on our planet.

THE UTILIZATION OF ELECTRICITY.

Almost everything is done by electricity in Mars, and Silver Pearl stoutly declares that all Mr. Edison's discoveries are the result of impressions communicated to his brain by emissaries from Mars. Pictures are telegraphed, colours and all, but it is rather tantalising to be told that the secret of the process could be divulged in a few words, but the time for being inquisitive has not yet arrived, and as the communicating intelligence did not voluntarily say how it is to be done, Mr. Starling did not ask them. They also said that some kind of stuff—a delightfully loose term—now thrown away, could, if treated electrically, be converted into a valuable building material. But as they are going to impress someone how to do it, Mr. Starling did not like to ask them to anticipate their communications. Ships in Mars are propelled by a kind of fins on their sides. They have no masts, and usually float on the surface of the water, but when storms arise, they promptly go below, and safely sheltered from the waves of the surface, make just as good speed under water. According to Silver Pearl, all animal life is steadily tending to extinction, both in Mars and in our earth. After the human race is extinct, in its physical form, it will continue to exist in spirit life upon one or other of the innumerable stars which are scattered about the universe space. Every Martian has to work two hours and three minutes per diem for the community. Vice is almost unknown, and only one prison suffices for the whole planet. As it is situated in the stormy zone, the probability of a speedy jail delivery is one way of accounting for the fact that no additional jails are required.

POLITICAL DIVISIONS.

The name of the twelve states into which Mars is divided are given, but the name of the first will suffice. It is called Algáthanon. Silver Pearl entered into elaborate particulars as to house architecture and social life in Mars, which the reader will find in the book when it is published. The capital of the state of Algáthanon has as much ground as London, but only accommodates one-tenth of the population. Its walls are closed by gates that resemble gold, but they are kept up for antiquarian reasons. The population spends most of their lives on the top of their houses, where they serve their banquets, and send their children to play. Spiritualism of the universe is the religion, and has been so for the last 2,000 years. They sit in

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circle. The eldest men form an inner ring; around these seven or eight concentric circles of alternate sex are formed. As all the members are clairvoyant they have much more lively times than the spiritualistic circles of this country, which have the usual tendency of being unusually dull.

THE GROVE OF PEACE.

But these extracts will probably give sufficient idea of the kind of communications which have been made by these Martian controls. One or two more extracts, however, may be given. The first relates to the institution of a grove of peace.

The Grove of Peace is a small enclosed park and garden combined, having choice trees and shrubs, flower-beds, flower-cones, bowers, ornamental fountains and jets, and singing birds trained to sing together at a given signal. No sound is to be heard there except that of the water and the birds. But sometimes when the birds are singing exquisite supernatural monotones mingle in the fountains as if responding. Some Martians are more sensitive than others and easily disconcerted, and none can run their lengthy race for immortality without encountering trouble. When a brother or sister in Algáthanon is upset by some short-lived annoyance, they put a blue and white striped silk cloth over the head and shoulders, and walk sadly to the Grove of Peace. When they are thus attired no one must speak to them nor stop them, though, if they should meet one they wish to speak to, they lower the scarf from the head to the shoulders, which is the sign. Arrived at the Grove of Peace, they seek the bowery recesses there, like alcoves, walled and roofed with growing plants and flowers. Each recluse is alone reclining on a couch in his bower, and is presently visited by the spirit of some dear departed one, who consoles and caresses him, and reminds him of the grand and wonderful future before him.

MARRIAGE AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Courtship and marriage are conducted under great advantages, owing to the existence of a sensitive plant, which the control will certainly do well to bring to this planet with all speed. Unfortunately, the sensitive plant, which reveals the character of a person in the street, would probably not flourish on this earth.

Sensitive plants have been the subjects of much study and experiment in Mars from time immemorial. There are many kinds there, and the distinctive capabilities of each species is popularly known. There is one species about two feet high; it is a plant with leaves very much like bay leaves, only that they are cockled at the edges. They are not used by compulsion, neither does this particular plant grow in all the climates. This plant is much patronised by marriageable men and women, because it gives a true index to character and disposition. They procure a young plant and keep it at home in the courtyard of the house, and every morning make downward passes over it with their two hands. None must do this except the owner. The daily passes to magnetise it are continued till the plant has grown to maturity. Its appearance then is an exact picture of the owner's character. If it is bad the plant will be undersized —each leaf will be poor in quality, weak and small, and of a dull faded colour. If it is good the plant will be large and sturdy, with good upright leaves, rich in colour, and shiny. When a belle is sought after by so many that she ceases to be "mistress of her choice," or some Desdemona has all the "curled darlings" of a colony buzzing round her, she naturally selects her beau in accordance with the guidance of the best plant among those of the suitors she cares for. Parties are engaged there for some years before the matrimonial union, and, as if they somewhat mistrusted the laurel, they very carefully note each other's ways and temper, &c. Couples before engagement get the consent of the parents, all over the world. When the man wants to marry he appeals to the Elders, and they, before giving their consent, go through the necessary form of discovering what are the relative characters of the applicant and his fiancée. There are no two persons alike in Mars any more than here, and they have to guard against incompatibility. This is done by a law that couples must be engaged for three or four years (according to age).

The next position to reconnoitre is the matter of will or determination. Experience has taught, and teaches still, that where the wife has the strongest will of the two, the marriage is a failure as a lift to hapiness, because the natural and proper position of the husband is that of supreme ruler of the household. If that position is usurped by a domineering wife, the husband is humiliated, and the union made a spurious article, a counterfeit marriage.

In Algáthanon grows a sensitive plant like our laurel. It is smaller, and as sensitive as the discerner of the characters of men. The Elders like to see for themselves how the swain and his fiancée affect the plant. A sitting Elder has plenty of these plants in pots decorating his court among many other plants. The young man holds his two open hands above the plant, and "pushes" the plant down without touching it several times. The young lady does the same to another of the same size. The plants both shrink in proportion to the innate and latent will-power of the magnetizer. Much will-power or determination, much shrinking of the plant. If the female will is stronger than the male one, the elders refuse their consent to the marriage, though in some rare cases the couples marry for all that, despite the elders' warnings. There is an object in view in every provision of nature, and we on this earth thought our sensitive plants were so enhanced and presented to us by a wise Creator for no purpose; that is always the case till we wake from our sleepy unbelief and find out that there is a fore-ordained purpose in every creation. The formal marriage of couples takes place in public assemblies, *i.e.*, in spiritual circles. The bride and bridegroom are seated together in the centre, in the circle of elders, and almost covered with flowers brought by their friends. They are formally united by the elders present, and with thanksgiving and singing. Occasionally a couple are married by spirits who appear before them in the first circle. On very rare occasions the couple as soon as the essential ceremony was over have been missed by every one present, and yet no one saw them leaving. By messengers sent instantly in search of them, they are found safe, sound, and whole, in their home, often a distance of many miles (English) removed from the circle. The unconscious fugitives know as little as any one else; know they were spirited away, and that in broad daylight.

Whether it is the fault of the photographer or of its subjects, it can hardly be said that the portraits of the Martians, which are reproduced here, tend to increase the desire to communicate with that planet. They resemble very much the other psychic pictures which are obtained by Mr. Boursnell. Mr. Starling has not yet arranged for a publisher for the complete narrative, which he feels it his duty to give to the world. I feel I have more than discharged mine by publishing these extracts, if only as a sample of the kind of communication that is not uncommon in spiritualistic circles. Of evidential value it has of course none, but what can we think of the agency which produces such detailed narrative? If it is the medium's unconscious mind then it differs entirely from the mind of the medium, as it is known to himself and to his friends. If it is an elemental, or, as Tennyson suggests, some Puck, what motive can such an intelligence have in weaving night after night such an elaborate story? Where is the profit of it? The apparent aimlessness of communications received in trances is one of the earliest things which confront the inquirer, and one of the latest things which puzzle him.

XII.—PSYCHIC HEALING.

THE LANCASHIRE HEALER.

FURTHER NOTES AND A TABLE.

THE article in the July BORDERLAND on Mr. Hinchliffe brought him, during that and the two following months, no fewer than thirty-five new patients, the majority sending flannel to be handled and returned. Of these patients, *ten* suffered from deafness—a complaint very rarely amenable to a single treatment from a psychic-healer; in fact, Mr. Hinchliffe feels so much discouraged by his want of success in this class of cases that he is reluctant to undertake any more—at least through the post.

He has kindly allowed me access to the letters he has received through the BORDERLAND article, from which I have prepared the following table of *all* cases in which the results of his treatment is definitely known—

Table of Results in cases submitted to Mr. Hinchliffe through the notice in BORDERLAND

Date of First Letter.	Complaint.	Result, from communications of given dates.
27 July.	Womb displacement and rheumatism.	5 Aug.—No result.
29 July.	Nervous twitching of muscles.	28 Aug.—Twitching decidedly lessened for three weeks, then a relapse.
— Aug.	Swollen glands in face and weak back.	9 Aug.—"Great difference for the better." Back well since first use of flannel. 9 Sept.—Visible difference in face.
10 Aug.	Contracted fingers, rheumatic gout, insomnia.	13 Aug.—No result. More flannel. 23 Aug.—Hand no better; sleeping rather better. 8 Sept.—Sleeping still better.
12 Aug.	Throat deafness, and colds.	4 Sept.—No benefit. 11 Sept.—Worse.
13 Aug.*	Indigestion and weak nerves.	24 Aug.—Handkerchief did some good.
16 Aug.	Headache and rheumatism.	2 Sept.—Some benefit.
16 Aug.	Red nose through blow.	2 Sept.—Some benefit.
18 Aug.	Deafness and nervousness.	1 Sept.—Deafness no better; nerves a little.
25 Aug.	Sciatica.	31 Aug.—No benefit.
31 Aug.	Throat or nerve deafness, noises in ears.	(? date.)—Flannel did nerves some good; hearing not improved.
13 Sept.*	Deafness and noises.	23 Sept.—No benefit.

† From the other 23 cases no reports have been received.
* The two cases marked (*) were treated by handkerchief. All the others were treated by the application of handled flannel.

DIRECTIONS AS TO FLANNEL.

The healer requests that any flannel sent him for handling be clean or new. A strip about six inches wide and long enough to go well round the affected part is most convenient. For deafness he prescribes—in default of the far more satisfactory personal treatment—the wearing in the ears of cotton-wool handled by himself; for throat deafness also a flannel round the throat. The sealed packets of flannel should be opened by no one but the patient, and no sooner than is necessary; and no other person should touch the flannel saving to apply or adjust it. It is not essential that Mr. Hinchliffe be informed of the complaint the flannel is intended to relieve, but the knowledge may facilitate his directions for use, &c., which should be strictly observed.

MR. HINCHLIFFE'S VIEWS.

Mr. Hinchliffe compares his power to the X rays. He has been in one room and a patient in another, with benefit to the patient.

He objects to the term "Psychic Healing." "That," he says, "is done by thinking, but this of mine is not thinking at all."

"It is not will power," he adds. "It is not faith by anybody. It is not spiritism. But it is the will of God through me. Any article that I wear will cure persons, if it be the will of God for it to be done."

ON THE CASTING OUT OF DEVILS.

I.—IN ITALY.

A LADY resident in Genoa has forwarded me an account of a case of exorcism, which appears to have been well authenticated by the Roman Catholic clergy and bishop of the district. My correspondent writes:—

There is a little church among the Alps called the Church of Our Lady of Rè, which is a small village in the province of Novara, and two or three times in the year, on certain feasts, all persons who are possessed by the evil spirits are brought to this church. If they can be made to cross the threshold and to go inside, their cure is certain. At a special part of the church the clergy expel the demon of the possessed one; but before this point is reached there are terrible struggles, and their awful blasphemies are fearful indeed to see and to hear. These inflicted beings are brought to Rè from all parts of the country, and even from long distances, by their friends. It sometimes happens that six or eight strong men are not able to thrust a woman across the threshold of the church, such is the might of the evil spirit. This Church of Our Lady of Rè is obviously a place which ought to be investigated by the Psychical Research Society.

The following extract is translated from a weekly publication entitled *La Settimana Religiosa* ("The Religious Week"), No. 38, dated September 19th, 1897, issued by the Libreria Lanata, Piazza San Lorenzo, Genoa, Italy:—

There has been communicated to us, and we willingly insert the following account of a most signal favour, obtained by the "Association of Prayer and of Good Works," in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of Saint Joseph.

On the 1st of March, this year, 1897, the parish priest of Saint Bartholomew's, in Prarostino, in the Diocese of Pinerolo, (Piedmont—Italy), meeting a priest, one day, told him how his Presbytery, and the neighbouring one of the Rev. Vicar, had both been for more than a year infested by maligant spirits, whose satanic rage was vented on several persons, some belonging to the houses, and also on strangers, especially on the first mentioned; and these spirits used every artifice to divert them from their duties, to lead them into worldly vanities, and to distract them from religious practices.

The means which the diabolical spirits made use of, to effect their designs, were stones, which they threw in great numbers in the courtyard, on the staircases, and down the kitchen chimney: they also threw them in at the windows: with the stones, came hundreds of letters, and leaflets, full of lies, calumnies, intimidations, and menaces, even of death, which came into the house, and even through the closed windows. The scene baffles description! . . . .

Several months before the conversation with the priest above mentioned, repeated efforts had been made, with the help also

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of gendarmes, and of many other persons, but no trick of any kind could be discovered.

Often had the priest prayed to God, and had invoked the help of Our Lady, the Consoler of the afflicted, and that of Saint Michael the Archangel, which was the reason that he had not had to deplore serious injury, which he had much feared would be inflicted, after the most terrible menaces, so many times repeated; nevertheless, the diabolical hauntings, always continued, with more or less persistency; ceasing sometimes for a brief interval; then again being repeated more furiously than ever.

The other priest suggested to the troubled parish priest, to make use himself (and also the other persons in the house) often of the exorcism advised by the Ven. Vincent Pallotti: "I command thee, infernal demon, in the name of Jesus Christ, to go far from this place," and to make a "Novena" to Saint Joseph, reciting prayers called "The Little Crown of Saint Joseph"; at the same time he promised to put the matter among the intentions of an Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by means of which, he said, most numerous and extraordinary graces are obtained. He also gave to the parish priest some images of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to be put in the haunted places.

Then a wonderful thing happened. On the second or third day of the "Novena," as the priest was going to celebrate mass, according to the intention of one of those persons who was most molested, when he reached the corridor which led to the sacristy, he heard whizzing through the air before him, and falling at his feet, a huge stone, as a menace, but without losing his presence of mind, the priest went on, in utter contempt of the infernal demon, to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It was the last outburst of the furious, malignant spirit, for it is now about four months and a half since all this took place, and nothing more has been heard or seen.

May this brief but true narration of a known fact rekindle and increase devotion to, and faith in, the most loving heart of Jesus, and may it cause to be valued more and more that Association, by means of which He is pleased to console those poor afflicted persons for whom it prays, and may it cause each of the faithful to grow in devotion to, and confidence in, him, to whom Jesus Christ did not hesitate to confide Himself and His Most Holy Mother.

Praise, glory, and thanks be through all the ages, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to Saint Joseph.

(Signed) G. B. BERTOCCHIO, Parish Priest.

Our correspondent adds—in order to give to the fact to which I have referred all the weight which it deserves, I notice in his letter, dated July 21st of the present year, the parish priest of Saint Bartholomew's says that he has the consent of his vicar, Rev. Curtino (Theologian) to publish it, and that Monseigneur, the Bishop of Pinerolo consents to, and approves of, such publication. I know that the Bishop of Pinerolo was at Saint Bartholomew's when the diabolical molestation took place, and so much, it would appear, was he persuaded of the presence of malignant spirits in those places, that he made his Pastoral Letter this year on spirits in general, and on demons in particular.

2.—IN INDIA.

Mr. S. V. Edge, of Ootacamund, of the Madras Presidency, sent me a very interesting paper entitled, "Some Aspects of Indian Spiritualism," which I regret I have not space to publish in full. I must confine myself therefore to an extract which begins on the case of the exorcism of persons suffering from demoniacal possession in India.

There is a great similarity in the symptoms manifested in all cases of involuntary possession all over India. The subject usually exhibits a species of frenzy. His behaviour, which has hitherto been quiet and peaceable, suddenly becomes that, say, of a violent and quarrelsome man. He manifests peculiarities in the matters of eating, dressing, &c., and developes unaccountable likes and dislikes. His conversation will probably undergo changes, even to the extent of his talking in languages unfamiliar to him, and discussing subjects with which he has had no previous acquaintance. The various phases of the behaviour of involuntarily possessed persons in India to-day corroborate exactly the details given in the old books treating of possession, whose writers must undoubtedly have had a very practical acquaintance with their subject. Involuntary possession occurs frequently in every part of India, and probably no village has been without cases at some time in its history. Women are considered more subject to involuntary possession than men. During pregnancy they take special precautions to avoid any mishap of this description, it being believed that this state renders them peculiarly sensitive and mediumistic. Religious feasts, when people mix indiscriminately in large crowds, are held answerable for many involuntary possessions. I recall a case of this sort which happened at Ootacamund, on the Nilgiri Hills, not long ago. A young girl, who had attended a certain festival, on her return home, exhibited undoubted symptoms of involuntary possession. Up to that time her behaviour had been in all respects exemplary.

The habits of a confirmed drunkard developed rapidly in her, and she, who had formerly been sober and industrious, degenerated into an idle and dissolute character. She was continually in a state of intoxication and all efforts to reform her proved ineffectual. It was at last decided to call in the aid of a *mantrika* or professional exorcist, and he undertook to effect a cure. Among other characteristic symptoms of involuntary possession manifested by the girl, was the swaying of her head to and fro and the whirling of it round and round. Her hair, which was very long, frequently touched the ground when she bent forward in her contortions, and before long it became a dishevelled mass in which sticks, straws, and refuse of every description were entangled. The poor victim presented in truth a disgusting yet pitiable object when the *mantrika* arrived.

After some preliminary measures, which included the repetition of certain *mantrams* or spells, the exorcist seized the girl by her tangled hair and dragged her to the foot of an ilex tree. Then twisting her hair into a huge knot, at the back of her head, he passed what is ordinarily known as a sixpenny nail through it, and then with some rapid blows from a hammer drove the nail into the trunk of the tree, thus pinning the girl fast. Without losing a moment he next took a knife and severed the knot of hair from the girl's head, leaving the matted bunch hanging to the trunk of the tree. At the instant of severing the hair the *mantrika* in a loud voice ordered the spirit to leave the girl, who at the same moment recovered her normal state, taking up the thread of her life from the moment when she had first been possessed; but what had occurred during the period of her involuntary possession she remained in total ignorance.

One of the most usual features of exorcisms in India is the dialogue between the exorcist and the possessing spirit, speaking through the mouth of the medium. The tone of the former, as he questions the spirit, is more or less peremptory, though he may occasionally assume an attitude less severe, which suggests that he is willing to meet the spirit half-way, so to speak—if the spirit will leave its victim, he, the exorcist, will see what can be done in the way of providing a suitable sacrifice in his (the spirit's) honour. The spirit replies in tones of roughness and defiance, though an undercurrent of apprehension may be detected in his answers, as if he felt the *mantrika's* superiority. The interrogatories are directed to ascertaining who the possessing spirit is, or rather who he was in his past life, why he has possessed this particular medium, what he wants, and so forth. The spirit will usually answer more or less directly to the questions put, and the examination, if we may use the term, is continued till some understanding is arrived at. The long and tedious ceremonies which attend exorcisms need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that fire and water play an important part, and the sacrifice of a fowl or sheep is by no means infrequent. Occasionally flogging is resorted to, to induce the spirit to depart—the theory being that the blows *repercuss* on the ethereal body of the possessing entity. This method is, however, not always attended with the happiest results, the involuntary mediums having in some cases been thrashed so severely that they have died!

PERE JOURDAIN, THE HEALER OF PARIS.

MR. A. W. LAUNDY sent to *Light* of February 27th an account of Père Jourdain, from which I quote the following:—

Seeing the unsuccessful attempt of a writer in the last number of BORDERLAND to find the subject of a report which appeared in the London *Globe* referring to a French healer, it occurred to me that I might be more fortunate, and, after a great deal of trouble, I have been so.

The "Psychic Dispensary," otherwise called the "Salle des Séances," of Père Jourdain, is situated in the Rue Doudeauville, a back street in the poorer quarter of the Montmartre Arrondissement. It is a spacious, somewhat dark room. On the walls are notices requesting silence during the treatment of patients, one or two photographs, a crucifix, and what seemed like a mission card of the French "Spiritists." This I thought interesting enough to copy and reproduce here:—

DIEU PROTÈGE SES ENFANTS.

Groupe Spirite fondé le 1st Juillet, 1881.

LA FOI. + L'ESPERANCE. + LA CHARITE.

ainsi designé par les Esprits protecteurs du Groupe;

LA FOI	L'ESPERANCE	LA CHARITE
Par l'Esprit	Par l'Esprit	Par l'Esprit
LAMENNAIS.	STE. VICTORINE.	ST. LOUIS.

La protection de Lamennais, de St. Louis, de Ste. Victorine, et de Allan Kardec, sera pour nous une sauvegarde contre les mauvais esprits.

LA CHARITE POUR TOUS.

Cherchons le vrai. Faisons le bien.

Nous sommes tous les enfants de Dieu; soulageons ceux qui souffrent.

Central benches are placed for the reception of various parcels, which nearly all the patients brought with them, containing under-linen, handkerchiefs, blankets, parcels of sugar, boxes of sweets, &c., intended for the reception of the healing "fluid" which the operator dispenses.

Eight persons were already awaiting treatment when I entered; but I had scarcely noted the foregoing when Père Jourdain returned. He is a man above the medium height, elderly, thick-set, with a fine intelligent head.

Having finished passing his "fluid" over all the parcels, he commenced upon his patients. Taking first a young girl, he proceeded to press her body slightly in various places, also to make strong passes in contact; afterwards passing the tips of his fingers across the forehead and eyes in a transverse direction, and giving snaps with his fingers as he finished each pass. Then he gave a strong loud puff into her face, saying: "Art thou feeling better?" To which she replied: "Yes; thank you"; and he thereupon told her to go about her business, saying she could eat one of her "influenced" sweets whenever she fancied one.

He treated many more in like manner.

All this time patients were coming by twos and threes, until at last I wondered where he was going to stow them all. During the two different visits which I paid him patients were there by dozens, and if I may judge therefrom, the estimated sixty thousand treated by him throughout his eighteen years of work cannot be considered exaggerated. His manner is bluff, hearty, familiar, and kind to one and all.

Père Jourdain informed me that he has been carrying on his work for fully eighteen years, of which sixteen will have been spent in Paris on the 1st of next September. In the whole course of this period he has not missed one day's attendance, Sundays and *fêtes* excepted. Originally his occupation was that of a *cultivateur*—agriculturist—and it was when digging in the fields one day that he first gained an idea as to his probable future mission. Whilst thus engaged he suddenly heard a voice speaking to him, saying that he had a higher mission to perform; he thereupon knelt down and prayed, in the course of his prayer asking if God would give him the power to heal the sick. That same evening he asked his wife and two "*sage*" young women of his village—Chelles—to join him in sitting round a table after the manner of the Spiritualists about whom he had heard a little talk, and as they sat he repeated his prayer and request of the day, when to the surprise of all a voice distinctly answered "Yes!"

After the sitting he at once went to a woman friend of his wife, who had been unwell for some time, and asked her to let him try to cure her. He passed his hands over her, and she went into a kind of fit, which he managed to overcome. After a few days' treatment he thoroughly cured her. This and many other cures gave him a bad name amongst his fellow-villagers. They called him a wizard, a devil, and many other choice sobriquets, telling him he would be executed, &c. A friend, consequently, advised him to go, or rather took him, to Paris, where he found this very room in which he has operated ever since. His patients were very few at first, but his cures soon brought many others.

He considered that he made use of a subtle "fluid" which was given to him in answer to prayer. He made no charge for his treatment, but allowed patients to contribute what they chose towards the expenses of keeping his room and himself. He even limited these contributions to fifty centimes as the maximum. Most patients only gave twenty centimes, some only ten. At the end of the séance he, very good-naturedly, showed me the contributions for the day, which consisted of a heap of coppers with but one or two fifty-centime pieces—in all, about fifteen francs.

In reply to a question as to whether the authorities had attempted to interfere with him, he was saying, "No, not exactly," when his attention was called away by another rush of patients. So an old patient friend of his who happened to be present took up the question, and told me that on one occasion the police sent an agent in disguise for treatment, who tried to force a gold twenty-franc piece upon the healer. This, of course, was repeatedly refused, and seeing that Père Jourdain was firm, the agent told him who he was, saying that he need not fear anyone interfering with him in the future.

He informed me that he never experiences any ill effects from his patients; but I noticed that he would nevertheless leave the room, as if to wash his hands, or pray, after treating some individuals. He also would fix his eyes upon the crucifix, seeming to pray the meanwhile, when he had a difficult case to deal with, often breathing hard as he did so. I observed in one new case which he treated, that in addition to the above he formed a circuit, as it were, between himself and the patient, by placing his foot upon one of the patients, and his hand on the back of the shoulders.

Before I departed I learned from Père Jourdain that he had at times seen spirits, besides hearing voices; also that he leaned towards the Re-incarnation theory, considering his present existence as his fourth re-incarnation, and his present work as a penance for omissions in the past. He was born on March 18th, 1830, and can neither read nor write, although he has many times tried to learn.

That he works and has worked remarkable cures by his process, I had ample evidence. Some of his patients, I saw, were in states bad enough to have scared a doctor at their being out of bed, to say nothing of walking the streets to Père Jourdain's for relief every day.

He has had no instruction in mesmerism, or magnetism, and knows nothing of the subject. This, with what I have recorded, tends to show the remarkable personality of the man. But one thing overshadows everything else, viz., his real love for humanity; and the last thing I saw as I said "good-bye" was a tiny little fellow running after his coat-tails, lisping out, "*Veux tu m'embrasser, Papa Jourdain?*"

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XIII.—THE ART OF MIND-BUILDING.

PROFESSOR ELMER GATES, formerly of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, now Director of the Laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy at Washington, seems to be a man very much like my Professor Glogoul, whom I constructed from my acquaintance Dr. Macdonald of Washington.

EVIL THOUGHT—POISONOUS PERSPIRATION.

Professor Gates has found by experimenting that each definite emotion produces chemical products in the secretions and excretions which are characteristic of those emotions. The evil emotions produce, for example, a poisonous product, while happy emotions produce life-promoting compounds. In other words, every emotional experience creates brain structure, the refunctioning of which reproduces its characteristic good and bad chemical products. He found the perspiration to contain different volatile organic compounds, under the influence of different emotions. Of the chemical products which Dr. Gates has found, that of guilt is the worst. If a small quantity of this perspiration of a person suffering from conscious guilt be placed in a test tube and exposed to contact with selenic acid it will turn pink, and no other poison similarly generated exhibits the same phenomenon.

ANGER AS A BROWN PRECIPITATE.

In 1879 he published a report of experiments showing that, when the breath of a patient was passed through a tube, cooled with ice, so as to condense the volatile qualities of the respiration, the iodide of rhodopsin, mingled with these condensed products, produced no observable precipitate. But, within five minutes after the patient became angry, there appeared a brownish precipitate which indicates the presence of a chemical compound produced by the emotion. This compound, extracted and administered to men and animals, caused stimulation and excitement. Extreme sorrow, such as mourning for the loss of a child recently deceased, produced a grey precipitate; remorse, a pink precipitate, &c. His experiments show that irascible, malevolent, and depressing emotions generate in the system injurious compounds, some of which are extremely poisonous; also, that agreeable, happy emotions generate chemical compounds of nutritious value, which stimulate the cells to manufacture energy.

I.—PROFESSOR GATES AND HIS LABORATORIES.

Professor Elmer Gates, director of the Laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy, Washington District, Columbia, has allowed to be contributed to the *Metaphysical Magazine* for July, August, and September, a long interview on the "Art of Mind-Building," a subject which has attracted a great deal of attention, both in America and Australia. Professor Gates has established a laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy, in which he carries out his new method of research in Biologic Psychology.

THE METHODS OF RESEARCH.

It consists in giving organisms new anatomical structures or in taking anatomical structures away from them in order to see what mental activities appear and disappear with the coming and going of these structures. No; I do not vivisect, mutilate, or graft! I do it by a rapid process of evolution and retrogression. I evolve the structures of organisms in the process of rapid evolution to higher or more complex structures, or to lower and simpler ones. I raise several million infusoria (animalculæ that occur in infusions of decaying substances) in a tank, and then, by gradually increasing heat or cold, or concussions, I destroy all except two or three proved to be the most capable of surviving. These survivors propagate several millions more, and, generation after generation, the process is repeated. After about twenty-one months, new structures arise, and I make a note of the concomitant mentations, or adaptive activities which also arise. As a method of psychological research this is new.

SOME LABORATORIES OF THE FUTURE.

I am organising a laboratory of subjective biological investigation, which will contain a great many new instruments.

I am also organising a laboratory of subjective biopsychology, with special apparatus never before seen by psychologists. This science varies, one at a time, the environ-mental conditions of the pupil, and he observes the effect produced upon his own conscious mentations. The moods and intellections are found to vary with the electrostatic potentials—humidity, altitude, &c. I have found that, for successful mentation, it is as necessary to maintain high electrostatic conditions in the student's room as to maintain a healthful temperature. The potentials referred to are the electrical changes in the atmosphere. These electrostatic potentials of the atmosphere change constantly, varying often many millions of volts every hour. Every change makes an alteration in your emotions, your secretions, your excretions, and your whole mentation.

I am also starting a third laboratory—sociological psychology. A prominent scientist recently said that this is the first step toward experimental sociology. I will have special apparatus, much of which is now being made. Sociological psychology consists in varying the environment of social groups of living things, such as a bevy of birds, a school of fish, a hive of bees, &c. As we vary the social structure or the environment of a social group, changes take place in the group-activities. This also is a new method of psychological research. I shall have three other laboratories—six in all. There are six methods of research, which include all possible methods of experimenting upon the mind, and these include much more than what is usually called psychological experimentation.

WHAT IS PSYCHURGY?

Just as correlated with the science of chemistry there is an art of chemistry, so with the science of mind there is an art of mind, or mind-art, more properly called Psychurgy. The latter includes the three arts of getting more mind and the three which pertain to its proper use. The arts of getting more mind are those of Brain-building, Character-building and Immorality-curing, and Education. The arts of mind-using are those of conscious originative mentation, sub-conscious originative mentation, and co-operative mentation. The synthesis of these six arts constitutes a synthetic mind art, or Psychurgy.

A NEW LIGHT ON HEREDITY.

The experiments I have made contradict the conclusions of Weismann and others regarding heredity. They claim that we have no proof of a skill, an idsosyncrasy, or a habit acquired during the lifetime of an individual, being transmitted to that person's offspring. They mention circumcision as practised by the Jews generation after generation, asserting that it is not transmitted. The mutilation of a Chinese woman's foot they say is not transmitted. I say it could not be transmitted because the change does not originate in the mind. If I train an animal

in the excessive use of some one mental faculty, its germ (or reproductive) cell will be influenced in its nutrition through the parents' changed metabolism, which is produced by the changed character of the mentation. I have trained four generations of guinea-pigs in the use of the visual faculty, and the children of the fourth generation were born with a greater number of brain-cells in the seeing-areas than other guinea-pigs that had not been thus trained. This experiment has been successfully repeated several times, and it demonstrates the transmission of acquired characteristics. I have found in the uni-cellular organisms, *i.e.*, small protoplasmic cells, when they are caused to respond generation after generation to some one stimulus in excess of all other stimuli, that there gradually arise specific anatomical structures produced by the mental activity which responds to that stimulus. In this experiment, the cells which do not respond as readily as others are not destroyed, but are allowed to propagate as freely as the rest; hence the Darwinian factor of "survival of the fittest" is eliminated, *i.e.*, favourable and unfavourable variations do not signify. The conclusion is that mental activity creates in organisms certain structures transmissible to their offspring.

FREEDOM OF WILL.

In regard to heredity and freedom of the will, I have this to say: This question of choice and of motive is based upon the character and degree of mind that the person has embodied or inherited. A person can inherit tendencies of growth in certain parts of the brain. His memories of sensations, images, concepts, emotions, and activities must come from experience. If a majority of these memories, relating to a certain object or event, are pleasurable, the person will naturally like it. If a majority of the experiences are un-pleasurable, or evil, he will in the one case not like the object, and in the other he may either like it or dislike it, according as the evil experiences are pleasurable or the reverse. The person's will is the result of the interaction of the totality of his memory-structures relating to any given object or event.

WHAT IS AUTURGY?

It is possible completely to change the dominance of his desires and motives, likes and dislikes, &c., by enregistering in any part of his brain another series of memories, and, by so doing, you control the will. This is called "auturgy"; it is the art of systematically controlling the will by a process of brain-building and character-building based upon a taxic registration of experiences with the ego.

The power which is active in the mind to control the will is a centrimmanent force of a cosmical character, omnipersonal, unitary, and the basis of Auturgy.

II.—THE ART OF MIND-BUILDING.

HIS EXPERIMENTS ON DOGS.

The first experiment in my investigations regarding the mind consisted in giving certain animals an extraordinary and excessive training in one mental faculty—*e.g.*, seeing or hearing—and in depriving other animals, identical in age and breed, of the opportunity to use that faculty. I then killed both classes of animals and examined their brains to see if any structural difference had been caused by excessive mental activity, as compared with the deprivation or absence thereof. During five or six months, for five or six hours each day, I trained dogs in discriminating colours. The result was that upon examining the occipital areas of their brains I found a far greater number of brain-cells than any animal of like breed ever possessed.

These experiments serve to localise mental functions, and, above all, to demonstrate the fact that more brains can be given to an animal, or a human being, in consequence of a better use of the mental faculties. The trained dogs were able to discriminate between seven shades of red and six or eight of green, besides manifesting in other ways more mental ability than any untrained dog.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BRAIN CELLS.

The application of these principles to human education is obvious. A child that had been trained for six weeks after birth in the excessive use of the temperature senses (detection of heat and cold) was found, after dying of scarlet fever, to possess in the temperature areas of the brain more than twenty-four times the average number of cells. As a matter of fact, the child was able to detect differences in temperature unrecognisable by other children of its age.

Under usual circumstances and education, children develop less than ten per cent. of the cells in their brain areas. By processes of brain-building, however, more cells can be put in these otherwise fallow areas, the child thus acquiring a better brain and more power of mind. Brain-building should properly begin a few weeks after birth, because, as soon as the brain is fully developed in all its areas, the child is prepared to acquire, by technical and professional education, special knowledge and particular kinds of skill. If the child has manifested artistic ability, this course of brain-building will not only increase that talent but provide supplementary development to prevent one-sidedness and disease.

THE COLOUR OF EMOTIONS.

In 1879 I published a report of experiments showing that, when the breath of a patient was passed through a tube cooled with ice so as to condense the volatile qualities of the respiration, the iodide of rhodopsin, mingled with these condensed products, produced no observable precipitate. But, within five minutes after the patient became angry, there appeared a brownish precipitate, which indicates the presence of a chemical compound produced by the emotion. This compound, extracted and administered to men and animals, caused stimulation and excitement. Extreme sorrow, such as mourning for a child recently deceased, produced a grey precipitate; remorse, a pink precipitate, &c. My experiments show that irascible, malevolent, and depressing emotions generate in the system injurious compounds, some of which are extremely poisonous; also, that agreeable, happy emotions generate chemical compounds of nutritious value, which stimulate the cells to manufacture energy.

HOW TO CONQUER SIN.

I have succeeded in entirely eliminating vicious propensities from children with dispositions toward cruelty, stealing, or anger. In curing a bad habit I would, for every evil tendency, image, or craving existing in the same parts of the brain, create a greater number of the opposite kind of memories and keep them active a greater number of times each day, until the old structures had disappeared and new ones had been formed. This process does not require the assent of the patient any further than to take the course of studies. He may even not desire to abandon a certain practice or habit, but may wish to continue his evil course; yet, by the force of brain-building, that motive can be eliminated.

WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE.

This system of developments can be applied to regulate the assimilative processes, the diseases of which are dyspepsia, alcoholism, etc. A woman unable to eat fatty or greasy substances, even in the smallest portions, was by this system trained to take them in normal quantities. The alcohol habit, when not engendered by the habitual and excessive use of liquors, can originate through a certain derangement of the stomach and the brain-cells that govern it. Indigestion, accompanied by fermentation of sweets, creates a small amount of alcohol in the stomach. This alcohol produces a stimulating effect which the patient misses when the fermentation is arrested by the alcohol itself, or by a change in the food. The first step toward curing this habit consists in forming another series of brain-structures of the different stages relating to previous experiences, not merely with intoxicants but with foods in general. The creation of at least a hundred times as many morally-functioning cells as these had been immorally-functioning cells will cause the craving for stimulants to disappear. It is possible in three months' time to develop brain-structures which will cause a patient to feel disgust for what he had previously relished and desired.

THE EVIL OF HYPNOTISM.

My researches in brain-building have led to a demonstration of

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the evil effects of hypnotism. This practice produces a species of congestion of the brain. The pupil in the science of mind-structure who desires to achieve good mental and moral character must avoid hypnotic experiences, under no circumstances permitting himself to be hypnotized—save, perhaps, for some absolutely necessary surgical purpose. Hypnotism tends to vitiate character.

THE TRUTH OF PSYCHIC HEALING.

The various methods of mind cure, faith cure, laying on of hands, and similar processes that have come down to us from remote ages, have each some sort of a fundamental verity. One aspect of the truth has been seen, but it is generally combined with many mischievous practices and beliefs, and is seldom scientifically applied. My experiments prove that the mind activities create the structures which the mind embodies, or manifests. In addition to massage, diet, regulation of surroundings, &c., modern medicine will eventually evolve methods of brain-building to effect cures. Simple belief that you will get well will, in a measure, produce nutritious products and stimulate the health of the entire body. The indulgence of certain emotional states will do the same. To achieve any certain result, however, the process must begin with the first stages of brain-building and be pursued systematically to the higher stages, in order to create in the brain those structures which govern different portions of the body. This can best be done by the methods I have described.

III.—HOW THE PROCESS GOES ON.

As my investigations and experiments in the art of mind-building are directly related to psychology, the reader may ask my definition of that term. Psychology is the science of mind. The word comes from the Greek "psycho," meaning soul. The earlier psychologists, being metaphysicians and none of them experimentalists, believed that in their speculations they were dealing with the faculties of the soul. Whether they were or not is not the question now under consideration. The art of mind-building and the art of mind-using, which I have evolved from the data of psychology, I have named "psychurgy."

The experimentalist knows mind only as he finds it manifested in himself and in other living creatures. He believes that this entity cannot exist apart from structure. Mind, however, is not a function of the brain in the same sense as bile is a secretion of the liver. The functioning of the individual organism is but one factor of mind. A more important factor is the functional connection of the individual organism with the cosmic environment. Mind may be more than this, but at least it is this. I make no distinction between mind and soul. I do not attempt any definition of mind further than that it is the totality of the sub-conscious and conscious adaptive functions of the organism in interaction with the Cosmos.

THE FIRST STAGE OF BRAIN-BUILDING.

This brain-building process embodies a number of successive stages. The first stage consists in enregistering the sense impressions of all the senses, so as to produce sensation-structures. In the new nomenclature, cognisance of a sense impression is called "sensation." The conscious state which we call "perceiving a sense impression" produces a chemical deposition of matter in the brain-cells, and each repetition of that sense-consciousness increases the amount of matter deposited, the result being a sense-memory structure. The refunctioning of that structure constitutes memory.

As soon as all the sensation-structures have been formed in the brain, we can begin the second stage, which consists in causing the child to discriminate between the different sensations previously acquired and to associate them in consciousness, so as to produce what is called an integrant of the second order, or images, the units of which are the sensations of the first stage of brain-building. And so on through thirty or forty successive stages.

WHEN IT BEGINS AND ENDS.

This process can be applied up to the period of decrepitude, but it is probable that it can be fully realised only when commenced with infants; and, inasmuch as the germ-cell of the female is directly affected by the nutriment which it gets from the parents' blood, it follows that a proper course of living before conception will directly affect the development of the child. My experiments have demonstrated that every motion of a false and disagreeable nature produces a poison in the blood and cell tissues. These poisons affect the health of the germ-cells. During pregnancy, life-depressing and unpleasant emotions—grief, anger, sorrow, &c.—will, through the poison generated, affect the development of the fœtus. For this and other reasons brain-building should properly begin a few months before conception.

THE ART OF ORIGINAL THINKING.

Out of these researches arose not only a method of mind-building, or mind-embodiment, but also the art of using the mind systematically in original thinking, which art may be subdivided as follows: (1) the art of systematic, originative, conscious mentation; (2) the art of systematic sub-conscious mentation; and (3) the art of systematic, originative, co-operative mentation. These arts lead to original thinking, invention, and discovery by a systematic training in the use of the intellectual, emotive, and conative lines of mentation, and in each of the mental faculties. The pupil desiring to discover new things in any science has his brain rebuilt with reference to that science. This is the first step. He is then taught whatever knowledge the human race has acquired concerning that subject, and to each of these data he is trained several hours a day, for a few years, to apply each one of his mental faculties.

HOW IT IS PRACTISED.

With the sum of human knowledge in any science classified in the mind; with a rebuilt brain from which evil affections and emotions have been eliminated; and with proper regulation of the body and its surroundings, the pupil commences to practise the art of original thinking somewhat as follows: According to rules, which must be learned to be understood, he exercises every one of his thirty or forty mental functions upon each proposition or datum of the science, in order that each faculty may be active a certain number of hours every day. This produces brain-growth in those very parts of the brain which are needed to deal with that subject. As the new growth is acquired, day after day, the sub-conscious functions become stimulated, the cosmical interactions of the brain become more vivid, and new ideas dawn as suddenly as lightning illuminates a landscape. New congruities, incongruities, and generalizations are achieved, and, as a result, a re-classification of that knowledge must soon be made. Then the pupil again applies each mental function to each one of those data until he gets a new growth in those parts of the brain needed for the study of that particular subject. Six months' practice generally quadruples the mental capacity, and more than quadruples the number of ideas gained each day.

HOW TO REGULATE THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND.

Then there is the art of regulating the sub-conscious mental functions. At least ninety-eight per cent. of our mental life is sub-conscious. If you try to remember what happened on your tenth birthday, it may be ten minutes before you can recall any incident. What occurs while you are trying to remember? Certainly not conscious processes. The processes of memory are in the sub-conscious domain.

If all the great minds of the human race were trained in this mode of systematic mentation, and if they were to take for their subject the sum of human knowledge, they would achieve an interpretation of the universe which we may call philosophy, using the word as a synthesis of the generalisations of science.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OMNISM.

Such a perpetual, re-organized philosophy I have called "omnism." This philosophy is the highest generalization that can at any time be achieved by a number of the ablest minds practising co-operative mentation upon the sum of human knowledge. It is not realism, nor idealism, nor monism. It is, of course, a synthesis of all philosophies and branches of knowledge by specially constructed brains, acting according to systematic methods of mentation which begin by eliminating the immoralities in the mind. Such a philosophy could never become a fixed creed or belief.

XIV.—PALMISTRY.

SOME BOND STREET PALMISTS.

EVERY now and then we read of some unfortunate practitioner of palmistry in humble life being haled before the magistrates, and packed off to prison. In Scotland, fortunately, the highest judicial authorities have condemned such prosecutions, but in England every practising palmist or astrologer is at the mercy of the police and the local justices.

THE POLICE AS AGENTS PROVOCATEURS.

The method of prosecution is simplicity itself. The policeman's wife or sister, or some other woman hired for the occasion, is employed as *agent provocateur*, who sets out with a companion to the person marked down for prosecution, and tempts her to commit an illegal act. The emissary of the law assumes with alacrity the hateful *role* of temptress, and suggests to the destined victim the commission of an offence. Lest the suggestion should be insufficient, the cogency of the temptation is supplemented by an offer of money. These suborned agents of the police carefully frame their suggestions in such a way as to bring the palmist or astrologer, as the case may be, within the lash of the law. She or he, as the case may be, suspecting nothing, does not take care to repudiate the suppositions or suggestions of the visitor, and so falls into the trap. A reading of the hand is given, or a horoscope is drawn; a few shillings are paid, and armed with this evidence the agents of the police return to headquarters to report their success. The application is made for a summons or warrant, and the unfortunate palmist finds herself in Court, confronted with the alternative of a fine or imprisonment. This is the regular method employed in this year of grace by the officials of the law, for the purpose of extirpating what they consider the pernicious offence of practising palmistry and astrology for gain.

UNEQUAL JUSTICE?

All the while that these unfortunate practitioners are being harried in this fashion, their well-to-do fellows, who, with perhaps not a particle more natural psychic gifts or familiarity with the science in question, are allowed to practise undisturbed their art in Bond Street. The humble occultist in a back alley, who receives a shilling from a servant girl for a reading of her hand, goes to prison, while Madame this or Monsieur in their sumptuously furnished rooms in the West End are rolling in the guineas at a rate which is enough to make many other professional men's mouths water. Of course this seems to be at first sight a case of one law for the rich and another for the poor. In reality it is not; it is simply another illustration that wisdom is salvation, while ignorance paves the way to destruction. The Bond Street palmists are wise enough to know how to avoid the snares into which their ignorant brethren in the back alleys fall helpless victims.

A SUGGESTED WAY OF ESCAPE.

For the benefit of the humbler fry it is well to explain in a sentence what is necessary to be done in order to avoid prosecution. If every palmist or astrologer were to refuse to afford any illustration whatever of his "science" until the applicant had signed a short formal declaration which might be kept in printed form and tendered for signature before any business is proceeded with, it would be very difficult, if not impossible for any prosecution to take place. The declaration need not be long. All that it need contain might be embodied in a few lines as follows:—

I hereby apply to you to give me a reading of my hand (or to cast me a horoscope, as the case may be), telling me what it is you see there by the laws of palmistry (or astrology), of which you are a student. If you will consent to devote so much of your time as is necessary for making this reading (or casting this horoscope), I will remunerate you for the loss of your time by paying you the sum of———.

This would probably be sufficient, but to make assurance doubly sure, it might be well to add a further clause to the effect—

And I make this payment, after having read and signed this application, in which you clearly repudiate and disavow any pretence of telling fortunes, or of exercising any unlawful arts or of practising anything that is not in accordance with the law of the land.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A SIGNED DECLARATION.

Such a declaration would certainly spike the guns of nine out of every ten of the police prosecutions, for the idea of the police agents is to inveigle their victim into an admission that they can tell fortunes, or that they undertake for money to foretell the future. It is no offence to hire a person for a certain space of time to do whatever you want him to do, so long as the employment with which you occupy his time is in accordance with the law. Not even the maddest policeman or the most bigoted magistrate that ever sat on the bench can pretend that the study of palmistry or astrology is a legal offence. Neither can it be said that, after such a declaration is read and signed, any money has been obtained by False Pretences. The allegation of fraud would therefore fall to the ground. Everything would be open and above board. Of course, each practitioner might vary the form of the declaration to suit himself, but some such form as the above would probably avail to secure them immunity from police prosecution.

THE DEVICES OF THE BOND STREET PALMISTS.

The Bond Street Palmists do not adopt this method; but they have methods of their own. Some will never receive any visitor unless he is well introduced. Others are careful to explain before they begin that they merely give readings as to the past and present, and receive money for that, and that anything they may say as to the future is thrown in. Another course is exactly on the lines of the method adopted in America, where the Raines Law prevails, where the sale of drink is positively forbidden. The rum-seller keeps a spotted dog, or some other rarity, for a sight of which he charges the price of a glass of liquor. The customer comes in "to see the spotted dog," and before he goes is presented with a dram. Cheiro does something like this. He has a curious machine, the invention of M. D'Odiardi, which registers the vitality of the visitor, who pays whatever is needful to have his vitality tested, and, of course, when once the fee is paid, he can command everything that Cheiro can give him. Madamoiselle Teresina, who is a pupil of Cheiro's, does not adopt this method, but simply explains that she makes no pretensions to forecast the future, but will give a reading of the palm, and will then, if her visitors wish, as something altogether over and above, and not in the bargain, tell them what she sees or deduces from the lines of their hands as to the probability of the future. Of course, any phrenologist or any doctor will do the same.

I.—CHEIRO.

Cheiro's book on Palmistry is well known. He has a great following, both in London and in New York. It is some years since I met him, and since then he has prospered amazingly. One of the New York papers last month published about three columns' description

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of his delineation of Richard Croker's character, as tested by D'Odiardi's machine. I met many Americans who had visited him, and declared that his readings as to their past had been quite marvellous. As to the future, his predictions had in some cases been verified. In others, they were still supposed to be waiting verification. Cheiro has many enemies as well as warm defenders, and his book is plauded as an ideal manual of the art, and derided by others as a piece of charlatancy. Apart altogether from what Cheiro has written, the book is interesting as containing photographs of the imprints left by the palms of various personages of more or less note. I was rather amused to find that Mr. Chamberlain's hand immediately follows mine in Cheiro's book.

II.—MADAME VOYER.

If Cheiro practises in New York and London, Madame Voyer combines with a lucrative practice in 168, New Bond Street a provincial practice that is almost unique. She is probably the only living palmist of her own sex whose professional earnings amount up to four figures in the course of the year. In the course of her visits to provincial towns, she sometimes had as many as 3,000 clients, nor has she ever been molested by the police, wherever she has gone. To her, palmistry is not only highly respectable, but an extremely lucrative profession. Her chief interest in the art or science, or whatever she calls it, is its bearing upon health. The line of health is to her the most interesting line in the hand, and she has studied this branch of palmistry very carefully. She has made visits to hospitals in order to compare the lines of patients suffering from different diseases with those she has seen in her practice, and she has repeatedly achieved success where the regular faculty have been at a loss to define the malady which they were called upon to cure. There is something decidedly uncanny in hearing your hidden ailments trotted out as the result of an inspection of your tell-tale hand. Sometimes these diagnoses have revealed lurking tendencies which were previously unsuspected. One very curious case mentioned by Madame Voyer occurred at Newcastle. One of her visitors, a gentleman apparently in perfect health, was told by her that, within a year, he would become stone deaf. He laughed at the idea, but she begged him as a special favour to herself to consult a specialist. He laughingly promised to do so, in order to prove how utterly wrong she was. As she left she said, "It is your right ear which your hand denotes is affected."

A few days after this the gentleman returned with a very grave face, and told Madame Voyer that he had been to a specialist, who had taken an hour to discover the secret ailment which he had ended by assuring him undoubtedly threatened his hearing. Madame Voyer had seen it at a single glance. No skill was able to save the poor fellow from his fate. Fortunately this is not always the case, and Madame Voyer rejoices in the knowledge that in many cases the warning which she communicated was able to avert danger. This has been specially the case with persons who had an unmistakable tendency to suicide written in their palms.

It is difficult to say how much this is palmistry and how much is clairvoyance. Madame Voyer is fitfully clairvoyant. Her clairvoyance comes and goes under laws which she does not understand. In the middle of a delineation in palmistry there will come to her a clairvoyant vision, which she will describe, interrupting her delineation, which she will resume after the vision has passed. Her clairvoyance is never paid for, it is always given free, if it comes. No doubt many of her "presumptions" are solely due to clairvoyance—the hand serving as nothing else than a backgronnd on which the vision forms Madame Voyer is also given to crystal-gazing, finding the crystal—which, in her case, is a perfect ball, or a jewel in a ring—quite sufficient to serve as a key to the pictures in the astral light.

Her practice lies naturally among the better-to-do

MADAME VOYER.

folk, who will drive in their carriages to her rooms, and submit their hands to the searching gaze of the large and illustrious eyes of the petite seeress. It is not without some shrinking that many visit those rooms which are the substitute for the Delphic Cave, for there they frequently hear of the secret which they had hoped was buried for ever in their breast, but which they discover is written at large on their palms, while others have received grim intimations as to disasters and catastrophes which await them in the immediate future.

It is, however, not always evil which she predicts by any means. A short time ago, at a fashionable resort, Madame Voyer was one of the attractions. She was established in a private room, to which the guests were allowed to enter in rotation. Some fifty or sixty availed themselves of the privilege, and among all these there was not one who on leaving Madame Voyer did not state to the rest of the company that her reading had been marvellously correct. One old gentleman who was there, however, supplied an explanation which was satisfactory to his mind at least. "I tell you," he said, "she is so pretty and sweet that she would make you believe anything that she said, whether it is true or false." "Nonsense," replied a younger man. "That may explain something, but it does not account for what she told me." The circle around was at once interested. "What did she tell you?" "Well," he said, "it is a curious story. I was down at the seaside a year ago. I was in business at the time and had no idea of turning my attention to journalism or to literature. I went to see Madame Voyer, and she told me at once that great good fortune would shortly come to me through a man whom she described in detail, more especially dwelling upon a peculiar signet ring which he wore, and his gold-rimmed spectacles. This gentleman would push me on in the profession that I should most wish to succeed in. A few

months after this I saw an advertisement for a position in connection with a newspaper. I did not think very much of it, but I wrote an application and sent it in. As I got no answer immediately I dismissed it from my mind. Great was my surprise when, some days afterwards, I received a letter from the advertiser asking me to call. I went up to London, and to my intense astonishment was received by the very man whom Madame Voyer had described. There was no mistaking his identity. It was his very picture. And what is more, there were the gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose and the peculiar signet ring on his finger. Before he said a word I knew I should get the situation, and got it I did sure enough, although there were no fewer than four hundred applicants. Since then everything has gone well with me, and I have been pushed just as Madame Voyer told me."

III.—MADEMOISELLE TERESINA.

Mdlle. Teresina, the seventh child of a seventh child, has this month taken up her quarters at 38, Old Bond Street. She is a pupil of Cheiro's, and, like Madame Voyer, is very successful in delineating disease; and she also resembles the New Bond Street lady in being occasionally clairvoyant. Madame Novikoff first spoke to me about "Teresina," having found her delineations as to the past quite extraordinary. Teresina also was the palmist selected by *Pearson's Monthly* to diagnose the hands of various persons that were submitted to her, without any hint as to the identity of their owners. It was a cruel test, but one which Teresina survived fairly well. I quoted her delineations in relation to myself and some others in BORDERLAND for January, 1897, but the moment she saw my hand and compared it with the photograph, she had no difficulty in pointing out where it was the photograph lines had led her wrong. Besides, she said what any one can verify by glancing at the palms of my hands—there is much more to be read in my left hand than my right. As a rule the left hand represents the lines that you inherit at your birth, while your right hand is marked with the lines that result from your life work. In my case it is quite different. I have pretty well rubbed all the lines out of my right hand, while those on my left are much more numerous and much more strongly marked. In commenting upon the delineations from Pearson's photograph, she had said that a strong and lasting affection came into my life when I was thirty or thirty-one. I said that I was not aware of any such good fortune having happened to me, and suggested that she had got a little mixed in her dates. This rather piqued the good lady, but on looking at my left hand, she located the incident aforesaid accurately at the age of twenty-eight, and sure enough the line is well marked to this day.

She courteously extended my probable length of life to seventy-three from sixty-two years. She also gave me a more curious explanation of the lines of my left hand than I have received before. My comparatively tranquil life in the north of England, my coming up to London, my editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, my imprisonment, and my subsequent career, are according to her all duly inscribed in the central line of my left hand. I am glad to learn that there is also written there that prestige and financial success are to come to me at the stroke of fifty.

TERESINA.
Photo by Mendelssohn.

BOOKS ON PALMISTRY.

Papus's Bibliography.*

FROM the preface, which is dated May, 1895, we learn that this book is a new edition of the treatise on "Chiromancy," which Dr. Papus published as an extract from his work on Occult Sciences. The first edition had a great success, and he has, therefore, brought out a new edition, in which he has made many changes, while preserving the character and the simplicity of the original. He has appended also a "bibliographie" of the Chiromancy which, for the sake of those who study this interesting subject, I reproduce here. It will be noticed that nearly all the books are either in French or Latin. Indeed, the only English book mentioned is Cheiro's "Language of the Hand." I shall be glad if any of our students in palmistry would enable us in the next number to supplement Dr. Papus's Bibliography by a list of English and American works dealing with the same subject.

ARISTOTE.—*Cyromancia Aristotelis cum figuris.* 1490.

1721 ter. BELOT.—Les œuvres de M. Jean Belot, curé de Mil-Monti, professeur aux sciences divines et célestes, contenant la *Chiromancie, Physionomie, l'Art de mémoire*, de Raymond Lulle; *Traité des Divinations, Augures et Songes; les Sciences sténographiques*, Paulines, Armadelles et Lullistes; *l'Art de doctement prêcher et haranguer*, etc.—Dernière édition, revue, corrigée et augmentée de divers traités.—A Lyon, chez Jean-Baptiste de Ville, rue Mercière, A LA SCIENCE; M.D.C.LXXII.—(Bibliogr. E. BOSC).

La Chiromancie Médicinale, suivie d'un traité sur la physionomie et d'un autre sur les marques des ongles par Philippe MAY DE FRANCONIE, traduit de l'allemand par P. H. TREUSCHES, de

* Papus.—"Premiers Eléments de Chiromancie renfermant en une série de lecon didactiques la Chirognomomie la Chiromancie physique et astrologique et la chirosophie. Ouvrage précédé de la réédition Du Traité Synthetique de Chiromancie et illustre de 62 fig. origales." Paris. George Carré, Éditeur, 3, Rue Racine.

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Wezhauzen, avec un avant-propos et une Chiromancie synthétique par Ernest Bosc. Paris, Chamuel, éditeur, 79, Faubourg Poissonnière. 1 vol. in-18 avec fig. Prix. 3 fr. 50.

Ernest Bosc (Voy. May (Philippe).—M. Bosc a publié dans le journal le *Voile d'Isis*, une "Bibliographie générale des Sciences occultes," à laquelle nous avons emprunté quelques numéros relatifs à la Chiromancie. Tous nos emprunts sont suivis du renvoi bibliographique et précédés du n° de classement.

Marie Burlen.—*L'Arc en Ciel*. 1 beau vol. in-18 orné de figures. Paris, 1894. 7 fr. Très bon traité, trés personnel et contenant d'excellentes choses.

Catan.—*Chiromancie*.

Cheiro's *Language of the Hand*. New York, chez l'auteur, 432, Fifth Avenue, 1894.

La Chirognomonie ou l'art de connaître les tendances de l'Intillymée, d'aprés les formes de la main, par le Capitaine S. D'Arpentigny.—Paris. 1 vol. in-8, Ch. Le Clère, éditeur, 1, rue des Grands Augustins, 1863.

1729. *La Clef d'Or* ou l'art de gagner à la loterie, suivi d'un traité de physionomie et de chiromancie par un Cabaliste moderne, in-18, 34 grav. Lille, s. d.

1730. Cocles (B).—*Le compendium de physiognomonie et chiromancie*. 1 vol. in-8°. Paris, 1546.

1731. Colombiere (de la).—*Traité de la Physiognomonie*, vol. in 8. Paris, 1660.

1732. Corum (Adrien).—*L'art de la Chiromancie*, in-8° s. l. s. d. (vers 1530 ?)

1733. Du même.—*Les indiscrétions de la main*, texte original translaté du latin en francais par Jean de Verdelay, pet. in-8° avec figures. Paris, 1878.—Réimpression du traité de chiromancie du XVI siècle. (Bibliogr. de E. Bosc).

1718. André Corve, Mantouan.—Excellente chiromancie montrant par les lignes de la main les mœurs et complexion des gens. 1 vol. in-12. Lyon, Rigaud, 1611.

Marius Decrespe.—*La Main et ses mystères*, 2 vol. in-18 de la collection Guyot à 0 fr. 20 c. le vol. avec fig. 1895. Ouvrage bien fait et utile à consulter. Ne pas tenir compte des quelques erreurs de détail.

Desbarolles.—*Les mystères de la main révélés et expliqués*. 6e édition. 1 gros vol. in-18, 1859.
Très bon ouvrage devenu introuvable et remplacé avantageusement par le suivant.

Mystères de la main, révélation complète, avec 300 grav. explicatives, 3e édition. 1 vol. in-4°. Paris, Vigot, éditeur, 10, rue Monsieur le Prince. Prix, 15 fr.
Le traité classique de la Chiromancie, recommandé à nos lecteurs pour les détails.

1739. Desbarolles.—*Almanach de la main*. Années 1867, 1868, 1869, in-18. Paris.

Petits mystères de la Destinée par Joseph Balsamo.—1 vol. in-18. Garnier frères, éditeurs. (Vers 1860).
Un des rares traités où l'on trouve quelque chose sur la chiromancie des doigts.

Die Kunst Ciromantia, 1475.
(Se trouve au Britisch Museum).

Dryandrus.—*De Chiromantia*, lib. III. Malpurgie, 1538. Le plus ancien traité connu sur la Chiromancie après le précédent.

Geber (Jehan).—Très brief traité de la *Chiromantique physionomie*, in-8°. Paris, Guillaume Noir, 1557.
(Bibliogr. de E. Bosc).

Grandpré (J. de).—*L'art de prédire l'avenir*. Divination par les astres, la main, l'écriture, la physionomie, la forme du crâne, les cartes, les nombres, les songes, apparitions, magnétisme, somnambulisme, spiritisme, sorcellerie, cristographie (pour cristallographie), etc., gr. in-8°. Paris, s. d.—L'auteur a voulu faire, une synthèse des sciences occultes, mais il n'est parvenu qu'à composer une sorte de salade japonaise de compilations aussi peu intéressante qu'indigeste. (E. Bosc).

Halbert (d'Angers).—*La Cartomancie* augmentée d'un cours de Chiromancie. Paris, in-12 s. d.
Bon résumé à l'usage des campagnes.

1753. Indagine.—*Chiromantia, Physiognomia, Astrologia naturalis*. 1 vol. p. in-8° avec fig. sur bois. Parisiis. P. Drouart. S. D.
(Bibliogr, de M. E. Bosc).

Le Livre magique. Histoire des événements et des personnages surnaturels *contenant des détaile sur la Démonologie, l'Astrologie et la Chiromancie*, etc. Paris, in-18, Corbet ainé, Quai des Grands Augustins, 1835.

Leclercq.—*La Chiromancie et ce qu'il faut en croire*. Revue Encyclopédique du 15 mars 1895.—Prétentieux article d'un débutant qui n'offre quelque valeur que par des reproductions de mains et les jugements de madame de Thèbes.

1759. May (Philippe) de Franconie.—*La Chiromancie médicinale*, accompagnée d'un traité de la physionomie et d'un autre des marques qui paraissent sur les ongles des doigts, le tout composé en allemand et traduit en français par Philippe-Henry Treuschses de Vezhauzen. 1 vol. petit in-12 de 12 ff. et de 136 pages, ouvrage très rare, à la Haye, chez Leviju van Dyck, 1665 ; tous les exemplaires sont signés de l'auteur,
Cet ouvrage a été republié et augmenté tout récemment, 1894, par M. Ernest Bosc.

Mond (Louis M).—*La Chiromancie et la Graphologie comparées*. Petite brochure in-18, vers 1887.
Premier ouvrage où est abordée l'etude de la Chiromancie comparée.

Papus.—*Traité synthétique de Chiromancie*. Broch. gr. n-8° de 32 p., 1892. Carré, editeur.

Peruchio (1633).—*Chiromance*.
Bon ouvrage, les détails sout bien traités.

Plytoff.—*La Magie*, 1 vol. in-18 chez Baillère (1893).

Mystères des Sciences Occultes par Un Initié (1893).
Ces deux ouvrages de M. Plytoff contiennent quelques données de chiromancie. Ainsi que *Almanach Hachette* (1894), art. Chiromancie du même auteur.

Ronphyle. — *La Chyromantie naturelle*. Paris (Baptiste Loyson, 1865), in-8°.
Excellent traité à tous les points de vue.

1768. Rampalle.—*La Chyromancie naturelle* de Romphyle, in-12. Paris, Loyson, 1665, aut. éd. Paris, Ribou, 1655.

Ronphyle (v. ei-dessus Rampalle).

1769. *La Science curieuse* ou *Traité de la Chyromancie*, recueilli des plus graves auteurs qui ont traité de cette matière. . . enrichi d'un grand nombre de figures pour la facilité du lecteur. Ensemble la méthode de s'en pouvoir servir. in-4° nomb. Pl. sur cuivre donnant 1100 fig. de mains. Paris. F. Clousier, 1667.
Cet ouvrage a eu plusieurs éditions.

1771. Tabulæ.—*Chiromanticæ*, lineis montibus et tuberculis manus constitutionem hominum et fortunæ vires ostendentes. In-fol. Francfort. 1613.

1772. Tricasse.—*La Chiromancie* de Patrice Tricasse des Ceressars, Mantouau, in-8°, figures des signes de la main. Paris, Claude Frémy, 1561. (Bibliogr. de E. Bosc).

1717. Adrian Siclair, médecin spagyrique né au Puy-en-Velay.—*Chyromance royale* et nouvelle enrichie de figures de moralitez et des observations de la Cabale, avec les prognostics. Ouvrage très utile en particuler pour les femmes. Pet. in-12 Lyon, chez Daniel Gay et se vend chez l'auteur au Puits-de-Sel, 1667. (Bibliogr. de M. E. Bosc).

Taisnieri.—*Opus chiromantiæ absolutissimæ* theoriam et cutem continens. Cologne, 1562. Renferme 1190 figures de mains.

Tricasse de Ceresars, 1583.—*Chiromance*, Ouvrage célèbre par la large part faite aux enseignements de la tradition.

Zoe's Lessons on Scientific Palmistry.*

Whether or not many people write in English on Palmistry, there seems to be a considerable demand for those books which deal with the subject. For instance, among the books of the quarter I have to mention a sixth edition, revised and enlarged, of "Zoe's Lessons in Scientific Palmistry," Zoe is very simple ; the diagrams are somewhat rough, and contrast very much in this respect with the admirable diagrams of Dr. Papus's book.

* Zoe's "Lessons on Scientific Palmistry," with frontispiece and sketches. London. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., Stationers' Hall Court.

XY.—ASTROLOGY.

TAKING a hint from *Modern Astrology,* I quote the following explanation of the symbols and other technical terms used under this heading.

The twelve zodiacal signs and their symbols are :—

♈ Aries	♎ Libra
♉ Taurus	♏ Scorpio
♊ Gemini	♐ Sagittarius
♋ Cancer	♑ Capricorn
♌ Leo	♒ Aquarius
♍ Virgo	♓ Pisces

The planets and their symbols are :—

☉ Sun	♃ Jupiter	☊ Dragon's Head
☽ Moon	♄ Saturn	☋ Dragon's Tail
☿ Mercury	♅ Herschel (Uranus)	
♀ Venus	♆ Neptune	
♂ Mars	⊕ Pars Fortuna	

The aspects and their symbols are :—

The ⚺ Semi-sextile, when planets are 30° apart.
,, ∠ Semi-square ,, ,, 45° ,,
,, ⚹ Sextile ,, ,, 60° ,,
,, Q Quintile ,, ,, 72° ,,
,, □ Square ,, ,, 90° ,,
,, △ Trine ,, ,, 120° ,,
,, ⚼ Sesquiquadrate ,, ,, 135° ,,
,, Bq. Bi-quintile ,, ,, 144° ,,
,, ☍ Opposition ,, ,, 180° ,,
,, P. Parallel, when planets are the same distance either north or south of the Equator.
,, ☌ Conjunction, when planets are within 5° of each other.

I.—THE BEGINNING OF THE NEXT REIGN.

Coming Events for July predicts a national calamity which darkly foreshadows the death of the Queen in the last month of this year. He says :—

Students will observe that the conjunction of the malefics with the lunation of November 24th, 1897, falls in opposition to the Sun, Moon, and Ascendant of the Royal horoscope. This, with the attendant direction of the Sun to the opposition of Jupiter, lord of the eighth House in the Royal horoscope, will no doubt produce fatal effects between the 24th November and Christmas Day in the present year of the Jubilee.

Mr. Richard Bland, writing on this subject, says :—

There are several dates I see in the near future in which the health of our Gracious Majesty the Queen is likely to suffer very much, the bulk of these are during November.

The dates are as follows :—

First group, 1897, November 10th, 14th, and 15th.

Second group, November 23rd to the 26th, this is a very strong group for evil, I think its worst point may be during the morning of the 24th.

Third group, November 29th and 30th.

Fourth group, 1898, January the 18th and 31st, and February 2nd.

Each of these are bad, and are in any horoscope in which they fall, sufficiently strong for evil to try the health of any persons, even those who are in the vigour of youth and middle age, but for one of Her Majesty's age they must be very trying indeed.

I think the group from November 23rd to 26th is the strongest for evil, and the morning of the 24th may be the worst.

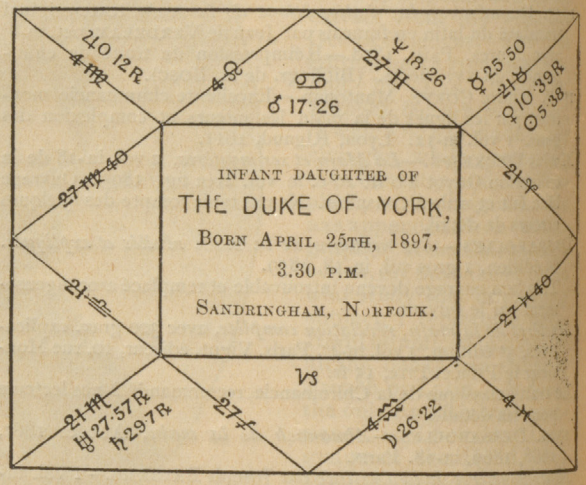
RICHARD BLAND,
5, Sandringham Street,
Hull.

II.—A HOROSCOPE OF THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

ASTROLOGERS are sometimes accused of flattery, as if they would make the very stars courtiers to prophecy smooth things as to the future of princes. This is not the case with an astrologer signing himself "Asmothiel," who contributes in *Coming Events* for August a reading of the horoscope of the little Princess born recently in the family of the Duke and Duchess of York. He says :—

The moment of birth of this infant Princess is an inauspicious one ; there is a mingling of evil aspects, and an insufficiency of good ones. The map does not show the equilibrium that is necessary for a fortunate career or a long life.

The Moon is going to opposition of Jupiter, ruling the sixth House, and Jupiter is radix and in his detriment. The Moon is also square to Mercury, ruling the ascendant, and square to



☉ ☌ ☿, △ ♃ ; ☽ □ ☿, ☌ ♃, □ ♄, □ ♅ ;
☿ □ ♃, ☌ ♄, ☌ ♅ ; ♀ ☌ ☉ ; ☌ ☐ ♄, ☐ ♅ ;
♃ □ ♄, □ ♅ ; ♄ ☌ ♅, ♆ ⚺ ☌.

Saturn, part ruler of the fourth House ; Mars, ruling the eighth House, is in the tenth in Cancer (his fall) ; Mercury is also square to Jupiter. In fact, the rulers of the first, fourth, sixth and eighth Houses are so heavily afflicted that I see small chance of her living to maturity. The map indicates a general weakness of the system.

III.—THE DATE OF THE NEXT GREAT WAR.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

DEAR SIR,—Great efforts are made to predict the date of the expected next great European war. It is a very difficult matter to decide. Will there be one? Who desires it? Most of the Great Powers will do their best to avoid it. Although most are prepared for the

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affray, they are more disposed to shake hands and be friends when they meet their equals.

The horoscope of our beloved Queen is a very peaceful, fortunate, and successful one. If the birth was correctly noted, so that ☽ is past the conjunction of Mars, what other primary direction there may be operating to show war I don't know, not having calculated the events. The Sun has by progressive motion past the opposition of Jupiter, and is now in opposition to the radical place of Jupiter at birth; that cannot refer to war. The Transits this fall are more ominous of some trouble. Saturn rules the 9th House, foreign affairs; Uranus rules the 10th, her honour credited, and may be her ministers of state; Mars rules the 6th and 9th Houses, servants and secret enemies. These unfortunate planets unfortunately afflict her Sun, Moon, and Ascendant from the 21st to the 27th November in particular, and they do not get free from them till after August, 1898. The progressive Sun to opposition of radical Jupiter may refer to health, and the coming conjunctions of the Sun. Uranus, Saturn, and Mars at the end of November, and the opposition of Mars to those planets in August 9th, will be troublesome and may also refer to war, as the 7th House refers to open foes and enemies or some personal events; but who can predict the exact occurrences? Fortunately Jupiter is in good aspect to the afflicted points and supporting the Midheaven, her honour credited, and her ministers will be benefited thereby. Doubtlessly it will be an important period, producing many untoward events, and will afflict all born about 23rd to 27th May any year and 23rd to 28th November, but in various ways, according to their horoscopes.

The German Emperor's horoscope describes him as a war dog of the Nelson type, but not as fortunate in the end. His Moon and Uranus are now greatly afflicted, cause great restlessness, waywardness, and many estrangements. He has entered the whirlpool or vortex that will lead him on to the end. I don't see when he will make a plunge into war, but in 1903 and 1904 his Sun meets with evil rays from Mars that may cause his end if he risks his life in war at that time. If shot, the lower part of neck to breast bone, and his back near region of heart, are most likely to be injured by lead, and his abdomen by steel or iron. True friends he will never possess; he rules by fear. He must be master. There can be no lasting agreement between his and the Tsar of Russia's horoscope. In conclusion, all the new moons during the remainder of the year show the troubles whatever they are from one to two hours east, except the new moon of 24th November, which afflicts places about two hours and thirty minutes east, so I presume the worst effects may be felt in Turkey, in Asia and Africa. I don't see why there should be a great European War at present or for some time.

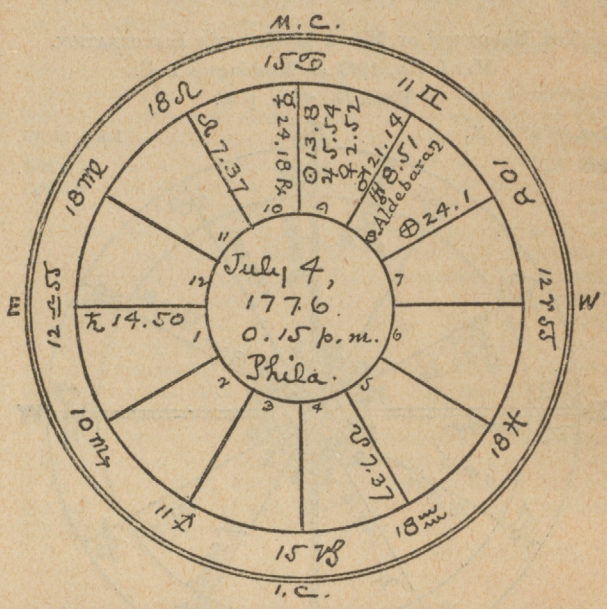
Yours truly,
R. H. NEPTUNE.

October 11th, 1897.

IV.—THE HOROSCOPES OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

Intelligence for July publishes a horoscope of the United States, calculated from the moment of the Declaration of Independence. The writer, John Hazelrigg, says:—

Sibly, a noted English mathematician and astrologer, wrote in 1788 regarding this figure: "The State of America shall in time have an extensive and flourishing commerce, an advantageous and universal traffic to every quarter of the globe, with great fecundity and prosperity among the people."



THE HOROSCOPE OF THE UNITED STATES.

He maintains that the United States passed through critical periods at the end of every eighty-four years, when Uranus makes the transit through Gemini, which lasts every seven years. The crisis begins to attain its intensity in the second year of its entrance in the Gemini. The last eighty-four years began in 1858.

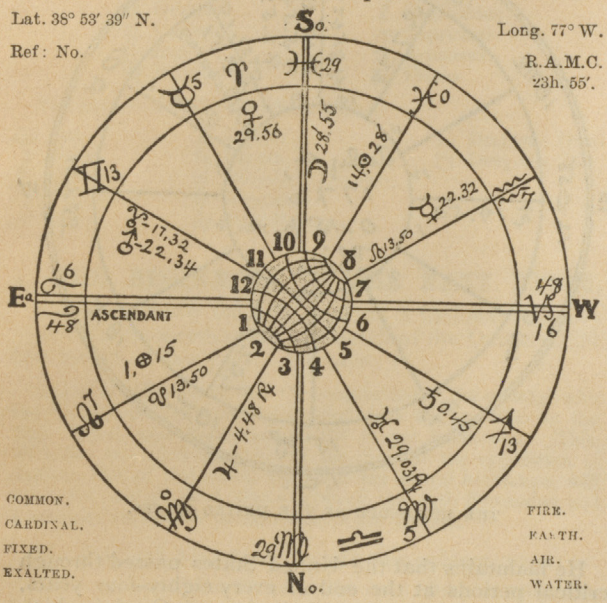
The first decisive measure of secession was when South Carolina declared her independence, on December 20, 1860, a date that corresponded with the arrival of Uranus at the ninth degree of the sign! One of our best-known astrologers at that time made the following prediction concerning the crisis: "Until Uranus gets out of Gemini, which will not be before the summer of 1865, I do not look for any peace for this country." The men of State, versed in the craft of political chicanery, declared positively that the conflict could not exceed six months; the astrologer, wise in his contemplation of nature's laws, knew differently.

The next transit of this planet through Gemini will begin in June, 1942. He will attain to the ninth degree of the sign in October, 1943, at which time his influence upon our affairs will be accentuated as never before, for *Aldebaran*, the fiery fixed star, will have advanced to a partile conjunction with the radical place of Uranus. What inferences are to be deduced from the concentration of these electro-magnetic potencies around this vital point in the national horoscope? Our country will pass through extraordinary scenes. Grave questions, affecting alike our domestic and political economy, will seek their adjustment, perhaps through methods of force. There will be radical changes in the constitution of government. Seven years will be consumed in the solution of some of the gravest problems which shall so far have confronted us. But this transitional era, superinduced through turbulence and confusion, will be followed by a reconstructive period that will usher in a new order of things, and we may then look for the enfranchisement of man into a brotherhood of truer equality, and a socialism broader and more practical than any hitherto espoused. *Tempus omnia revelat.*

Another astrologer, Julius Erickson, devotes some

pages in the August number of *Intelligence* to an examination of the horoscope of McKinley's administration. He thinks that McKinley's Presidency will be distinguished by some remarkable discovery or invention, possibly a signal improvement in aeronautics.

THE HOROSCOPE OF MAJOR MCKINLEY'S INAUGURATION.
March 4th, 1897 = Washington D.C.
Time, 1h. ·05m. p.m.



Here is a forecast of what is to happen from now onwards:—

During the latter part of this year mutterings of discontent will be heard, and foreign complications will ensue; we shall meet with rebuff or treachery from some foreign power; and the closing year will witness unusual scenes. A national calamity threatens England, and the long reign of Victoria soon passes away; for the clouds hang heavy late in November. Our Government may be called upon to preserve order. The President will be handicapped; he is beset by enemies without and foes within. There will be tremendous fluctuation in stocks, bonds, and the markets; finances will receive a heavy shock. As for the President, he will conquer his enemies, for his ruling planet is just entering the victorious sign "Aries."

If Congress is in session during the winter of 1898, extraordinary excitement will attend its deliberations. During this administration we shall chronicle the death of more of our greatest scholars, men of science, divines, and politicians than during any similar period. The sixth House rules the Navy. Jupiter is, unfortunately, weak and badly afflicted; this is ominous of evil, and we shall suffer a loss in some way in that direction. The year 1898 will witness more troubles; the Ship of State sails o'er rough seas, and dangerous shoals are to be encountered. But a good, cool, wise man is at the helm, and he holds the ship true. The years 1899 and 1900 are also fraught with troubles, and grave danger of war. But the most extraordinary thing is that the "people" will not suffer in the manner which characterized the past four years, for during this period of administration the Republican party and McKinley will act toward the people in a manner calculated to benefit them effectively and permanently. The four years upon which we have just begun will make an impression on history's pages not soon forgotten. For two things are clearly indicated: the proud, haughty sons of Castile and Leon, once rulers of a mighty empire, have turned their faces to the setting sun, and as it goes down in all its glory, it carries with it the memories of a great past; for Spain's monarchy is threatened, and she sinks beneath the heavy hand of fate.

The Republican party has Venus, symbolical of harmony, elevated and free from affliction; this denotes a comparatively harmonious administration, and the successful termination of many troublesome questions. When election day rolls around in 1900, the people will not care to change parties. If President McKinley lives, he will be re-elected. For Saturn, which rules the opposition party, Democrats, Populists, &c., is heavily afflicted by Uranus, and this denotes that they are foredoomed to defeat precisely as they were four years ago, when Grover Cleveland became President.

From this, one thing, at least, can be predicted with confidence, and that is that the astrologer is not a democrat.

V.—THE TRUTH IN ASTROLOGY.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

Sir,—As one of the astrological circle, the majority of whom are silent members, it has occurred to me to send you some account of the views I have arrived at after seven years' diligent study. Your contributors hitherto have been chiefly professional astrologers. Though more poorly equipped, the outsider has one advantage over the sacred priesthood of the cult; he is in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility."

The idea with which I entered upon the study of the "divine science" was that whence smoke had issued for about forty centuries, there was probably fire. That which could compel the unwilling belief of a Kepler could not, I reasoned, be all allusion; and if it were, the source of the illusions of such men must itself be worthy of investigation. My expectations has not been disappointed.

After drawing a hundred horoscopes, I can say that I found in the majority of them a striking symbolic representation, sometimes a perfect *signalement*, of the individual. When, however, the votaries of Astrology speak of it as an "exact science," I believe they are thinking of Astronomy! From the nature of the case the interpretation of symbols (which do not correspond to any known alphabet) can never attain to the dignity of an exact science. The test of an exact science is the power of *exact* prediction, which belongs to Astronomy, but certainly not to Astrology. The latter is only an aid to prediction.

In order to make my meaning clearer to Borderlanders who may wish to follow this fascinating branch of occultism, let me here call attention to what I believe is the fundamental ground-work of Astrology. The idea or hypothesis is mystically expressed in the words attributed to Hermes, and forming the second inscription on the Smaragdine Table, viz.,

"What is below, is like that which is above; and what is above is like that which is below: to accomplish the miracle of one thing."

That is to say the variety we observe is superficial. There is an underlying uniformity. It is, however, a uniformity of *process*, which has to be looked for. It does not jump at you. I believe many are deterred from investigating the subject by *à priori* objections, such as the difficulty of conceiving that events which seem to require Will and Intelligence for their production can be the result of constant and merely mechanical forces. The fact is that it is not necessary to consider the Stars

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as *causes*. We are dealing with co-incident not consequential phenomena. It is incorrect to reason inductively or deductively about parallel chains of events entirely disconnected so far as we know. There is a third side of the triangle of Reason—Analogy; and the analogical method in such a case is the only one truly applicable.

The expression, influence of the stars, is at least premature until we can show a causative connection. At present there is no more reason to think the stars govern us than the converse. All we know is a correspondence of process underlying two different sets of phenomena.

Again, the idea that Astrology means Fatalism is erroneous. All the astrologer does is to take account of a wider sphere of environing conditions in drawing his conclusions. The problem of Free Will remains where it was. If my contention be granted, and astrology rests entirely upon analogical and not at all upon causative reasoning, it follows that the claim to any exceptional infallibility in prediction must be dismissed. No quantitative definition of the symbols exists, so that when there are conflicting testimonies no precise judgment is possible. The personal factor must always enter largely into the result, and hence again no two readings of a nativity could be expected to agree in detail. A wise astrologer of old wrote: "Always deliver judgment from the stars in general terms, and if thou doest otherwise let it be when thou hast evident testimonies in great and weighty matters." For other reasons, which are too technical to enter into here, the predictive part of astrology must be deemed the least reliable. I would advise the beginner to confine his studies to the past. Let him take any important event in his own life and see if it is not foreshadowed in his horoscope, and if the planetary "directions" at the time do not agree. This is like reading the symbolism of the heavens with a key—a process he may have often employed in his schooldays to elucidate the dead languages. He will be amply repaid by the beautiful and striking correspondence he will discover. The coincidence is too constant and too perfect to be ignored. Astrology is not only an aid to the study of character, but it throws great light on the strange and often unaccountable sympathies and antipathies to be met with amongst one's friends and acquaintances.

As I am writing not for experts, but for the majority who are ignorant of the subject, let me here describe briefly the *modus operandi* in erecting the horoscope for a nativity. It is simply a figure of the heavens as they appear at the place and moment of birth. The elements are easily understood. E represents the eastern horizon, W the western, MC the zenith, N the nadir.

By the aid of an ephemeris for the year (price 1s.) the sign V degree of the zodiac rising at the time is marked in at E. This is termed the Ascendant. Then the rest of the signs as they occur round the circle are marked in, and each quadrant is divided into three parts, making twelve mundane houses or mansions each measuring 30 degrees of the circumference. Lastly, the Sun, Moon, and planets are inserted in the places they are found by the ephemeris to occupy at the moment, Judgment is deduced from the following postulates, viz.:—

(1) That each sign has a specified nature.

(2) That each planet has a specified nature.

(3) That each mundane house corresponds to a certain specified department of the native's affairs.

(4) That certain angular distances between the significators are good and others bad.

Anyone who wishes to learn more of this delightful branch of old-world science has only to buy one of the numerous hand-books published by Foulsham, 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C., to acquire a sufficient knowledge to enable him to erect a horoscope in a few weeks, and the study once begun will lure him on. To the scientific investigator it is a recreative occupation; in this way, instead of pulling the frail bark of his reason up the stream of sequence in the futile search for causes, he allows it to expatiate with the poet in the marvellous analogies which lie on either side. The uniformity of nature will be found to be lateral as well as vertical, as with transverse threads she weaves the web of fate. I will conclude with the words of a profound thinker, the late Shepherd Smith:

"Although I have no faith in astrological predictions I cannot cease from admiring astrology; and regarding it as the germ of some universal science of analogy; not yet conceived, or but faintly figured in the dim and shadowy visions of Genius in a reverie."

G. F. GREEN.

THE POPULARITY OF ASTROLOGICAL ALMANACS.

Messrs. Foulsham, of 4, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C., in reply to an inquiry, states that the circulation of "Raphael's" almanacs is guaranteed by the printers' voucher as amounting to, at least, 175,000 copies per annum. It was originally published at 2s. 6d., with a coloured part, but, in 1881, its price was reduced to 6d., the coloured part being discontinued. Brilliant success followed this change in policy. At the time when the change was made the circulation was about 7,000, and the subscription list before publication was never more than 1,000. Now the subscription list for London alone is over 100,000. Mr. Foulsham calculated that he will run the circulation up to 300,000 before the end of the century. He was, at one time, a divisional manager of Messrs. W. Smith & Sons, Strand House, and has superadded some American push and go to his natural British capacity. The "Raphael" Almanac has a very large American and Colonial circulation. In the United States newspapers quote every week or month a daily guide in advance for business men, and Mr. Foulsham says that in Kansas City business men steer by the almanac. Mr. Foulsham sells 9,000 of "Orion's" Almanac, 30,000 "Zadkiel," and 100,000 of "Old Moore's." Judging from these figures the circulation of Astrological almanacs in this country must be considerably over half-a-million.

XVI.—HAUNTED HAMPTON COURT.

THE STORIES OF TWO QUEENS. BY MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE is far and away the most famous ghost house in Southern Britain. Leap Castle, in Ireland, is no doubt more full of gruesome ghosts, but for the historical interest the ghosts of Hampton Court take the palm. Mrs. Russell Davies, I am glad to say, has been visiting the Palace for some time past. and has accumulated the material for a book which ought to rank high among the Classics of Ghostland.

On one occasion I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs. Davies to the Palace, dining there at what I believe was the first visit she paid to the haunted pile. Although I was never able to return to the Palace at the witching hour of night, Mrs. Davies kindly kept me informed of her investigations, and hearing that the last number of BORDERLAND was to be issued before the publication of her book, she was good enough to allow me the sight of two chapters, one of which appeared a year ago in a weekly paper, the second has not yet seen light. These two chapters tell the story of two Queens, of Jane Seymour and Catherine Howard. The tradition which can connect Catherine Howard with the Hampton Court Palace is of old standing, and many residents tell of the sight of the ghost Queen, flying shrieking through the corridors on the eve of All Souls' Day.

I.—THE STORY OF CATHERINE HOWARD.

Mrs. Davies, like every one else, had heard the story, and seated herself in the dead darkness on the eve of November 2nd last year waiting for the grim rehearsal with which the residents of the Palace are so familiar. Instead of expectation bringing the vision which was anticipated, Mrs. Davies's experiences were quite different. They are told as follows in the chapter entitled "Catherine Howard," from which it will appear that nothing happened as it was expected, and Mrs. Davies was able to interview the ghost of the unfortunate Queen at much greater length than people are allowed to interview Royalties to-day.

There seemed a strange stillness in the air, but a feeling of restlessness came over me which I could not understand. Mentally I was invoking the spirit to appear. In thought I said "If the spirit of Catherine Howard ever does return to earth will she appear to me, here and now? Will Catherine Howard speak to me, if only one word?" I should like it to be understood that up to this time I had always believed that this lady was all that a woman should *not* have been. That she was abandoned, depraved, and wicked to the last degree. I was, therefore, prepared to see one in spirit life surrounded with all the evidence of being on a low plane of existence, and bearing signs of suffering and punishment for her crimes. My surprise was, therefore, great indeed when suddenly I felt the touch of soft fingers on my cheek, such a tender, caressing touch it was too! and, on turning my head, perceived one of the most radiant beings it had ever been my lot to see. She stood by my side smiling in the most friendly way, and all I could do for a time was to sit still and gaze on my visitor. I cannot describe her face as being exactly beautiful, but it was very fair to look upon. A high forehead, with prominent broad, large blue, wide-open eyes, like those of a child. A small nose, rather peculiar in shape, the end "tip tilted," like the petals of a rose; and a mouth, a perfect "cupid's bow." The lips even, red, and slightly full and opening, showed two rows of beautifully even white teeth. The chin was round, with a pretty dimple. I thought this is a child's face, not a woman's, and then I noticed the tiny form. Many girls of twelve are taller than this lady was, who stood at my side in response to my unspoken call for Catherine Howard, once Queen Consort of England. Was it possible that time and life in the world beyond the grave had wrought such changes? Surely it was impossible that this little lady could be the spirit of so vile a person as certain historians had painted the fifth wife of Henry VIII. The thoughts were scarcely framed in my mind when my visitor commenced to speak. Immediately I heard the tone of the voice the thought again recurred. This is a child—a young girl—not a woman. The spirit answered my thought, and as nearly as possible for my memory to give, the following is the communication made to me:—

"Alas, yes, I am that most unhappy being Katherine Howard, whose memory on earth is infamous, and whose cruel death has never evoked more than a contemptuous expression of pity, whilst truly my earthly existence was one long misery. Picture to yourself my early life, my babyhood indeed! A poverty-stricken home, where even food was scarce. My childhood passed in the house of a relative, who, from charitable motives, had taken charge of me, fed, clothed, and made me the playmate of his own child, but who thought nothing further was required of him, so that I passed my days without teaching of any description, running wild with my beloved boy-companion, until at length, even in those days of ignorance and semi-barbarity, my neglected condition became a scandal. Then was I transferred to the tender (!) care and mercy of my step-mother, who from the day of my introduction into her household, appeared to forget my very existence, except indeed at those times, when by accident, she caught sight of my forlorn and ragged figure wandering aimlessly through rooms and passages of her Grace's palace, or mingling with the crowd—a very mixed one—of men and women which, in those days, filled the houses of the nobility. What surroundings and what associates for a child—for any girl! Even taking into consideration the times, my grandmother's house was one of the worst. Morality in any form was unknown. True, there were the priests, but what were they? Drunken, debauched, when they were not scheming plotting spies of other priests in higher places!"

Here I ventured to remark. "This is rather a strong denunciation from a Howard and a Papist. You were a Catholic, I believe?"

"Yes, I suppose I was. I knew nothing different. I had never been taught, and could neither read nor write. Amidst all, there was one special thing in which I delighted, and that was music. How I loved it in any form! To steal at night-time along the corridors and down the narrow staircases into the servant's and scullions halls and kitchens, to listen to their rude music and songs was more to me than all else in life. Often I joined them, and being lifted on to a bench or table, would sing in my childish voice such songs and ballads that nowadays no street woman would sing. Do you wonder how I could escape contamination? I, a girl strong and healthy—precocious to a degree, amongst a set of lawless men and women, spending their days in idleness, and (for those days) luxury? Amongst them was one man, a musician, and he I sought before them all, begging him to teach me to play even as he himself did, upon the "virginals." Alas, alas, my fate was sealed. Almost from the very commencement, this creature made me the victim of his passion. I, but a child not yet twelve years of age! And worst of all, the women who for pity's sake, because I was but a child, should have saved me were his willing abettors. History does not tell all this, you say. No, but you will find records of the so-called designs upon me by this man. Marry! they were more than designs. At fourteen I was a woman, small in stature, but well developed. Truth, religion, or morality did not exist for me. I knew them not: lying,

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intrigue, and deceit were my only accomplishments, and around me on every side were creatures who had trained and led me into every abomination. My grandmother fed and sheltered me. My lovers clothed me, and provided whatever pleasure I sought. Amongst them was one, Francis Derham—a man of illegitimate birth, and a sort of cousin on the Howards' side. Francis truly loved me, and to him did I plight my troth. Did I love him, you ask? Aye, that I did, dearly, deeply, truly! I loved him then and I love him now!"

"Now?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, now; we are together at last. As on earth in the midst of my loneliness and neglected youth we loved each other, and were true, so here in eternity, Francis Derham and Catherine Howard are one in spirit."

"But what about the king and your marriage?"

"Wait, I am coming to that. My connection with Derham had continued for perhaps three years. According to the manner of those days, persons plighting troth, as we had done, were regarded as man and wife, and a wife I held myself to be. In any lower station of life we should have been left in peace. But the Howards were ever courtiers, intriguers, and place-seekers, with the blood of Charlemagne and the Plantagenets in their veins, no Howard could tolerate obscurity, and they ever sought the highest and proudest position. To attain these, no means were spared, their women were bought and sold like cattle, and blood was held as water in the spilling. Though very small for my age, I had grown fair to look upon, and was held to be witty, bright, and gay; and my kinsfolk one day awoke to the fact that I could be used by them in their political and religious intrigues. The Howards had ever been fanatics in religion, and the blind willing tools of Romish priestcraft even to the present day. Henry the King had thrown off the bonds of the Pope. His divorce from Catherine of Arragon had been the first outward and visible sign of his rebellion. His marriage to my most excellent and well-beloved cousin, Anne, had brought on to her devoted head the vengeance of Rome. Henry was now the husband of a Protestant Princess. Again the Catholics were alert, and I was put forward as the bait to lure him back into the Mother Church, and once more the Pope was to rule England behind Henry's throne. My intrigue or liaison with Derham was now discovered. He was sent abroad, and I was introduced to the King. My grandmother and all my kindred knew perfectly well that I was to all intents and purposes the wife of Derham. But what to them was our love or happiness! Power, place, and blind fanaticism was their motto, and I, young, helpless, and ignorant, was led like a lamb to the slaughter. Henry the licentious laid claim to me, and on the day he made me his wife, my death warrant was to all intents signed and sealed!"

Here I ventured to say: "There is a mystery respecting your marriage ceremony. No record exists of it, whether there was ever one at all, in fact?"

"Oh, yes, there was. You know enough of Henry's character to make it easy for you to believe me, when I say that I had been his mistress for some weeks previous to his divorce of Anne of Cleves. But my proud and powerful relations had been busy protecting my honour, and succeeded in their efforts to keep secret the existing state of affairs. On the evening of August 1st, at five o'clock, in the presence of my grandmother, my uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, Bishop Gardiner, and others, Henry plighted his troth to me, whilst Gardiner gave the benediction, and poor little Catherine Howard became Queen of England! What a tragedy, you say! Yes, truly! I was no plotter or schemer; mine was not the ambition which sought a sham crown. I was a mere child so far as courtly schemes and plots were concerned. All I wanted was to be happy and loved. I could not be a queen. My lover had gone from me, my brothers and sisters were almost strangers. I was not even a clever girl—only young, bright, and ignorant. Such Henry found me, and it was this freedom from courtly wiles which won his genuine love for me."

"His *genuine love!*" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, his genuine love."

"But he never had any; he was only a sensualist so far as women were concerned, with a mania for sons!"

"You are wrong, and right. Henry *had* an affectionate nature, but this had been warped, and sensuality had taken the place of all that originally had been good. His *amour propre* was unbounded; his self-esteem engrossing. His one wish was to appear surrounded by stalwart sons, whose presence would prove their father's manhood and glory. Henry really loved me, and I early learned to appreciate his kindness to myself. I neither assumed nor presumed. This characteristic my friends quickly perceived, and they awoke to the fact that I was too great a fool to be of any service. Neglected now by my Catholic relations, the Protestants determined upon my removal. Before my honeymoon was over, proofs were collected of my past history, and when we were happiest the storm burst. Henry was surrounded by men who, knowing his weak vanity and self-esteem, played upon these, and I in my horror and despair knew this, feeling also certain that if only he and I could meet, his love would outweigh his anger. But my enemies knew this too. The low-born scullions, who had risen to power, kept us apart, perjured their black souls by bearing false witness. Wriothesley, the brutal, tortured and tormented miserable beings into swearing that which had not been, and could never have been, until he had obtained sufficient evidence to paint me one of the blackest characters in history. All but Francis Derham swore my life away. He to the last, through pain, the rack, and torture, gave no word that could injure me. He suffered for my sake martyrdom—my beloved Francis! and in less than two years after the King's marriage my head fell on the block; but not a victim to Henry, but victim to the war between the Pope and the Protestants. You can learn for yourself that my death warrant was *never seen* or signed by the King. Against him I have no thought. Long ago I forgave my enemies, for I have learned that from all time sacrifices *must* be made, and only through such murderous scenes as my death can peace be brought upon earth. But so long as a single Howard remains a Roman Catholic, my spirit on All Souls Day will return to the scene of its earthly sufferings, until by fire Hampton Court Palace shall become a ruin. After that I shall appear in the homes of my people to foreshadow death, and to warn them against the machinations of the priests. Adieu."

II.—THE STORY OF JANE SEYMOUR.

MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES received the story of Jane Seymour in the same way from the ghost's own lips, but there is a difference. In both cases the ghosts were invoked by Mrs. Davies, but, in the case of Jane Seymour, the apparition came unwillingly, of compulsion. Mrs. Davies had previously seen her on the evening in which I accompanied her to the palace. She saw the apparition seated before a fire in the fireplace, in a large bare room, having a heavy tapestry. She heard in the distance the sound of many feet, and above all the loud, coarse laugh of a man. Then everything faded, but Mrs. Davis knew that she had seen the ghost of Jane Seymour, and was naturaliy much interested. The sequel is told in the following story:—

In spite of the feeling of repugnance which Jane Seymour inspired in me, I determined to follow up the experience as far as I could. On my return home I was excited, and could not sleep. The recollection of what I had witnessed filled my mind, and the question how I could communicate with these spirits engrossed me. At last the idea of invoking the spirit of Jane Seymour occurred to me. Such things had been done, and were constantly being done in the present day.

In the stillness of the night I called her name through the silence. I waited and listened, but no sound broke the stillness. I exerted all the will-force at my command, but no sign or sound was given. It was now nearly 3 A.M. No sleep came to me. I was hopelessly wide awake. All at once my heart began to beat heavily, a sure sign, known to me by long experience as indicating that my spiritual powers were being used. There was a rush of icy cold air through the room, and then, close to my side, I saw again the form of the woman I had so lately beheld at Hampton Court Palace.

"Who are you? Why do you call me? What have you to do with me?"

These words seemed to be breathed, not spoken. That is the only way in which I can describe the manner of communication. A voice disturbs the atmosphere by its vibrations. But no sounds could be detected in any way, and yet I heard distinctly every word that was said. This puts me in mind of the voices which Samuel heard calling him aloud, but which were unheard by others near him.

I replied aloud, "I have nothing to do with you, but I wish most earnestly to hold communication with yourself and others. Others besides myself wish to know the meaning of the strange sounds which have been heard at Hampton Court, and whether so-called ghosts have been seen there. Will you answer my questions? I called you because I wished to learn and to know."

"I am here," she replied, "because you called me, not of my own will, but against it. The spirits who brought me here are those in whose power I am, and must continue to be, until such time as by my own efforts I shall have repaired the wrongs I did to them when on earth. Oh, how long will this be? When will it end?"

"Are you the Queen, Jane Seymour?"

"I am Jane Seymour, but no Queen. I was the wife of Henry, King of England, but Queen in name only. He had only one, and she was Queen Catherine. Anne was no more queen than I was, and none knew this better than herself. It was this fact which influenced me so far, that when Henry turned his attention to me I saw no reason to reject his advances. That he was unprincipled, licentious, and cruel was well known to me and to all who ever came in contact with him, but I never dreamed that he would execute Anne in order to make me his wife; at least, not until it was too late, and I was committed to him."

"Yes, but there was no compulsion used. You need not have gone so far as you did."

"You do not understand. You must have lived in those times and in my surroundings to comprehend fully the position of things. Have you never realised that the unhappy women of history have all been more or less the unwilling victims to the ambitions of others? . . . . . I am here to confess my sins. I was ambitious. My kith and kin were also ambitious. I had seen what Henry had done for the Boleyns. Why should he not do the same by me and mine? Anne and I had been educated under almost the same conditions. Both went early to France. Both very early in life were thrown into surroundings such as you in your conditions cannot even imagine. Debauchery of every kind was openly carried on around us. Religion was a greater farce in those days than now. Neither Anne nor I had any real religion in us, no matter what either of us may have professed. Who was there to care for our morals, our health, or anything else which is or should be sacred to youth? Our parents had done all they considered could be required of them. We were at the court of a great Queen, and we were being educated for court life. We found all we were sent there to find. I had no compunction then about Anne's happiness. I hated her and her family. Her father, a treacherous and scheming old man, was the first to find out Henry's attentions to me. He it was who prompted Anne to spy upon us."

Here I interrupted. "I have read that Anne found the thing out through a jewel you were wearing."

"No, the jewel only confirmed her suspicions. Her father had bribed my attendant to tell him whence came the new and valuable ornaments I wore. The wench took his bribe and satisfied him that they came from his royal son-in-law. Anne snatched at my neck without asking me one word about my brooch, and as she broke it off she tore her fingers with the pin. From that day we were open enemies, and I did not trouble to conceal my malice any more. I cared not what became of her. Day after day I repeated to Henry gossip which I knew to be untrue, and now I know that he knew as well as I that these tales of mine were hideous lies. Anne was as faithful a wife to Henry as the purest wife in the world could be. I saw her day by day worn with grief, anxiety, and illness, and if I ever prayed at all in those evil days of mine I prayed that both she and her child might die. And at last the day came when a dead son was born to her. I saw Henry's fury and disappointment. If Anne had not been well watched and protected by her own people, he would have poisoned her. He was capable of any villainy. She recovered, and I watched the net closing round her, and one day Henry told me she was to die, and that her death would be my triumph. We pretended to cool towards each other. I went frequently from court. But my family was busily preparing for my marriage. At last the fatal day came round. I was at my father's house, Wolf Hall—a good name, was it not? Even my callous heart was touched, and in imagination I saw the tragedy being enacted."

At this point of the story I seemed to feel the sickening horror of the whole crime. I can hardly describe my feeling. I felt as though every drop of blood in my body rushed into my head and face, and would burst out at my eyes and ears. Then I broke out into a violent perspiration, grew cold as ice, and sat and shivered.

Jane Seymour sat by my side with her hands held over her face in an attitude of abject fear. I asked myself whether it was wrong to recall this woman to earth. Presently she uncovered her face, and I heard her voice again.

"Were you right in calling me? you ask. How am I to answer? I certainly did not come here of my own will or by my own desire. I do not know you, but I was compelled to come. I heard a voice, loud, distinct, and imperative, and I was forced by an unknown power to obey. You are a woman, and can judge from a woman's standpoint. Is my punishment what it should be? Is it too heavy or too light? Will Anne Boleyn's blood-stain ever be washed off my unhappy soul? Not Anne's blood alone, but that of those martyred gentlemen who shared her cruel fate is there to haunt me. There is a sea of blood through which it is my fate to wade before I can once more clasp to my bosom the child for whose life I gave my own. It is in the undying hope of regaining my son that I wander perpetually through Hampton Court in the spirit. He was born there, and is there still, but between us there rolls a sea of blood. My child, my child, can I never atone?"

The voice here rose in a loud, wailing cry. I threw myself back on my pillow. I could endure it no longer. "Go," I said, "go, and never return. Surely such suffering as this is punishment enough."

When I opened my eyes again the dawn had appeared, but the recollection of my ghostly visitant remained vividly in my mind, and will remain there for many a long day.

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XVII.—A DEAD HAND.

A WEST OF ENGLAND GHOST STORY.

By an Anglican Clergyman.

SINCE my terrible experience was first made known to a few intimate friends, I have been so persistently asked to give it full publicity that I have at length, though somewhat reluctantly, decided to do so.

You may take a priest's word for it that it is true—true, that is to say, in all essential detail. The names which I give, indeed, are the only fictitious element in my story.

But before I begin to relate it, I feel bound to warn you that the whole thing is very ghastly, and it would be distinctly unwise of you to read it if you are of a nervous temperament. By no means let your children read it. Believe me, I do not say this in order to excite your curiosity, but I say it because it really is *decidedly* ghastly.

Some few years ago my bishop sent me to take charge of the outlying parish of Penstowe. It was the most lonesome spot one could possibly imagine, but in the heart of a very beautiful country. It was arranged that I should live with the family at the Rectory. The dear old rector, whom we will call Mr. Gibson, was fast breaking up, and a very touching sight it was to see his silent grief at being unable to minister any longer to the flock which he had so faithfully tended for upwards of fifteen years; touching, too, to witness the patient suffering of his wife, who was also a confirmed invalid. A more loveable couple it would be hard to find, and in a very short time I became quite attached to them. The rest of the family consisted of three grown-up daughters and a son. As was natural under the circumstances there was a very sad air about the house—perhaps I should not be wrong if I said there was an air of depressing gloom. And yet I look back upon my short sojourn there as one of the happiest times in my life, stamped—indelibly stamped though it be—with the ever-vivid memory of the most terrible experience I have ever undergone.

The Rectory was a very old two-storied house. My room (a study and bedroom in one) was upstairs.

Now I must candidly confess that I never liked that room. Almost from the first I felt in the presence of a mystery there. More than once I woke up suddenly with the feeling that there was *a something* by the bed. At the same time I can confidently assert that it never worried me, nor made me feel in the least bit nervous. I never dwelt upon it in any way.

Now, how long I had been at the Rectory I cannot exactly say without referring to my papers—a few months, however, when one memorable Friday night in December I turned into bed about half-past eleven. The lamp was out but the fire was still burning sufficiently bright to enable me to distinguish objects in the room.

Not feeling at all inclined for sleep, I settled down to think out one of my sermons for the following Sunday. I lay with my face to the wall, my left arm down by my side, and my right hand resting on the pillow. Now I declare most positively that I had not been lying thus for more than five minutes, if that. I was perfectly wide awake and had not attempted to go to sleep, when I suddenly became conscious of a peculiar sensation in my right hand—the one, remember, lying on the pillow. *It seemed to be held by something.* My first impression was that, without knowing it, I had raised my left hand and linked the two; but finding this still by my side, I gently drew the other down towards me and—*it was gently drawn back.* There could now be absolutely no doubt about it. Something was holding it, and, moreover, *the grasp was tightening.* In an instant I was kneeling up in bed, and then I not only felt, but saw, yes, saw distinctly, in the glimmer of the firelight, a hand in mine—just a thin, white hand, *severed at the wrist.* In a frenzy I cried out: "Oh! it's a hand! *A dead hand!*" In another moment my left hand was grasping the thing by the wrist, while the long, clammy finger held on to me more tightly than ever. Never in all my life shall I forget that moment. At last I succeeded in tearing that ghostly hand from mine, and flung it away. It fell with a thud upon the bookcase by the lamp. And then I collapsed—went right off into a sort of swoon. When I recovered consciousness it was to find myself crouched on the bed. The fire had died out—all but a few embers. It was pitch dark and silent as the grave. Everything came back to my mind at once, and I lay trembling, bathed in a cold perspiration. At length I rose to light the lamp, but drew back with the horrible thought that in reaching for the matches I might touch the ghastly thing again. Ah! was it really there still, not a yard from my head? Would it come to me again now that I was awake? Surely I heard a movement! And what was that, a laugh? a low, hideous laugh? Heavens! I shall surely go mad. I must have a light; at any cost I must have a light. And so, half screaming as I did it, I felt about for the matches and lit the lamp. It was two o'clock. No sign of the hand. Need I tell you that I did not attempt to sleep again, but got up and dressed. I was able to rekindle the fire, and sat by it until the morning trying hard to read.

Now, of course, I know what you will say at once. Obviously the result of imagination; everything favourable to a ghostly apparition; an hallucination; an isolated country parish; a gloomy life in an old house; previous suspicion of a supernatural presence; add to this an overwrought brain, an unconscious doze in the mysterious glimmer of the firelight, with flickering shadows on walls and ceiling, and, probably, a highly nervous temperament, and there you are.

Yes. And shall I tell you that before daybreak this is precisely the line of reasoning I had been following, and with no little success. I *must* have dozed. Of course I must have done without knowing it. The whole thing was nothing but a horrible nightmare.

Wait and hear the sequel.

When I went down to breakfast I found the three Miss Gibsons in the room, and they instantly remarked upon my haggard appearance. Why, Mr. ——, what is the matter? You look as though you had been up all night. I tried to put them off by saying I had not slept very well. This would not suffice, as it was too evident that something was wrong. And so earnestly did they entreat me that I related my horrible experience. Now imagine my feelings when, no sooner did I mention "a dead hand" than the second daughter, whom we will call Miss Maud, rose excitedly from her

seat and, looking at her sisters, exclaimed: "*Now* what have you to say to it?"

Of course it was my turn now to ask questions, which I did, and was told the following remarkable story, of which, please bear in mind, I had never heard one word before.

The Gibsons (as stated above) had occupied the Rectory about fifteen years. One afternoon in the early part of their first December there the rector sent Miss Maud into his study for a pen. She ran back screaming, saying that a hand was hovering over the table. She was a delicate girl and of a highly nervous temperament, so that it seemed an easy matter to account for the hallucination. And in a short time she herself quite recovered from the shock. On or near the same date in the following year some of the villagers were being entertained at the Rectory in the large kitchen. Miss Maud, who was as bright and cheerful as any one could be, was waiting upon them, when she suddenly gave a scream and fainted. She had seen the hand again; and for five or six consecutive years the apparition appeared to her. After that she saw no more of it. Nor had it been known to visit any one until it victimised me on that memorable night.

I asked Miss Maud if she was able to describe it. Yes, she said, it was the right hand of a lady. With long tapering fingers, severed at the wrist, and having a slight discoloration down the outer side. All this tallied precisely with the hand which had been in mine.

I wonder what my readers will say to it now? One cannot help admiring the beautifully simple way in which these things are explained by those who feel under as great an obligation to reject the "supernatural," as they do to admit unimpeachable evidence.

My story, *e.g.*, was related to a well-known brother clergyman. He decided the matter at once. It was a *rat*, obviously it was a rat.

But I have not finished. The next evening Mr. Gibson entreated me to have a bed made up in another room, and I consented. But when I came to think the matter out I regretted my weakness. Words from the compline Psalm came ringing in my ears, "Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night." Besides, if this thing was of diabolic origin, my attempted retreat from it would give it additional power to torture me. I remembered, too, that in the past its appearance had not been confined to one room in the house.

So I decided to spend the night in my own room. Of course I could not sleep, but throughout the night I saw nothing of the hand, nor was I disturbed by anything save my own thoughts.

The following day, Sunday, was a very busy one with me. I was ill and worried, but managed to get through my work all right. After evensong I went up to my room and sat down in the easy chair. Well, I sat down and began thinking over the events of the day, of the services and congregations. Perhaps I had been sitting there for ten minutes, when, looking up, I saw clearly and distinctly the dead hand hovering over the bookcase, and having its finger pointed towards me. I jumped up instantly, and as I did so the ghastly thing began to *glide towards me*. How I got through that door and down the stairs I do not know, but this I know—the hand was following me.

That night I was ill, very ill. On the Tuesday I was sent off to ——, the nearest large town, with strict orders never to remain alone, but to mix as much as possible with crowds, to go to some entertainment every night. Very soon I was able to get back to my duties, but remained only a few weeks longer at Penstowe, as the dear rector had quite recently died, and his successor was instituted with very little delay.

And now to this my story I have to add the relation of what you must all admit to be a most remarkable coincidence. On the first anniversary of that apparition I was living in a totally different part of the country, many miles distant from Penstowe, but still I had a great dread of its reappearing to me. As the night drew on I became very nervous, and retired to bed about ten o'clock. My servant occupied a room next to mine, and I gave him orders to leave his door open, and come to me at once if he should hear me call. To induce sleep I took a fairly "stiff" glass of whisky and water, and dropped off very soon. At twelve o'clock I woke with a start, and it was obvious that there would be no more sleep for me that night. In my house there was a room set apart for the village lads to meet for reading and games. Among the books there was a quantity of old periodicals. I lit my lamp and went down for some of these, intending to read all night. I had never read any of them, and took the first lot I could find and returned to bed. The very first I took up to read was an old number of *Longman's Magazine*, and I opened it at a short story, called "Tamzin's Choice"; and this I began to read, for it looked interesting. The first page or two I enjoyed. Whether or not I enjoyed the rest I leave you to guess. It was this:—

"I was saying to Tamzin what a bad night it was, and there's signs about, that there is——"

"Aye, that there is," answered Pascho, sitting down.

"What were you saying about signs, my son?" asks the mother.

"Is it a sign you've seen, Pascho?" echoed Tamzin.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's I that have seen it—*the Dead Hand!*"

He paused, and the effect on his hearers was as thrilling as he could expect.

Yes, and I venture to say that the effect on me was as thrilling as any of my readers could expect. At all events, I did not finish the tale; that is to say, not then. When I took up the book again a day or two later I read the following, which I give here, as its connection with my story makes it interesting.

"Just as I was coming down the quarry this afternoon," Pascho relates, "I looked up a minute and saw in front of me a hand—a *right hand*; it was nothing more, grasping the rungs of the ladder. . . . It followed me all the way down."

"What do the miner folks say it means?" asked Tamzin.

"Some folks say it brings harm to the man who sees it; but my father saw it and died in his bed as quietly as anyone."

Such, then, is my story. It is impossible for me to offer any explanation of it. There is a tradition that a lady mysteriously disappeared from the Rectory at Penstowe many years ago, and my impression at one time was that the Hand would fain have led me to a spot where some dread secret would be revealed. This, indeed, I felt convinced of until I read "Tamzin's Choice," and gathered from that portion which I have quoted that it had been seen (for I cannot but think that it was the same apparition) to some of the miners at some considerable distance from Penstowe.

But though I cannot suggest an interpretation of the mystery, I can most solemnly vouch for the truth of all that I have related, and shall be happy to correspond on the subject with any of my readers who, being really interested in such matters, are desirous of having fuller particulars of this ghastly visitation of *The Dead Hand*.

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XVIII.—SPIRITUALISM.

I.—MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES IN DEFENCE OF THE SPIRITS.

MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES is a lady of very decided opinions on most things. She expressed some of them the other day in a letter to *Light*, on "Professed Short Cuts to Spiritualism," which is so characteristic I quote it here:—

SIR,—May I be permitted a little space to say a few words on a subject which, at this present time, is absorbing too much of the attention of genuine investigators of what is termed "Spiritualism?" My name in connection with Spiritualism is, I trust, sufficiently known to secure my few remarks from being criticised as those of an inexperienced person who had suddenly formed an opinion and jumped to conclusions.

Spiritualism is a long road to travel, but beset though it may be with many difficulties, it remains still a straight one to those persons "genuinely" determined to travel by it, and who are not given to be perpetually looking out for new paths and short-cuts to their destination. This straight road has, like others, its cross-roads. Spiritualism some time ago had a side turning cut into it, and to this was given the name "Theosophy" viâ Blavatsky. It was really and truly only a *cul-de-sac*, and those wayfarers who (misled by its wide mouth and well-kept appearance) turned into it, found themselves lost in a sort of maze or fools' paradise; and there they remain, eternally grasping at shadows, having lost the substance at the first corner. Time passed on, and the road "Spiritualism" had more inroads made, until at last so bewildered were travellers by the various sign-posts they met with, that some slept by the way, tired and weary; others went on until they found a sort of junction leading to many speculative regions. In the middle of the road was a gaudy garden filled with gaily bedecked flowers, all labelled by the gardeners with catching titles, as they well knew big names often take the place of poor blossoms. In the centre stood a big gilded sign-post, on which was written: "Society for Psychical Research; stop here for Chaos, Telepathy, Subliminal Self, Confusion, and Bedlam." Now, this specious garden was merely a trap for the unwary. Its real object was the extension of a mutual admiration society, where faddists could meet and, all unchecked, air their own little opinions and hob-nob with Science and Society, and pose as earnest-minded seekers after Truth. Many a poor soul was, and will be, caught by the gilded ginger-bread offered to refresh them, and it is astonishing how many are deluded by the indicators at the cross-roads.

This is not written to raise controversy; it is the outcome of years (more than thirty) devoted to the investigation of psychic matters, not only through my own mediumship, but through that also of many others. Through my whole life I have had evidence of *spirit* presence and communion, both by clairvoyance and trance mediumship, and I do not hesitate to pronounce that the theories (not facts) embodied in the arguments in favour of "Telepathy" and "Subliminal Self" are not worth the serious consideration of any person anxious for honest truth and conviction.

I say this from a perfectly unbiassed position, and as the result of calm and patient investigation, carried on through many years with all sorts and conditions of persons. It is everyone's desire to know all that is possible on the subject they have most at heart, and therefore it came naturally to me, when these subjects first began to be discussed, to wish to find out for myself how much there was of merit in them.

The result of my experiment is, that I am more than ever convinced that "Telepathy," as a means of communication between *mortals*, is a delusion and a snare. That messages are transmitted I freely confess, but they are *carried* by spirits, guides, or friends, from the sender to the receiver. I have proved this scores of times. Many readers will here smile and say, "Ah! this is one of those persons who attribute every common incident and even their own thoughts and instincts to the 'dear spirits.'" But these readers will be quite wrong, for I am one of those people who believe that *most* people are blessed with a sort of intelligent *reasoning* power, and that mortals are much freer agents than is generally admitted. As for the subliminal self fetish, all I can say is, that if my own sub-self can and does write the autographs of persons whose handwriting I have never seen; can and does speak divers (to me) unknown languages; can and does remove articles from one place to another without any physical aid; can and does prophesy events; can and does go here and there all over the world, bringing and carrying messages at a moment's notice; then, my subliminal self is a very deceitful fraud, and though abnormally clever, amounting almost to omniscience in most things, is a very undesirable companion to carry about with one, because it deceives not only others, knowingly and wilfully, but actually its own poor little mortal part.

But no; we are not afflicted with a "Sub-Self," although we are, doubtless, possessed of gifts and faculties as yet hardly dreamt of. We are helped, comforted and blessed by the beloved spirits of those who have lifted the veil, and, though stripped of mortal attributes, retain the brightest and best—*Love*, and, on eager wings, return to the hearth and home of those loved ones still on earth, not to perform conjuring tricks or take up all responsibilities from the shoulders of their dear ones; but just because "there is no death," and in spirit they are still human enough to love and wish to be loved as intelligent beings, neither spooks, astrals, nor husks.

BESSIE RUSSELL DAVIES.

Arundel House, Balham Park Road.

II.—THE GIFTS OF A NOTED QUEENSLAND MEDIUM.

I RECEIVED some further letters from Mr. A. H. Burbank, of Brisbane, Queensland, respecting his wife's mediumship. Judging from these communications it would certainly seem as if Mrs. Burbank has gifts, the exercise of which ought to be very carefully observed, and subjected to close examination.

Mr. Burbank writes as follows:—

Mrs. Burbank, not being a professional medium, does not make her gifts known so much locally as one may imagine, but would rather that the mention of a few of the more striking may be published in a journal which would be read by scientific investigators, and probably assist in the forging of another link in the already strong chain of evidence. Since writing to you many wonderful experiences have been received: one of them I sent to the *Harbinger of Light;* it had reference to one Harold Weir, who came to us and asked questions, and said he was *not* dead.

These I send you now are fresh from our séance room, and I hope may be of interest.

DEAD WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

One asked, in a loud voice, "Can you tell me *re* Victorian loan?" It appears he was one Robert Henderson who was "on charge" and dealt in loans. He must have dropped dead and remembered nothing but the business he was engaged in, and the name of a friend one Bertie Adair. He thought he was in a dense fog in London and could not get a cabman to reply to his hail for a vehicle; he had been dead eight or nine years and did not know it. He often comes now (progressed) and does not seem interested in what he was at first; he said he followed the lady (Mrs. Burbank) through the fog, for she carried a light.

WHERE IS NATURE'S PHONOGRAPH?

Driving along in the buggy, Mrs. Burbank (at times) will read the conversations of travellers; she can see all the words in the

air on both sides of the road, on the spot they were uttered. I will give you one instance out of four:—

"A lady and her father were on a visit of investigation for three days, the daughter (a teacher in a school) had to be in Brisbane (fifteen miles) before 9 a.m., so I sent my young son with her on horseback, the father following three hours later in the buggy which contained my wife and myself as well.

When four miles on the road Mrs. Burbank said, "Just here your daughter was conversing with my son about the relative qualities of her own horse and the one she rode this morning, saying that the kangaroos hopping across the road would have made her horse bolt, and, that as she was not very well she was glad she had been given a quiet horse," &c. The father took notes, and on meeting his daughter at dinner, rather astonished his hearers by detailing the conversation, which his daughter verified.

A WAYSIDE GHOST.

Mrs. Burbank travels with me occasionally when I am on my professional duties, and when opportunity occurs addresses (under control) small audiences. On one of these trips while driving along she saw the spirit of an old man trying to walk by the aid of a fence; his head was cut with a small axe, and he had died there—the name was given her.

THE HAND OF A GHOSTLY HEALER.

Another evening she had, when in the tent with me, a severe headache, and heard a voice tell her to fold her handkerchief on her knee; she did so and immediately saw a hand stroke it twice; on applying the handkerchief to her head she felt a "tingling" sensation and the pain left.

THE KINETOMAGRAPH OF NATURE.

That same evening (we were camped under a wall of rocks, a small cliff some forty feet high) she said, "Many years since a middle-aged man (heavy) was galloping a bay horse after a beast, and getting too near the edge of this, the horse, in turning sharply, fell over. The man was unseated at once, the stirrups clanging together as the horse fell. The man was stunned for some hours, and when he awoke the saddleless horse was feeding some thirty yards distant."

Both the visions have since been proved to have been facts, and I would wish that you would kindly tell me the phase of mediumship which the information belongs to; one of the cases happened forty-two years since and the other thirty-eight years, as far as can be at present ascertained.

Nearly every person Mrs. Burbank is brought into contact with creates an aura by which she reads some of their former lives, many of them being historically verified.

MUSICAL CONTROLS.

She has now a Steinway grand piano; the music is most interesting, it being mostly descriptive. She is not in trance—almost normal; she cannot now play any of her learnt songs, &c., for her spirit friends want all her time for their music: each sitter's organism seems to be supplied with the class of music fitted to his or her capacity, as do those listening to the biblical discourses from the teaching controls.

She wants no conditions (especial); in railway, buggy, or at home she gets messages, &c.

A CURIOUS MODE OF SHOWING IDENTITY.

One evening we had a sitting with some country people, and Mrs. Burbank, assisted by the spirit of a sweet angel [giving the name of "Alice Carstairs," lost with her nurse while going to or from school after or before a vacation, and "Hannah" in the Tay Bridge accident, and daughter of a doctor (I think in Birmingham)] said, "A lad is here, says name Robert—he shows me an exquisite painting of a bald-faced red bullock with erect horns, and also of a top which he had fashioned (when on earth) with a penknife." The father of the deceased lad Robert said:

"That is a perfect description of the bullock (which Robert 'broke in' when a calf) now working in my team, and as we pass down the road Mrs. Burbank may see him," which she did, and recognised the animal at once; the episode of the top was verified by the parents.

"Alice" could not understand the expression "broke in" and "team," and asked their meaning. Mrs. Burbank knew them but little if in a nightmare cannot express them; we can note the smile of amusement on her face at knowing the answer, although her lips are fashioning the query.

MORE NEWS FROM MARS.

During a lecture last evening her control said that on "Mars" and "Uranus" there were winged horses, which are used by the inhabitants as a means of locomotion. Nearly all controls give names and addresses. One who lectures through her organisms said he was once "Joseph Eaton—a minor canon and precentor of Chester Cathedral, held the Hardley living and perpetual curacy of St. Michael's, Chester."

I wish you could send us a piece of an aereolite, and see if Mrs. Burbank could get anything from it.

III.—SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS WITH A OUIJA.

A LADY, resident in South Africa, the wife of a civil engineer, who recently lived in Canada, has sent me a very interesting story of her experiences with the Ouija Board. She was living in a Canadian town, near Lake Superior, when, one day, a friend, who was living in the house, who she calls Miss M., bought a Ouija Board as a plaything for the little boy of the age of seven. The rest of the story will be told by my correspondent in her own words, merely altering the name of the millionaire contractor, so that it will give no pain to his relatives.

She came into the drawing-room, sat down in her furs, and, tearing off the wrappings, said she intended to try then and there if the table would move. I laughed and even scoffed at the idea, and when it did move declared it must be herself that unconsciously moved it. On her denying this, I said, "If it can spell what I am now thinking of I will believe in it." My Maltese cat, Jack, just came in at the door, and not to puzzle the poor board too much, I decided on "cat" as the test word. To my amazement and even horror the board spelt out "cat" unwaveringly. This naturally made me feel that there was certainly some strange and uncanny influence at work. Still I steadfastly refused to try myself, and on two occasions only have I put my hands on the little table; but on both these the board literally flew from letter to letter. There were very wonderful experiments carried on, and many are the clever and able men who have sat in our little drawing-room and helped to read the answers to the various questions, "mental" and otherwise, asked our Ouija.

The most extraordinary of these I will tell you. My husband, a civil engineer, was interested in the contract for a large canal, and, in making up his estimates, thought for jest he would ask the board what prices he should put. It was usual on asking a question for the board first to spell out the name of what we supposed to be the controlling influence. So in this instance we asked for the usual person or influence, and the reply was that it could not answer these questions. On being asked if one could reply who had some knowledge of the subject, it replied that Jack Robinson could. Now, I must tell you, that my friend, whom I will call Miss M., had her hands on the little table, and had never heard of this person, but my husband recognised, with a shock, that it was that of a millionaire contractor whom he had known, but who was dead, and whose body had been stolen from the grave. The replies given were all sensible, and so satisfactory that my husband actually adopted the figures in most cases.

Either that evening or next one of the M.P.'s for the district came in to see us, and being astonished at the strange coincidence, said, "Well, I will actually believe in the thing if it can give me Jack's middle name." Whereupon the board spelt out "Peter," which was the actual name. Miss M. again had her

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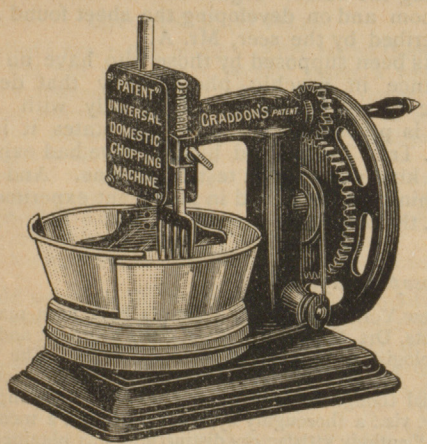
hands on the board, and the only person knowing the name was the asker of the question. He was so impressed with this that all through the elections he came in nightly to ask for news of majorities and names of people elected. Strange to say under Miss M.—who was ignorant both of French and politics—in many cases both the names and numbers were given of Frenchmen and majorities correctly. But the strangest thing was the information given by the so-called "Jack Robinson" about his own body. He gave the name of the body-snatcher and all attendant gruesome details, stating the exact spot where the body was hidden. He said in very expressive, but not pleasant language that it had been exposed in a swamp near a certain river "to rot."

Strange to say fragments of bones and what was supposed to be a shroud were found in a place answering to the description. Inquiries were also made secretly about the person accused of this awful theft, and no such name was known. As all investigators know, a great deal of reliable information and much that is worthless is always given by these boards. When we asked J. R. what he was doing now, the invariable answer was "drinking beer," which really was his favourite drink when in this world. Altogether it was very remarkable, and *more* to the point than many manifestations I read about as being wonderful. Answers to mental questions as a rule were answered correctly, and many things at the time astonishing transpired. Other friends were told of the deaths of relatives at a distance, and in one instance a lady who was interested in mining claims had the name and correct address of a lawyer in New York given to her, previously totally unknown to her. At the time all these little incidents occurred they naturally made quite a little excitement in our immediate circle of friends and acquaintances, and if at the time I could have sent a record of the vivid and realistic experiences, they would be worthy of attention. At this lapse of time much has been forgotten. Our Ouija is now destroyed, and we no longer seem to be interested, as the little household is scattered.

IV.—SPIRITS AS INVENTORS.

"JULIA," in her latest communication, warns us that evil as well as good would result if the living could draw at will upon the knowledge of the disembodied. It is even possible that the living might feel seriously embarrassed by the competition of the dead. Here, for



instance, is Mrs. Graddon, who has been and gone and patented a chopping machine as her own original invention, whereas in reality she avers it was the invention of her departed husband! The invention is ingenious and handy, although it is a trifle tall to describe it as "the greatest novelty of the Victorian Era." It consists of a chopping-block which is rotated upon a stand by means of the hand-wheel. From a pulley fixed on the shaft of the hand-wheel an endless band is driven, which passes downwards over two guide pulleys and encircles the chopping-block. From the standard that carries the hand-wheel there projects an arm, in the head of which the shaft or handle of the chopper is made to move up and down vertically by means of the spur-wheel and pinion, this gear being driven by the hand-wheel. This gives the chopping action to the blade. In connection with the fixed head is a sliding fork or rake for gradually separating and moving the material to the chopper, and to turn it over to ensure thorough reduction. The rake can be affixed in such a manner that it will yield to hard material, or large pieces put into the bowl, or if the bowl be overcharged from negligence of the attendant. The block is surrounded by a screen, which is slipped over the edge of the block.

If in a household of eight persons, it will save five shillings a week, it makes a good return on the purchase-money, as it only costs a guinea. The odd thing about it is that the description of the machine, Mrs. Graddon declares, was given her by her husband after his death. He is a mechanic, she is not. Here is her story of how the machine was invented.

On the morning of April 20th, 1896, before I was a spiritualist, about a fortnight after the death of my husband, who was himself an inventor and keenly interested in all mechanical appliances, I was standing in the breakfast-room, discussing with my children and the servant the question of dinner, with a view to which I had been chopping up some veal. Suddenly I was conscious of a very curious sensation. Hardly knowing what I did, I called excitedly for a pencil and paper, which were brought. Then I sat down and my hand was made to draw a diagram of what I afterwards saw was a chopping-machine. After long consideration, and acting on the advise of friends, I decided that the idea indicated by the diagram was a practical one, and proceeded to patent it and have a model manufactured. Try as I would, I could not raise the money, and eventually the patent lapsed. In the meantime, however, I had come into contact with some spiritualists, and had begun to investigate for myself, with the result that I rapidly developed as a medium. I then discovered what I had previously suspected to be the case, namely, that the idea of the chopping-machine had been given to me by my husband; for I should tell you that when he was dying he had promised me, at my earnest entreaty, that if it were possible for him to come back to me from the world of spirits he would do so. This was the method he had adopted to provide for his widow and children, but it seemed then that his effort had been in vain. In the meantime, however, other means were provided for our maintenance, and I was told that when the proper time came he would communicate to me the design of another machine of the same kind as the first, but of a more perfect character. I received that design last April, on the same date (the 20th), and at about the same hour that I had received the first invention ten years before. Instead of writing the letter, my hand at once began to rapidly outline the design of a machine, and I saw the long-expected invention had come at last.

V.—THE STATE OF SUICIDES AFTER DEATH.

THE teaching of the Roman Catholic Church on many subjects is curiously confirmed by the investigations that have been made in the invisible world, which the authorities of the Church, for the most part, discountenance. This is especially the case in relation to the teachings of the Church as to suicide. The modern agnostics regard suicide much as did the ancient heathen, by whom suicide was regarded as a honourable

method of cutting the Gordian knot of existence. Suicide, in fact, like divorce, is one of the subjects upon which the teachings of the Church and the theories of philosophers come into sharp collision. It is worth while knowing that so far as the testimony from the Borderland is worth anything, it at least decisively is in favour of the view of the Catholic Church.

A member of the Psychical Research Society has sent me the result of his investigations, in the course of which he received communications purporting to come from three persons who have laid violent hands upon themselves. He writes :—

I have, in the course of my researches extending over a number of years, received three such distinct after-death communications. They were received in the ordinary course of investigation, carried on with no predisposition of mind or judgment, and in each case several years after the death of the persons from whom they were asserted to emanate. With the first of these three persons I had had little or no intercourse in life ; the second I had known well and personally; the third had been an entire stranger to me; I had never before heard his name in my life.

Two imparted to me information respecting their past earth-life, which subsequent inquiry has shown to be correct, but of which I could not possibly have had any knowledge at the time. All the three, although communicating at intervals of several years, agreed in their statements respecting their condition and surroundings in the new life after physical death.

The following brief summary represents the substance of the information conveyed by these super-normal means.

All the three suicides expressed the most sincere and bitter regret at the rash act by which they had prematurely terminated their earth-life. They declared that by their prematurely separating their untrained and undisciplined souls from their bodily tenements, they had introduced them into conditions of life to which they lacked the power of adapting themselves.

They emphatically asserted that physical death had wrought no kind of change or transformation in their respective characters and individualities, and that it had in no wise impaired or diminished any one of their powers or faculties of mind or of soul.

All the three declared that they were in darkness and isolation, able only to hold converse with those labouring under similar difficulties and moving in the same sphere. They were painfully earnest in their requests that the substance of their statements might be made more widely known, more especially brought to the knowledge of persons labouring under the fatal delusion that physical death constituted the end of being, and all the three begged that earnest and frequent prayers might be offered on their behalf, and that their friends might at once be put in possession of the disclosures thus made respecting these and other private matters.

Comment is offered upon the very remarkable statements, but it is felt that they are worthy of the thoughtful attention of all unprejudiced minds, and more especially of those who are already convinced, on other grounds, that the veil which hides from us the unseen world is occasionally lifted.

THE psychical researchers, says a London correspondent, September 4th, must keep their collective eye on the disembodied spirit of one Eduard Kopesdi, who has just blown out his substitute for brains in Buda Pesth. This gentleman, not being able to benefit his race in this world, has generously determined to do what in him lies in the next. He has left behind him the following remarkable document :—"I, the undersigned, bind myself herewith to appear, if possible, in the spirit, between twelve and one o'clock a.m., on October 12th, 1898, in the establishment in Paris in which this document shall be exhibited. I shall appear in witness of this, and to answer all questions put to me—in a word I shall do everything in the interests of human knowledge, in order that a light may be thrown upon the spiritual life beyond the grave. Permeated with this idea, I have written this at the bidding of a higher power.—Eduard Kopesdi."

VI.—PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

TWO SUCCESSFUL TEST EXPERIMENTS.

IN the January BORDERLAND I gave a report of experiments by Mr. Glendinning with an occultist, "Mr. A." Since then they have made other experiments, the notes of which have been sent to me for perusal. Two of the experiments in particular Mr. G. has been asked to put on record.

No. 1. Prepared dry plates were obtained by Mr. G. direct from a manufacturer, who guaranteed that the whole were made from new sheets of glass. Each plate was put by the manufacturer in a black paper envelope and gummed.

Mr. G. put six of these in one of his pockets, and Mr. A. undertook to get a picture on one of them by occult means, without seeing the plate or their envelopes. This was done in about two seconds. Mr. G. then removed the six from his pocket, and Mr. A., by holding each to his forehead, picked out the plate on which he said the astral ray had acted. Mr. G. went alone to the dark room, tore off the black envelope, and on development found a portrait on the plate.

No. 2. Mr. G. procured from the Eastman Company a dozen X-ray sensitised sheets, each of them in a closed black envelope. He took three sheets out of the parcel for certain experiments with animal magnetism, then closed the parcel and put it on a table in front of him. Mr. A.—who was sitting apart—undertook to get a picture on one of the sheets ; in about two seconds he said it was done, Mr. G. opened the parcel and Mr. A. picked out the sheet on which he said a picture would be found. He described it as a horse on which was seated a rider holding a spear, and a wild animal attacking the horse. Again Mr. G. went alone to the dark room and on developing the sheet found a picture as described by the seer, Mr. A.

It has been supposed by those who have no practical experience in psychic photography that defects on psychic forms appearing identically with different sitters is proof of fraud. Mr. G. states it is not so, as Mr. Trail Taylor and himself have had experiences of that kind under strict test conditions. And now the same thing has happened in his recent experiments with Mr. A. the occultist.

Theosophy says :—

In New York independent attempts have been made by two specialists, Drs. Miller and Simon, one a hypnotist and the other a physiologist, to photograph mental images. The result was curious. The doctors were unable by concentration of their individual thought to create a picture; but by using an intermediary, viz., a thoroughly hypnotised patient, a mental photograph of entirely satisfactory distinctness was obtained. In the particular experiment, the subject was required to think of nothing but his hand, and a picture of a hand was made to appear. It is obvious that with an attention, however acute, that is not trained or constrained to immobility, the time needed to produce mechanical results is lacking. In hypnosis the mind is narrowly held in the single dominating direction, as the tube of a telescope may be kept upon an individual star.

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VII.—MR. BOURSNELL'S LATEST.

A PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH OF AN INDIAN ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is very seldom that a quarter passes in which Mr. Boursnell does not come to the front in some new and surprising fashion, but this quarter the veteran photographer of Uxbridge Road has outdone his own previous record. He has supplied us hitherto copiously with psychic photographs, and all manner of persons and things, birds, flowers, men, women, and children, have abounded in his collection, but even those who were most familiar with his achievements were hardly prepared for his latest surprise.

For some time past, Mr. Boursnell has suffered from ill-health to such an extent, indeed, that he has doubted whether his days were long on this earth. He writes me that he is now in much better health and strength than he has been before, and this he attributes entirely to the beneficial effects of a prescription which was given to him by one of the spirits haunting his studio. This spirit professes to be an Afghan of the name of Abdalla, or, as Mr. Boursnell writes it in his quaint orthography, An Afansganster ab Dollor. The prescription, as I understand from Mr. Boursnell, was written out by this Afghan spirit and photographed by him. At any rate, Mr. Boursnell in some strange way became possessed of this prescription, which his spirit friend assured him would do him good. Being utterly unable to decipher a word of it, Mr. Boursnell induced Mr. Morse to take it to the British Museum, and have it translated by one of the linguistic experts in that great emporium of all knowledge. The following is the translation that Mr. Morse brought back.

WATER OF LIFE, OR EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

The first four lines are so badly written as to be almost unintelligible. Only a few words here and there are legible, from which it appears that this is a description of the preparation of the medicine, and of its virtues. It ends with saying that the medicine is done up in bottles, the price per bottle being four annas, *i.e.*, ¼-rupee.

COLOCYNTH (?) PILLS.

Pills indeed! nay, rather magic! After taking them for four days you will find an old man become young, a young man return to the freshness of youth. They impart vigour in place of weakness, activity in place of inactivity. Pills indeed! nay, rather magic! this medicine alone cures scores of ailments, and gives strength to all the members . . . . liver . . . .

Pills indeed! nay, rather magic! They are specific remedies or headache, pains in the loins . . . . They are unrivalled. [next illegible] advertised by Narayan Singh and Nām (?) Singh, merchants, now living at Amritsar Bazaar, Panjab.

[On the left-hand corner appears the date "1893 A.D."]

It would seem as if this were a copy of an advertisement of some medicine sold in the Amritsar Bazaar. Anyhow, Mr. Boursnell obtained this extract of sarsaparilla and the colocynth pills, and has found that they work wonders for him. Such is the story which he sends me, and a most curious story it is. Psychic photographs have been turned to many uses, but as a means of reproducing the advertisements of pills from a north-west frontier of India for the benefit of a London photographer is a step or two in advance of anything that has been taken hitherto.

VIII.—MR. SILAS HOCKING ON SPIRITUALISM.

IN *The Temple Magazine* for September Mr. Silas Hocking, the well-known novelist, publishes in his editorial, "Under the Green Wood Tree," some observations on Spiritualism which are worth reproducing, chiefly in order to show how much Mr. Silas Hocking has to learn.

I can best answer *G. W.* (Darwen) by saying that the mission of *The Temple Magazine* is not to advertise any sect or creed or "ism." Spiritualism may be right, or it may be wrong. It is not for me to say, though I hold very decided views on the question. Many years ago I made a considerable study of spiritualistic literature, and attended several séances in different parts of the country; and the conclusion I came to was that the entertainment was dear at the price, while the information I recceived was *nil*. Like most other people, I would gladly lift the curtain that hides the future if I could, and get a glimpse of that great Beyond to which we are all tending. There is to most minds an irresistible fascination in the whole question of futurity. We wonder unceasingly what lies beyond. The mystery of that great silence weighs constantly upon our hearts. We would give almost anything if we could see again those friends of ours who have passed out of sight. We long

> for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

I know that Spiritualism claims to satisfy us on these points. Does it make that claim good? If so, all I can say is we have not much to look forward to. Much as we shrink from oblivion, I would rather go to sleep for ever than become a furniture remover or a table-rapper, and be at the beck and call of such lunatics as I have seen at dark séances. I was favoured once with a speech from the spirit of Milton delivered in blank verse. Poor Milton! I have never wanted to hear from him again. Milton in the flesh was a seer and a poet; he had a grace of style, a majesty and dignity of diction that have rarely been equalled, while all that he wrote was illumined and exalted by a fine spiritual fervour and passion that time has not dimmed in the smallest degree, though his theology is now considerably out of date; but Milton disembodied was a mere ranter of the stalest platitudes in most execrable English.

If my friends who have passed out into the great unknown are engaged in turning tables in stuffy rooms, and flinging chairs about in the dark, and playing tambourines in a way that would be a disgrace to the rawest recruit in the Salvation Army, and perpetrating antics generally that would not be tolerated at a nigger entertainment, then I would rather remain in ignorance of the fact. It is pitiful and painful to think that the dead lose all their dignity and culture directly they shuffle off this mortal coil—that the sober ones become mere buffoons, and the wise ones lose all their learning, and forget even how to speak correctly. If this is the fate of the friends of our youth, and is likely to be our own fate, then it is a kindness to shut down the lid and keep the curtain drawn. I am not going to argue with my correspondent, or call into question his statements. All I say is, that if the future life be what he and his co-religionists make it out to be, then most of us have been living in a fool's paradise since the days we were children, and existence is a bigger fraud than the most hopeless of the pessimists declare it to be.

XIX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ALLEGORICAL JUBILEE SOUVENIR.

MR. G. T. FEARNEYHOUGH, the well-known photographer of Pietermaritzburg, issued and published one of the most original and elaborate of all the Jubilee souvenirs. I reproduce the souvenir and the explanation thereof.

The Word.—The Eternal Spirit—"In the beginning was The Word, and the WORD was with God, and the WORD was God." "JAHVE," "THE KING OF KINGS," symbolised by the—

Crown, who, by and through The Word, is with Man executing Justice and Judgment in His natural kingdom; through His natural or temporal kingly representatives, after the manner of His Divine nature—

Wisdom, Mercy, and Truth, the basis of which is Divine Truth, and the sum thereof Divine Love.

Möade, Clinging to Divine Truth, is "Möade," an Angel of the third or internal of The Lord's Divine Heavenly World; in his 33rd change of state therein. Möade signifies "BELOVED" (of Jehovah). When in the flesh as an earthly man, Möade was known among natural men as—

Prince Albert, the Queen's Consort, who is now the Queen's Guardian Angel, or Spirit, having been appointed to that Spiritual Work when he passed into Paradise, or The World of Spiritual Truth.

THE NEXUS.

(Between the Spiritual and Natural.)

"The Ring" attached to Möade, symbolises the love-bond that links her spiritual or internal mind, through Möade, to that world, where has gone and is her treasure, and consequent thereon, where her heart and thoughts are also.

A Heart Broke, represents the Queen, and is a symbol, expressing the state of her natural mind, as a natural being, at the anastasis of The Prince; a condition that natural time has not had the power to heal.

"God is Love!" This is Möade's Spiritual Message to The Queen, encircling that riven heart, it expresses, that so environed by Divine Love, transmitted to her through the very love and spirit, she, as a natural woman, believed she had lost; this is what Möade means by this message, implying thereby that they have, in Spirit, never been separated.

THE NATURAL.

(As all things in the natural world are but correspondences of similar things in the Spiritual world.—Rom. i. 20.)

Our Queen o Queens, corresponds to, and is naturally a representative symbol of the Spiritual or Heavenly King of Kings. He it was who raised up Victoria to be Queen; to execute for Him Justice and Judgment in a natural world.

As a temporal Queen, her reign and rule has been marked by — Justice, Free- and Truth.

The internal qualities of her nature which have shone forth in her life, are—

Honour, Charity, and Love.—Thus LOVE and TRUTH form the basis of her natural life and reign, as of the internal woman, and external Queen.

The "Pearls" which separate the internal and the external of the Queen, represents her very inmost, the Soul, the Source of FAITH, whereby these qualities have been received from the Divine, by influx from KING OF KINGS, Pearls, in the Word, signify or correspond to, in a Spiritual sense, Truths of Faith, which springs from the perception or understanding of the Good of Charity, *i.e.*, the love of it.

The Sixty Years' Reign, and the spontaneous desire of her people to do her honour, is but the Lord's external acknowledgment of her faithfulness in His stewardship, also the outward and visible sign whereby He honoureth her in the natural.

Sixty (60) as a Number, Spiritually, signifies full and complete, in its fullest sense, that is to say, All, Complete.

G. T. F.

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THE HUSBAND OF THE WIDOW.

A REMARKABLE SERIES OF VISITATIONS.

AN Australian correspondent, signing himself J. D., writes me as follows:—

Some time ago I wrote to you from Melbourne, mentioning an interesting case of Sporadic Clairvoyance which came under my observation, the particulars of which I promised to furnish on my arrival in London.

I may remark that the clairvoyant is a lady entirely ignorant of Spiritualism, and so hostile to the subject that I never spoke to her on the matter but once, about two years since, when she expressed herself with such asperity that I never referred to the subject again.

However, about a year and a-half ago, she fell into bad health, and on my wife calling to inquire after her was met with the observation, "I am sorry that I spoke in the manner I did to Mr. D. respecting Spiritualism, for during my illness my husband, who died over six months ago, appeared to me during the night in his familiar mortal shape and not only spoke but took me by the hand."

I, therefore, called upon her and had several long conversations on the subject at different times. She has been in the habit for years of keeping a rough diary of daily events, in which she carefully recorded each occasion of her husband's appearance since that date, and I now hand you various extracts therefrom, detailing disclosures made to her on these occasions, which it was impossible for her to know from any other source, and which I have been able to verify by subsequent investigation.

I think it material to state that Mrs. M. declines to admit that she is either clairvoyant or clairaudient, that she only sees her husband and one or two other relatives when he brings them with him, and she knows nothing whatever of either the beliefs or experiences of spiritualists. Her visitors come in the night—between two and three in the morning—and not only does she see them distinctly, but also sees every other object in the room. Being in infirm health she always has a companion with her in her bedroom, who, however, neither sees nor hears anything beyond Mrs. M.'s voice when making enquiries or replying to those conversing with her.

I am, yours faithfully,

J. D.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. M.'S DIARY.

5th January, 1895.

I awoke about three o'clock A.M., feeling a cold shiver pass over me, which I thought was death. I looked and saw my husband sitting on the bedside; he appeared dressed in his ordinary way in life. I was speechless from weakness. He spoke and said: "It is very hard for you, but you won't join me yet; a lot more trouble you will have to go through after you get stronger. I am always watching over you. Good-bye." He then disappeared.

NOTE.—At this time Mrs. M. was given up by two eminent physicians. Her husband had died in July, 1894.

February 12th, 1895.

Again a cold shiver between 3 and 5 A.M. My husband appeared as before, and J., my companion, lying on a couch in my room. He said, "You're better. Now put everything right at once for yourself, only secure the £300 I had in bonds. X. will give you the papers. Be quick. Good-bye." I said, "How did you find out how to return?" He replied, "Mrs. L. taught me; she is my guardian angel."

NOTE.—Mrs. M. was aware that her husband possessed £300 in bonds, but was unaware where they were deposited. On the same day she applied to Mr. X., who handed them to her at once.

March 5th, 1895.

I awoke again with a cold shiver between 3 and 5 A.M., J. sleeping in the room as before. I saw my husband sitting on the bedside; he placed his hand on my shoulder, and I could feel it distinctly. He said, "I'm glad you done it. You were right, for he would have starved you."

This was evidently in reference to my affairs which I had settled yesterday. I said, "Are you perfectly happy?" He replied, "I am now. I was troubled before. Good-bye."

June 6th, 1895.

My husband came again last night, under the same conditions, and said, "Let nothing tempt you to leave your home." He then disappeared. In the afternoon I received a letter from my sister enclosing draft for £50, and begging me to go to her in England.

November 17th, 1895.

My husband appeared again to me during the night. He said, "I shall soon have another companion; your sister in England died fourteen days ago, at five o'clock on Sunday morning." I said, "I am left alone." He said, "You have all of us for your companions; we are always watching you."

NOTE.—On the 23rd. November, Mrs. M. received a telegram from her nephew in England, saying mother died Sunday 3rd November, business letters coming In course of post a letter arrived dated 12th November, giving particulars of the death as conveyed to Mrs. M. by her husband and by telegram from her nephew—it is important I should state that the communication as to the death of her sister was told me by Mrs. M. on the 18th November and the letter of the 12th November was shown to me on receipt.

December 8th 1895.

My husband came during the night, and said, "They are troubled at home. Comfort them all you can. Robert is dead." I said, "Can it be true?" he said, "Yes, Good-bye."

NOTE.—A letter conveying this intelligence dated the 22nd November was duly received by Mrs. M. and was shown to me on its arrival—she had informed me of her husband's message intimating Robert's death on the 11th December—Robert was an aged man, the husband of her sister, who died on the 3rd November.

"CHRISTIAN TELEPATHY."

BY "IAN MACLAREN."

IN the *Sunday Magazine* for August the series which has in these pages been classed under "The Prayer Telephone" is continued by Rev. John Watson, M.A., D.D. His title of "Christian Telepathy" is also his

theory of explanation. His first story is of an aged minister with whom he had served as colleague, and who was taken dangerously ill :—

It was a great relief to learn, towards the end of a week, that the sickness had abated, and when, on Sunday morning, a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery, the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fail, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing. After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety and became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened and took hold of me that he was dying, and that I would never see him again, till at last it was laid on me that if I hoped to receive his blessing I must make haste, and, by-and-by, that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt; so, having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. . . . On arrival I drove rapidly to the well-known house, and was in no way astonished that the servant, who opened the door, should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not now weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

"He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is . . . dying now."

No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me; and I held my reverend father's hand till he fell asleep in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but, as we believed, recognised me and was content. My night's journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God, and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by a spiritual influence.

"IAN" AS AUTOMATIC WRITER!

Who shall say there is anything uncanny in automatic writing when something so like it as this is confessed to by one who combines the several functions of Doctor of Divinity, popular preacher, and religious romancer?

Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and very busy, when my mind became distracted and I could not think out my sermon. Some short time before a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered from dissension in his congregation, and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the case till I seemed, in the midst of the circumstances, as if I were the sufferer. Very soon a suggestion arose and grew into a commandment, that I should offer to take a day's duty for my brother. At this point I pulled myself together and resisted what seemed a vagrant notion. So one turned to his manuscript to complete a broken sentence, but could only write "Dear A. B." Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation and compose a letter as best one could, till the question of date arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire, and set to work again; but all day I was haunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that, owing to certain circumstance, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day, and it was my date! My course was perfectly plain, and I at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my letter first.

Dr. Watson tells of another instance in which he was moved by a sudden impulse to call on a family in a certain street. He found the family had removed to another house, the number of which he could not ascertain. After several inquiries he gave up the quest, somewhat ashamed of the time he had wasted on it:—

Next morning the head of that household I had yesterday sought in vain came into my study with such evident sorrow on his face that one hastened to meet him with anxious inquiries. "Yes, we are in great trouble; yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock, and we would have sent for you at the time, but had no messenger. I wish you had been there—if you had only known!"

"And the time?"

"About half-past three."

So I had known, but had been too impatient.

After other kindred reminiscences Dr. Watson adds:—

Nor do I remember any case where, being inwardly moved to go after this fashion, it appeared in the end that I had been befooled.

HIS EXPLANATIONS.

He offers three inferences:—

(1) That people may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. The correspondence here is between heart and heart, and the medium through which the message passes is love.

(2) That this love is but another name for Christ, who is the head of the body; and here one falls back on St. Paul's profound and illuminating illustration. It is Christ who unites the whole race, and especially all Christian folk, by His Incarnation. Into Him are gathered all the fears, sorrows, pains, troubles of each member, so that He feels with all, and from Him flows the same feeling to other members of the body.

(3) That in proportion as one abides in Christ he will be in touch with his brethren. If it seems to one marvellous and almost incredible that any person should be effected by another's sorrow whom he does not at the moment see, is it not marvellous, although quite credible, that we are so often indifferent to sorrow which we do see? Is it not the case that one of a delicate soul will detect?

WAS NAPOLEON'S CAREER FORETOLD?

AN ALLEGED PROPHECY OF 1542 A.D.

IN the July, August, September, and October numbers of the *Theosophist*, a writer signing himself "A. T. B." contributes four interesting articles on "Modern Prophecies." He begins by recalling the prophecy said to have been made by Abbè Joachim, who, in the tenth century, predicted that the year 1789 would be pregnant with social revolutions in consequence of one of the great conjunctions with Saturn—a prophecy which was certainly fulfilled in the year which witnessed the birth of the French Revolution. This prophecy, however, was nothing compared with the marvellously detailed prediction which was said to have been written out in ancient French, in a book published in 1542.

THE PROPHET AND HIS BOOK.

This was the book of the prophecies of Philippe Dieu-Donne Noël Olivarius, a doctor of medicine, and astrologer. It is said to have been discovered by Francis de Metz, Secretary-General of the Commune of Paris, at a time when the Revolutionists were destroying the MSS. pillaged from the library of the Benedictines, or that of the Genovefains. Francis de Metz saw this little book, picked it up, and read it; did not understand what it meant, but thought it so extraordinary that he copied it, and added several other prophe-

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cies, which he also copied out. The copy of the prophecy of Olivarius, written by Francis de Metz, is dated 1793. A copy of it was given to the Emperor Napoleon after his coronation.

HOW IT MAY HAVE BEEN READ TO NAPOLEON.

The following is the prophecy as it is served up in the article of the *Theosophist* :—

One evening, let us say, Napoleon returned to Malmaison. He was much given to discussion of the marvellous, especially with Josephine, whom he knew to be very superstitious. One evening then he arrives, speaks of his grand projects, and finishes by putting within the hands of the Empress an old book in manuscript composed in 1542.

"Take this," said the Emperor to her, opening this folio in 12mo., bound in parchment, and yellow with time; "look at it and read it."

The Empress began; but as the style was in old French, and the letters badly formed, she rested several moments to run her eyes over the three pages of this chapter; then with a voice emboldened, she began as follows :—

HIS BIRTHPLACE AND YOUTH.

"Franco-Italy will give birth, not far from her breast, to a supernatural being; this man will set out, when quite young, from the sea, and will assume the language and manners of the Celtic French; he will open out a path for himself, while still young, through a thousand obstacles, with the soldiers, and will become their generalissimo. This sinuous path will yield him much suffering; he will go to war near his birthplace for five years and more.

HIS EARLY CONQUESTS.

"He will be seen across the sea waging war with great glory and valour, and he will anew contend with the Roman world.

"He will give laws to the Germans, he will set at rest the disorders and terrors of Celtic France, and he will be therefore named, not King, but as is customary, acclaimed Emperor by great popular enthusiasm.

"He will fight everywhere within the empire; he will put to flight princes, lords, kings, during ten years and more. Then he will bring into being new princes and lords, and speaking upon his elevated throne, he will cry, '*O sidera O sacra.*'

HIS GRAND ARMY.

"He will be seen with an army of more than forty-nine times twenty thousand men of armed infantry who carry weapons and tubes of iron. He will have seven times seven thousand horses ridden by men who carry, in addition to the former, great swords or lances and brazen cuirasses. He will have seven times seven times two thousand men who will handle terrible machines, that will vomit forth sulphur, and fire, and death. The whole reckoning of his army will be forty-nine times twenty thousand men.

"He will carry in his right hand an eagle, the sign of victory in war. He will give many countries to the nations, and to each he will give peace.

HIS PUBLIC WORKS AND TWO MARRIAGES.

"He will come into the great city, directing and initiating great projects, buildings, bridges, seaports, aqueducts, canals; he will gain the sole credit of them, by vast wealth, greater even than that of Rome, and all within the dominions of France.

"He will have two wives."

Josephine stopped.

"Go on," said the Emperor, who did not love interruptions.

"And only one son.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

"He will go on warring to where the lines of longitude and latitude intersect, fifty and five months. There his enemies will burn by fire the great city, and he and his following will enter it, and retire from it burnt to ashes, his army ruined. And his troops, having no more bread or water, by great and decimating cold, which will be so awful that two-thirds of his army will perish, and more than half of the rest will never more come under his command.

THE CAPTIVITY IN ELBA.

"Then the great man, abandoned, betrayed by his friends, will be driven back, in his turn with great loss, almost into his own capital, by the great European nations. In his place will be seated the kings of the old blood of the Capets.

"He, forced into exile, within that sea from which he came when young, and near his own birthplace, will remain there eleven moons with some of his followers, true friends and soldiers, who were once more than seven times seven times twice that number. Directly the eleven moons have been completed, then he and his adherents will take ship and proceed to set foot on Celtic France.

THE RESTORATION OF THE EMPIRE AND WATERLOO.

"And he will proceed to the great city, where is seated the king of the old blood of the Capets, who rises, flies, taking with him the royal ornaments. Settled down in his old dominion he will give the people most excellent laws.

"Then he will be driven out afresh by a triplicity of the European nations, after three moons and the third of a moon, when they will put back in his place the king of the old blood of the Capets. And he will be believed to be dead by his people and the soldiers, who at this time remain at their homes against their will.

FRANCE UNDER THE MONARCHY.

"The Celts and the French will devour each other like tigers and wolves. The blood of the old king of the Capets will be the ever present cause of black treasons. The wicked are deceived, and by fire and again by fire will be slain; the *fleur-de-lis* is maintained, but the last branches of the old blood will still remain in danger.

"Thus they will fight among themselves.

QUERY? NAME!

"Then a young warrior will advance towards the great city; he will bear a cock and a lion upon his coat of mail. Then the lance will be given to him by the great prince of the East.

"He will be marvellously helped by the warlike people of Belgic France, who will reunite with the people of Paris to put an end to the troubles, to reunite the soldiery, and to cover all with olive branches.

A FOUR YEARS' WAR.

"They will still fight with so much glory for seven times seven moons, that the Triplicity of the European nations, from great fear and with cries and tears, will offer their sons as hostages, and will place themselves under laws, wholesome, just, and loved by all.

A TWO YEARS' PEACE.

"Thus peace lasts for twenty-five moons.

"In Lutetia the Seine, reddened with blood owing to innumerable fights, will extend its bed by ruin and pestilence. New seditions of the wicked workmen will arise.

WHO WILL HE BE?

"Then they will be driven out of the palaces of kings by the valiant man, and after that he will be acclaimed by the whole of France, by all the great nations, and by the mother nation. And he will preserve the ancient relics left from the old blood of the Capets to rule the destinies of the world; he will take sovereign counsel of the whole nation and of all the people: he will lay the foundation of fruit without end, and die."

WHAT NAPOLEON THOUGHT OF IT.

Josephine, surprised at what she had just read, stopped, closed the book, and asked Napoleon about this strange prediction. The Emperor, not wishing to give an undue importance to

Master Olivarius by commenting on him, contented himself with replying—

"Prophecies always say that which people wish to make them say; however, I admit that this has surprised me very much."

He then changed the conversation and spoke of other matters.

On his return from the island of Elba, the Emperor recalled this prediction, and again spoke of it to Colonel Abd.

"I never wished to believe in anything," said he to him, "but I am convinced of this in good faith, that there are things which are beyond the capacity of men, and which, notwithstanding their rare perspicacity they can never explain. Witness this singular prophecy found with the Benedictines, stolen during the Revolution, and which I am acquainted with. Who designed it? It is I who am its object. In truth we ought to make ourselves acquainted with all that pervades the universe, and try to profit from those gleams of the divine which are sometimes found in certain privileged beings, and which should show us the true path we should follow, and forewarn us of the dangers which we are about to meet."

WHERE IS IT NOW?

We have spoken very much of this prophecy, which has been copied by a great number of persons, and preserved, as well as several other works on the same subject, in the Library of the Hotel de Ville. When Buonaparte mounted the throne they spoke to him of this prophecy; he wished to see it; and since that time one does not know what has become of it.

It was printed in 1815. It was inserted in the "Memoirs of Josephine" (edition of 1820 and of 1827), and finally Edward Bricon, librarian, has published it in his "Collection of Prophecies."

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

Now, if we examine this prophecy with some attention we find that it is very extraordinary. All that it has predicted concerning the reign of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons has been perfectly realised. The troubles of 1827, the conspiracies of the Liberals, and the Revolution of 1830 itself, are to be found therein. But it goes still further. Of these things the future will teach us.

A YEAR OF DOOM.

AN ASTROLOGICAL FORECAST FOR 1899.

IN the *Theosophical Review*, Mrs. Besant refers to Madame Blavatsky's prediction that the present cycle would come to a close somewhere between 1897 and 1900.

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S FORECAST.

Mrs. Besant says :—

A study of the planetary conditions that prevail in 1897, 1898, and 1899, shows us why our honoured teacher spoke of these dates as she did, and we may as well look at the exact facts. On November 24th, 1897, five "planets"—Saturn, Mars, Mercury, Sun, and Moon—are grouped together in one sign of the Zodiac, Sagittarius. On November 30th, 1898, the Sun, Mercury, Venus, Saturn, and Herschel are grouped in Sagittarius. On December 3rd, 1899, no less than seven are thus grouped in Sagittarius—the Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn, Herschel, and as an eighth, the Moon's node. These extraordinary conjunctions of the heavenly bodies, such as have not occurred, it is said, for five thousand years, completely justify H. P. B.'s warnings of troubles and the dates she gave. Mr. Geo. Wright, President of the Chicago Theosophical Society, who gave me at my request the above exact details, writes: "The remarkable feature is that from November, 1897, to December, 1899, the planets seem to group themselves together, culminating in the grand conjunction on December 3rd, 1899. Hence the effects of the cyclic close must be long drawn out." The world has already been showing the preliminary symptoms of disturbance, and India—the "sacred land" of the fifth race—reeling under plague, famine, and earthquake, is receiving the full brunt of the torrent. Darker yet looms the future, and cyclonic storm-clouds lower on the horizon of the nations.

A HINDOO PREDICTION.

The *Madras Mail*, of the 19th of November, 1896, published a leading article by a Hindu, entitled "The Kaliyuga and its True Significance," the gist of which is that the year 5000 of the Kaliyuga, which begins in April, 1899, and ends in April, 1900, will be a year of doom, or of ruin. In that year the Goddesses of the Ganges, Sarasvati and another, who have stayed in this world for 5,000 years in the shape of rivers, will resume their original shape, return to heaven, and with them all holy things in India, with the exception of Benares and another city, will disappear from the world. The Hindoo astrologists are circulating verses which declare that Vishnu will abandon this world at the close of the year 5000; *i.e.*, in April, 1900, when Vishnu comes the Vedas will be turned upside down. The reason for this belief on the part of astrologists is to be found in the extraordinary concourse of the planets in the same House. Usually not more than one planet is to be found in the House of the Zodiac; if more than four are found in the same House, a great calamity is foreseen. A combination of five planets in one mansion will lead to the destruction of all countries; a combination of six to the destruction of all kings; of seven, to the destruction of all worlds; of eight, to the destruction of the human race. The Hindu concludes his article as follows:—

The present year, 1896 A.D., is, as I have said already, 4998 of the *Kaliyuga*, corresponding to the year *Durumkhi* of the *Brihaspati* cycle of 60 years. Five thousand *Kaliyuga* will be 1899 A.D., and the year *Vikari* of the *Brihaspati* cycle. According to the astronomical calculations of the Hindus, eight planets meet in the mansion of Scorpio (*Vrichchhika*) of the Zodiac of the month of *Krittika*, corresponding to the last week of November, 1899, at the 23rd *Ghatika*, *i.e.*, 2-6 A.M. on the 13th lunar day (*trayodasi*) of the black half of that month. Between that time and the succeeding new moon day, *i.e.*, two days after that combination, a great ruin will coma over India. India may not be entirely depopulated or devoured by floods, but famine, pestilence, war, and other miseries will reign over the whole country. This is the strong belief, and November, 1899, is the expected time.

This belief has taken possession of the Hindu mind. In the *Madras Mail* of the 24th October last will be found a statement that an astrologer addressed the Dewan in the Mysore Representative Assembly, held in October last to make provision for performing *pujas* (worship) to the planets and to propitiate them to avert the impending catastrophe of the year *Vikâri* (1899 A.D.), *Kaliyuga* 5000. Some of the members appeared to have been seriously occupied with that matter. The Dewan promised to place the subject before the Maharajah. Eight planets, it is said, according to the astronomical calculations in this country, meet together in November, 1899, in the mansion of Scorpio, and not six as the Mysore astrologer stated. Some astrologers say that the meeting of the eight planets is impossible, and that only seven meet in one mansion. A Tamil Pundit and astrologer, named Mr. Kandaswami Pillai, of Dindigul, in the Madura District, predicted some time ago that the year 1899—Kali 5000—will be one of terrible famine far exceeding that of 1877 in its horrors by reason of the conjunction of the Sun, Mars, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and also the Solar node (*Rahu*) at one and the same sign of the Zodiac, Scorpio, in November, 1899.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE DEAD.

Intelligence, for August, publishes, on the authority of the *Boston Post*, an interesting story of the experiences of a man who was revived after being apparently dead for two days. The story is as follows:—

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Minneapolis, Minn., May 9th.—W. A. Laufman, a well-known commercial traveller in this section, tells a most extraordinary story.

He says he was dead for nearly two days, and through the application of electricity he was brought back to life again, and that while dead he, in another form, walked about the room, went in and out of the house at will, and heard all that was said about him.

He says: "My strange experience dates from about two years ago, when I took sick in Mankato. . . . On December 26th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the doctor pronounced me dead, and my body was turned over to M. Maul's undertaking establishment for preparation for shipment. My brother, C. H. Laufman, of Des Moines, Ia., was telegraphed for and came on to take charge of my remains.

"On that fatal morning I was suddenly aware of an indescribable sensation, beginning at my feet and snapping clear through my frame and out at the top of my head. I was then conscious of something like a ball of cotton released and spreading out, in form the size of a man at least three feet taller than myself. I was standing in the centre of the room and plainly saw my dead body lying on the cot. I started to leave the room and met one of the doctors. I wondered that he did not say something to me, but as he made no effort to stop me I went out into the street.

"I walked down Fourteenth Street to the corner, towards California Avenue, and there met an old acquaintance from Mitchell, S. D., named Milt Blose. I attempted to strike him on the back by way of salutation, but my arm passed right through him. I did not speak to him, but struck at him again with the same result. I utterly failed to attract his attention, although I followed him at least a block. I distinctly saw him walk across the street and gaze at a miniature Ferris wheel in a window."

It may be stated that Mr. Laufman has letters and telegrams showing that Mr. Blose was in Omaha on the date mentioned and walked on the street and saw the Ferris wheel as described by Mr. Laufman.

Continuing with his narrative, Mr. Laufman said: "After leaving Blose I went up to the hospital to see the body. I found the door closed, but as I could see into the room I passed through the door and gazed at myself for a while. I then went out and found the doctors and heard them discussing my case. I hung around with them until the arrival of my brother. I went in with him and the doctors and watched his anguish as he looked at my dead face. He remained at the hospital that night, as it was very late, and I went into the room with him and watched until he fell asleep.

"I was laid out dead exactly thirty-seven hours and fifty-eight minutes. I stayed around with the doctors and my brother during all of the time, and heard and remembered every word spoken by them. The doctors wanted to make a post-mortem examination, but my brother objected.

"Of course you want to know how I got back into my shell, and it happened in this way: One of the specialists wanted to try some experiment with a new electric apparatus. My brother consented to it, and I accompanied them to my deathbed to watch the operation. The instruments were attached to my feet, and I distinctly felt the sensation while standing out in the centre of the room. I was next conscious of excruciating pains all through me, and I knew I was in my body again."

These are the main facts in Mr. Laufman's story. His long months of illness and his slow recovery are matters well known in Mankato.—*Boston Post.*

STOLEN CATTLE TRACED BY A DREAM.

A GENTLEMAN in New South Wales, a State school teacher, sends the following information about some stolen cattle. He vouches for the whole truth of the narrative, as it came under his notice in searching for occult items amongst his friends, and all the parties are well known and respected except, perhaps, the "*cattle duffer*," that is, the *cattle thief.*

A few years ago, a farmer in the Blue Mountains turned out three working bullocks on to the mountains, to get a rest and to "pick up a bit," and as the season was a good one for grass, they soon recovered their lost flesh, and became in a short time fit for the butcher. After a time the owner wanted them to work, and went out to bring them home, but no bullocks were to be found, and he spent many days searching without getting the least clue to them. One night, during this search, he dreamt that he was at a party of friends at the house of a neighbour—a neighbour who had been dead many years—and that he and this friend were talking outside the house, while the social gathering inside was enjoying itself in various ways. Suddenly his friend said "——, have you found your bullocks?" and upon being answered in the negative, the "shade" of the dead man, in a few words, told him that they were stolen; by whom they were stolen—a neighbour—giving the name; to what town they had been driven, and to what butcher they were sold. Furthermore, he said, "——, if you go at once you will get them alive."

This was certainly a strange dream, and Mr. —— told his wife of it as soon as he woke; he also told his mother, who was then living near, and she said to him: "——, *you should always believe what the dead tell you in a dream.*" The old lady's remark evidently savours of a prior experience, in which the dead have spoken in dreams. Mr. ——, being a "man of the world" and not a believer in "such stuff as dreams are made of," took no notice of the dream, except to tell it to several friends—fortunately for this story and the readers of it. As the loss of the bullocks was tangible and serious, being trained animals, Mr. —— then put an advertisement in the local newspaper, offering £5 reward for information that should be so thorough as to lead up to a conviction of the thief. After awhile, one Sunday, a man well known to Mr. —— rode up and offered to tell him who stole the bullocks, provided his name was kept secret. Mr. —— was quite willing to do that, but pointed out to the informer that there would be no £5 forthcoming unless the thief got convicted. The informer, however, had got so far in the mess as to allow that he knew the thief, and to withhold further information would perhaps brand himself as the thief, or as one of the thieves; and he thereupon told Mr. ——, almost exactly word for word, what the dead man had told him in his dream, only leaving out the part which informed the owner that if he went at once for the bullocks, he would get them alive.

To most readers the strangest part of the story comes now. Mr. ——, although twice informed as to the thief, once in a dream by the dead and afterwards by a living man, took no immediate steps in the matter. Why? Well, the informer was a questionable character, and Mr. —— informed the writer personally that he was afraid to leave home, fearing that during his absence in the neighbouring town on the business another raid would be made upon his stock.

Some weeks further elapsed, and at last Mr. —— made up his mind to visit the police of the town, where, as he had been informed twice, the bullocks were killed. Of course, quite of course, the police would none of it; only think of the police, that level-headed force, taking up anything with a dream in it! However, with much trouble, Mr. —— got the police reluctantly to send an officer with him to the butcher indicated by the two witnesses, the living and the dead.

In New South Wales all cattle are branded with hot

irons, each owner of stock has his own registered brand, and every butcher must give notice to the police when he is going to kill, and he must also keep a register in his books of all the cattle killed and the brands thereof.

The first thing, then, to look over was the brand book: but the butcher at once remembered the bullocks; he had let them run some days or weeks before killing, and it was only a few days back that he had sent the hides away to the Sydney market. Here was proof that Mr. ——'s mother was right in asserting that when the dead speak in dreams they should be listened to. Further, Mr. —— went down to the heap of horns and picked out the horns of the bullocks he had lost.

Here ends the occult part of the story; but perhaps some reader may like to know how the thief came off in the matter. He disappeared from his residence during the night, and when the police went in the morning he was gone. But in a very few weeks he was lodged in gaol for cattle-stealing elsewhere.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

IN *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, the writer of the article on "Mrs. Oliphant as a Novelist" makes the following observation as to those novels of hers which deal with the Borderland. The writer says:—

What, it may be asked, of the region which Mrs. Oliphant made peculiarly her own—the region believed by most people to be wholly beyond the scope of the senses, the religion of the "unseen," of the supernatural? Mrs. Oliphant manifestly had a strong predilection for topics transcending the limits of ordinary human experience, and we believe that in yielding to it she at once gratified the taste and stimulated the interest of an immense section of the public. We should rather conjecture, indeed, that she shared the illogical though widespread opinion that every well-attested case of a ghostly apparition is, somehow or other, an additional testimony to the truth of revealed religion. Whether such a belief contributes to the effective telling of a ghost-story may, however, very well be doubted; and Mrs. Oliphant's ghost-stories, though womanlike and dexterous (for she never relapses into the amateurish), are neither very favourable specimens of her powers nor comparable to the efforts of others who were perhaps less inclined to believe than she. She is even more disappointing when she employs the supernatural in a long story. The mysterious stranger in "The Wizard's Son" is excellent up to a certain point; but how is a being to be held in awe whose very existence (as we are told) comes to be doubted by the persons whose lives he has powerfully influenced? A spectre who is merely the means of conveying moral lessons, and who once incurs the suspicion of representing nothing more imposing than some great moral or immoral principle, has lost his true occupation. "Wandering Willie's Tale," "The Phantom Ship," and "The Haunters and the Haunted," represent the three sound methods of dealing with the supernatural; and if its adaptability to the requirements of the moralists first put the public on the scent of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that was the book's misfortune rather than its fault.

In "A Little Pilgrim" Mrs. Oliphant, of course, approaches the unseen on a much more serious and solemn side—a side on which no thinking man would willingly cast ridicule or contempt. We trust we are fully conscious of the simple and unaffected pathos, and of the deep and heartfelt reverence, with which the subject of the next world is treated; and we are sure that the pages of that little volume have carried consolation and refreshment to many a sorrowful and penitent heart. If the thing must be done, it could by no possibility be done better. Yet is not *tu ne quæsieris* a safe maxim in all such matters? The speculations of the great pagan poet as to the future state, couched in the noblest diction, and abounding in the most memorable and affecting passages, may be read and re-read without any feeling of incongruity. But for the Christian (so it seems to us), the wiser course is to remain satisfied with such hints as revelation affords, and to refrain from attempting to penetrate a secret which the Supreme Lawgiver has involved in mystery.

An indescribable sense of futility seems to be left behind by those excursions into the supernatural. Granted that the city of Semur, in the Haute Bourgogne, was seized upon for three days by "les morts" in clouds and darkness, what is the ultimate result of their occupation? Nothing. When the inhabitants are permitted to return to their homes, everything resumes its former course. No one's character is permanently altered for better or for worse; and the only tangible outcome of the terrible visitation is that wonderful visions are attributed by the Sisters of Mercy to Pierre Plastron, who had remained behind in the town and seen nothing—as happy a flash of insight that into human character as can be found in all Mrs. Oliphant's writings. We heartily agree with those who think "A Beleaguered City" a great book. But its interest lies not in the supernatural, but in the human; not in the doings of the ghostly invaders, but in the conduct of the men and women whom they drive outside the walls. The wife and the mother of the Maire are admirably characterised and discriminated. But it is Martin Dupin, the Maire himself—fussy, consequential half-sceptical, half-credulous, affectionate, and stubborn—who dominates the book, and, in truth, he is one of Mrs. Oliphant's greatest triumphs. Once more, too, we notice the astonishing ease, accuracy, and skill with which the "atmosphere" of life in a French provincial town is diffused over the work.

A DOUBLE OF THE LIVING.

THE following narrative of the apparition of a double is written by the lady—a sister in a Sisterhood—whose double was seen on August 17, 1897.

The last time I was told I was where I was *not*, was about eight months ago. I had been very busy in the embroidery room finishing some promised work, and sister S. came in and seeing me, exclaimed that she had just left me in chapel. I replied that I had not been there that day except for services; but she said she was sure it was me *in my stall* (we never take any places in the choir but our own) and the more so, as I seemed to her to be kneeling, which surprised her and made her look again. (The writer is lame and cannot kneel). I said, laughing, I was sure I must have a "double," as I seemed to be so often seen where I was not. I said "so often," but this was speaking loosely, for before this occasion some sister said she had seen me where I was not; and another said she saw me in chapel, and yet a third was quite sure she saw me going to the "House of Mercy" across the garden; but I had not been out of this house. This was just before the occasion about which I first told you; and it was chiefly the recollection of this that made me joke about having a "double." I said to the sister, "well! if it had been me, you would have seen my lameness." She said that she had, and that she thought it was me at first and then looked again, and seeing the lame walk felt sure of it. She was consequently amazed at finding me in the sister's room. Sister S. is sure she was not mistaken though our dress being uniform makes mistakes more possible than with other people. Sister S. says she has more than once seen "doubles" before, and has been accused of "second sight."

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XX.—BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

DREAMS AND GHOSTS.*

MR. ANDREW LANG'S *Dreams and Ghosts* is the best "boom" the *Society for Psychical Research* has ever had. Mr. Lang is as inevitably entertaining as the S. P. R. is inevitably dull, and in selecting the best of their stories, casting aside their pedantry and general tiresomeness, and, in short, translating them out of Myers' nomenclature into English, Mr. Lang has secured hundreds of readers who would never have waded through them under other circumstances. Mr. Lang is a folk-lorist first and a psychical researcher afterwards; so far as belonging to the Society goes he is not a Psychical Researcher at all; and the fact that a story is said to be true has for him a special interest apart from the truth of the story. Even in this respect, however, the S. P. R. owes him a considerable debt, for he has re-established several old classic stories of somewhat doubtful antecedents; such, for example, as that of "The Windham Ghost," "The Tyrone Ghost," "The Dream of the Perceval Murder." "The Villiers Ghost," and "Lord Lyttleton's Ghost." His excellent stories of "Queen Mary's Jewels" and of the "Thumbless Hand," and his views as to the Wesley ghost, we have heard before elsewhere, but we are glad to have them where we can find them at need.

Mr. Lang's individuality does not disappear even under the superincumbent general resemblances of psychic stories. We meet with Queen Mary in the preface and with 1688 politics before we have read the first page; and he rejoices in a gillie who curses William, Duke of Cumberland, with abundant enthusiasm. I know that gillie too; a tight line to him!

It is characteristic, too, that once more, here as elsewhere, Mr. Lang pleads for justice to the ghost. Let us, at least, be as fair as to the evidence for him as against him. "I do believe," he tells us, "with all students of human nature, in hallucinations of one, or of several, or even of all the senses. But as to whether such hallucinations, among the sane, are ever caused by psychical influences from the minds of others, alive or dead, not communicated through the ordinary channels of sense, my mind is in a balance of doubt. It is a question of evidence." One can't say fairer than that.

As an illustration Mr. Lang takes the story now widely familiar (up to a certain point) of the house visited by those alleged to be "On the Trail of a Ghost." This correspondence, he says, "illustrated the copious fallacies which haunt the human intellect. Thus it was maintained by some persons and denied by others that sounds of unknown origin were occasionally heard in a certain house. These, it was suggested, might (if really heard) be caused by slight seismic disturbances. Now many people argue, 'Blunderstone House is not haunted, for I passed a night there and nothing unusual occurred.' Apply this to a house where noises are actually caused by young earthquakes. Would anybody say, 'There are no seismic disturbances near Blunderstone House, for I passed a night there and none occurred?' Why should a noisy ghost (if there is such a thing) or a hallucinatory sound (if there is such a thing) be expected to be more punctual and pertinacious than a seismic disturbance?"

X.

* "The Book of Dreams and Ghosts." By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. London. 1897. Price 6s.

PROPHECIES ACCORDING TO SCHLATTER.*

THIS very remarkable book contains four chapters, with a preface. The first gives an account of Schlatter's two years' pilgrimage through the Western States; the second of his fast in Albuquerque; the third of his work as healer in Denver; and fourth and lastly, of his teaching in retirement. I have already at great length in a previous number of BORDERLAND described the life of Francis Schlatter, the healer of Denver. This book brings the narrative further down to later date, and supplies information not previously available as to this mysterious man and his predictions.

THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH.

The lady who has compiled this book—for with the exception of the first two chapters it is a compilation, chiefly made up from Schlatter's conversation during the three months from January to March, 1896, that he stayed in the house of the editress, Hermosillo Ranch, Datil, New Mexico. I have heard from the lady within the last few months, and she is firmly of opinion that Schlatter is not dead, as reported in the newspapers, but that he will return as he predicted in 1899. Schlatter, according to his own account, is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and it is evident that in the opinion of his hostess he is a reincarnation of Jesus of Nazareth. In the opinion of the authorities in western towns, who put him into jail and had him flogged, he was a crazy tramp. Without expressing any opinion as to which of these widely varying hypotheses is nearer the truth, it is interesting to note what this man says concerning the state of society in which he finds himself, and as to how and where and when the ideas came to him to which he has given such forcible expression.

A PUPIL OF JOHN BURNS!

Francis Schlatter was an Alsatian, who wished to enlist in the French army at the time of the Prussian War, but finding himself derided as a Prussian by the French authorities, he left the country and came to London, where he learnt the English language, then afterwards he went over to the United States, and earned his living as a shoemaker in the State of New York. During his stay in London, he had often attended meetings at Hyde Park, and often listened to John Burns, whose addresses had evidently made a deep impression on his mind, for he would repeat them with astonishing accuracy and detail to his friends in America.

HIS CONVERSION AND HIS CALL.

What churchmen would call his conversion took place when he was thirty years of age in New York State. The thought came to him after the active love principle had entered into him, when reading of the Christ method of healing—"Others healed, why may I not?"

He was led to go westward and settle at Denver. Four months after his arrival at that psychic centre, he heard a voice, which he recognised as that of the Father, say: "Follow Me. Come out into a world of woe alone and I will make you the greatest healer since Jesus, and give you a new name."

* "The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper." By Francis Schlatter. Compiled and published in obedience to his commands, by his hostess, at present in Denver. Colorado, P.O. Box 398. Illustrated 1897.—Denver, Colorado: The Smith-Brooks Printing Company.—2s

HIS VISION OF THE TRINITY.

Six months after his arrival at Denver, at three o'clock, on March 25th, 1893, he had a marvellous vision, in which he believed he saw the Father, Son, and Spirit personified. The Father was seated, holding a book in his left hand. Jesus was upon his right, on his left was the Spirit, the similitude of Jesus. Then Jesus arose, walked to him, and handed to him a lily. From that hour he heard audibly the Father's voice, since then been obedient to its orders. This voice ordered him, he declares, to go on a terrible pilgrimage through eight western states and territories in scorching heat of deserts, and bitter cold of mountains, where he was hungry, naked, imprisoned. The narrative of his two years' pilgrimage occupies the first seventy-nine pages of his book. It is a grim story—one long monotonous narrative of misery.

A PILGRIMAGE OF WRETCHEDNESS.

Whatever importance can be attached to his psychic experiences, there is no reason to doubt that these pages are a faithful transcript of the actual experiences of a penniless wanderer, who went on tramp through these sparsely peopled countries. When he got to Hot Springs he was charged with breaking into jail, because, being penniless, he was arrested! He was fined a dollar and a half, and as he had no money, he was ordered to have hundred and fifty lashes with a rubber hose 6 ft. long and 1¼ diameter. They stretched him upon the table, and he was flogged by a a raw-boned coloured man 6 ft. high, who brought down the lashes with a will. The flogging, however, was stopped when fifty lashes had been administered. His five months' experience which he spent barefoot on the iron floor of the Arkansas Jail, the sands of Texas, and the cold of the Arizona Mountains was a trifle compared with the torture he experienced in the Majove Desert.

His work he said he believed was the fire which he had to go through for the sake of humanity. When his misery was more than he could bear, he would sit down on a railroad tie, and weep, when the vision of Christ carrying the cross would come before him, and his Father would then give him the strength to endure to the end the object for which he went through all this tribulation to prepare for the coming of the kingdom.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN (NEW STYLE).

Humanity was his bride and his work was to establish the kingdom, which he declared was near at hand. This kingdom is to be a spiritual congregation of souls, highly developed through the unfoldment of many rebirths. No one can enter into the kingdom, who has had less than ten good lives. This is, according to him, the one great truth, the vital supplement of the Christian doctrine. Reincarnation is, according to Schlatter, clearly taught in the Bible, but it was reserved to him to expound it more fully. Earth-lives are sieves through which the soul must be passed for purification, and improvement. Every soul now living on the earth has been incarnated at least three times. No one has been reincarnated more than three hundred times.

THE GOLDEN KEY OF ALL MYSTERIES.

The minimum number of lives that must have been lived before any one is fit for the kingdom is ten, and these lives must have been good lives, for some have come here and been so lukewarm that their incarnation does not count. A life must be active, helpful and good to count when the sifting time comes for the kingdom. The law of heredity applies to the physical body. The doctrine of reincarnation explains the spiritual and mental condition of the man. Reincarnation, he declares, is the golden key to all mysteries. Hence, the one question which he always asks about any human being is how many good lives has he lived? What can you expect from those who have only been here for five poor lives? He professes to be able to discern many of those who have been reincarnated. As, for instance, he says that all the Bible characters are here again. He has met St. John, and John the Baptist, who will be killed in London in the future. Aaron is here, still talking, so is St. Paul, but not in the leading class as the world goes.

A PROPHET OF DOOM.

While he is entirely dominated by the idea of reincarnation, he talked a good deal concerning the things that are to come. For himself there was much more suffering. His hair would turn white. He would hear the roar of wild beasts in the desert, but nothing would harm him until he had finished the work that he was appointed to do. He is no prophet of smooth things. To him civilised society is described by two words—oppression and debauchery. He sees wars coming, international and naval wars abroad, and in America a great war between labour and capital. The time of social reconstruction was upon us, but it would come not peaceably, as Bellamy believes, but by bloodshed and revolution, as it is described in "Cæsar's Column." All the ones of the past, the Herods, the Neros, and all the brotherhood of Ananias, are equally reincarnated with the prophets of Israel; one of whom, by-the-bye, Schlatter recognised in Professor Herron. There will be a terrible war, which will settle matters for a thousand years.

THE STATE OF AMERICA.

Schlatter has nothing but evil to say concerning American society as he has seen it. This nation of the West, he says, is going down faster than any nation in all history. It ought to have no poor, no hungry, no downtrodden, but the spirit of evil has accomplished more since the war than ever before. The enslavement has been more complete; conditions are horrible; common people are robbed of what the Father wanted them to have. Nothing but the Creator himself could now save the race from utter slavery and oppression. Governments to-day are corrupt through and through, national, state and municipal, from north to south, from ocean to ocean. No reformer has any chance. It is too late for any material remedy.

ENGLAND THE MODERN BABYLON.

But do not let us imagine that England is better than the United States. On the contrary, according to Schlatter, it is rather worse, for the head of the serpent lies in London, which has itself coiled around the world, and nothing but omnipotence can stay it, London is the Modern Babylon, the Babylon mentioned in the Book of the Revelation. The beast is the money power. The gold power is one combine, and the serpent is tightly coiled, and no man can break his coils. Political methods will not now help humanity. It is too late. But all things are to be overthrown, and the rule of the damnable doliar destroyed by the power of God. The limitless spiritual forces alone can be relied upon. Women Suffrage will do little or no good, for women must first reform their dress before they attempt to

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reform the State. When women sacrifice artificial things, and live nearer to nature, there may be some hope from them, but at present their dress causes them to sacrifice health, strength, and independence.

IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

In the ideal times of the future, when the kingdom is established, we shall live in houses of one storey, in which all the rooms will be 40 feet high, and heated by pipes passing through tile floors.

Another prediction that he makes is that he will live for a thousand years, but one of the things upon which he insists strongly is to abolish books. There are to be no more books, no more earthly authority. Everyone is to obey the divine Voice. Instead of going to school, teachers will take a band of young folks and go travelling with them, by which they will learn languages, study nature, and have education at first hand. Schlatter was not a bigoted vegetarian, believing that progress in that direction will be slow.

Schlatter has disappeared for a time, but even if he is not to live 1,000 years he will have to live a long time if he is to last until things get straightened out according to his foreshadowing. The book is an interesting one, and can only be obtained from the authoress at P.O. Box 398, Denver, Colorado. The price is half-a-dollar, or 2s.

ETIDORHPA, OR THE END OF THE WORLD.*

THIS is a very wonderful book and a very clever book. Why it has not been published in England I cannot say. It was first published in 1894 in Cincinnati, and it has since been through six editions. It is published by the author at two dollars, and is very handsomely got up. Sir Henry Irving, when he was in America in 1896, said that he had "read this wonderful book with the greatest interest and pleasure," and was so struck by it that he sent copies to several friends in America and in England. It is difficult to explain what the book is, or to define exactly what amount of actual science there is worked up into the ingenious speculations of the author; but one thing is quite unmistakable, and that is that "Etidorhpa" deserves to take a high place as a romance of adventure. It has been compared to Jules Verne's work, and is not unworthy of the comparison. The conception is bold, and is carried out with a somewhat Poe-like genius.

THE IDEA OF THE STORY.

The idea in brief is that a member of a secret society, whose secret he has divulged, was, as a penalty for his breach of confidence sentenced to travel to the interior of the earth, in order that by passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he might learn the mysteries of life.

THE GUIDE TO THE WORLD'S CENTRE.

He was taken to Kentucky, where he was met by seven mysterious adepts, who converted him into an old man, with a wrinkled face and white hair, and then handed him over to a guide, who compelled him to descend into one of the mysterious caverns which abound in Kentucky. He was handed over to another, whose appearance is thus described.

He was less than five feet in height. His arms and legs were bare, and his skin—the colour of light blue putty—glistened in the sunlight like the slimy hide of a water dog. He raised his head, and I shuddered in affright as I beheld that his face was not that of a human. His forehead extended in an unbroken plane from crown to cheek-bone, and the chubby tip of an abortive nose without nostrils formed a short projection near the centre of the level ridge which represented a countenance. There was no semblance of an eye, for there were no sockets. Yet his voice was singularly perfect. His face—if face it could be called—was wet, and water dripped from all parts of his slippery person. Yet, repulsive as he looked, I shuddered more at the remembrance of the touch of that cold, clammy hand than at the sight of his figure, for a dead man could not have chilled me as he had done, with his sappy skin, from which the moisture seemed to ooze as from the hyde of a water lizard.

THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE EARTH.

Accompanied with this strange monster, they travelled miles deep into the earth. His weight becomes less, and they are able to leap over rocks and drop down precipices as if they were light as feathers. They travelled through gigantic forests of fungi, which, instead of being clammy and cold, were pleasantly warm and as soft as velvet. He passed through all manner of strange places, visiting the womb of a volcano, and travelling over underground lakes in boats which speed without sail, or oar, or steam. In the course of narrating his marvellous adventures of the author of this book, a mysterious visitor, who is known as "I-am-the-Man who-did-it," and who has no other name, tells him how every man can see the inside of his own brain.

HOW TO SEE YOUR OWN BRAIN.

This passage I quote on account of certain speculations with which it concludes.

Placing himself before the sashless window, which opening appeared as a black space pictured against the night, the sage took the candle in his right hand, holding it so that the flame was just below the tip of the nose, and about six inches from his face. Then facing the open window he turned the pupils of his eyes upward, seeming to fix his gaze on the upper part of the open window space, and then he slowly moved the candle transversely, backward and forward, across, in front of his face, keeping it in such position that the flickering flame made a parallel line with his eyes, and as just remarked, about six inches from his face, and just below the tip of his nose. Speaking deliberately, he said:

"Now, were I you, this movement would produce a counter irritation of the retina; a rhythm of the optic nerve follow, a reflex action of the brain accompanying, and now a figure of part of the brain that rests against the skull in the back of my head would be pictured on the retina. I would see it plainly, apparently pictures of the brain thrown across the open space before me."

"Incredible!" I replied.

"Try for yourself," quietly said my guide.

Placing myself in the position designated, I repeated the manœuver, when slowly a shadowy something seemed to be evolved out of the blank space before me. It seemed to be as a grey veil, or like a corrugated sheet as thin as gauze, which, as I gaze upon it and discover its outline, became more apparent and real. Soon the convolutions assumed a more decided form, the grey matter was visible, filled with venations, first grey and then red, and as I became familiar with the sight, suddenly the convolutions of a brain in all its exactness, with a network of red blood venations, burst into existence.

I beheld a brain, a living brain—my own brain; and as an uncanny sensation possessed me I shudderingly stopped the

* "Etidorhpa, or the End of the Earth; being the Strange History of a Mysterious Being, and the Account of a Remarkable Journey, as communicated in manuscript to Llewellen Drury, who promised to print the same, but finally evaded the responsibility, which was assumed by John Uri Lloyd." With many illustrations by J. Augustus Knapp. Sixth edition. Cincinatti. The Robert Clarke Company. 1896.

motion of the candle, and in an instant the shadowy figure disappeared.

"Have I won the wager?"

"Yes," I answered.

"No, you have seen but a small portion of the brain convolutions, only those that lie directly back of the optic nerve. By systematic research, under proper conditions, every part of the living brain may become as plainly pictured as that which you have seen."

"And is that all that could be learned?" I asked.

"No," he continued. "Further development may enable men to picture the figures engraved on the convolutions, and at last to read the thoughts that are engraved within the brains of others, and thus through material investigation the observer will perceive the recorded thought of another person. An instrument capable of searching and illuminating the retina could be easily affixed to the eye of a criminal, after which, if the mind of the person operated upon were stimulated by the suggestion of an occurrence either remote or recent, the mind faculty would excite the brain, produce the record, and spread the circumstances as a picture before the observer. The brain would tell its own story, and the investigator could read the truth as recorded in the brain of the other man. A criminal subject to such an examination could not tell an untruth, or equivocate; his very brain would present itself to the observer."

"Any one can repeat it with a candle in any room not otherwise lighted, by looking at a blackboard, a blank wall, or blank space."

After this demonstration the mysterious stranger, "I-am-the-man who-did-it," discoursed concerning volcanoes, and expounded various theories, one of which is that all matter is retarded motion. The primary colours can be redivided, and in the interior of the earth it is possible to cease to breathe and still to live. Breath, he declares, is one of the worst things connected with mortal life. If it only could be abolished, the natural life of man could be, and yet will be, doubled, trebled, and multiplied a dozen, yea, a thousand fold.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEN.

Then, in the course of his tribulations in the interior of the earth, the traveller passed through the drunkards' den, a place where drunkards are confined, and here occurs a very original and extraordinary conception. The vast amphitheatre in which the drunkards were confined was filled with ignoble monsters, each of whom had some malady, or organ developed at the expense of all the rest of his body. One man would have a single leg twelve feet high, surmounted by a puny human form. Another would have a huge ear attached to a small head and body; a third, a nose so large that the puny figure to which it was attached was forced to walk with his nose high in the air to prevent the protubus rubbing on the floor, and a pair of enormous feet walked about, seemingly attached to the body of a child with the face of that of a man.

"Why," he asked, "are these creatures so distorted?"

The answer his guide told him was that in this region the physical form corresponded to the abnormal development of the spirit form which takes place when men give way to drink. On earth the soul of a mortal protrudes from the visible body, but it is invisible. Drink brings the spirit of a drunkard to unnatural forms. The soul of an earth drunkard is largely outside his body, and hideous in the extreme. As on earth the spirit dominates the nose and face, and if we could be suddenly gifted with a sense of mind sight, we would find ourselves surrounded by persons as misshapen as any delirious imagination can conjure

APHRODITE.

A delirious imagination itself, which pictures the horrors through which the pilgrim passed in the drunkards den, and afterwards through the cavern which is a very chamber of Aphrodite. There he meets Aphrodite, who in this story is no Goddess of Temptation, but rather a guardian angel, and then we learn that the title of the book "Etidorhpa" is nothing more than the name of Aphrodite printed backwards. And so they go on and on, through all manner of caverns, experiencing innumerable adventures, until, at last, he reaches the fathomless abyss and the edge of the earth's shell. When he reaches this point, his mysterious guide clasps him in his arms and leaps with him into the hollow centre of the world.

The end of the story must be read in the book itself. It is a most puzzling story, and one that is full of ingenious speculations presented in the form of a quasi-scientific narrative.

THE ANCIENT WISDOM.*

THIS is the latest edition of the Besantian Library, which is now attaining very respectable dimensions. It is dedicated to Madame Blavatsky, and possesses certain excellent qualities which are worthy of all imitation. First of all, there are eight pages devoted to an analysis, chapter by chapter, of the contents of the book, then at the end there is an admirable index, which occupies no less than 54 pages, *i.e.*, nearly one-eighth of the book is devoted to contents and index.

The book was published after BORDERLAND ought to have gone to press, and it is, therefore, impossible for me to devote to this volume the space that its importance deserves. It is a bold attempt to condense into four hundred pages not only the evidence showing that Theosophy is a coherent conception of the universe and the origin and basis of all religions, but also an exposition of what Theosophy really is. There are two chapters devoted to Reincarnation, and one to the "Law of Sacrifice," which is recognised to be the central teaching of all great religions. Sacrifice does not necessarily or primarily mean suffering. It is primarily the joyful giving of the highest nature which appears to the lower nature to involve a suffering, but the joy of giving is the esoteric real essence of sacrifice, and expression of the Higher Self, which is natural and joyous, while suffering is but the outside or exoteric appearance of the same, when viewed from the lower plane. The manifestation of the Highest to those below implies the sacrifice in the ordinary sense of that word, carrying with it the idea of suffering and loss.

Mrs. Besant has managed to get rid of a good deal of the jargon which renders many of the Theosophical works unintelligible to the novice, but there is still room for further progress in this direction. The "Ancient Religion," as she explains it, differs little, if at all, from the Christian religion as it has been held by mystics of all ages, due allowances being made for the difference of standpoint necessitated by the mental evolution of the race. It is no longer possible for any thoughtful person to maintain that the Christian revelation — which only come into the world the day before yesterday—was the only method employed

* "The Ancient Wisdom; An Outline of Theosophical Teachings." By Annie Besant. London: Theosophical Society, 26, Charing Cross S.W. 5s.

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by the Divine Father for the salvation of the children of men, 999 out of every 1,000 of whom lived and died thousands of years before Jesus of Nazareth was born. In any rational view of religion it is necessary to take into account the fundamental change which the knowledge of the antiquity of the race, and of the slow process of evolution had brought about in the mind of man. By the good mystic of the Middle Ages the whole history of the world began, and circled round the Christian Revelation. Making allowances for that change in standpoint, most readers will be startled by the resemblance between the Christian Mysticism and the Theosophical teachings.

But Mrs. Besant will yet have to add one more book to the long row already standing on the book-shelves under her name. She will have to take the "Ancient Wisdom" from the point of view of the Christian Believer, and interpret patiently and with due regard to the limitations and prejudices of his environment the essence of his creed, and the method by which it may be verified. When she sits down to write that book, the first thing that she should do would be to draw up a kind of Index Expurgatorius, and in this she must enter all those words which bewilder and aggravate the non-Theosophical reader. At the top of that list she must put the word Devachan, and below it she must write every word that Theosophists put in their Glossary, for the exposition that is to be an interpretation to the plain man must not contain any words sufficiently unfamiliar to need a glossary to interpret them.

REAL GHOST STORIES.*

EDITORS cannot review their own books, and in place of a review I reprint the Preface and Table of Contents, believing that many of my readers of BORDERLAND will be glad to know what they may expect to find in "Real Ghost Stories."

Of all the vulgar superstitions of the half educated, none dies harder than the absurd delusion that there is no such thing as ghosts. All the experts, whether spiritual, poetical, or scientific, and all the others, non-experts, who have bestowed any serious attention upon the subject, know that they do exist. But in face of the practically unanimous testimony of experience and authority, the majority of those who take up this book will do so believing that "it's all nonsense."

There is endless variety of opinion as to what a ghost may be. But as to the fact of its existence, whatever it may be, there is no longer any serious dispute among honest investigators. If any one questions this, let him investigate for himself. In six months, possibly in six weeks, or even in six days, he will find it impossible to deny the reality of the existence of the phenomena popularly entitled ghostly. He may have a hundred ingenious explanations of the origin and nature of the ghost, but as to the existence of the entity itself there will no longer be any doubt.

This volume is a reprint, with some necessary omissions, of the Christmas and New Year's Annuals, published in December, 1891 and January, 1892, under the title of "Real Ghost Stories," and "More Ghost Stories." An edition of one hundred thousand copies of "Real Ghost Stories" was sold in a week, and the collection has never been republished. Since 1892 I have made so many experiments in the psychic realm, and have had so many experiences, that these stories seem to me very ancient history indeed. But to the majority they will probably be fresh and startling even to the point of incredibility. Whether new or old, they are the most popular collection of the kind published of late years.

One word before closing this Preface should be said concerning the perils of investigating the subject. They are great enough to explain if not to justify the interdict placed by the Roman Church upon all meddling with the subject excepting by experts. Demoniac possession, or if you prefer to call it mental aberration, occasioned by the apparent control of evil spirits, is a horribly real thing, as I can testify of my own observation. Ghosts and ghostly phenomena are not things to be played with. If you cannot or will not examine the subject seriously, you had a thousand times better leave it alone. It is unwise for a boy to go fooling round a buzz saw. Anybody with a smattering of chemistry can manufacture dynamite, but the promiscuous experimenting with high explosives is more likely to result in explosions than profit. And if you feel disposed to go in "for the fun of the thing" into spiritualism, séances, etc., every serious investigator has only one word to say, and that is DON'T!

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HALLUCINATIONS AND COMMON-SENSE.

The latest issue in the *Contemporary Science Series* is one of much consequence to students of Psychical Research, in every form. As it reaches us just as we are going to press it is impossible to consider the book as it deserves, which we shall attempt to do in a future number.

The book is a translation from the German, and originated in some lectures given in Munich to the Society for Psychological (not Psychical) Research. The author, Edmund Parish, while examining the results of *The International Census of Waking Hallucinations of the Sane* (of which mention has been made in these pages), had occasion to compare these results with the literature of the subject. The outcome of this study was a conviction of the narrowness of the horizon which previous writers had attempted to scan, and of the duty of any one who wished to do justice to so important a subject, of greatly widening its outlook.

"The waking hallucinations of healthy persons are more or less completely ignored," he writes, now, alas! with too much reason, since Psychical Research has come to mean the study of hysteria, "trance" conditions, and other forms of disease. It ought not and used not so to be, even in the S.P.R., and certain standard works, such as *Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers* and *Sully on Illusions*, should be taken as exceptions to so general a statement, even so far as English literature only is concerned.

* A Revised Reprint of the Christmas Number of the "Review of Reviews," 1891—2. By W. T. Stead. London: Grant Richards. 5s.

* "Hallucinations and Illusions." A Study of the Fallacies of Perception. By Edmund Parish. Walter Scott, London, 1897. Price 6s.

Data which he considers lacking in general literature are, however, forthcoming, Mr. Parish tells us, in the reports of the International Congress of Psychology of 1889 and 1892. If this be so, how is it that material of such value has not been discussed in the pages of *Proceedings S.P.R.* to a very much more considerable extent than has been the case?

Mr. Parish quotes considerably and frequently from the present writer, but ventures on a hypothesis which I cannot wholly allow. He thinks that "even so capable an observer as Miss X." may have been practically asleep when she supposed herself to be awake, and illustrates this theory of waking dreams by an example quoted by a friend, who uses the phrase "a dreamy look." I forget the particular occasion, but I can testify to a good many others when I have seen visions, when I have been very sure indeed of having "all my wits" about me, whatever that state may be worth; as, for instance, during university examinations or while myself giving a lecture. However, our author does not dogmatise; he only confesses himself obliged "to supplement by hypotheses our scanty knowledge of physiology and the localisation of cerebral functions," especially when study of the literature of Germany, France, England, and America has failed to provide him with information.

It is worth observing that he has not confined this research to recent cases, but, unlike psychical inquirers in England (for the most part), he has seen the importance of the history and literature of his subject, and has realised that even to us in this *fin de siècle* the past has something to teach.

Certainly it is a book which no serious student should fail to read.

X.

HOW TO BE WELL AND HAPPY.*

THE *Ars Vivendi* series, which began so well, has given us a second volume, which contains much sound sense. It would be a dull book which secured one's entire agreement, and there are many statements in "Volo" which strike one as extravagant; but the extravagance is of a wholesome kind, and no one can be the worse for reading of what can be effected by the will power. It is the key alike to magic and mysticism; it is the foundation stone of health; it is the moral of classical mythology and mediæval allegory. "All the sciences," says our author, "converge in the grand science of life, and all the arts must lead to the art of living." Living well depends on the will; would that Mr. Arthur Lovell could help to convince the world of that!

Mr. Lovell has another claim to the attention of certain among us. He believes in the past and the future of the Celtic races. We who are of Celtic blood have strong faith in our destiny, our traditions, our philology, our powers of intuition and of second sight.

Moreover, he believes in women—not in the banalities of platform aspirations and the pauper claims of women's rights, but in her far wider claim to be in the inner life in the power of living—the equal of man. For this reason oriental philosophy with its teachings of celibacy does not appeal to him. At the end of Chapter V. on "Ancient and Modern Initiations" he writes: "The Initiations of to-day . . . must take into account the great social questions of the age, and must be adapted to the requirements of to-day. *Men and women should be treated on the same footing.* In fact, for the perfection of initiation into the mysteries of truth woman is indispensable to man, and man indispensable to woman."

X.

* "Volo, or the Will: What it is, how to strengthen and how to use it." By Arthur Lovell. Nicholls & Co. London. 1897. Price 3s. 6d.

WORKS ON MAGIC.*

THIS book will interest those who still believe in initiation, and magic, and incantation, as it bears as its sub-title, "The Human Logos, the Voice of Brahma, the Central Light, how to become an Enchanter."

X.

GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES.†

THIS is a somewhat misleading title for a tract which has for object the explaining of various ancient traditions in the light of modern spiritualism. The lights alleged to be seen at séances are of the same nature as the Shechinah. Moses was the "peculiar medium" of Jehovah, and Socrates of Apollo, and so on. Apparently persons are found to read this sort of thing, as this pamphlet is a reprint from *The Banner of Light*.

X.

DIVINING BY CARDS.‡

THOSE who want to learn card divination have here a convenient hand-book. The cards are those of every-day life, not Tarot cards, and the art, such as it is, is not difficult to master. The book is charmingly printed.

X.

PALMISTRY.§

THE new edition of Cheiro's "Language of the Hand" contains a great many new engravings of the hands of celebrities, and is very well got up and printed. Cheiro's name, it appears, is the Comte de Hammong, which is not on the face of it, what the S. P. R. would call "veridical" as a title, though the sound is not unfamiliar in the French of Stratford-atte-Bow. The volume also contains illustrations of the "Wonderful Scientific Invention, the Apparatus for Thought Photography," which has lately been much advertised in Bond Street. It has been invented many times both in England and America, and seems to be capable of very varied advertisement.

X.

DULCAMARA.‖

"DULCAMARA" is a pleasant book, with which the BORDERLAND reader may improve himself in German. It will suit most tastes, as it ranges over a wide field of subjects—God and the World, Religion and Philosophy, Art and Science, Society, Politics, and other topics.

X.

* "Les Incantations." Sédir. Published by Chamuel. Paris. 1897. 3 francs 50.

† "Glimpses of Ancient Mysteries." "Banner of Light" Publishing Co. 1897.

‡ "Ye Booke of ye Cards." By Zuresta. Roxburgh Press. Price 1s.

§ "Cheiro's Language of the Hand." New edition. Nicholls & Co., Oxford St. (No date.)

‖ "Dulcamara." By Paul Garin. Regensburg. 1896.

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THOUGHTS FOR BORDERLANDERS.*

JUST because one would suppose the Borderland is about the most difficult subject with which modern thought is occupied, some of those most prominently interested have persistently declined to recognise the fact that here, above all else, we are the heirs of all the ages. The Society for Psychical Research seems to think it invented psychical research itself, and has but in the case of one or two of its writers acknowledged its debt to the wisdom of the past. An enterprising Frenchman, however, has been more generous, not to say more honest, and in a charming volume called "La Survie" we have an excellent series of well-chosen quotations from great thinkers on the subjects with which psychical research professes to occupy itself. This is not a book to get from the library, but to buy and to keep—a book to "take up" and enjoy at odd moments.

X.

* "La Survie." By R. Noeggerath. Preface by Camille Flammarion. Paris. 1897. 3 francs 50.

MISS X.

A VOLUME of Essays on Borderland subjects, consisting largely of contributions to this and other magazines, will shortly be issued by Miss X. It will be announced in the *Review of Reviews*, and elsewhere, in due course.

Miss X. is occupied with a life sketch of the Rev. George Rigg, a Highland priest, who died a few weeks ago under the most heroic circumstances, a veritable Father Damien. It was during her sojourn among the remote islands of the Outer Hebrides in search of folk lore and Borderland lore, that Miss X. had unique opportunities of observing the self-sacrifice of his life in that forlorn country of which the English reader knows so little.

Miss X. has promised an address to the Spiritualists' Alliance on December 17th, on the subject of *Hauntings*. If Miss X. communicates her recent experiences in this line, the occasion promises to be one of exceptional interest. Tickets may be had on application to the office of *Light*, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

All persons sincerely interested in the character of Jeanne d'Arc as a seer or prophet, and an exponent to humanity of the possibilities of saintly womanhood, are invited to communicate in writing with Miss X. at the BORDERLAND office. Such persons may like to know of an opportunity for the quiet expression of their views. On the last occasion of the martyr's festival wreaths were sent to those places specially associatedw ith her, and were so cordially welcomed by her countrymen, that it is proposed to repeat this and other acts of expiation.

The wreaths bore the inscription, "À la Sainte Pucelle ; de la part de quelques Anglais toujours pénitents, et de quelques Écossais, toujours fidèles."

It would be inconsistent with the motive of expiation and humiliation to seek publicity, or to publish names, and the sympathy is desired of those only who are content to be anonymous.

XXI.—A PSYCHICAL DIRECTORY.

DURING the four years that I have published BORDERLAND, I have been continually asked by my readers for names and addresses of mediums, clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and others, whom I have found most reliable. It may not, therefore, be without interest if I were to state here in this number the names and addresses which are most in request.

PSYCHOMETRY.

And first as to psychometry, the gift of diagnosing character from anything that has been touched, or by the handwriting of the person to be delineated. I know no one who is better at this than Miss Ross, of 3, Market Place, Witney, Oxon, a lady in delicate health, concerning whose gifts I had a good deal to say in the early numbers of BORDERLAND. In the article upon Professor Buchanan I dwell at some length on the science of the psychometrist, if it may be so called. If any persons who wish to test for themselves whether or not there is anything in it, let her or him take from their pocket a handkerchief, which they have carried about with them, and enclose it in an envelope, and send it with the fee of 5s. to Miss Ross. If they wish to avoid any clue to their character that might be afforded by handwriting, let them get a friend to forward the handkerchief, stating, however, that the writer of the letter is not the person who has handled the handkerchief. They will receive in return, unless all my experience is falsified, a delineation of their character, accompanied sometimes with a description of their present good health, which will very much surprise them. Miss Ross is a thoroughly honest, upright person, who has this gift—she knows not how, and many of our subscribers have found much profit from consulting her.

Mrs. Coates, of Rothesay, has also considerable psychometrical gifts, while other psychometrists, who have often given very good results, are Mrs. Ida Ellis, 10, Dent Road. Blackpool; and Mr. Tetlow, 142, Fitzwarren Street, Church Street, Pendleton.

ASTROLOGY.

I have consulted from time to time three astrologers, to the first of whom, I refer all cases of horary astrology—Mr. Richard Bland. of 5, Sandringham Street, Beetonville, Hull. Mr. Bland does also horoscopes, carefully and well, but I have tested him most frequently in the other department. I have not had much from Mr. Wilde, of Railway Terrace, Brighouse, Yorks, for some time past. He was extraordinarily successful with Mr. Pearson, for whom he did a very elaborate horoscope, which was right as to the past, and has since been verified in relation to matters which were then in the future. "Neptune," of Bridge Street, Bristol, was the first astrologer whom I ever came across in the old days when I was on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He has done some extraordinary things for me, for ever since our first meeting he has kept an eye upon my stars and my career, and has occasionally struck in with communications which have been very unusually *apropos* to circumstances of which he was totally ignorant. Among the other astrologers there is Rex, B.A. Cantab., of Elmina, Albion Road, East Cliffe, Ramsgate. As a rule, astrologers will answer a question for 2s. 6d., but the price to be paid for the delineation of character and the drawing of a horoscope depends entirely upon the length of time that is required. You can get some kind of a horoscope for 5s., whereas if you wish to go into the whole thing very elaborately, astrologers will undertake to put in as much time as you will pay for. At present there are few who imitate Oriental potentates, who maintain an astrologer permanently for advice, but a very elaborate horoscope could hardly be drawn under £50, but this, of course, is a luxury which very few persons will indulge in. Those who wish to try had better write to any one of those persons named above.

MEDIUMS.

Mrs. Ida Ellis publishes a directory every year of all persons claiming to possess mediumistic gifts. We printed one such directory in BORDERLAND, but a copy of the later directory will be forwarded from Mrs. Ellis for 6d.

I am frequently asked for the addresses of materialistic mediums. My invariable answer is that I do not know a single materialistic medium whom I would like to recommend in this country. I would not like to recommend any one nearer than Melbourne or New York. I do not know one materialising medium in this country who has not been subjected to an exposure in which there seemed to be at least *prima facie* evidence of fraud. The same allegation has been made concerning one materialising medium in whom I believe, namely, Mrs. Mellon, of Melbourne, who on one occasion seems to have been made subject to a more or less compromising exposure, but, notwithstanding that, I think Mrs. Mellon is about the best materialising medium going. Madam de L'Esperance, of Gothenburg, is a materialising medium who has done some very remarkable things. She makes a rule of never sitting excepting where the sitters have abjured alcohol and tobacco. I do not for a moment wish to assert that there are no materialising mediums who are genuine, there may be multitudes. I can only say that I do not know where I can lay my hands upon them at the present moment.

As to other mediums, I always reply to those who wish to be placed in communication with a good all-round honest medium, that I have most confidence in Mrs. Russell Davies, whom I have known for many years, and who is a lady of great force of character and independence of judgment, whose chief weakness is to be too unsparing in her condemnation of the weaker brethren who eke out their mediumship by what may be described more or less uncharitably as imposture. Mrs. Davies is very much engaged, and is by no means at every one's beck and call. Her address is Arundel House, Balham Park Road, S.W., and any person desiring a sitting with her will do well to communicate with her in advance. Success may not always be obtained at a sitting with her, but she will tell you what she sees and what she hears, nor will she piece it out by inventions of her own. She is also a good psychometrist, and is often very successful in her delineation of health.

The other medium to whom I usually refer inquiries is Mrs. Bliss; she is very different to Mrs. Russell Davies, but she is more accessible, and sometimes

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when in a trance, she is extremely good. Her address is Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

PSYCHIC HEALING.

Miss Francis Lord, of Worthing, is the person to whom I usually refer those who desire to study Christian Science. Of professional healers the supply in this country is not very great. There is Mr. J. Hinchliffe, of 17, Blackbant Street, Bolton. The Holy Well of St. Winifred's in North Wales is the only miracle working shrine that I know of in this country.

HYPNOTISM.

The two professional men who practise Hypnotism are Dr. J. M. Bramwell, of 25, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., and Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey, of 33, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

PHRENOLOGISTS.

Fowler's Phrenological Institute, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, is the address to which I send those who desire phrenological delineations. Miss Jessie Fowler, who has read my "bumps" and those of my family with great accuracy, is now in New York, but the business is carried on at Ludgate Circus by Mr. Elliott.

Another Phrenological Institute, which does very good work, is the O'Dells, of Ludgate Circus, E.C.

In Scotland, the best-known Phrenologist whom I know is Mr. James Coates, of Rothesay, N.B., whose delineations, often from photographs, are very accurate.

PALMISTS.

Cheiro, of Bond Street; Madam Voyer, of 167, New Bond Street; Madamoiselle Teresina, of 38, Old Bond Street, W., are all noticed in this number.

As a general rule you can get something from all these professors of Occultism for 10s. 6d., and you can always command more of their time if you are willing to pay them for it.

Other palmists are Mr. James Allen, 5, Castle Arcade, Cardiff; Miss Collingridge, 36, Onslow Square, S.W.; Miss Smythe, 62, Bloomfield Road, Padnington; and Zoe, 15, Marine Parade.

PUBLISHERS AND LIBRARIES.

The chief publisher of books dealing with Occult subjects is Mr. George Redway, of Bury Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. He is almost the only man in the business at the present moment.

The Theosophical Society, however publish a great many books relating to the Borderland. Their address is 26, Charing Cross, S.W.

The Libraries where books relating to Psychic study can be obtained, are as follows:—

BORDERLAND Library, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C., which is free to subscribers of BORDERLAND on conditions which will be found under the head of the BORDERLAND Library.

The Spiritualists' Library, at *Light* office, the subscription to which is one guinea a year.

The Library of the Society of Psychical Research, which is open to all members who pay two guineas a year.

The Theosophical Library, of 19, Avenue Road, N.W., to which students are admitted on payment of a subscription.

PUBLICATIONS.

There are only two newspapers devoted to this subject in this country, namely, *Light*, which is published at 2d., at No. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi; and the *Two Worlds*, published at Manchester, at 1d. The *Harbinger of Light*, which is published at Melbourne, for 6d., is one of the best of the Spiritualist papers published outside this country. Its address is Austral Buildings, Collins Street, Melbourne.

In the United States of America two leading Spiritualist papers are the *Banner of Light*, published at Boston; the *Light of Truth*, published at Columbus, Ohio.

Of the magazines, the *Theosophical Review* and the *Theosophist*, published respectively at 26, Charing Cross, S.W., at 1s. per month, and Adyar, Madras, are the best Theosophical magazines. The only American magazine worth mentioning which deals with these subjects is *Intelligence*, the present form of the *Metaphysical Magazine*, published at 503, Fifth Avenue, New York, subscription 7s. per annum, or 9d. per copy.

Modern Astrology, published at 1 and 2, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., London, is the 1s. Astrological magazine.

XXII.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

Animals:
Reincarnation among Animals. B. Keighley, *Le Lotus Bleu*, August, September
Have Dogs Souls? *Light*, August 28

Apparitions:
Strange Phenomena appearing in France, *Harbinger of Light*, August

Astrology:
Horoscope of George du Maurier, *Modern Astrology*, July
Degrees of the Zodiac Symbolised, *Modern Astrology*, July
The Rationale of Astrology, J. Hazelrigg, *Intelligence*, July
Inductive Astrology (1), (2), J. Hazelrigg, *Intelligence*, August, September
Prediction on President McKinley's Administration, *Intelligence*, August
Symbolism of Astrology, *Theosophist*, September

Automatism:
Fixed Ideas in the Sub-Conscious Self-entailing Automatism, *Light*, July 17

Biography:
Evans, Professor, F. P., *Banner of Light*, July 31
Longstaff, J. B., *Lyceum Banner*, August
Oliphant, Mrs., *Light*, July 3
Peebles, Dr. J. M., *Light*, July 10
Rambo, Edward B., *Theosophical Forum*, August
Tagner, Abram, *Irish Theosophist*, August
Whitehead, Alfonso, *Lyceum Banner*, July
Yeaw, William H., *Philosophical Journal*, September

"Borderland" Notices:
Herschell's Coming Events, July
Light, August 14, Useful Admissions by Miss X.
Light of Truth, September 4, Losing and Finding the Soul
Philosophical Journal, September

Buddhism:
Celebration of Buddha's Birthday in Japan, *Journal of the Mahi-Bodi Society*, July, August
Great Buddhist Traveller, *Journal of the Mahi-Bodi Society*, July, August
Sri Gouranga's Sanyasa, *Light of the East*, June
Vedanta, *Light of the East*, June, July

Doubles:
The Duality Inherent in the Human Double, *Light*, August 14

Dreams:
Called Back in a Dream, *Intelligence*, September
Dreams—a Means of Initiation, *Prasnottara*, August
Mr. Lang on Dreams and Ghosts, *Light*, September 25
Three Dreams, *Light of Truth*, July

Folklore:
Hawaiian Folklore, *Theosophist*, July

Healing:
Hygiene of the Brain, *Journal of Hygiene*, July
Magnetic Therapeutics and Surgery, *Harbinger of Light*, August
Will and the Law, Professor Purdy, *Esoteric*, July

Hypnotism:
Adverse Suggestions in the Management of the Sick, *Hypnotic Magazine*, July
Cases Treated by the Chicago School of Psychology, *Hypnotic Magaztne*, July, August, September
Discovery in Hypnotism, *Light*, July 17
Methods of Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazine*, August
Power of Suggestion in Obstetrical Practice, *Hypnotic Magazine*, September

Magic and Mysticism:
A Modern Mystic—Maurice Maeterlink, *Theosophy*, August
Chathurtham—Sarvan, *Light of Truth*, July
Jezerah—the Mystic Shrine, *Intelligence*, July
Lives Saved by Magic, *Light of the East*, July

Mediums and Mediumship:
Modern Prophecies, A. T. B., *Theosophist*, July, August, September
On Testing Mediums: a Reply, *Light*, July 3
Talks with Tien, *Light*, July 17

Miscellaneous:
A Bengal Professor, *Dawn*, July
A Great Unpunished Crime, J. M. Green, *Theosophy*, July
Interview with Dr. J. M. Peebles, *Banner of Light*, August 7
Woman's Overcomings, *Esoteric*, July

Personal:
Mrs. Besant and Countess Wachtmeister, *Prasnottara*, July

Psychic:
Alone, Hudson Tuttle, *Mystical World*, July
Desire for Psychic Experiences, *Lucifer*, August
Do Spirits See Material Objects? *Light*, July 31
Forty Years' Experience in Spiritualism, John Bland, *Two Worlds*, September 17
Psychical Research in the Victorian Era, by Miss X., *Light*, August 14
Psychic Problems, *Two Worlds*, September 17
Wings of the Soul, *Pacific Theosophist*, August

Phenomena:
A Lincolnshire Ghost, *Light*, September 4
Miss Goodrich-Freers, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on a Haunted House, *Light*, August 21
Mr. Lang on Dreams and Ghosts, *Light*, September 25
Phenomena in an American Lyceum, *Lyceum Banner*, July
Why do People fear Ghosts? *Light*, September 21

Phrenology:
Phrenology as Aid to Teaching in Schools, *Phrenological Journal*, August
Why are People Unlike? *Phrenological Journal*, August

Portraits:
Bacon, George A., *Light of Truth*, July 17
Babbett, E. D., *Philosophical Journal*, July
Evans, Professor F. P., *Banner of Light*, July 31
Mrs. Dio Lewis, *Philosophical Journal*, August
Longstaff, J. B., *Lyceum Banner*, August
Nereshiemer, *Theosophy*, August
Peebles, Dr. J. M., *Lyceum Banner*, August
Strong-William, L., Mayor of York, *Phrenological Journal*, August
Thrall, Mrs. Flavia A., *Banner of Light*, June 26
Wagner, Richard, *Theosophy*, August
Whitehead, Alphonso, *Lyceum Banner*, July
Yeaw, William H., *Philosophical Journal*, September

Religio-Philosophical:
Concerning the Creation and the Fall of Man, *Esoteric*, September
Evil: Its Nature and Origin, *Two Worlds*, July 9
God in Humanity, *Light*, August 7
Kingdom of God, *Esoteric*, August
Manifestations of God, *Light*, July 17
Old and New Humanity, *Two Worlds*, July 23
Physical Immortality, *Esoteric*, September
The Vision of God, *Light*, August 7
What am I? *Light of the East*, July

Science:
On Egg Structure, the Heredity of Instincts, *Monist*, July
Prophecy of Science at the Close of the Century, *Pacific Theosophist*, June
Time, Life, Energy (Science Notes), *Theosophy*, September
Value of Pain, Dr. Wood Hutchinson, *Monist*, July

Spiritualism:
Creative Power of Thought, *Banner of Light*, August 14
Evolution of Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, September
General Aspects of Spiritualism (Address by Mr. Watson), *Light*, July 31
Law of Evolution in the Spirit Realm, *Banner of Light*, July 31
Matter is Embodied Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, September
Obsession; and Practical Spiritualism, *Light*, July 10
Soul and Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, July
Spiritualism in the Light of Theosophy, *Mercury*, September
Spiritualism as a Science, *Philosophical Journal*, September
Sunshine of Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, August 13
Utility of Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, July 16

Telepathy:
Telepathy and Religion, *Light*, September 11
Telepathy—Brain Waves, *Light*, September 11
Thought Transference, *Light*, July 24

Theosophy:
Among the Gnostics of the Two First Centuries, G. R. S. Mead, *Lucifer*, July, continued August
Brahminism and the Future of Brahmins, A. S. J., *Theosophist*, August, September
Capital Punishment, J. H. Griffes, *Pacific Theosophist*, August
Capital Punishment, Annie Besant, *Theosophist*, September
Future Theosophical Prospects, A. P. Sinnett, *Theosophical Review* September
Hindu Doctrine of Love, *Dawn*, August
Law and Logia, in East and West, B. Keighley, *Theosophical Review*, September
Power of the Imagination, Dr. A. Keighley, *Theosophy*, September
Reincarnation (concluded), A. Besant, *Lucifer*, July
Six Great Schools of Indian Philosophy, *Theosophical Gleaner*, August
Suggestions for Lotus Work, *Grail*, July
Sun as a Symbol of Ahura-Mazda, *Theosophical Gleaner*, July
Theosophical Movement, A. Besant, *Theosophical Review*, September
Theosophy Generally Stated, W. Q. Judge, *Theosophy*, July
Theosophy for Children, *Grail*, July, August, September
Why I Believe in Reincarnation, Dr. A. J. Anderson, *Theosophy*, September
Work of the Theosophical Society, A. Besant, *Theosophist*, August

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XXIII.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.

JULY—SEPTEMBER.

Annales des Sciences Psychiques. Paris, 108, Boulevard S. Germain.

May—June.

Experiences in Thought-Transference. A. Goupil
Spiritualists' Alliance. Prof. O. Lodge
Poltergeists. F. Podmore

July—August.

Mental Suggestion. P. Joire
Physiological Theory of Dermagraphic Images produced by Lightning. M. Mangin
Poltergeists. F. Podmore

Annali dello Spiritismo. Tornio, via Ormea, 3.

August.

The Art of Divination
Emanuel Swedenborg

September.

John Faust, the Necromancer
A Telepathic Phenomenon

Arena. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.

July.

John Ruskin, a Type of Twentieth-Century Manhood. B. O. Flower
Psychic or Supermundane Experiences. Cora L. V. Richmond

August.

Evolution: What it is, and what it is not. Dr. David Starr Jordan
The Creative Man. Stinton Jarvis

September.

The Author of the Messiah. B. O. Flower
The Editor's Evening. A Case of Prevision; Concerning Eternity

Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston. $2.00 per annum.

July.

Conscious Thought Entities. M. T. Longley
Some Spiritual Pioneers. Lyman C. How
Ideas *versus* Thoughts. George A. Bacon
The Law of Evolution in the Spirit-Realm. William Emmett Colem

August.

The Creative Power of Thought. Charles Dawbarn
Nature's System of Thought Storage. Charles Dawbarn

September.

Spiritual Education. J. O. Barrett
Spiritualistic Measures to Help the Needs of Humanity. Rev. T. E. Allen

Buddhist. Colombo, Ceylon. 10s. per annum.

July.

The Buddhists of Brooklyn
Immorality of the Anti-Vivisection Movement
Earthquakes and their Cause
Is Nirvana Annihilation?

August.

Should the Bible be Taught in our Public Schools?
In Nubibus

Coming Events (Herschell's). 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C. 4s. per annum.

July.

The Use of Foreknowledge
The Paris Fire

August.

Predictions

September.

Predictions

Dawn. 44, Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta.

June.

The Riddle of Mind and Matter—I. An Analysis
The Education of Hindu Youth. Annie Besant

July.

The Sacred Books of the East. The Vedanta Sutras—III.
Side-lights on Modern Science

August.

Brindavana Scenes—III.

Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California. $1.75 per annum.

July.

Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

August.

Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

September.

Physical Immortality

Grail. 77, Great Portland St., London, W. 1s. per annum.

June and July.

Theosophy for Children
Suggestions for Lotus Work

August and September.

Theosophy for Children—II.

Harbinger of Light. W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per annum.

June.

Outspoken Thoughts, No. 3. A. M.
Mediumship (continued from May). Mrs. M. King

August.

India, Yogaism, Theosophy. By Dr. J. M. Peebles
Strange Phenomena appearing in France
The late Sir Richard Burton on Spiritualism

Hypnotic Magazine.

July.

Hypnotism. Sydney Flower
The Hypnotic Power of Words. Charles B. Newcomb

August.

Involuntary and Voluntary Powers of Mind. R. L. Bolton
The Simplicity of Hypnotism. Sydney Flower

September.

Hypnotism in Obstetrics. Sydney Flower

Intelligence (Metaphysical Magazine).

July.

Ourselves Critically Considered. Dr. Dowson

August.

A Nineteenth Century Musical Mystic. Albert Ross Parsons

September.

A Nineteenth Century Musical Mystic. Albert Ross Parsons
The Health of the People. H. Louise Burple

Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin. 4s. per annum.

July.

The Three Gods of Man. Charles Johnston

August.

Robert Browning—IV. Omar
Scraps from a Sketch-Book. Charlotte E. Woods

September.

The Fountains of Youth. Æ
Robert Browning—V. Omar
A Student's Notes. Iko

Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row, Calcutta. 4s. per annum.

Is Nirvana Annihilation?
Report of Tour in Champaran Tarai

Journal du Magnétisme. Paris, 23, Rue Saint-Merri. 4 francs. per annum.

Massage and Magnetism Threatened by the Doctors

Light. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. 10s. 10d. per annum.

July

On Testing Mediums
Spiritualism in France
Psychical Forms
Obsession and Practical Spiritualism
Interview with Dr. J. M. Peebles
Discovery in Hypnotism
Professor Janet on Fixed Ideas
Science and Dogmatic Spiritualism
Super-Psychical Research
Through Matter to Spirit
Dr. Berillon on Suggestion

August.

Supernatural Prevision
Dr. Berillion on "Suggestion"
Tendencies of Modern Spiritalism
Useful Admissions by Miss X.
Phenomena in a Private Circle
Fixed Ideas in the Spirit World
Movement of Objects without Contact
Why do People fear Ghosts?
Signor Volpi and the S.P.R.
Mediums and Magic in the East
Mysteries of Mediumship. (The Read Family)

September.

Haunted Family in France]
Swedenborg as Seer and Author
Sub-Conscious Self. Part I.
Spiritual Creations through Struggle
L'Evolution Animique
Sub-Conscious Self—Part II.
Mr. Lang on Dreams and Ghosts

Light of the East. 3, Issur Mills Lane, P.O., Calcutta.

June.

Philosophy of Buddhism (continued)
Religious Evolution in Ancient India
Modern Mysticism

July.

A Few Forgotten Truths

August.

Inspiration
Religious Evolution in Ancient India

Light of Truth. Front Street, Columbus, Ohio. $1.00 per annum.

July.

The Spirit Life
Borderland Reflections. Lyman C. Howe
What Hypnotism Really Is
Buddhism and Christianity

August.

Faith and Psychic Science
New Discovery in Hypnotism

September.

The Losing and Finding of the Soul. W. T. Stead's "Julia"

Light of Truth. (First Number.) C. N. Prees, 4, Guruvappen Street, Black Town, Madras, or Siddhanta Deepika.

July.

National Language and National Character

La Lumière. Paris, 97, Boulevard Montmorency. 7 francs per annum.

June.

Natural Photography
Hysteria and Genius
Case of a Double

July.

On Divination by Mirrors. Dr. Thomas
Photographic Register of Magnetic Effluence from the Fingers
Series of Realised Dreams

September.

Hysteria and Hypnosis. Dr. Thomas
Professor O Lodge and the Spiritism Hypothesis
The Marvellous in the Nineteenth Century

Le Lotus Bleu. Paris, 11, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. 12 francs per annum.

July.

Experiences Relating to the "Corps de Désir." A. de Rochas
Seventh Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society

August.

Reincarnation among Animals. B. Keightley

September.

Reincarnation among Animals (concluded)
Comments on the "The Light on the Path"

Lotusblüthen. Wilhelm Friedrich, Leipzig.

July.

The Teaching of the Bhagavad Gita

August.

Parsifal from the Theosophical Standpoint

September.

The Teaching of Philip Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim [Paracelsus]

Lucifer.

July.

Reincarnation (concluded). Mrs. Besant
Among the Agnostics of the First Two Centuries. G. R. S. Meade
The Order of Things. Dr. A. A. Wells
The Akasheic Records (concluded). C. W. Leadbeater

August.

Among the Agnostics of the First Two Centuries (concluded). G. R. S. Meade
The Cadet's Story. C. W. Leadbeater
The Desire for Psychic Experiences. Bertram Keightley

Lyceum Banner. 26, Osnaburgh Street, Euston Road, London, N.W. 1s. per annum.

August.

What Our Lyceums are Doing

Mercury. Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California, U.S.A. $1.00 per annum.

July.

The Law of Sacrifice. A. Besant
Lecture Tour of Mrs. A. Besant

September.

Spiritualism in the Light of Theosophy. Countess Wachtmeister

Messager. Liége. 5 francs per annum.

June.

D. D. Home, the Medium

July.

D. D. Home (continued)
The Devil in the Nineteenth Century
The Abbé Kneipp

Metaphysische Rundschau. 46, Hedemannstr, Berlin.

June.

Freedom of Human Will. Edwin Böhme
Electro-Homœopathy. C. J. Glückelig

Modern Astrology.

July.

The Esoteric Side of Astrology
Horoscope of George L. P. D. du Maurier
Two Remarkable Horoscopes

August.

A Simple Method of Instruction in the Science of Practical Astrology

September.

Curious Horoscopes
Astrological Stories

Monist. (Quarterly.) 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., and Chicago. 9s. 6d. per annum.

Value of Pain. Woods Hutchinson, M.D.
Man as a Member of Society. Dr. P. Topinard
Animal Automatism and Consciousness. Arthur Harrington

Moniteur. Brussels, 100, Rue de Mérode. 3·50 francs per annum.

August.

Prophets and Prophesies. B. Martin
New Experiences of Dr. Luys

September.

Spirit Photography. B. Martin
How to Become a Medium. J. F.

Mystical World. H. C. Copley, Canning Town, London, E. 2s. per annum.

July.

The Dual Image—Book III.
A Voice from the Spirit-Land

September.

The Dual Image—Books IV., V.
Truths of Nature

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Pacific Theosophist. $1.00 per annum.

How to Perform Miracles. Jerome A. Anderson
Theosophy Free for All. James H. Cutter

Philosophical Journal. San Francisco, Station B, California. $1.00 per annum.

July.

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